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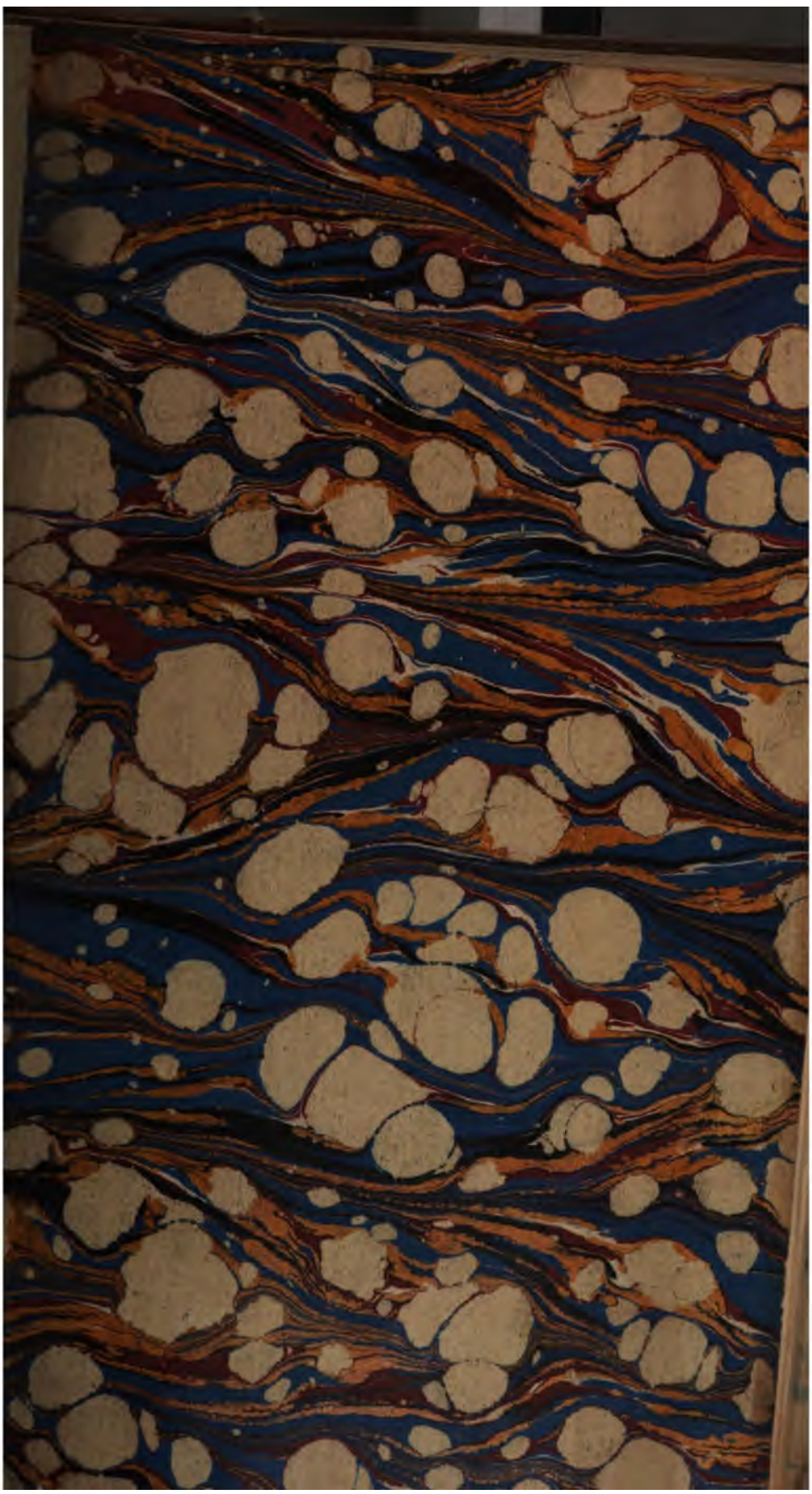

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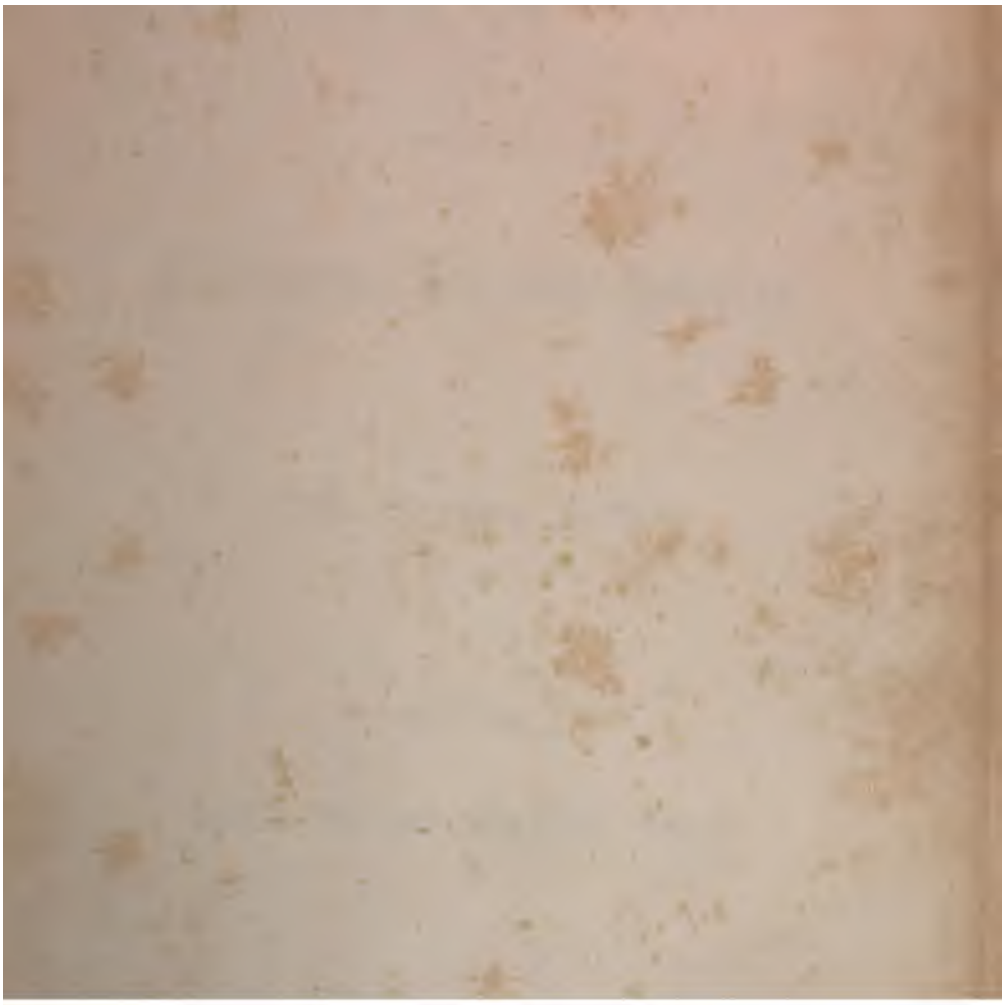

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, and Religion.

ABEL STEVENS, EDITOR.

VOLUME I.

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1852.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE publishers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE doff their hats and make their best bow to the "reading public." If they appear not in the best presentation dress, it is owing to their disposition to be prompt and punctual in their new duties. They have had to choose July or January as the convenient semi-annual period for their introduction: to delay till the latter would be neither good enterprise nor seemly courtesy; and yet the choice of the former has left them but little time between the conception and the execution of their design. The arrangements necessary for the fulfillment of all that their Prospectus promises have, however, been mostly organized; and if it is not a pertinent reason for congratulation to the public, yet they do flatteringly congratulate themselves, as they make their most respectful obeisance, that any present disadvantage in their appearance will afford them an opportunity of future improvement, and of increased claims on the favorable regards of their readers.

In their advertisement the publishers have sufficiently defined the character which they propose to give to this magazine. In deciding on the terms of the work, they have had the choice of the usual size and three-dollar price of the most commanding American monthlies, or of a less number of pages at a proportionate price. They have adopted the latter alternative. The charge of three dollars a year, however well repaid in the merits of such a publication, is above the convenience of the mass of the American people. A periodical like the present, containing nearly a hundred pages per number, is as large as most persons find desirable for their leisure reading; there may be too much of a good thing; it would be an evil rather than an advantage, to displace, especially in the reading of youth, the more substantial works by an excess of fragmentary literature. The advantage which a large number of pages affords for a large variety of contents; and therefore a better adaptation to different tastes, is sufficiently provided within the limits we have chosen, and, in any case, had better be secured by editorial discrimination than by a repletion of matter.

Periodical literature, though comparatively modern, has become the chief power of the pen. In England and France, and to a considerable extent in Germany, the best authors avail themselves of it as the most effectual access to the public mind. Its advantages are too manifest to need remark. There are, doubtless, evils also connected with it, to guard against which becomes a grave duty of the conductors of periodical publications. It is necessarily fugitive; it is liable to be superficial, and needs the corrective influence of more substantial reading; it is superabundant, and thus tends to displace this needed corrective influence; it is suited generally more to excite with transient but enervating gratification than to inform and invigorate the popular mind. To a great extent it is characterized by the sheerest fiction, by morbid appeals to the passions, and by tendencies which are at least indirectly adverse to religion.

The projectors of this magazine, fully aware of these liabilities, are determined to guard against them with all possible care. In adding another publication to what they acknowledge to be the already superabundant fugitive literature of the times, it will be their endeavor to mitigate the evils of this excess by winnowing the wheat from the chaff—by rendering their work a repository of only the selectest articles.

There are three means at least by which the unfavorable tendencies mentioned may be checked.

First: by a selection of such articles

only as bear the stamp of thorough literary excellence. It is a very questionable expediency which would assign to the popular mind an inferior, a clumsy literature. Good taste and good sense are more native than acquired; they are more or less inherent in the common mind; and in proportion as a work of literature, or art even, exhibits either, does it appeal to the popular appreciation. To "popularize" Shakspeare, Addison, or the old English Bible, after the fashion of some modern books for the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," would deprive them of their chief attractions for the people. The literary excellence of a periodical like the present, while it should not be above the popular capacity, should nevertheless be such as must tend to raise higher the popular taste; and genuine merit of this kind will, it is believed, recommend it to the patronage of the people.

Again: such a work, if it would avoid the evils above mentioned, should avoid the unhealthy, the feverish excitements which prevail so much in the current popular literature. The press teems with this mischief; but it cannot be counteracted by grave homilies or prim didactics. Generous, cheerful, and brilliant reading, intermixed with sterling articles on science and morals, should be provided as its best antidote. The early British Essayists, with Addison, Steele, and Johnson as their representatives, abounded in vivacity and interest; but notwithstanding their many moral defects, they were generally exempt from the morbid excitement—the agitations of passion, of crime, and of disaster—which perverts so largely our modern fragmentary literature.

To interdict fiction without qualification would require us to give up Johnson's Rasselas, Goldsmith's Vicar, Defoe's Crusoe, and Bunyan's Pilgrim, if not, indeed, even portions of sacred writ; but its present place in popular literature is unquestionably exaggerated, and its tendency generally unhealthy.

It shall be the endeavor of the National Magazine to shun these defects, and at the same time to spread over its pages not only instructive, but elegant, genial, and vivacious articles.

Another responsibility devolves upon a publication like the present, if it would escape the prevalent evils of our popular literature. It should not only respect, but assert the claims of religion; and this it can do without bigotry and without cant. Literature in its noblest sense is not a product merely of the intellect, but of the heart of man; it has even more to do with his sensibilities than with his speculations. The religious sentiment is related to his profoundest and his liveliest sensibilities; it is even an instinct of his soul. Literature sacrifices its highest as well as its holiest power when it repudiates religion; and yet, is not one of the most deplorable characteristics of our current literature indifference to the popular faith? Christianity in anything like a specific form (not merely in a dogmatic or sectarian character) has scarcely any expression in our periodical miscellanies; with very few exceptions, it has to seek periodicals nominally if not exclusively its own in order to secure such an expression. As well might poetry, or any other esthetic manifestation of man's nature, be excluded from the common field of literature and placed in isolation.

The apprehension has recently been expressed, in high places, that Christianity is losing its influence upon the extant leading intellects of English literature—that while its ethical excellence is not denied, (because it cannot be,) its historic and vital truths are being rejected for the philosophic or sentimental theism represented by the Westminster Review, and entertained by such accomplished minds as Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Harriet Martineau, Sterling, Emerson, Henry James, Parker, the Countess d'Ossoli, &c. If such is the case, the greater reason is there why the integrity of the popular faith should be sacredly guarded. If the stars of the firmament are to be obscured in the gathering darkness, let us be the more careful to preserve the household light of the people—the "candle on the candlestick, which giveth light unto all that are in the house."

Believing that the interest of a publication like the present need not suffer, but would rather be enhanced by a decided recognition of the popular religious convictions—that the purest Christian sentiments are not incompatible with whatever is elegant or entertaining or healthfully amusing in literature—the publishers avow as one of the chief aims of their magazine, the diffusion of our common faith; and they hope to be able to maintain this

purpose without offense to any form of honest sectarianism—a delicate task, it is acknowledged, but not an impracticable one, it is hoped.

While we shall represent amply the current periodical literature of Europe, we shall, as affirmed in our Prospectus, adapt these columns to the national tastes, and endeavor to impress upon them the national characteristics of common sense, practical aims and direct utility. We shall especially eschew the exotic sentimentalism and dreamy philosophy which some writers have attempted to import among us. They complain that the nation is growing up without a national literature—that the practical severity of our Saxon intellect, produced by the influence of Bacon, Locke, the Scotch philosophers, and, above all, by our vigorous religious faith, has congealed the fountains of sentiment and originality, and prevented the development of a national taste. We profess no sympathy for these anti-national whinings—none whatever. Nations advance gradually, as do individuals. Our own needs but time; we have the germ of a vigorous and noble literature in the soil, and it will in due season rise and display its glories like our native magnolia. But let us forbear hot-house processes, and especially keep away exotics, which can only sicken in our soil, and shed malaria on our moral atmosphere. The first condition of a national literature is, that it be a type of the national character, and national character depends largely upon the physical circumstances of a people. And these, in this land, are just the reverse of the hair-splitting philosophy and liquefied sentimentalism referred to. What is this new world? A vast field for tugging labor and practical arts, immense mines of metal and fuel, mountains of iron, rivers running from the pole to the tropics, prodigious inland seas. And what are the people upon it? What were their fathers? Men who threw defiance at their oppressors in the iron bolts of their strong Saxon speech, and confounded the conquerors of the world in fields where yet stand the stumps of the primal forests; a race of stout-hearted fighters, stout-minded thinkers, and stout-handed workers, loving liberty, laboring for their bread, and serving their God. And what are their posterity? Men who are filling the seas with ships, binding the land in belts of iron, digging canals through mountains, and are marching with a van line from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, westward on the falling forest, at the rate of seventeen miles a year, rearing temples, founding cities, and casting manfully the destinies of the future. And what does the history of the mind of this hardy race teach? It has produced the Quadrant,* the Steamer, the Cotton-gin, the Magnetic Telegraph, the practical Franklin in philosophy, the severe Edwards in theology, the erudite Webster in philology, the incorruptible Washington in arms, the energetic Henry in eloquence, the noble band of clear-headed, far-seeing statesmen of the revolution. It has had its artists; but nearly all who have won a permanent fame have shared the severity of the national taste, and been distinguished in portrait or historical painting. Sculpture is the severest and noblest of the fine arts, it declines the charms of coloring, and its stern beauties inhere only in the solid stone: our land has lately placed one of her sons at the head of the art, and has placed others of her children hard by him

Such a people must have a literature vigorous, strenuous, manly. You must alter their land and the texture of their brain before you can take from them their strong Saxon speech, or their robust common sense; and you must liquefy their hearts before they will cast away, as obsolete, that old volume, the truths of which their fathers believed as utterances from Heaven, and under the sanctions of which they fought the battles of their liberty, and laid the foundations of their country.

With such views we commence our task. We are fully aware that they are more easily stated than exemplified, but we shall not the less endeavor to realize them.

Though no apologies are due from us for entering a field which is open to all, and ample enough for many competitors, we nevertheless present ourselves within it with every sentiment of deference for our brethren of the press whose enterprise has the honor of precedence. We take our position among them not as competitors, but as co-laborers; and hope that the "amenities of literature" and the honor of the craft shall not suffer by our presence.

---

* Hadley's Quadrant was invented by Godfrey of Pennsylvania.

STEPHEN OLIN, D.D., LL.D.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

PRESIDENT OLIN was born in Leicester, Addison County, Vermont, March 2d, 1797. After the usual training of the New-England district school and town academy, he entered Middlebury College, Vt., where he graduated with the highest collegiate honors and—a ruined constitution.

He immediately resorted to the South to repair both his health and his pecuniary resources. Guided by a newspaper advertisement he obtained the appointment of teacher, at $700 a year, in a newly projected seminary, in Abbeville District, South Carolina. "I made my way up the river," he says, "to the location of the academy, which I found, to my astonishment, to be almost bare of houses. I saw a man at work, with his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up, whom I found to be a trustee of the institution. On inquiring where it was, I was pointed to a log cabin. I began in it. The door was hung on a couple of sticks, and the windows were miserable; I drew my table to the wall, where I was supplied with light that came in between the logs." These were the days referred to in our article on old southern schools. They have passed away. They were at this time passing away, and a new building was already preparing for Olin and his pupils.

Here, in the log cabin in the wilderness, and by means the most unhopeful, did the destiny of this great man receive its determining impulse. He went to the South a skeptic in religion; a rule of the school required that it should be opened daily with prayer; considering this exercise as merely an introductory ceremony, with no other importance than its influence on the decorum of the school, he attempted its performance; the incompatibility of his conduct with his opinions

soon, however, troubled his conscience; he was induced to examine the evidences of Christianity, and in a few months was praying in earnest, a humble believer in the faith he had rejected. The effect of his new convictions was profound—they imbued his entire character. A sanctity like that of Fenelon and Fletcher of Madeley, ever after pervaded his whole being, and habitually revealed itself in his life by the deepest humility and the purest charity.

He had designed to enter the profession of the law; but yielding to his new impulses, he now changed his purpose and devoted himself to preparation for the Christian ministry. He was licensed as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1824 joined the South Carolina Annual Conference. His first appointment was in the city of Charleston, to which station he was reappointed the next year; but ill health interrupted his labors repeatedly during these two years. In 1826 he was left without an appointment, that he might seek relief in rest. At the next session of the Conference he retired to the ranks of the "Supernumeraries," and in 1828 located. In 1830 he was elected Professor of English Literature in the University of Georgia, though his health was hardly adequate to the duties of the chair. In 1832 he was received into the Georgia Conference, but continued his connection with the University. In 1833 he was appointed President of Randolph Macon College, Virginia, in which he remained, with high reputation but suffering health, till 1837, when he left this country for Europe, hoping to find improvement in foreign travel. His tour extended over Western Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. In the latter part of 1840 he returned to the United States, and in 1842 was elected President of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in which office he continued—disabled, however, much of the time, from his official duties—until his death, August 16, 1851.

Dr. Olin suffered through his whole public life, under the effects of too ambitious an application to study during his collegiate course. His constitution was originally robust, his stature gigantic; but from the time he graduated till he descended into the grave, he maintained an incessant conflict with disease.

His head was remarkably large, and seemed to poise itself with difficulty upon his emaciated frame. His features were strongly defined, but expressive of serene dispositions.

His social habits were exceedingly affable; and, when he was not prostrated by disease, his conversation was enlivened not only with his usual brilliant conceptions, but by exhilarating pleasantries.

His literary productions are limited to three valuable volumes of travels, the records of his transatlantic tour; and three posthumous volumes of Collegiate Lectures, Miscellaneous Addresses, Sermons, &c.

As a preacher he was pre-eminent. Though he paid little regard to elocutionary rules, but in some respects unceremoniously defied them, yet was his eloquence overwhelming.

The imagination had little to do with his pulpit power—very seldom did a poetic image occur in his discourses,—but his logic had a resistless pressure. He possessed the philosophical faculty of generalization to an extraordinary degree; and when roused with the excitement of his preaching, his conceptions assumed a breadth and sublimity which might well be characterized as stupendous. The hearer sat amazed, if not appalled, by the exhibition of intellectual mightiness in which the preacher enthroned the truth.

The Methodist Quarterly for the present month says:—"Comprehensiveness, combined with energy of thought, was his chief characteristic; under the inspiration of the pulpit it often became sublime—we were about to say godlike. We doubt whether any man of our generation has had more power in the pulpit than Stephen Olin; and this power was in spite of very marked oratorical defects. While you saw that there was no trickery of art about Dr. Olin, you felt that a mighty, a resistless mind was struggling with yours. You were overwhelmed—your reason with argument, your heart with emotion."

His writings are stamped with his intellectual excellencies; they will rank among the noblest productions of the American mind. In this article we have attempted but an outline of his career, as the newspapers have lately abounded in fuller sketches. To such readers as would more adequately appreciate one of the greatest intellects of our times, we would recommend the perusal of his works.

LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF LANE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DR. BEECHER has the democratic honor of being the son of a blacksmith;* and the manner in which he has wielded the theologic hammer against public evils, whether in high places or low places, shows him to be worthy of the lineage. Such has been the manly robustness of his writings, and the staunch vigor of his long life, that we spontaneously suppose him to have inherited the blacksmith's energy of nerve and muscle: far otherwise is the fact, however. He was the only child of his mother, and she died in giving him birth. He was born at New-Haven, Conn., September 12, 1775, and committed by his dying parent to the care of her sister, the wife of a farmer in North Guilford. It is said that he was unusually feeble in his infancy, and at the time he was received at North Guilford weighed but three-and-a-half pounds. The Spartan laws would have consigned him to death as not sufficiently promising to justify the expense of the state for his education. The agricultural toils of North Guilford saved him, and he has several times since retrieved his health by similar means.

He prepared for college under the care of the village pastor, and in due time graduated at Yale, where also he studied divinity under the celebrated Dr. Dwight. Entering the ministry in 1798, he was settled the following year at East Hampton, L. I. "I was favored," he says, "with three seasons of special divine influence, in which almost three hundred persons were added to the Church." In the third year of his ministry his health failed, and his labors were suspended about nine months, by fever and subsequent debility, from which, however, he

* David Beecher, his father, is supposed to have descended from one of the four Beechers who were among the one hundred and twenty-nine owners of the town of New-Haven.

arose "by rural exercise and manual labor." While at East Hampton he published four discourses: On the History of East Hampton—On Dueling—On the Government of God Desirable—and a Funeral Sermon.

In 1810 he took charge of the First Congregational Church of Litchfield, Conn., where he continued about sixteen years, with much success. During this period his health again sunk under his labors; his pastoral duties were suspended about six months, and he was "sent again," as he writes, "to rural exercise and manual labor, for more than a year." While at Litchfield he published sermons on the Reformation of Morals; Building up of Waste Places; A Funeral Discourse; The Bible, a Code of Laws; The Faith once Delivered to the Saints; The Design, Rights, and Duties of Local Churches; and The Means of National Prosperity. He also assisted during this interval in the establishment of the Connecticut Missionary Society, the Litchfield County Foreign Missionary Society, the Connecticut Education Society, the American Bible Society, and the Christian Spectator and Connecticut Observer.

In 1826 he went to Boston as pastor of the Hanover-street Church. His labors during the ensuing six-and-a-half years were herculean, both at home and abroad, among the Congregational Churches of New-England, and he did much for the revival of the Puritan faith in the eastern metropolis. He assisted in the establishment of the "Spirit of the Pilgrims," which did effectual service in the same cause. He also published while in Boston, A Review of the Review of his Sermon on the Faith once delivered to the Saints; Reply to Johnson's Report on the Sabbath; The Groton Report on the Rights of the Congregational Churches of the State, in opposition to sundry legal decisions against them; Infant Damnation not a Doctrine of the Calvinistic system; The Resources of the Adversary, a Sermon before the Board of Foreign Missions; Memory of our Puritan Fathers, preached in Plymouth, at the Pilgrim Anniversary; Dependence and Free Agency; Six Sermons on Intemperance, preached at Litchfield, and repeated in Boston.

In 1832 he was called to the presidency of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, where for ten years he sustained, in conjunction with his academic duties, the pastoral care of the Second Presbyterian Church of that city. He has resigned his connection with the seminary, and now resides in Boston, revising and publishing his works. During his presidency in that institution it sent out three hundred young men to preach the gospel. His publications in Cincinnati were a volume on Political Atheism; A Plea for the West; A Plea for Colleges; and Lectures to Artisans, issued in the newspapers only.

Such is the chronological outline of Dr. Beecher's career. In the progress of his life, he writes: "I have laid no plans of my own, but simply consecrated myself to Christ and his cause, confiding in his guidance and preservation, and meeting, as I might be able, such exigencies as his providence placed before me, which has always kept my head, hands, and heart full."*

Besides his more immediately professional labors in behalf of evangelical piety—which have, perhaps, had a more positive influence within the pale of his own denomination, than those of any other cotemporary man—Dr. Beecher has acquired a distinguished reputation in connection with the religious literature and Christian philanthropy of the times. He may be considered one of the founders, if not the founder, of the "Temperance Reform"—a movement which is certainly unique in the history of mankind, as an exception to the usual fate of sumptuary reforms, and a triumph of moral sentiment over appetite without a parallel. His agency in this great measure deserves an emphatic record as a matter of history.

Soon after his entrance upon the ministry, Dr. Rush's writings on the effects of intoxicating drinks, attracted and impressed his attention. Information from England, respecting institutions for moral reforms, suggested to him the propriety of some such measures against intemperance and other growing immoralities of our own country, and induced him to publish his discourse, entitled "A Reform in Morals Necessary and Practicable." A Society for Moral Reform, in respect to intemperance, the Sabbath, &c., resulted

* "Brief Memoirs of the Class of 1797, [Yale College,] printed by order of the Class, for their own use," &c. We are indebted to the kindness of Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, of Boston, for this, and other materials for our sketch.

from this sermon in his own parish. After his removal to Litchfield, he repeated the discourse, enlarged, to an assembly in New-Haven, many members of the legislature, and the local magistracy being present. Other clergymen took up the subject, and soon the magistrates were induced to apply the laws with a sudden severity, which produced reaction and a "political revolution." The advocates of reform were startled and discouraged at this reverse; but it led them to perceive the necessity of moral suasion as a preliminary condition of right legal restraint; and thus was brought out the fundamental principle of the subsequent temperance movement. Dr. Beecher was among the first to recognize this necessity. Under his influence ecclesiastical measures were taken against the great evil. In connection with Rev. Mr. Dutton, of Guilford, he induced the General Association of Connecticut Ministers to adopt a series of resolutions, which embraced summarily the present principles of the reform. The effect was soon quite extraordinary; and "this," says the "National Temperance Offering," "was the first marked and leading temperance reform in America, and preceded, by many years, the formation of the first temperance society in Massachusetts."

He soon also projected further efforts in the same direction, and his noted six sermons on intemperance were planned. Their effect is still well remembered. They have been a leading agency in the promotion of the reform, not only in this land, but in Europe, being translated into German, French, Swedish, and Danish. The missionaries of South Africa have testified to their salutary influence among even the Hottentots.

Had Dr. Beecher no other distinction, his connection with this great moral movement of our age would entitle him to an enviable eminence in the history of his times. But his writings, now being published in a collected form, have placed him permanently among the moral and theological authors of the country. We have already enumerated many of them, and noted elsewhere their revised publication. They are mostly "occasional" productions, called forth by some exigency of public opinion, but will be not the less durable. They are full of the intellectual mettle of the man. Energy of thought, and energy of expression, are the chief characteristics of Dr. Beecher as a writer. There is no dilution of his subjects, no mere rhetorical prettinesses, no indirect sophisms or evasions, to be detected on his pages; but he advances manfully and directly to his purpose. He states his theme with noticeable clearness, likes the distinctness of summary propositions, abounds in brief and peremptory passages, has a good, staunch, Saxon style, and is, in fine, in both his rhetoric and his logic, full of robust strength, of genuine stamina.

Dr. Beecher, now about seventy-seven years of age, is still in vigorous health, and abundant in labors. "In my domestic relations," he writes, "my cup of mercy, though not unmingled with bitterness, in the death of two beloved wives, two infants, and an adult son in the ministry, has nevertheless been filled with pure, copious, and habitual enjoyment, especially in the early conversion of my children, and their blessed affection for me, and usefulness in the Church of God."

Our sketch of this venerable man has been given much in detail, for the reason that no very minute record of his useful career has heretofore been published: his name belongs to the common history of the common Christianity of the country, and is becoming, as he advances toward the goal of his noble life, increasingly endeared to the American people, of all or of no sects.

BREVITIES.

SOME day it will be found out that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments. Blunt wedges rive hard knots. Childhood and genius have the same master organ in common—inquisitiveness. No man is wholly bad all at once. In all true humor lies its germ—pathos. We may do a very good action, and not be a good man; but we cannot do an ill one, and not be an ill man. Surely some people must know themselves; many never think about anything else. Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things. Solitude is necessary in the moments when grief is strongest, and thought most troubled.

[Milton, at the Age of Nineteen.]

MILTON.

WILLIAM HOWITT, in his Homes and Haunts of the Poets, says that "perhaps no man ever inhabited more homes than our great epic poet, yet scarcely one of these now remains." Most of Milton's homes were in the English metropolis, and have been substituted, in the progress of the city, by more modern buildings. The house where he was born, December 9, 1608, on Bread-street, was consumed in the great fire of London. His country homes have undergone so many changes, that those which our present plates represent appear quite various in the pictorial illustrations of Chambers, Howitt, and other writers.

Most of the youth of Milton was spent in London, where, under a private tutor,—a strict Puritan, who, Aubrey says, wore "his hair short,"—and at St. Paul's school, he studied with remarkable assiduity and success. He pored over his books till midnight, and incurred that terrible affliction which rendered his declining years "dark, dark, irrecoverably dark," allowing him sight only in his dreams, while, as he pathetically says in his beautiful sonnet on the death of his second wife,

"Day brought back his night."

About his seventeenth year he entered Christ College, at Cambridge, already accomplished in the classic languages and literature. The juvenile portrait which we insert at the head of this article was taken during his college days. It will be an interesting novelty to most of our readers, as it has never before been published in this country. When but about twenty-one years old he produced his noble Hymn on the Nativity, a rich blossom of his ripening genius. In 1632, leaving the university, the flat and denuded scenery around which he heartily disliked, he made his residence in Horton, Buckinghamshire, where he spent five years in genial studies amidst most genial scenery. His *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas* were produced in this poetic retreat. All three are exquisite specimens of his genius. Lycidas has afforded several gems to our familiar poetic quotations, but the *Comus* stands pre-eminent for its numerous and resplendent beauties. "It is a pure dream of Elysium," says a critic. "The reader is transported, as in Shakspeare's Tempest, to scenes of fairy enchantment; but no grossness mingles with the poet's creations, and his muse is ever ready to moralize his song with strains of solemn imagery and lofty sentiment."

In his thirtieth year, Milton, still a bachelor, went to Italy,—not, however, on the romantic errand usually supposed. The very pleasant little episode respecting the

"Occhi, stelle mortalli," &c.,

a verse from Quarini, placed in his hand by a beautiful foreign lady, while he slept beneath a tree, and under the spell of which, it is alleged, he wandered over Italy in search of his furtive admirer, now wears, we are sorry to inform the fair reader, quite a suspicious aspect. William Howitt treats it with a coolness worthy of his Quaker stoicism. This little romance,—about the only one in his history,—may, in fact, be considered about extinguished. Poets, notwithstanding all the fine things thought of them, are seldom good examples of their own beautiful ideals. Milton has adorned his Eve with matchless loveliness; but his real life shows him to have been better as a poet, a scholar, a politician, or even as a schoolmaster, than as a lover. His uxorious vexations were among the most grievous trials of his genius.

Milton in fine went to Italy, not as an errant lover, but as a scholar and a poet. While there, his polemic propensities were occasionally aroused; it is said that he could hardly be restrained from assailing Popery within the walls of Rome itself; and he returned to England with formidable hostility to prelacy,

royalty, and everything which opposed itself to liberty of conscience, of speech, or of the press. He located himself in London, entered into the great controversies of the time, and prepared to devote himself to the cause of the Puritans and to the fortunes of Cromwell. We pause not to note his political labors and struggles; remarking, however, *en passant*, that his prose writings, the products of these labors and struggles, are replete with the noblest excellencies of his genius.

The poetic temperament of the great bard had hitherto failed to receive any very profound or permanent impression from that living beauty which he was nevertheless so capable of describing in his verse; but being now about thirty-five

COTTAGE AT FOREST HILL.

years of age, it was reasonable that he should marry as a matter of *convenance* at least. Mary Powell, the daughter of a stanch royalist, was his choice. He removed his residence to a cottage at Forest Hill, Oxford, near the original home of his bride. Here, according to Sir William Temple, he wrote his L'Allegro, and the beautiful scenery of that immortal poem was borrowed from the picturesque landscapes of his new neighborhood. Sir William describes a visit which he made to this memorable locality. "As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images [of L'Allegro]: it is on the top of a hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides. The distant mountains, that seemed to support the clouds; the village and turrets, partly shrouded in trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them; the dark plains and meadows, of a grayish color, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the Allegro description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

"The poet's house was close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm.

"It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the Penseroso. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet-briers, vines, and honey-suckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow—

> Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine;

for it is evident that he meant a sort of honey-suckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly used for the sweet-brier, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet."

Milton took his young wife to London, but was able to keep her there only one month. Dissatisfied with his mode of life, she deserted him and returned to her father. Disposed to marry again, he wrote his essays on Divorce: but when she learned that he was actually making proposals for the hand of another lady

MILTON'S HOUSE AT CHALFONT.

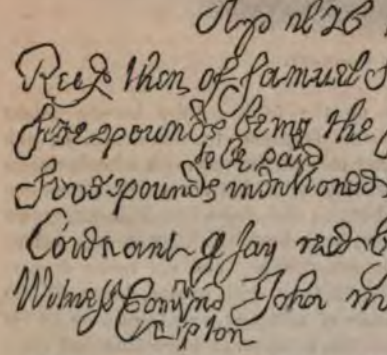
she returned, "fell on her knees before him," and was reinstated in his household.

By the end of the year 1652 his sight entirely failed, while writing his "Defense of the People"—a noble occasion for the sacrifice. The death of his wife occurred about this time; but the latter loss was promptly repaired by a second marriage, which was followed, however, in about a year by the death of his new consort, whom he lamented with a pathos which largely redeems his reputation as a lover and husband.

When the plague broke out in London, Milton retired to Chalfont in Bucks. Here he completed Paradise Lost, and wrote the whole of Paradise Regained. Mr. Howitt describes the Chalfont cottage as surrounded by beautiful views. He says:—"Standing a little above the cottage, the view before you is very interesting. The quiet old agricultural village of Chalfont lies in the valley, amid woody uplands, which are seen all round. The cottage stands facing you, with its gable turned to the road, and fronting into its little garden and field. A row of ordinary cottages is built at its back, and faces the road below. To the right ascends the grass field mentioned; but this, with extensive old orchards above the house, is pleasing to the eye, presenting an idea of quiet, rural repose, and of meditative walks in the shade of the orchard-trees, or up the field, to the breezy height above. Opposite to the house, on the other side of the way, is a wheelwright's dwelling, with his timber reared among old trees; and above it a chalk-pit, grown about with bushes. This is as rural as you can desire. The old house is covered in front with a vine, bears all the marks of antiquity, and is said by its inhabitant, a tailor, to have been but little altered. There was, he says, an old porch at the door, which stood till it fell with age. Here we may well imagine Milton sitting, in the sunny weather, and enjoying the warmth, and the calm sweet air. Could he have seen the view which here presented itself, it would have been agreeable; for though in this direction the ascending ground shuts out distant prospect, its green and woody upland would be itself a pleasant object of contemplation; shutting out all else, and favorable to thought. The house below consists of two rooms, the one on the left, next to the road, a spacious one, though low, and with its small diamond casements suggesting to you that it is much as when Milton inhabited it. Here he no doubt lived principally; and, in all probability, here was Paradise Regained dictated to his amanuensis, most likely at that time his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull."

Paradise Lost was given to the public about two years after its completion. The copyright was sold to Samuel Sim-

mons for five pounds paid on its receipt, and five more when 1,300 copies were sold, and the same amount after the sale of the second and third editions respectively, each edition comprising 1,500 copies. Milton died before the third edition was demanded, and Simmons purchased his widow's entire right in this immortal property of genius for eight pounds—a property which has brought myriads to publishers for its mere mechanical work, and to artists for its embellishment. Milton's contract with his publisher has been for some time in the possession of Rogers the poet, who, as is stated in our literary record for the month, lately deposited it in the British Museum. The following is a fac-simile of one of the poet's receipts to Simmons:—



Milton married his third wife in 1660. She survived him several years. Three daughters by his first wife also survived him. The manner in which he conducted their education has occasioned much animadversion, and been considered a proof of his depreciatory estimate of the sex. It is said he taught them to pronounce several languages, that they might read to him, after his blindness; but their instruction was limited to the mere pronunciation. A most ungracious task must have been these filial prelections in unknown tongues; and they may account, in part, for the "undutiful and unkind" treatment which he says he received from them in his latter days. None of them lived with him for several years before his death. He died in great tranquillity on the 8th of November, 1674, and was buried in St. Giles's church, Cripplegate, London, where sleep Fox, the martyrologist, and Speed, the historian. Milton's bust has been placed on the third pillar from the east end, to the left as you enter the church. His remains are beneath, under a large pew.

The North British Review says:—"The retrospect of Milton's literary life gives us the following as the facts most proper to be remembered by those who would study his works in their biographical connection; that from his seventeenth to his thirty-third or thirty-fourth year, his chief literary exercises were poetry; that from his thirty-fourth year, however, on to his fifty-third, he labored almost exclusively as a controversialist and prose writer, producing during this long period scarcely anything in verse besides a few sonnets; and, finally, that in his old age he renewed his allegiance to the muse of verse, and occupied himself in the composition of those greater poems, the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson Agonistes*, which he intended more especially as his bequest to the literature of England."

His daily life has been given us. "He rises early; has a chapter in the Hebrew Bible read to him; then meditates till seven; till twelve he listens to reading, in which he employs his daughters; then takes exercise, and sometimes swings in his little garden. After a frugal dinner, he enjoys some musical recreation; at six he welcomes friends; takes supper at eight; and then, having smoked a pipe, and drank a glass of water, he retires to repose. That repose is sometimes broken by poetic musings, and he rouses up his daughter that he may dictate to her some lines before they are lost."

Among the chief characteristics of Milton's genius are his originality, his sublimity, and his skill in picturesque description. The first of these is the highest trait of genius. It is stamped on all his productions. His poems, especially his great epic, are full of invention. Spenser, he acknowledged to Dryden, was his model; there are distinct traces of our other great early poet in his writings, and the influence of the Greek tragedians and the Italian poets, over his muse, is quite perceptible; but his original and mighty genius transmuted and assimilated to itself all extraneous aids—as the oak, though towering to the heavens, derives, in part, its nourishment from the undergrowth that

decays beneath it. It recoined with its own impress every borrowed conception.

As originality is the highest power of genius, so is sublimity its highest emotion. Milton is matchless in the latter, if we except the Biblical examples. The two first books of Paradise Lost are, with this exception, the most august displays of the human mind on record. There was, in fact, an essential grandeur in the spirit of this blind old man; even when he treats of pathetic subjects, as in Lycidas, or indulges in familiar description, as in L'Allegro, or introduces colloquial scenes, as in Comus or Paradise Lost, it is always with a dignity which, without being strained, seems nevertheless unearthly—as a fine night-scene appears solemn, something apart from our ordinary earthly life. The sublime individuality of his genius, in fine, pervades all his conceptions, and becomes dignity at least, where it can no longer be grandeur. In this manner must we account for the alleged "want of human interest" in Paradise Lost, and his comparative failure in dramatic effect. His Comus, Arcades, and Samson Agonistes are examples. Fortunately he did not persist in his original intention of producing Paradise Lost in dramatic form.

His picturesque skill is so obvious that it is astonishing it should ever have been questioned, especially by so sagacious a critic as Coleridge. L'Allegro and Il Penseroso present the finest pictures. Paradise Lost abounds in transcendent descriptive beauties.

When we add to these highest traits of poetic genius the noble *morale* of the man, the lofty purity of his writings and his life, we are compelled to recognize Milton as not only the greatest of our bards, but one of the grandest men of his own or of any age. He had his imperfections, but his virtues partook of the grandeur of his genius. His life was temperate and unstained. He stood forth for liberty, religious, civil, and literary, with heroic devotion; and would probably have suffered as a martyr for it, had it not been for the intervention of his literary friends. He anticipated some of its latest and noblest developments. Amidst terrible reverses, domestic afflictions, sickness, blindness, and political disgrace, his mighty soul maintained unabated its inherent strength and sublime aspirations; and when the present was lost to him, he appealed to the future in strains which archangels might trumpet in the heavens.

ST. GILES'S CHURCH.

THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE AT JERUSALEM.

THE above plate represents a memorable locality in the topography of Jerusalem —interesting not only for the affecting ceremony of which it is every week the scene, but for the historical supposition that the massive wall is a remnant of the temple of Solomon. Dr. Robinson describes it as follows:—

"I went with Mr. Lannean to the place where the Jews are permitted to purchase the right of approaching the site of their temple, and of praying and wailing over its ruins and the downfall of their nation. The spot is on the western exterior of the area of the great mosque, considerably south of the middle; and is approached only by a narrow crooked lane, which there terminates at the wall in a very small open place. The lower part of the wall is here composed of the same kind of ancient stones, which we had before seen on the eastern side. Two old men, Jews, sat there upon the ground, reading together in a book of Hebrew prayers. On Fridays they assemble here in greater numbers. It is the nearest point in which they can venture to approach their ancient temple; and fortunately for them, it is sheltered from observation by the narrowness of the lane and the dead walls around. Here, bowed in the dust, they may at least weep undisturbed over the fallen glory of their race, and bedew with their tears the soil which so many thousands of their forefathers once moistened with their blood."

The following is the lament which the Jews chant amidst these ruins. It must have a singularly affecting sound when heard from the children of Israel, bewailing among the ruins of Jerusalem their fallen city and their suffering people. The translation is by Rev. Mr. Wolff.

Cantor. On account of the palace which is laid waste:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the temple which is destroyed:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the walls which are pulled down:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the majesty which is gone:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of our great men who have been cast down:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the precious stones which were burned:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of the priests who have stumbled:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. On account of our kings who have despised Him:

People. We sit down alone and weep.

Cantor. We beseech Thee, have mercy upon Sion:

People. Gather the children of Jerusalem.

Cantor. Make haste, Redeemer of Sion:

People. Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.

Cantor. May beauty and majesty surround Sion:

People. And turn with thy mercy to Jerusalem.

Cantor. Remember the shame of Sion:

People. Make new again the ruins of Jerusalem.

Cantor. May the royal government shine again over Sion:

People. Comfort those who mourn at Jerusalem.

Cantor. May joy and gladness be found upon Sion:

People. A Branch spring forth at Jerusalem.

A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

THOU, God on high, art Love,
And dost by Love's attraction draw our souls,
Flitting in dusty circuit 'twixt the poles,
Up to their home above!

And though we bear the weight
Of mortal nature, yet the loved and free
We follow with strong pinion back to thee,
And look in at thy gate.

Lost one! in sleep we rise
Into thy track, and thy receding light
Pursue, till, pausing at the portal bright,
Thou gazest in our eyes.

"Be comforted," that mild,
Full heart-glance said—"of human love the link
Stretches o'er death's abyss from brink to brink;
This angel is your child!"

Then with her brow still bent
On ours, she slowly lessen'd into bliss,
As if to show she bore our mortal kiss
Into the firmament!

Nor was our gaze forbid
To watch her still; for kneeling angels crown'd,
Having kiss'd her, parted where they zoned her round,
That she might not be hid.

As after doubtful notes,
That Music wakes ere she decides her lay,
On sudden, up some dear frequented way
Of heavenly sound she floats.

And each awaiting heart
Thrills to remember'd joy; so, from the grace
And glory mantling those bright hosts, did start
Full many a well-known face.

Thy father's father, sweet!
She at whose knees thy mother lisp'd her prayer,
Bent their swift pinions from the throne to greet
Thy soul, and lead thee there.

And some who left the way
Of life while green, were there—to whom 'twas given
To sink on its soft pastures after play,
To sleep and wake in heaven!

And one not knit by blood—
Save souls have kinship—near'd thee; in her eyes
Dwelt love so holy while on earth she stood,
They changed not for the skies.

Close, closer, form divine!
Here was thy life, high, gracious, undefiled—
The light that lit the parent-hearts was thine—
Now shine upon the child!

They stoop to us, they pour
Celestial glances down, each glance a ray
That steeps our eyes—the dropp'd lids fringe them o'er,
And all dissolves away!

Yet through the dark we hear
The music of their wings—and well we know
That the child-angel to His sight they bear
Who bless'd her like below.

O, then our thankful bliss
Burst forth—and the bless'd souls that people dreams
Fled from the awakening cry. Our world was *this*,
Our light, earth's common beams.

They slant upon the ground
Where, in its bud, her wind-snapp'd dahlia lay,
Where still the notes of childhood's chorus sound,
Though *one* note is away.

Morn breaks its golden surge
Against the walls whence with presaging eyes
She watch'd the spire-crown'd steep: morn rounds the verge
Of shadow where she lies.

The night-hush'd din of life
Thickens and swells; but from that better sphere
Our sleep unvail'd, there flows through all the strife
A voice intact and clear,—

"Love's very grief is gain;
Thereby earth holier grows, and heaven is nigher;
Souls that their idols will not here detain,
Will follow and aspire.

Potent is sorrow's breath
To quench wrath's fever; and the hungry will
That clutches fame, looks in the face of death,
And the wild mien is still.

No paths of sense may wile
The yearning heart. It asks not if the road
Have bays to crown, or odors to beguile,
But—*does it lead to* GOD?

Love, purity, repose,
Faith cherish'd, duty done, and wrong forgiven—
Be these the garland and the staff of those
Who have a child in heaven!"—*Lond. Athen.*

PHILOSOPHIC SCHOOLS OF GREECE.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS DISCIPLES.

BENEATH the cloudless canopy of a Grecian sky, and within the noble edifices of Athens, metaphysical pursuits found their most ardent admirers. Here Thales, who has been styled "the father of speculative philosophy," taught his doctrines, though the events of his life, no less than the precise tenets he maintained, are shrouded in mystery. His aphorism, "Know thyself," which was considered worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold on the temple at Delphi, develops the method by which he sought the extension of truth.

The first distinctive characteristic of the Ionian school, founded by Thales, was that of physiological inquiry into the constitution of the universe. He taught that the principle of all things was water. Anaximenes followed; but while he elaborated the views of his master, he detected phenomena that were to him inexplicable on the principle of Thales. He felt within him a something which moved him, though he knew neither how, nor why—something higher than himself—invisible, but ever present: this he called his soul. His soul he believed to be air.

These great, though mistaken philosophers, were followed in the same course of thought by Diogenes of Apollonia, and Heraclitus of Ephesus, who sought to refer all sensible things to one original principle in nature. Air and fire appeared to them only sensible symbols, which they used in order to present more vividly to the imagination the energy of the one vital principle, which gives rise to all outward appearances. It would, however, be a mistake to regard these philosophers as materialists. The distinction between objective and subjective,—between a law operating in the universe, and the corresponding apprehension of that law by reason,—however obvious it may seem at the present day, appears to have required the deep meditation of numerous powerful thinkers to bring it clearly and truthfully before the mind.

That these two great things were confounded by Heraclitus is apparent; for he attributed to the universal fire the powers of a universal reason,—the source both of order in the world, and of the insight into that order possessed by man. Notwithstanding this confusion, the important discovery was recognized by him, that reason is common to all men, and that the ultimate principles of science derive their validity from their universality.

These philosophers may be regarded as forming one division of the Ionic school, who agreed in believing the universe to be the result of the spontaneous evolution of a single principle or power, and all sensible things as modifications of that principle, real only in reference to their ultimate ground. Anaximander, who lived B. C. 590, and Anaxagoras, the master of Peri-

cles, entertained different views; but they agreed in considering the world to be composed of numberless small particles of different kinds and shapes, by the change of whose relative position all phenomena were produced.* Anaxagoras traced them to a Supreme Reason, the author of all that is regular and harmonious in the disposition of these elementary atoms. This distinguished man inherited a splendid patrimony, and appeared destined to fill high offices in the state; but he disregarded all external greatness, and determined by his native powers to rear for himself an imperishable fame. Looking with contempt on the talent of his native city, he sought in Athens to attain the objects of his desires. The stirring epoch which followed was calculated to aid his purpose; for the age of Pericles had come —Athens was then the "queen of Greece!" The critics and scholars of the period delighted to behold the triumphs of Æschylus; Sophocles enjoyed universal admiration. There the Ionian philosophy found a home, and the young Anaxagoras shared his time with Homer and Anaximenes. Anaxagoras may be regarded as the first philosopher who clearly and boldly avowed the leading distinctions between mind and matter—an anticipation of one of the first discoveries of modern psychology, though by him dimly shadowed forth.

Epicurus is said to have been born in the neighborhood of Athens, about 344 years before Christ, though some declare that Samos was his birth-place. His parents were poor, yet his philosophic career began at the early age of thirteen; for, on hearing the verse of Hesiod, wherein all things are said to arise from chaos, Epicurus asked, "And whence came chaos?" The writings of Democritus occupying his attention, he devoted his time to philosophic pursuits, and ultimately, in his thirty-sixth year, opened a school at Athens, in a spot suited to the doctrine he promulgated, over which he presided till his death. The Platonists had their Academic Grove; the Aristotelians walked in the Lyceum; the Cynics occupied the Cynosarges; the Stoics were in the Porch; and the Epicureans had their Garden, on the entrance of which was inscribed, "The hospitable keeper of this mansion, where you will find pleasure the highest good, will present you liberally with barley-cakes, and water fresh from the spring. The gardens will not provoke your appetite by artificial dainties, but satisfy it with natural supplies. Will you not be well entertained?"

The Epicureans declared as their great maxim, That pleasure constituted happiness; and as all animals instinctively pursue it, and avoid pain, man should do so deliberately. The difference between the philosophic and the ignorant consists in this, that while both pursue pleasure, the former does it completely, by foregoing certain enjoyments that will cause pain and vexation hereafter; while the ignorant seize on the pleasure of the present, and forfeit much that might also be gained in the future. Thus the Epicureans maintained the law of temperance; and it was their great principle that wealth consisted not in great possessions, but in having few wants. They regarded the gods as serene, majestic beings, too far distant, and too much at their ease, to trouble themselves with human affairs. It followed, that while reverence and admiration were deemed suitable, all worship was declared to be useless and absurd.

Zeno, having undertaken a voyage to Athens, was shipwrecked, and lost the whole of a valuable cargo of Phœnician purple, which reduced him to poverty, and probably was the means of leading him to embrace the doctrines of the Stoics, whose ostentatious display of poverty had captivated many minds. But he could not continue long a disciple, and the Stoa, or Porch, which was variegated with the pictures of Polygnotus, and had once been the resort of the poets, was the scene of his instructions, inculcating disregard alike of pleasure and of pain. Many disciples of the Porch and the Garden, however, while avowing their attachment to the principles of their respective masters, allowed themselves to be carried away by every kind of excess.

Socrates was another philosopher who disseminated his principles in the city of Athens. His character was eccentric in the extreme. Ungainly in his movements, and rude in his manners, he wandered barefooted about the streets; stood unmoved

* The costume in the preceding engraving, like that which follows, is precisely that of the time. The philosopher is here attired in an under-garment, which some of the more rigid omitted.

for hours, absorbed in thought; or strolled to the market-place to engage in disputation. Yet, beneath so repulsive an exterior, which excited the contempt of his rivals, and often kept his friends aloof, was a capacity as subtil as it was gigantic.

The Cyrenaic sect originated in Aristippus; the Megaric, or Eristic, with Euclid of Megara, some of whose successors were distinguished for their logical subtilty. The Eliac, or Eretriac sect, sprang from an adherent of the doctrines of Socrates; the Academic from Plato, after whose death his disciples deviated from his doctrine, occasioning the subdivision of the sect into the Old, the New, and the Middle Academies. The Peripatetic philosophy owed its origin to Aristotle; the Cynic to Antisthenes, Diogenes being one of its most noted advocates. These were the nine sects of the Ionic school; the Italic embraced five; the Eleatic was founded by Zenophanes, the Heraclitean by the individual whose name it bears, and the Pyrrhonic by Pyrrho.

The Sophists appeared among the philosophers as the educators of youth. They were generally not natives of Attica; but their ability in their own country pointing them out for distinction, they left the humble positions they there occupied, and sought, in the emporium of knowledge and civilization, wealth and fame. Their ostentatious profession, their sumptuous robes, their rich and artificial language, full of splendid antithesis and far-sought metaphor, their dialectic talent and vivid imaginations, gained them public attention, and they were accompanied by a numerous escort of noble youths, who thus acquired by oral communication that knowledge which the scarcity and costliness of literature precluded by other means. The Sophists must not be considered as philosophers, but as rhetoricians.

Aristophanes described them as foolish and worthless, and labored to render them absolutely ridiculous. Little effect appears, however, to have been produced by any such efforts. Socrates declared that the hoary impostor Protagoras had for a space of more than forty years propagated his pernicious principles, and that from the practice of his baneful trade he had derived more gains than Phidias and ten sculptors besides.

That species of knowledge which confounds right with wrong was propagated with such success, that, in the days of Aristophanes and Plato, it appears to have excited little surprise, and to have been expected rather than otherwise in those persons who set themselves up as "teachers of wisdom." Thus, not only were the highest powers of man's nature perverted from the right source of knowledge, but the sensibility of the conscience was deadened. The pupil who was taught to practice nefarious acts, was directed to three sources of consolation, or rather to three means of banishing fear:—either that there were no gods; or, if there were, they took no cognizance of human affairs; or, supposing they did take any, their connivance could be gained, and their vengeance appeased, by the offering of a bull, an ox, a sheep, a little incense, or a few grains of salt!

A sense of the dishonor thus done to the Most High, deeply affected the heart of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who appeared amidst these scenes with the only divine philosophy. We read that "his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." Acts xvii, 16. In "the altar inscribed to the unknown God," he witnessed a melancholy acknowledgment of the ignorance and superstition that prevailed. The only true God was the only God unknown.

The origin of idolatry may be traced to the alienation of the heart from God, the opposition of his character to the depraved condition of his fallen creatures, and a consequent desire to have such a god as themselves, who would approve their sins. No idolater ever invested the object of his worship with either holiness or love. The principal gods of the Pantheon were raised above men solely by the greater enormity of their crimes—the result of the greater power they were supposed to possess.

According to Justin Martyr, Plato, on returning to Athens, after his travels in Egypt, where he acquired some knowledge of the unity of God, was anxious to dissemble and conceal his sentiments, lest he should be compelled to appear before the Areopagites. But it was otherwise with the inspired Apostle. Moved by the idolatry of the Athenians, "he preached Jesus and the resurrection," in the Jewish synagogue and in the market-place; and the consequences which Plato feared fell

on him. He was assailed by the people, who supposed that he thus urged on their regard deities of which they had not before heard. They believed that, as they were in the habit of deifying virtues, vices, health, or diseases, that Jesus who was thus preached unto them by the Apostle was such a god, and that *Anastasis*, or the Resurrection, was another which he wished should enjoy their admiration. Certain Epicureans and Stoic philosophers therefore led him to Areopagus, that they might know more of this new doctrine. Whether or not he was criminally arraigned is undecided; but it is beyond dispute that his bearing was most dignified, and his address most eloquent.

THE APOSTLE PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

Singularly interesting and impressive were the associations which could not fail to crowd on his mind, as he stood on the Hill of Mars.

With his face toward the north—his most probable position—he would have immediately behind him the long walls which ran down to the sea. Near the Ægean on one side was the harbor of Piræus, on the other Phalerum, with their gallant ships, their crowded arsenals, and their busy artisans. Turning toward his right was the Pnyx, the scene of the mightiest eloquence of Greece. Stretching immediately before him was the crowded city, full of memorials of its arts, though shamefully debased by idolatry. On his left hand, but beyond the walls, he might look on

"The olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Thrills her thick-warbled notes the summer long."

Even on the hill where Paul stood was the court-house of the council; here, also, were two silver stones, on one of which stood the accuser, on the other the accused; while a temple to the Furies, other national and commemorative buildings, and various altars, would not fail to meet his eye. The reader will do well to consider attentively the appeal of the inspired apostle, as recorded in the book of the Acts. It did not fail of effect: though some mocked, and others procrastinated, yet others believed, among whom was Dionysius, a member of the council.—*Athens: its Grandeur and Decay.*

IDLENESS AND VICE.

GREAT examples to virtue, or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first sight be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand Pacific Ocean of life; and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice, indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness; but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle, and cease to be idle.

JOHN STERLING AND THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE notoriety attaching to the name of John Sterling, affords a singular instance of a reputation extremely disproportionate to the qualities and deeds of him who has obtained it; and is owing entirely to the eminence of his biographers —Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle, both his elect friends—and to the opposed points of view from which they have regarded his character. Archdeacon Hare, in editing "Sterling's Literary Remains," prefaced them with a brief memoir, in which the religious aspect of his life was chiefly prominent, and its errors and failures marked and deplored. To Mr. Carlyle this proved vexation indeed,—even seemed misrepresentation and untruth,—and was provocative first of anger, and then of a determination himself to draw Sterling's portrait, and to tell the world his life-story as *he* read it. So poor Sterling's memory has become a controversy, the interest of which is not in Sterling, but in the questions started by his differing biographers. It is not wonderful that this should occasion only pain to those who knew and loved him best; nor that his brother-in-law and affectionate friend, Professor Maurice, should refuse, as it is said, to read either of the biographies.

Of Sterling himself let the kindliest words be spoken; let condemnations be gentle, as they *will be* on the part of all whose religious opinions are convictions, not traditions, and whose enjoyment of the serene light of faith has been reached through the gloom and storm of unsolicited doubt. Yet in Sterling's beliefs and works there is little that is of much significance, or that has an interest for the general world. In the two volumes of his "Remains," Archdeacon Hare's Memoir was the chiefly noticeable thing; and in the new life by Mr. Carlyle, all the interest belongs to Mr. Carlyle himself. The purpose of this paper, however, demands that there be a brief sketch of Sterling, and then there is something to be said of what Mr. Carlyle has set down concerning him.

At a kind of dilapidated baronial residence in the Isle of Bute, having a small farm attached to it, and called Kaimes Castle, John Sterling was born, on the 20th of July, 1806. His father, Captain Edward Sterling, was then on half-pay, and trying his hand at farming. His mother was of "a refined female nature, tremulously sensitive," says Mr. Carlyle, "and strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities dependent on these." From her John Sterling derived "the delicate *aroma* of his nature." His stronger qualities, and especially his restless impetuosity, came to him from his father, a man of great energy and stormy rapidity of character. Yet he grew up a noble boy, clever, joyous, adventurous, and withal somewhat impetuous. At twelve, he ran away from school, at Blackheath, and managed to get to Dover, with the view of crossing the Channel; but he was there detected, and compelled to confess, and write home to his mother; and it was very characteristic of him that he wrote a letter in what Carlyle calls "the steady, historical style, narrating merely, not in the least apologizing."

At sixteen, John Sterling was sent to the University of Glasgow, his brother Antony being already there. He remained, however, but one year. Subsequently, when eighteen, he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge; with the good fortune of having for his tutor the Rev. Julius Hare, who became at once a cordial friend, and remained so ever afterward. Sterling paid but little attention to the prescribed studies of the university; they were not the discipline and knowledge he required. Yet he made progress in less formal study, devoured and digested multifarious books, and reached a very high degree of culture. The chief advantage of the university to him, was in the circle of noble and loving friends with which he became surrounded,—among whom were Frederic Maurice, Richard Trench, Charles Buller, Richard Milnes, and others who have since distinguished themselves in literature and public life. Amongst these Sterling was celebrated for his clear intelligence, brilliant conversation, and unusual eloquence in debate. He had the gift of being loved,—of powerfully attracting others to himself by his genial spirit and sincerity of soul. In the admiration he won, there was generally tenderness; and the ties that bound him to his friends were of singular tenacity. The university career was not of long continuance; at

the end of two years, Sterling left, without taking a degree.

Now came entrance on life—a profession to be chosen. But Sterling had within him certain "wild radicalisms," which shut up the road to life lying through the Church; he would not *then* consent to be one of her "black dragoons," as he called the clergy; and the probability is, that being a man of true integrity, yet with unawakened spiritual nature, he was also averse to the assumption of a clerical office for which he possessed no religious qualification. Other roads—as those of medicine and law—were closed to him by his desultory habits and restlessness of spirit; so that, eventually, more by chance than choice, it would seem, he took to literature as his vocation. In connection with his friend, Frederic Maurice, he purchased and conducted the "Athenæum," then newly started. In this journal he published many fine papers—now included in the "Remains"—full of promise of excellence afterward to be attained. No commercial success attended this experiment, however, and the "Athenæum" was again transferred to other hands. Sterling may, for some time afterward, be traced in various wanderings to the Lakes, to Paris, and into much new society; continuing, too, decisively a radical—a man of very free and bold opinions.

At this period, about 1828, dawns a new era in Sterling's history. He then became acquainted with Coleridge; and amongst the young ardent thinkers who resorted to Highgate, to listen to the wise and wonderful discourse of the grand old man, none was more heart-earnest and absorbedly-attentive than John Sterling. The influence of Coleridge on his intellect and sensibilities awakened within him hitherto unknown longings after the highest and divinest objects of human life, and gave new directions to his spiritual nature. The impression thus made eventually determined one of the most important acts of Sterling's life; and although, as Mr. Carlyle informs us, "democratic liberalism," and other things hard of assimilation with the philosophy and theology of Coleridge, continued to maintain their existence with him, this was the power, beyond all others, to which his nature bent with most entireness. The literary efforts put forth about this period gave proof of the strength of the Coleridgean influence.

Sterling was married, in 1830, to Miss Susan Barton, whose graces and fine qualities are well spoken of by Mr. Carlyle. Health was then in a seriously threatening state with Sterling, dangerous illness speedily followed, and proving to be pulmonary disease, on partial recovery it seemed desirable that he should seek a more favorable climate. He went to St. Vincent, West Indies, where was a family property which he undertook to manage. There his eldest son was born. There, too, the tidings of the Torrijos tragedy reached him; and so terrible was its impression on him, that, conspiring with the state of Mrs. Sterling's health to make him feel unsettled at St. Vincent's, he resolved to return home. Letters from him at this period spoke much of the spiritual exercises of his mind—of prayer, religious studies, and longing endeavors after a sanctuary for the soul. A critical juncture had arrived.

In the following year he went to Germany, and at Bonn met with his friend and college tutor, the Rev. Julius Hare. To him he explained his views for the future—briefly, that he intended a few years' study at a good German university, and then a return to England, and an entrance on the ministry of the Established Church. Mr. Hare approved, and offered his own curacy at Herstmonceux, if it should be vacant at the time of Sterling's return. After some months, this plan was changed; and a letter dispatched to Mr. Hare, stating that if the curacy were still vacant, Sterling was ready at once to take orders and enter on its duties. The reply gave assent—Sterling came home, and was ordained at Chichester, on Trinity Sunday, 1834.

Archdeacon Hare testifies that Sterling threw his whole heart and soul into the duties of the Christian ministry—that he was faithful to the pulpit, assiduous in his attention to the poor, and active to the full measure of his powers. Still do some of the poor at Herstmonceux affectionately remember him—perhaps the best and purest remembrance Sterling has on earth. This new life—deeply sincere and devout as it seems to have been—opened a path which, could it but have been kept, might have proved holy and happy, closing triumphantly. *Work*, such as the activities of a parish ministry involved,—and the influence of one having clear, strong

intellect, profound learning and fullness of faith, such as Archdeacon Hare's,—were likely to prove a saving discipline to a temperament and character like Sterling's. But nine short months closed this path also. Again failing health, and the counsels of physicians thereupon, drove him from his duties; and, with "sorrowful agitation," he resigned his curacy.

It was in the following year that the second great power came to bear on the mind and character of Sterling; and the history of its results is scarcely favorable to a high estimate of his individuality and inward strength. Ever too ready to bend to the forces reaching him from without,—and unconsciously, perhaps, accustomed to take his tone and direction from other minds,—it was scarcely possible that he should not be "led captive at his will" by Thomas Carlyle. Such was the event of an acquaintance which sprung up in the year he left Herstmonceux, and which strengthened and grew to a deep and mutually-prized intimacy, now affectionately commemorated by Mr. Carlyle in his recently published biography. How far-reaching and important were the consequences of this new friendship—it might be said, discipleship—will appear presently.

On his removal to London, Sterling for a while kept his faith in Christianity—retaining the feeling of the clerical office, and due regard for the Church. He occupied himself variously with theological and metaphysical studies; and on breaking into German, made himself familiar with some of the works of Schleiermacher, Tholuck, Neander, and others, delightedly finding therein great increase to his knowledge. At the same time he was aimless and wandering—life had no serious duties, no practicalities for him. Speculation deep and high suited his mood—various and roving speculations, tending "nowhither," modified and changed his opinions at large. The influence of Coleridge was lessening; Carlyle was in the ascendency. By-and-by, theologies and spiritualisms were somewhat lost sight of, and such work as was done at all was in the shape of efforts at a place in literature.

For the next eight years Sterling made temporary residences in London, occupied with literary labors in several directions—chiefly publications of poems and contributions to "Blackwood;" but sadly were these labors broken in upon by threatening illness, necessitating flights to Clifton, Falmouth, Torquay, and, in successive winters, to the south of France, Madeira, and Italy. Hope of permanent recovery alternated with the prospect of immediate dissolution; almost ever was he in the attitude of one "screening himself from swift death." If his achievements were few and comparatively unimportant, it may be remembered that he had other life-battle to do than tends to victory recognizable by standers-by.

It was while making occasional brief visits to London that a club was founded, at which pleasant re-unions with his friends might be possible; this, innocently enough, was called the "Sterling Club," and has since become famous, through the gross and unjust attacks made on its members, in some quarters, for a supposed heretical sympathy with views and principles of *rationalistic* stamp, of which Sterling's name was held to be a symbol. It is undoubtedly true that views to which the name of Rationalism is vaguely given, were, in these years, adopted by Sterling. Mr. Carlyle gives no information on this momentous occurrence in his spiritual history; to Mr. Carlyle it does not seem momentous, but rather a happy deliverance from the wrecks of priesthood and from bondage to the incredible. Were it not for the memoir by Archdeacon Hare, and twelve painfully interesting letters to Mr. Coningham, published by him recently, little would be known of the spiritual struggles of Sterling's mind at this period, or of his eventual position with respect to the Christian faith. And, after all, for those who knew not Sterling, there is no very clear account of his inward life possible to be gotten from his biographers. Such words as it is fitting should here be said thereon shall presently be spoken.

In the year 1843, the shadows gathered deep over the path of Sterling. His wife lay newly confined, when he received intelligence of the death of his mother—to him an excellent and well-loved mother. He could not hide his grief from his wife, and, in answer to her questions, gave the intelligence. "Poor old man!" murmured his wife, "thinking of the old Edward Sterling now left alone in the world; and these were her own last words—in two hours more she too was dead." Carlyle adds, "Sterling has lost much in these two

hours; how much that has long been can never again be for him! Twice in one morning, so to speak, has a mighty wind smitten the corners of his house; and much lies in dismal ruins round him."

In something more than a year from this time Sterling himself was with the dead. The decease of his wife induced a removal to Ventnor, and there, being possessed of ample income, he purchased a house and grounds, and set about their improvement. A permanent residence was necessary to the six young motherless children now left to his care. His literary labors were again steadily prosecuted; a tragedy published, and eight cantos of a new poem completed. Yet he complained of "sad thoughts and ghastly dreaminess," saying, "the heart is gone out of my life." Mr. Carlyle confesses to receiving letters from him during this year at Ventnor, which he calls "melancholy enough;" but he suppresses them. In the spring of 1844, the breaking of a blood-vessel prostrated Sterling under the sickness from which he never recovered. For six months death was immediately before him; and with great calmness and courage he set about the adjustment of his affairs,—domestic, literary, and all others,—and then prepared to die. The Maurices were with him, lovingly caring for him, and sustaining his spirit. Much religious feeling flowed forth in these last scenes; there was much reading of the Bible—a humble and a happy recognition of the will of God—"I thank the All-wise One;" and to Archdeacon Hare he wrote, "Christianity is a great comfort and blessing to me, although I am quite unable to believe all its original documents." At length, on the 18th of September, the end came. He was very weak and quiet, but penned a few verses for friends; and to his sister gave these, the last words he ever wrote:—

"Could we but hear all Nature's voice,
From glow-worm up to sun,
'T would speak with one concordant sound,
'Thy will, O God, be done!'

"But hark! a sadder, mightier prayer
From all men's hearts that live,
'Thy will be done in earth and heaven,
And Thou my sins forgive!'"

It grew dusk; he asked for "the old Bible, which he used so often at Herstmonceux in the cottages;" then conversed cheerfully for a few minutes, and was left to settle for the night:—and so all things closed around him, and he "trode the common road into the great darkness," as he himself said, "without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope."

Such were the facts of Sterling's life: they are not very important; neither are his completed works numerous, nor of more than partial success. Yet, such as they are, they had a true worth in them; and but for the continual struggle for life, and the over-haste in which all work was therefore done, might have been nobler and more enduring. Sterling had brilliant powers and fine heart, and was full of genuine purity and the deepest sincerity. "Like other such lives, like all lives, this is a tragedy," says Mr. Carlyle: "high hopes, noble efforts, under thickening difficulties and impediments, ever new nobleness of valiant effort; and the result death, with conquests by no means corresponding. A life which cannot challenge the world's attention; yet which does modestly solicit it, and, perhaps, on clear study will be found to reward it."

Of Sterling's religious errors something remains to be said. They amounted to the rejection of historical Christianity. The perusal of Strauss's "Life of Jesus" chiefly, and of other works partly—and amongst yet other influences, that of Goethe, whom he once held to be "a Pagan in an age when it is the duty of all to be Christians," but whom, under Carlyle, he came afterward greatly to reverence—contributed to produce this unhappy result. Yet it would seem that he retained faith in a personal God, and in the moral element of Christianity; and his last lines and words showed something of the ascendency of a believing heart over the errors of the understanding—a sense of sin and of the need of forgiving mercy. Archdeacon Hare truly says, in closing his Memoir, "The representation of his life is unsatisfactory, because the problem of his life was incomplete. That problem was the same as the great problem of our age. In fact, it was the same with the great problem of all ages—to reconcile faith with knowledge, philosophy with religion, the subjective world of human speculation with the objective world in which God has manifested himself by a twofold revelation, outwardly to our senses, and spiritually to our spirits. . . . . Ever since it was solved once for all, for every practical purpose of life, by the incarna-

tion of the Word, new forms of the speculative problem have been continually presenting themselves; every new solution has disclosed a deeper mystery still unsolved; nor has any form of it been more perplexing than that in which it presents itself to the meditative mind of our own times." Sterling had a deep and painful feeling of the importance and difficulty of these problems; he considered himself called to their solution. And when the channels of practical activity were closed against him—as Archdeacon Hare also remarks—his intellectual impulses gradually became restless and impatient, he deemed himself the antagonist of everything, and the concord of his soul was broken into harsh dissonances. Before a final solution of the problems, which integrity and inward necessity forced on him, could be attained, he was cut off. With much that is melancholy in such an end, there is not wholly an absence of hope. God only is his judge. Yet are there in this history serious suggestions for those who pursue an intellectual life and indulge freely in speculation, without a clear vent for the healthy activity of the spiritual nature.

Contrasting the two biographies of Sterling, Hare's leaves the impression of being truer to the significances of the inner history; but Carlyle's is the more complete and life-like portrait. Of the literary qualities of Mr. Carlyle's book it is impossible to speak too highly. Like all other of his writings, it is most successful in the luminous and impressive conveyance of thought—glows and burns with sincerity and earnestness. It is comparatively free from the attitudinizing, exaggeration and coarseness which marked his last work. With these vices have also disappeared for the occasion other strong qualities of an admirable kind: we listen to no majestic long-drawn thunder-tones; we witness none of those wild fitful flashes which give to common things a look never to be forgotten; we meet with none of that grim humor which laughs like an earthquake and ends in sorrowful gloom. On the whole, deep tenderness and affection are most conspicuous, often expressing themselves with a fine and manly pathos. Picturesque, painter-like descriptions, graphic sketches of character and society, boundless wealth of imagery, beautiful poetic forms, all combine in the rich narrative, and imprint it lastingly on the mind. There is no living writer whose style has the magnificence of Carlyle's, even when it stands condemned for passages that are uncouth, barbarous, and bloated. Truly is he the greatest of literary men, the first of writers of memoir and history. But throughout this whole story and its episodical reflections, there is no trace of the profound thinker—the true philosopher. On the contrary, such a claim for the author is refuted by the scorn of reasoning, the obliteration of the facts of history, and the fierce destructiveness that pulls down without having anything to build up, which are manifest here as in other of his works. It is for the tidings it brings of the *man* Carlyle that the book has its chief value. The story of a cotemporary, so precious to his heart, so responsive to his thoughts, as was Sterling, runs often into unconscious autobiography, full of genuine interest: and of noticeable men and literature in the present day there are occasional glimpses opening for brief moments the inner circle in which the author lives, and delightful enough in their way.

In other respects there is good reason to complain of Mr. Carlyle's biography: he has done his utmost for Sterling, but not with entire truthfulness. There appears to be a studied suppression of all that marked the religious struggles of Sterling's soul. For instance, Mr. Coningham (a relative of Sterling's) has published twelve letters addressed to himself, as has been already said, which give the truest picture of Sterling's spiritual state at the most important period of his life. Mr. Carlyle was not ignorant of the existence of this correspondence; but he has made from it two brief extracts, upon matters wholly trivial, omitting all that is of the deepest interest, and that reveals most of the hidden man of the heart. These letters have not one characteristic, but many; in much they are painful, but are most necessary to a knowledge of the inward life of Sterling. Mr. Carlyle has designedly shut out from view this mental conflict about the truth of Christianity. And more than this, he has passed over in silence those gleams of faith which shot across the darkness of the death scene—leaving the reader in ignorance that Sterling died not wholly a Carlylean—recording none of those features which have been

preserved in the Memoir of Archdeacon Hare, and embodied in the present sketch.

What are Mr. Carlyle's own opinions of religion, can be no matter of doubt. Indecisive as most of his utterances on this head have been, the "Latter-day Pamphlets" cleared off some obscurity therefrom, and this new book is still more definitely expressive. The sarcastic caricature of Coleridge, whose purifying and strengthening influence on Sterling Carlyle brought to a close; the scorn with which he speaks of the "transcendental moonshine cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge, producing divulsions and convulsions, and diseased developments;" the description of Sterling's entrance on the ministry, as resembling "a bereaved young lady taking the vail;" the sneers at all piety of a Christian order; the contempt shown for Schleiermacher, Neander, Tholuck, and other theologians; the suppression of Sterling's argument with himself for the existence of a personal God, and the absence of all recognition of Christianity, either as history, or dogma, or practical morality,—these all give interpretation to the disbelieving tone of the whole volume, and to its vague Pantheistic utterances. We neither mean to "screech judgment" on Mr. Carlyle, nor to fling hard names, when we assert that his position is described truly as *Atheism*. It is well that he suffers the fact to come to the light: we expect that those who have hitherto been his steady adherents, will now refuse to make with him a surrender of all Christian truth.

When Mr. Carlyle denies the justice of the term "skeptic," as applied to Sterling, and insists that he was a "*victorious believer*"—a man of true "*piety*"—he but reverses the accepted meaning of terms, and uses them in a sense peculiar to himself. Such assertions are founded on the doctrine that faith is exclusively of the heart, not of the intellect,—that religion is a sentiment of the soul, which may put on differing forms, or express itself in various creeds, but is independent of each alike. It is lost sight of, that sentiment is called forth by some object, either of the senses or intellect; and that religious sentiment is consequent upon the reception of an idea, and derives its character from that idea. It is absurdly implied in this theory that truth has no paramount claim for consideration in matters of religion; and that ignorance, superstition, or folly, may alike build temples suitable enough for man's worship, honorable enough for the living God. Such a theory of piety sanctifies the grossest and most degrading idolatry, equally with the purest and most spiritual faith; destroys all permanence of religious belief, representing that there is nothing absolute or established therein; and contains the very essence of skepticism. The sum of its practical exhortations would be—Indulge the sentiment of religion, carefully purging it from the belief of *anything* specifically, and you shall be a "victorious believer," of "true piety of soul!"—"*We* have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place."

AN OLD IDEA—NEWLY CLAD.

STREAM of my life, dim-bank'd, pale river, flow!
I have no fear to meet the engulfing seas;
Neither I look before, nor look behind,
But lying mute, with wave-dipp'd hand, float on.

It was not always thus. My brethren, see
This oar-mark'd, quivering palm, the bitter sign
Of youth's mad struggle with the wave that drifts
Immutably, eternally along.

I would have had it glide through fields and flowers,
Giving and taking freshness, perfume, joy;
It winds through a blank desert. Peace, my soul!
—The finger of God's angel drew its line.

So I lean back, and look up to the stars,
And count the ripples circling to the shore,
And watch the silent river rolling on,
Until it widen to the open seas.

BE NOT TOO FASTIDIOUS.

A GREAT deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in, and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating

risks, and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. With respect to that fastidiousness which disturbs the right conduct of the understanding, it must be observed that there are two modes of judging of anything: one, by the test of what has actually been done in the same way before; the other, by what we can conceive *may* be done in that way. Now this latter method of mere imaginary excellence can hardly be a just criterion, because it may be, in fact, impossible to reduce to practice what it is perfectly easy to conceive; no man, before he has tried, can tell how difficult it is to manage prejudice, jealousy, and delicacy, and to overcome all that friction which the world opposes to speculation. Therefore the fair practical rule seems to be, to compare any exertion with all similar exertions which have preceded it, and to allow merit to any one who has improved, or at least who has not deteriorated, the standard of excellence in his own department of knowledge. Fastidious men are always judging by the other standard; and as the rest of the understanding cannot fill up in a century what the imagination can sketch out in a moment, they are always in a state of perpetual disappointment, and their conversation one uniform tenor of blame. At the same time that I say this, I beg leave to lift up both my hands against that pernicious facility of temper in the estimation of which everything is charming and delightful.—*Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy.*

THE ARMENIAN CHURCH AND MOUNT ARARAT.

THE traveler who wishes to visit Mount Ararat must direct his course to the southward on leaving Tiflis, and, having passed the boundaries of Georgia, which are very accurately defined by a range of mountains branching off from the great Caucasus line, he enters Russian Armenia, and pursues his journey along the banks of the River Abaran to the celebrated Armenian monastery of Echmiadzin, situated about one hundred and fifty-four miles to the south of Tiflis. The mode of traveling resembles that adopted in Turkey. Post-houses are established along the line of road, at each of which fresh horses may be obtained; and, until very lately, all journeys were performed on horseback. Since the occupation by the Russians, however, cars have been made use of; but, as the horses of the country have not been trained to harness, and are perfectly unaccustomed to it, this mode of conveyance is neither safe nor agreeable.

After having passed the boundaries of Georgia we enter a hilly plain, which conducts us into the valley of the Araxes, in which is situated the monastery of Echmiadzin, the seat of the great Armenian patriarch, who is considered as the spiritual head of the Armenian Church. The title of patriarch, however, is not confined to him alone, since it is assumed by the bishops at Jerusalem and Constantinople, the former claiming it on account of the dignity of his see, as being that of the first Christian Church, and the latter because he is the representative of the Armenian nation at the Ottoman Porte. The latter functionary is, in fact, the creature of the wealthy bankers residing in the capital, who make no scruple of deposing him and electing a successor, if they feel themselves dissatisfied with his conduct.

The word Echmiadzin signifies "the descent of the only-begotten Son;" and derives its origin from a legend which states that here our Saviour appeared to St. Gregory the Wonder-worker, and directed him to erect a church on this spot, he himself tracing out the foundations by rays of light. The Tartars, however, call the place Utch Kilissa, "the three churches;" which title seems to convey

ar allusion to the Trinity, as distinguished from the Mohammedan ideas of the Unity.

The monastery is surrounded by a wall about thirty feet in height, with loop-holes and towers, being about a mile in circumference. Within this inclosure are ranged the residences of the patriarch, the archbishop, and the abbots, the conventual library, schools, and church, with several lines of dwellings tenanted by the monks. The grand refectory is capable of accommodating one hundred persons, and is furnished with tables and benches of stone. The great church is built of stone, in the form of a cross, and is surmounted by three towers. The following description of its interior, and of the ceremonies performed at the weekly celebration of the liturgy, is extracted from the journal of Messrs. Smith and Dwight, two American independent missionaries, who visited Echmiadzin in 1834:—

"More than half of the floor from the altar to the porch is inclosed by a railing, for the special use of the clergy, and was covered with carpets, some of which surpassed description in elegance and richness. The principal altar occupies a high elevation, on a lofty alcove or sanctuary, at the eastern extremity, and groaned under massive gold crosses, silver candlesticks, and many other not less costly ornaments. Two sanctuaries of smaller dimensions are furnished with two altars on either side of it, and one of them served this morning for a sacristy. In the middle of each of the side walls, too, is another sanctuary or chapel; and still another small one occupies an isolated position in the middle of the floor, directly under the center of the dome. The latter was surrounded by curtains of gold cloth of different patterns, and far surpassed every other part in the exquisite finish and superlative richness of its furniture and ornaments. It is, probably, built upon the stone respecting which Chardin reports a tradition of the Armenians—that it covers the hole where Christ, when he appeared to St. Gregory Loosavorich, thrust down to hell the evil spirits which formerly dwelt in the idol temples of Armenia. In a word, the display of wealth this morning in candlesticks, crosses, curtains, carpets, and dresses, seemed to me not surpassed even by that which is made in the celebration of high mass at the Church of St. John, at Malta. The dressing of the officiating bishop was the first important part of the mass; and a distinct prayer or meditation is said for every article of dress put on. But, the ceremony being private, we witnessed only the chanting which was performed at the same time in the church. He then entered in a splendid flowing mantle of heavy gold cloth with a broad upright collar stiff with gold, and a miter of the same rich materials, ornamented in front and behind with a sun of brilliants set in gold. Having washed his hands before all, read a summary confession of his sins, and received absolution, pronounced by an assistant, he retired again to the sacristy to prepare the wine and the bread for consecration. A little wine, not mixed with water as in the Latin Church, is poured into a chalice; and a thin cake of bread, not leavened as in the Greek Church, and stamped with various sacred symbols and letters, is placed on a small silver plate, nicely fitted to the top of the cup. Each part of the ceremony has its appropriate prayer, with the burning of incense; but a curtain drawn before the sacristy vailed the whole from our view. The time taken up was long, and during it a large company of deacons and clerks chanted. At length the bishop, leaving the elements behind, came forward with a pompous procession and the burning of incense, and proceeded, in a circuitous course, through the congregation to the great altar. After a series of prayers, a deacon read the lesson of the day from the Gospel, and the Nicene Creed, and then with the whole body of assistants went for the elements. They were brought, carefully vailed, accompanied by several pictures, followed by a procession. The bishop, whose miter had in the mean time been removed by an assistant, took them, and prayed: 'Accept this offering from us, and perfect it for the mystery of the body and blood of thine only-begotten Son; grant that this bread and this cup may be the means of the remission of sin to those who taste.' The congregation being in the mean time exhorted to salute and kiss, for the appearance of Christ, a deacon, taking the salutation from the bishop, went and saluted the catholicos, and from him the ceremony passed through the whole congregation, each one bowing this way and that over

the other's shoulder, as if to kiss him. The consecration followed. In performing it, the bishop blessed the bread by making over it the sign of the cross, gave thanks by looking upward, brake it by picking out a crumb, and repeating the transubstantiating words, 'Take, eat, this is my body,' lifted it at the same time above his head for the congregation to worship. The ceremony for the wine was similar. The whole was performed privately, with the back of the officiator toward the congregation, and not a word or sign intended for them to hear or see except the elevation of the elements. When the elements were held up formally after the consecration, the most profound adoration was exhibited by nearly all."

The Armenian Church requires confession as a prerequisite for communion; but, although the liturgy is in some cases recited nearly every day, few of the laity partake of the elements oftener than twice a year, namely, at Easter and Christmas. They generally consider it sufficient to witness as spectators the consecration by the priest, believing it to be a commemorative sacrifice or representation of Christ's passion, and of those benefits which we derive therefrom. They do not drink the wine from the cup; but the priest dips the bread into the liquid, and administers it in this way to each communicant.

The road from the monastery of Echmiadzin to the foot of Mount Ararat passes through a plain covered with grass and herbage to the banks of the Araxes, which must be forded on horseback, as there is neither bridge nor ferry in the immediate vicinity. At the place of the ford the stream is broad and shallow, the bottom being a mixed stratum of sand and stones. The opposite bank is covered with stunted bushes, resembling the jungle vegetation of India, through which several paths have been cut. From this brushwood the traveler emerges into an open plain, whose barren and sandy soil exhibits unmistakable traces of having once been covered with water. In a short time we come to the banks of a small rivulet lled Kara Soo, from the opposite side which is obtained the first view of at Ararat, with its two remarkable aks, between which, according to the al opinion, the ark of Noah rested on the subsiding of the waters of the great Deluge.

At the foot of the mountain was situated until very lately the Armenian village of Arguri, noted in modern times for its genial climate and for the mildness of the temperature; which made it a summer retreat for persons of rank and wealth, who were desirous of escaping during the warm season from the sultry atmosphere of Erivan. But its chief recommendation has been the interesting character of the ancient associations connected with it. Here, according to the local tradition, was the place where Noah built an altar to the Lord after his descent from the ark, and "took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings upon the altar." Gen. viii, 20. Here, it is said, he planted the vineyard, from the fruit of which he made that beverage which was beneficently intended to "gladden and rejoice the heart of man," but which, like too many other gifts of Providence, has been abused and misapplied by those for whose solace and comfort it was originally designed. It is singular that the name of this village, "Arguri," or "Arghurri," is compounded of two words which signify, in the Armenian language, "he planted a," or "the vine;" an appellation which may, perhaps, refer to this act of Noah; and, if so, would corroborate the opinion of many, that this mountain was the identical one alluded to in Scripture. It has, however, been contended that the "mountains of Ararat," or "Armenia," mentioned in Genesis, are to be sought for in the range called Jebel Judi, which is much farther to the north, and nearer Mosul.

The village of Arguri was almost entirely destroyed in 1840 by the fall of a portion of Mount Ararat, which also overwhelmed the neighboring monastery of St. James. It was accompanied by an earthquake, the shocks of which were felt even in Persia, and as far south as the shores of the lake of Van.

The name Ararat seems to have been applied to the whole region of Armenia, and to have been derived from king Aria the Fair. Before his time the country was called Amasia, from king Amassis, the seventh in descent from Japheth, whose name still survives in Mount Massis, or Masius, situated more to the south. The Turks call it Agridagh,

or "the mountain of Agri" (the latter being, probably, a corruption of Arai); and the Armenians know it only by the name of Massis, though the Greek and Roman geographers give the latter appellation to another range, as I have already observed. According to Parrot, the word Ararat is unknown to the people in the vicinity; a circumstance which seems to favor the opinion that this title, applied in a restrictive sense to this particular mountain, is a mere modern adaptation of a general name to one special locality.

The mountain of Ararat consists, properly speaking, of two distinct peaks, the summits of which are about seven miles distant from each other, rising at the southern extremity of an extensive plain terminated towards the north by the waters of the Araxes. The higher summit of the two is called the Great Ararat, and its elevation is calculated at about 17,210 feet above the level of the sea. For about two-thirds of a mile from the summit downward it is covered with a thick coating of snow and ice, which never melts, and beneath which some of the relics of the ark are said to be still preserved. Sir Robert Ker Porter, however, is of opinion, "that the ark rested in the valley, or depression, between the two peaks;" and alleges, in support of his view, that "it is said in Genesis,* 'On the first day of the tenth month the tops of the mountains came forth;' but in chapter vi, 16, it is stated that the window, or aperture of the ark was above; consequently Noah could have seen only what was higher than the ship, which was therefore at that time in a lower position than the tops of the mountains." Yet it is nowhere intimated that Noah saw the summits of this identical mountain of Ararat emerging from the deep, since he might have known that they had appeared by the immovable state of the ark, as well as by the aspect of the surrounding hills, to which, in all probability, the allusion is made; the word "mountains" being used in Hebrew to express any eminence of a tolerable height, and being, besides, in this passage, in the plural number.

Little Ararat is about 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is not always covered with snow. Both summits are distinguished by the barren and desolate appearance which they present to the beholder; a desolation which, however, is fully compensated by the interesting character of the associations connected with them, as well as by the majestic grandeur of their outline.

There exists a firm persuasion among the Armenians that, the relics of the ark being preserved for some special and providential purpose on the top of Mount Ararat, no human being will ever be allowed to ascend it. In corroboration of this notion they relate an adventure which happened to James, or Jacob, afterward Bishop of Nisibis, but who was at that time a monk in the monastery of Echmiadzin. During his residence there he had many disputes with the heathen Armenians respecting the authenticity of the Scriptural account of Noah; he therefore determined, by a personal inspection of the remains of the ark, to satisfy himself of its actual existence. He made several attempts to ascend the mountain; but, each time having fallen asleep through fatigue after he had attained to a certain height, he found himself on awaking in the place from whence he originally set out. At length an angel appeared to him in a dream, and announced that his labors would be all in vain; but that the Almighty, as a reward for his exertions, had sent him a piece of the miraculous vessel. This relic is said to be preserved in the Armenian convent of Echmiadzin. The fact of the impossibility of ascending Ararat has been borne testimony to by many travelers from the time of Chardin to that of Morier, the latter of whom asserts that "no one appears to have reached the summit of Ararat since the flood;" and he adds that "the steep sides of its snowy head were sufficient to frustrate any attempts of that kind."

At length, in the year 1829, Dr. F. Parrot, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Dorpat, undertook, at the expense of the Russian government, a scientific expedition to Mount Ararat. After three unsuccessful attempts to reach the summit of the greater peak, he at length accomplished the object of his mission, by means of steps, or notches, cut with a hatchet in the hard ice. He describes the top of this celebrated mount-

* The quotation is literally as follows:—"In the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen." Gen. viii, 5.

ain as "a gently vaulted, nearly cruciform surface, of about two hundred paces in circuit, which at the margin sloped off precipitously on every side, but particularly towards the north-east and south-east." At about half a mile distant from the place where he stood, he perceived a second summit, connected with the former by a slight depression, covered with perpetual ice. In this depression he thinks the ark rested; and he expresses his opinion that, supposing the summit of the mountain to have been covered with ice and snow immediately after the abatement of the Deluge, it is by no means incompatible with the laws of nature to expect that the remains of it may still be preserved beneath this icy crust. The truth of Professor Parrot's statements was verified on affidavit by several of the persons who accompanied him.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHILLING.

THE precise period of my birth has never been satisfactorily ascertained; and, indeed, whether I had parents at all has been doubted by some who are reputed to be well informed upon the subject. During many a long century, my substance lay unobserved and unconscious beneath the soil of Peru; and had it not been for an interesting incident, which I shall relate, I might have remained still longer unnoticed. Some time, however, toward the middle of the sixteenth century, a hunter being one day in pursuit of game, stumbled over the root of a tree, and would have fallen had he not laid hold of a shrub which stood invitingly at hand. The roots giving way, revealed, to his astonishment and admiration, a beautiful filamentous and entangled web of pure silver, and the existence of the treasures of Potosi, in which I lay embedded, was discovered. I shall not attempt to recount his delight upon the occasion, his communication of the important intelligence to his friends, the mine that was subsequently dug, and the various circumstances that followed. I may only linger for a moment to speak of the position and subsequent
he scene of my birth, my inform-
en obtained from the best
Cerro de Potosi is, I am
miles in circuit, rising
sixteen thousand
bout the year
1545, the mines in its bosom were not systematically worked; but, during the fifty years that followed, nearly three hundred thousand pounds' worth of silver was obtained, and about five thousand openings were made into the mountain. The lump of ore of which I formed a part, was torn from its native bed about the end of last century. After being separated from the dross, by means of quicksilver, by the Indian into whose hands I came, I was exchanged by him to a native merchant, who shipped me off on a mule's back to a distant seaport. A British man-of-war was lying there, and, along with a cargo of bullion, I found myself ere long safely stowed within its hatches, being invoiced to a wealthy London capitalist. After a tedious voyage, I at last found myself in the British metropolis, where much of my subsequent life has been passed.

After exchanging ownership many times, and being subjected to much scrutiny and many tests, I was, one fine morning, transferred to some people who placed me with a number of dollars in a melting vessel, and exposed me to the heat of a powerful fire. At length, after losing a good deal of dross, I found myself forming part of an ingot of silver, and was duly transferred ere long to the custody of the master of the mint. Here I and the companions of this new coalition were weighed and numbered, and I found that preparations were soon making for another melting.

A large pot was placed in a furnace, and when it was red-hot I was put in it, and again subjected to an intense heat. When I had been there a short time, I found that some coarsely-grained charcoal powder had also been inclosed with me, and the amount was increased till it was nearly half-an-inch deep on the surface; which I afterward learned was to prevent my adhering to the side of the pot, and to keep me during these melting moments from the action of the common air, which would have made me too refined for the purposes for which I was intended. Having been thus thoroughly melted, I was stirred up with an iron rod, so as to make me of equal standard quality. The pot was then taken out of the furnace by a crane which worked above, and I soon found myself left quietly to cool in a mould.

I may here mention, that in this melting-house I observed eight furnaces and two

pouring machines. Each crane stood in the center of four furnaces, freely commanding them all, and conveying the pots to the pouring machine. There were four men to each of the four furnaces; and proper attention to us on this trying occasion was enforced by the surveyor of the meltings, who was present. I was subsequently informed, on good authority, that the meltings are conducted by contract with the master of the mint and his chief clerk, as melter, who is responsible for all the bullion he receives, and has to return weight for weight.

The bar of silver, of which I now formed a part, was delivered over to the moneyers, who perform the various processes of the coinage under contract with the master of the mint. It was first reduced to plates of the requisite thickness, by being passed repeatedly between the steel cylinders of machines. These plates were then subjected to the action of a cutting-out press, by means of which they were divided into circular pieces nearly of the size of the intended coin, and to this condition I was reduced, and when in that state was called a *blank*. I was then conveyed to the sizing room, as it was termed, where I was adjusted to the standard weight; and here I noticed that some pieces which were too light were selected in order to be melted again, while some that were too heavy were rasped or filed. All those of us that were left were very hard, in consequence of the compression to which we had been subjected, and we were accordingly exposed to the action of a clear red heat in a reverberatory furnace, as it was designated; after which we were boiled in very weak sulphuric acid, in order to make us quite clean again. It makes me sore to think of all the trouble and vexation to which I was then exposed; and what with the grubbing and scrubbing, the thumping and bumping, the boiling, and cutting, and squeezing I obtained, it seemed as if they would have left nothing of me.

Well, after I was taken out of the sulphuric acid, I was dried in warm saw-dust, and was then ready for the next processes of milling and stamping. This first operation is performed round the edge to prevent our being clipped or filed, which was a fraud, I have heard say, commonly practiced upon our ancestors.

The coining engine or mill, was that to which we were next taken. In this the dies, or coining squares, are fixed, which are made to give their impressions to the *blanks*. These were placed on the one underneath, a pressure from a screw above giving them so violent a squeeze as to leave both the impressions upon the coins in the twinkling of an eye. This mill is so constructed that one workman may stamp 20,000 of us in a single day. Perhaps the reader may also like to know that the coining room is under the superintendence of the surveyor of the money-presses, in whose presence everything is performed, who has the care of all the dies, and must account to the board of management for all the instruments made and destroyed in the mint.

In due time, after having passed through the rough but necessary processes of the mint, I was conducted to the Bank of England, and there stored away, with a number of companions, in dim vaults, carefully secured by ponderous doors. I had not long to lament this confinement, however, for soon afterward a porter carried the bag in which I was to an apartment upstairs. The bag was emptied, and I being near the top, rolled out, and was picked up by the nimble fingers of the clerk, and, with two other friends, paid over to a gentleman as part of a check which he was drawing. That was my first entrance into public life. Sometimes, when I remember my plump and snowy appearance that morning, I contrast it with the emaciated and blackened look which time and hard work have given me, and feel disposed to sigh at the change in my condition.

I could have wished to have traced in detail my eventful history after that memorable morning, and to have sketched the various scenes in which I have mingled; but space forbids, and the barest allusion must suffice. Vivid, indeed, are the remembrances cherished by me, of the delight which I have given, and of the insults I have experienced; of the society of the excellent in which I have mixed, and of the debased and the criminal in which I have acted. I have been a messenger of peace and of blessing to the heart of the widow, as by my assistance she completed the last item of the rent she owed to an inexorable landlord; and I have been flung disdainfully on the pavement by an injured and insulted cabman, when offered, with four other coins like myself, as the sup-

posed fare for a five-mile jaunt. I have been dropped into the money-box, borne in the mouth of the blind man's dog; and I have been paid by the prudent mechanic into a savings-bank, as a portion of the fund for the contingencies of future years. I have been consecrated to the promotion of the highest interests of man, and I have been paid as the price of vice and crime. I have encouraged the honest and the industrious, I have bribed the weak into wrong, and I have rewarded the thief. I have jingled in the pocket of the school-boy; have been bedewed with the tears of the needlewoman who received me as the pittance which competition doled out to her for her labor, her nerve, her very life; I have been flung in the air by the gambler; and I have been scrutinized, and bit, and punched, and pinched, and rung by the tradesman, to see that I was sterling. The influence which I have exercised on many a domestic circle, has been mighty for good and for evil; while, when in association with other coins of the realm, I may say that our power was paramount. I confess it, and I do so with sorrow, that we are the idol which millions of men adore—the silver or golden calf which they worship. Often and often have I wondered at the folly that could lead men to take such pains to heap up myself and my companions; slaving and toiling to do so; fretting and worrying their very lives out; and then, when they had accomplished their object, finding nothing, after all, but disappointment and vexation of spirit.

One result of all my experience has been, I may mention, that unless I am come honestly by, I never in the end do good to any who possesses me. Often, too, in a poor man's cottage, where I have been earned by hard and honest labor, I have seen a peace and happiness that I never witnessed in the houses of those who had got possession of me by fraudulent or unfair means. But enough! I had no thought when I began my biography of thus moralizing. Let me, therefore, conclude with a stanza, penned upon me by a poet, one of a class which too often has known the want of me:—

"Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold;
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled;
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
The price of many a crime untold!"

ROMANTIC FABLES AND POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

THE English poets are so frequent in their references to the superstitions which, less than three centuries ago, continued to exist in the popular mind, that such matters have acquired greater importance than they might otherwise have possessed; though it would be easy to show that many of the creations of fable, even without such recommendation, are intrinsically beautiful, and contain a germ of truth which may be easily discovered, if, as Cowley says, we "open and *intend* our eye." Not, however, to venture upon this higher ground, it may be safely asserted, that subjects which delighted Milton, even in his mature years—which were illuminated by the radiance of Spenser's fancy and imagination—and whereon the colossal mind of Shakspeare dwelt with love (to pass over a host of less great, but still mighty, intellects,)—are worthy of regard and investigation during the intervals of graver studies. No production of the human intellect can be altogether trivial; and whatever is beautiful or sublime, becomes a truth to the mind, if not a fact to the senses. The universality of this kind of fiction, also, gives it peculiar interest. Fable appears to have flowed from the same sacred oriental founts whence our very being is derived. Its origin is nearly coeval with that of humanity. The clear atmosphere of the world's morning hangs above it; and with the first gushing of the living stream of nations toward the desert places of the earth, the vast river of romantic fiction and superstition seems to have gone forth, and to have left remarkable evidences of its progress and omnipresence.

As, however, the great family of man has been split up into a variety of races, each having the same general characteristics, but certain minor shades of difference, so has it been with the posterity of fable. Northern manners and customs, northern scenery, and northern climate, have imparted to the oriental stock a new complexion, and in some cases have even modified its form; but the identity may generally be traced. This variety, however, is one of the chief excellences of the popular superstitions of England. We have the fantastic and elaborate gorgeousness of the East, with the savage

grandeur and primeval ruggedness of the North; visions full of color and aerial light, side by side with remote glooms and desolate enchantments. It is therefore no wonder that our poetical literature should abound with allusions to so rich a mythology; nor that we should desire to gossip with our readers upon imaginative creations which do not appear to have received their due share of attention.

It is proposed to introduce the reader to the most remarkable fables and superstitions which the great poets and early romance-writers of England have ennobled by their use,—of course, with the exception of those borrowed from the stores of Greece and Rome, which are too well known to require further elucidation. The singular thread of connection, running from land to land, will in most instances be traced; and (wherever it is possible) the remote origin of the fable under consideration—whether existing in some terror common to the human mind, or in a national peculiarity—will be shown. The progress of races is often curiously exemplified in these slight histories; and few things are more pleasant than to find that, without knowing it, we have been enjoying a fairy tale or a poetical abstraction in common with the Chinese and Persians, or with the aborigines of America. The denizens of our nursery, and the shapes that people the heights of our Parnassus, come indeed from strange and remote places—from "the farthest steep of India," on the one hand; and, on the other, from the long-lost islands of Atlantis, across waters that were once thought to be the limits of the world.

In no fiction is this more remarkably shown than in the one with which we propose to commence.

DRAGONS.

The dragon is perhaps the most celebrated animal in ancient or modern fable. It has been represented by poets, painters, and romancers, as a gigantic and anomalous creature, bearing some resemblance to a serpent, with the addition of wings and feet. Most probably the idea originated in the East; for we find that the Chinese, Persians, and other oriental races, believed in the existence of certain monsters, which, as far as can be ascertained, did not in any way differ from the dragons of European fiction. From the East the fable may have found its way to Greece, in the mythology of which country it frequently appears; and thence, possibly, it was disseminated over the rest of Europe. But whatever spot may have been its cradle, or whatever the path by which it has traveled, certain it is that few countries in the civilized portions of the globe are without some traces of its presence. In the poetry and fairy legends of modern Europe, however, it has made the greatest figure. A dragon was the most terrific and dangerous enemy that the knight-errant of mediæval romance could possibly encounter; and numerous are the narrations that have come down to us of battles between these mortal foes. The dragon appears, for the most part, as a lonely animal, living in obscure caverns among the clefts of mountains, or in morasses, and occasionally issuing forth to ravage the neighboring cities. His size is generally represented as gigantic,* and his strength prodigious; his breath is poisonous, turning the country, for many miles round his abode, into a desert; his nature is remorseless and blood-thirsty; and, as if to render any attack upon him the more hopeless, he is completely cased in a species of armor, consisting of a succession of shining scales, of such adamantine hardness as to defy the sharpest weapon and the strongest arm. But he has one vulnerable point, which, like the heel of Achilles, eventually causes his destruction.

The finest and most elaborate description of a dragon in English poetry is to be found in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*—see book i, canto 11—where the Red-cross knight contends for more than two days with one of these monsters. Dragon-encounters, however, had been rendered famous before Spenser's time by the metrical romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, which was held in great estimation as early as the days of Chaucer. In this poem—if such it may be called—the passage describing the dragon killed by Sir Bevis would seem to have furnished Spenser with some hints. Thus writes the old versifier:—

* At least by the poets; but the painters and other artists appear to have made a mistake in this respect. In most old pictures, and on our own coins, the dragon is represented as a sort of overgrown winged lizard, not capable, one would think, of inspiring any great terror.

Whan the Dragon, that foule is,
Had a syght of Syr Bevis,
He cast up a loude cry
As it had thondred in the sky:
He turn'd his bely towarde the sun;
It was greater than any tonne:
His scales were bryghter than the glas,
And harder they were than any bras:
Betweene his shulder and his tayle
Was forty fote, withouten fayle.

In another old metrical romance, chronicling the achievements of Sir Guy of Warwick, we have a dragon thus described:—

He is as blacke as any cole,
Rugged as a rough foal:
His bodye, from the navel upward,
No man can pierce, it is soe harde.
Pawes he hath as a lion;
All that he toucheth he slayeth dead downe:
Great wings he hath to flighte;
There is no man that beare him mighte.
There may no man fighte him againe,
But that he slayeth him certaine;
For a fouler beaste than is he,
I wisse of none never herd ye.

The vulnerable part in the dragon was underneath the wings, the flesh there not being protected with scales; and by piercing this place, the heroes of the old romances generally obtained the victory. But the dragon in the *Faerie Queene* is killed in a different manner. On the morning of the third day of the combat, the knight rushes at his foe, sword in hand; and the monster advancing to meet him with his mouth "gaping wyde," the weapon passes down his throat into his vitals. The dragon in *Guy of Warwick* is slain in the same way. It is a curious fact that a method similar to this is often employed in South America in destroying the alligator; to which—or rather to its near relation, the crocodile—we shall presently show that the dragon of poetry and romance bears some resemblance.

We frequently find the dragon, both in ancient and modern fable, in the capacity of a guard to enchanted castles, subterranean abodes of magicians, hidden treasure, &c. Thus, in the Grecian mythology, the Golden Apples of the Hesperides are watched by a dragon that sleeps neither night nor day; so, also, is the Golden Fleece oned the Argonautic e stories told by ollection of rk and

by two dragons darting fire from their mouths and eyes; and in the romance of *Tom a-Lincolne* is a similar adventure to that of the Hesperian apples—a dragon being employed as sentinel over a Tree of Gold that bears golden fruit, and a knight being sent to slay him.

Dragons are often used in drawing the chariots of magicians and enchantresses through the air. Doctor Faustus accomplishes his aerial journeys by these means: "And behold, there stood a wagon, with two dragons before it to draw the same; and all the wagon was of a light burning fire; and for that the moon shone, I was the willinger at that time to depart. . . . . Hereupon I got me into the wagon, so that the dragons carried me up right into the air."

Dragons have also been employed by the poets to draw the chariot of the Moon, or of Night. Milton alludes to this fiction in *Il Penseroso*:—

While Cynthia checks her *dragon-yoke*
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.

And Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline* (Act ii, scene 2):—

Haste, haste, ye dragons of the Night! that dawning
May bare the raven's eye.

In the early ages of Christianity, the dragon was introduced into religion as a type of Satan—a symbol which, in all probability, was suggested by the similarity existing between the dragon of fiction and the serpent, in which shape, as we are told, the Evil One first appeared upon earth. Phineas Fletcher, in his *Purple Island* (canto 7), when allegorizing the Vices, describes their king as a dragon; and Dante calls one of his devils *Draghigazzo*—a venomous dragon. The saints, both male and female, are often represented in old pictures treading upon the necks of these monsters,* or quelling their fierceness by sprinkling them with holy water. St. Michael, the Archangel, is mentioned in Scripture by St. John, as fighting against "the Dragon" and his host,—which expression is, of course, to be received as typical of Satan and his temptations; and

* Might not this have suggested to Milton the 5th and 6th lines of his sonnet to the Lord General Cromwell?—

And *on the neck* of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reard God's trophies, and his work pursued.

Guido has painted a picture, in which Michael is represented treading on the prostrate Fiend, who has a tail and wings resembling those of a dragon. Hence Milton, in his *Ode on the Nativity* (st. 18), writes:—

> The old Dragon under ground,
> In straighter limits bound,
> Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway;
> And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
> Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

Many other saints of the Roman Catholic calendar have been celebrated for overcoming dragons. Near the pillar on which St. Simeon Stylites is said to have dwelt from year to year, was the cave of a dragon, who was so exceedingly venomous, that he poisoned everything within a certain distance round his abode. This beast (according to the authority of the *Golden Legend*) having had his eye transfixed by a stake, came in his blindness—being now rendered meek and humble by pain—to the saint's pillar, placed his eye against it, and so remained for the space of three days in all gentleness and devotion, and never did harm to any living creature: insomuch that Simeon, seeing the hand of God in this matter, ordered earth and water to be brought and placed on the dragon's eye; which being done, behold! forth came the stake, a full cubit in length; and the people, seeing this miracle, glorified God; and the dragon arose and adored for two hours, and so departed to his cave.

The renowned hero of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, is not merely a creation of romance, but was worshiped by our Papistical ancestors as a veritable saint; and his contest with the dragon has been looked upon as nothing more than a type of his spiritual warfare with the powers of darkness.

The dragon fable appears to have been very current among the ancient Britons—the figure of a dragon, indeed, was adopted by them as their national symbol. Uther, King of Britain, and father of the great Arthur, was surnamed Pendragon, from the circumstance of his wearing an image of a dragon upon his helmet—*Pen* being the British word for *head*; and Spenser has placed the same ornament on the helmet of Arthur himself. (See *Faerie Queene*, book i, canto 7, st. 31.)

The Britons may, perhaps, have been induced to assume the dragon as their national symbol from a tradition which is thus narrated by Selden in his Notes to Drayton's *Polyolbion* (Song 10)—"In the first declining state of the British empire, Vortigern, by the advice of his magicians, after divers unfortunate successes in war, resolved to erect a strong fort in Snowdon Hills, (not far from Conway's Head in the edge of Merioneth,) which might be as his last and surest refuge against the increasing power of the English. Masons were appointed, and the work begun; but what they built in the day was always swallowed up in the earth next night. The king asks counsel of his magicians touching this prodigy; they advise that he must find out a child which had no father, and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mortar, and that then the castle would stand as on a firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-Merdhin was Merlin Ambrose found:" [Merlin's father was a fiend; consequently, speaking in an earthly sense, he had no father:] "he being hither brought to the king, slighted that pretended skill of those magicians as palliated ignorance; and, with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to show the true cause of that amazing ruin of the stonework; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of no heavy superstructure. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then beseeches the king to cause them to make further inquisition, and affirms that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons; which proved so likewise—the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons."

In their subsequent contests with the Saxons, our British ancestors always had a red dragon painted upon their standards; while the colorless banner of their opponents bore the figure of a white dragon. It is a fact worthy of record, as showing the long-enduring influence of popular superstitions upon imaginative races, that when the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., (who, it will be remembered, was of British descent,) landed on the Welsh coast in his insurrection against Richard III., he displayed to the people a flag emblazoned with a red dragon; upon which large numbers immediately rallied round him, thinking they were about to vanquish their old enemy, and regain their lost dominions. Henry's design, however,

was totally different; but, on succeeding to the throne, he still further flattered the vanity of the Welsh, by placing the Cambrian dragon in his arms, and by creating a new poursuivant-at-arms, entitled *Rouge-Dragon*.

One of the most remarkable features of the dragon fable is its universality. In the romances of the oriental nations—in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans—in the traditions of the Gothic and Celtic races—and in the fairy tales of the nursery,—a creature having in all cases the same general characteristics, may be discovered. Difference of climate, of religion, of national origin, or of national peculiarities, seems not to affect this omnipresent phantom of the imagination. We find it among Pagans, Christians, and Mohammedans: in the north, among the modern descendants of the Goths and Celts; in the south, among the Persians and Indians; in the east, among the Chinese; and in the west, among the aboriginal Americans. In every quarter of the globe, and over almost every race, has this terrible chimera spread the shadow of its fancied presence; though whether it has been propagated from people to people, or whether in each case it was a spontaneous birth of the imagination, it would be impossible now to determine. It must, however, be admitted that the first is the more probable supposition.

The Chinese believe in the existence of a monstrous dragon who is in hot pursuit of the sun, with intent to devour that luminary; and whenever an eclipse of the great orb occurs, the people assemble in vast numbers, beating large gongs, and making the most discordant sounds, in hope of frightening the ravenous beast from his prey. A green dragon is one of the characters introduced into a Chinese street-exhibition, similar to our "Punch;" and we may discover, in the ancient traditions of the same nation, a fable of a great dragon which spread terror between heaven and earth, and which was destroyed by one of the five celestial spirits who were supposed to govern the world under the Supreme Being—which fable, by the way, is probably another version of the insurrection ...atan and the rebel angels. The ...ersians, likewise, believed in ...ons; and the Indians, as appears ...*Apollonius of Tyana*, hunted ...y the help of magic—a species of amusement in which Apollonius himself participated, as, according to his biographer, it was a chase "at once manly and divine." The eyes and scales of these creatures shone like fire; and the former had a talismanic effect on all who were not inducted into the mysteries of magic. "All India," says Philostratus, in his *Life of Apollonius*, "is girt in with dragons of a prodigious bulk, as it were with zones. Not only the marshes and the fens, but the mountains and the hills, abound with them." The dragons dwelling in marshes, having no crests on their heads and not many scales on their bodies, resemble female dragons: their color is generally black, and in their nature they are sluggish, like the places in which they have their abode. Shakspeare makes Coriolanus allude to these animals (Act iv, scene 1.):—

> I go alone
> Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
> Makes fear'd,—and talk'd of more than seen.

The dragons of the mountains are large, fierce, and magnificent in their appearance. "They have a crest which is small when they are young, but increases with their growth till it becomes of considerable size. Of this species of dragons, some are of a fiery red, having backs like a saw, and beards: they raise their necks higher than the others, and their scales shine like silver. The pupils of their eyes are like stones of fire, and possess a virtue which is all-powerful in the discovery of secrets. Whenever the dragons of the plains attack the elephant, they always become the prey of the hunter, for the destruction of both generally terminates the contest." Others of the mountain dragons "have scales of a golden color; beards yellow and bushy; and eyebrows more elevated than the others, underneath which are eyes of a stern and terrible aspect. In their tortuous windings under the earth, they make a noise like that of brass: their crests are red, and from them flashes a flame brighter than that of a torch. These dragons conquer the elephant, and in their turn are conquered by the Indians in the manner following:—They spread a scarlet cloth before their holes, embroidered with golden letters, which, being charmed, bring on a sleep that at last subdues those eyes which would be otherwise invincible. Other spells, consisting of many words extracted

from their occult philosophy, are used, by which the dragon is so fascinated, that he puts his head out of his hole and falls asleep over the letters. Whilst he remains in this situation, the Indians rush upon him with pole-axes, and after cutting off his head, strip it of all its precious stones. The stones found in the head of these mountain dragons are said to have a transparent luster, to emit a variety of colors, and to possess that kind of virtue attributed to the ring of Gyges, [which could render the wearer invisible.] But it often happens that these dragons seize the Indian in spite of his pole-ax and his cunning, and carry him off to their dens, making the whole mountains tremble. We are told of their inhabiting the mountains near the Red Sea, from which are heard terrible hissings; and that they are sometimes known to go down to the sea, and swim to a great distance from shore." (Book iii, chapters 6, 7, 8.—We quote from the translation made in 1809 by the Rev. Mr. Berwick, who observes in a note, that he believes the dragons described by Philostratus to be the same as the basilisk or cockatrice, which has fiery eyes, a sharp head, and a crest like a cock's comb, and the very sound of whose voice puts all other serpents to flight, forcing them at the same time to relinquish their prey.)

The "precious jewels" which the "ugly and venomous" dragon of the mountains "wears in his head," are said by some writers to be an antidote to poison; but, according to Pliny, they must be extracted from the creature while he is *alive*, for "his envy and malice is such, that the moment he perceives himself dying, he takes care to destroy their virtue."

Even among the aborigines of America, who were long cut off from all communication with the Old World, we may, as before remarked, discover the existence of this prodigious fable, which has furthermore taken root in the minds of the learned of all ages, and been curiously exhibited in the frequent use of the word "Dragon" in Astronomy, Natural History, and other sciences. Thus, in Astronomy, we have the terms *Dragon's Head* and *Dragon's Tail;* and a constellation of the northern hemisphere is called *Draco* or *Dragon.* Among meteorologists, the appellation *Draco Volans* is applied to a certain meteor appearing in the shape of a flying dragon. In Ichthyology, a fish, known in England by the name of "the weever," is denominated *Draco Marinus*, or the *Sea Dragon.* A particular kind of crystal is called in Latin *Dracontia lapis*, or *Draconitis:* we have already mentioned it as being thought to exist in the heads of dragons. The *Dragon-fly*, that radiant and delicate haunter of our summer gardens, will immediately suggest itself to the minds of every one. In Botany, we have *Dragon's Head*, *Dragon-wort*, *Snap-Dragon*, and *Dracontium;* and a species of palms is called the *Dragon-tree*, from a fable, current among botanists, of the figure of a dragon being discoverable beneath the rind of its fruit. This tree yields a gummy or resinous juice, much used in medicinal preparations, and known by the name of *Dragon's blood*, from the redness of its color. In Architecture, we have *Dragon-beams;* and, in military affairs, the word *dragoon*, as applied to a certain division of cavalry, is said by some to have been derived from dragon, "because," says Bailey, "at first they were as destructive to the enemy as dragons."

But this fiction has left its stamp on other things as well as on science. It has imbued the minds of men in all ages, and been reflected by them on many of the objects which surround us.

Sometime we see a cloud that's *dragonish.*

The pictured dragon beneath the rind of the fruit above alluded to, is only another instance of the facility with which any idea, however fantastic, may be realized to the bodily sight by those whose minds are prepossessed by that idea. Stanislaus Lubienetski, a Polish author, has left us an account, in his *Theatrum Cometicum*, of a comet which appeared in the shape of a dragon, with its head covered with snakes; and we have already seen how a meteor is made to assume—in a great degree from the imagination of those who behold it—a similar form. The Italians, we are told, call the "old, crooked, and decaying branches of a vine" *dragoni*, from some fancied resemblance in them to dragons; and in the same nation a superstition is current concerning a plant called *Dragonvalo* or *Serpentaria*, "which," says Florio, in his dictionary before cited, "groweth two foot high when snakes begin to appear in springtime, and vanisheth in the beginning of winter; and at its vanishing, all snakes

hide themselves." This mysterious sympathy, as it is supposed to be, between the plant and the animal, is very grand; but a little reflection shows us that it is but a poetical interpretation of a simple and natural fact. The plant spoken of is probably one of those which die down to the earth at the approach of winter, and shoot up again in the spring; and the same "skyey influences" which cause the vegetable dragon to "vanish," as Florio finely expresses it, at one season and reappear at another, induce the snakes—which, as we all know, are hibernating animals—to look out for places of shelter during the cold weather, and issue forth when it has passed.

Before we conclude, it may be as well to glance at the probable origin of the fable under consideration.

Upon a careful scrutiny, it may be discovered that the dragon is a compound of the serpent and the crocodile; a circumstance which, more than any other, tends to confirm the supposition that the fable originated in the East, where such animals are common, and was propagated thence over the rest of Europe. If the reader will turn to any picture of a dragon which he may have in his possession, he will perceive that the head, the legs, and the scaly appearance of the back, bear a great resemblance to the current representations of the crocodile; while the long and interwreathed tail, and the power which the creature evidently possesses of winding itself round any other animal and crushing it to death, is as manifestly derived from the serpent. The word "dragon" is defined by Bailey, "a sort of serpent," and by Johnson, "a kind of winged serpent, *perhaps imaginary*." In Virgil's poem of "The Gnat," as translated by Spenser, we have a description of a serpent, in which many of the characteristics of the dragon—such as its natural armor of scales, eyes that throw forth flames of fire, and blood-besprinkled jaws—are included; and in many old writers the words "dragon" and "serpent" or "snake" appear to be synonymous. Thus, in the early English romance, entitled *The History of the Renowned Prince Arthur, King of Britain*, Sir Launcelot is requested by the people of a certain country to deliver them from a *serpent* that is in a tomb; and immediately after, the same creature is alluded to as a *dragon*. (See chap. i, part 3.) Pliny has left us an account of some Indian and Ethiopic dragons, in which, though largely mixed with fable, we may clearly perceive that the boa-constrictor is the animal really alluded to. "India," says he, "brings forth the biggest elephants, as also the biggest dragons, that are continually at variance with them, and evermore fighting; and of such greatness are they, (*i. e.*, the dragons,) *that they can easily clasp and wind round about the elephants, and withal tie them fast with a knot.*" Modern travelers affirm that, in their combats with tigers, the boa-constrictors of the Indian jungles disable their enemy precisely after this fashion. Diodorus Siculus, too, testifies to the circumstance of "frequent and terrible scuffles" happening between elephants and *serpents* in the Indian deserts, whenever they meet at a spring. What Pliny goes on to state, however, is evidently a fable, having no foundation at all in fact; but it is a fable which could only be told of serpents. "In Ethiopia there be as great dragons bred as in India: to wit, twenty cubits long. It is reported, that upon their coasts they wrap themselves, four or five of them together, one within another, like to a hurdle or lattice-work, and thus pass the seas to find better pasturage in Arabia, cutting the waves, and bearing up their heads aloft, which serve them instead of sails."—(Old folio translation, 1601.) Milton, in book 10 of *Paradise Lost*, describes the transformation of Satan into "a monstrous serpent" (v. 514); and in a few lines farther down (v. 529), he alludes to him as a dragon—

> Larger than whom the sun
> Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
> Huge *Python*.

Another instance in Milton, to the same effect, occurs in *Samson Agonistes* (verse 1692), where, though the word "dragon" is used, the ordinary serpent is evidently meant:—

> And, as an evening dragon, came,
> Assailant on the perchèd roosts
> And nests in order ranged
> Of tame villatic fowl, &c.

It is a well-known fact that serpents are frequently in the habit of devouring domestic birds.

A recent commentator on the first chapter of Genesis conceives that the twenty-first verse ("And God created great *whales*, and every living creature that moveth,"

&c.) should be translated thus:—"Then the Word and Power of God also created *dragons*, which could only suffer by being crushed," &c. His remarks upon this new reading are so curious, that they must be transferred to the present place. "Dragons, which could only suffer by being crushed, were created before *any* of the land animals. Geologists name this creature the *plesiosaurus*," [a kind of sea-serpent of enormous dimensions;] "and its remains are found in the shale or slaty clay which, at a remote period, was the mud of vast tracts over our globe. Its most remarkable characteristic is the great length of its neck, which contains forty-one vertebræ, while in all other reptiles there are only from three to eight. It was capable of paddling through mud, and could repose at the bottom of a shallow bog, with its head high above the surface. At what period in the history of the earth these creatures ceased to exist, we have no record; but a passage in Goldsmith's *Roman History* is so forcibly descriptive of some monster of which we have no other account (being serpentine, and so scaly as only to suffer death after being crushed), that we may be permitted to consider it the dragon of Genesis, the leviathan of Job, and the *plesiosaurus* of the geologists. Goldsmith states that Regulus, while leading his forces along the banks of the river Bagrada, in Africa, had his men attacked, as they went for water, by *a serpent* of enormous size, which placed itself so as to guard the banks of the river. It was one hundred and twenty feet long, *with scales impenetrable to any weapon.* Some of the boldest troops at first went to oppose its fury; but they soon fell victims to their rashness, *being either killed by its devouring jaws, or crushed to pieces by the windings of its tail. The poisonous vapor that issued from it was still more formidable;* and the men were so much terrified at its appearance, that they asserted they would much more joyfully have faced the whole Carthaginian army. For some time it seemed uncertain which should remain masters of the river, as, from the hardness of its scales, no ordinary efforts could drive it away. At last, Regulus was obliged to make use of the machines employed in battering down the walls of cities. Notwithstanding this, the serpent for a long time withstood all his efforts, and destroyed numbers of his men; but at length a very large stone, which was flung from an engine, happened to break its spine, and destroyed its marrow. By these means, the soldiers surrounded and killed it. Regulus, not less pleased with his victory than if he had gained a battle, ordered its skin to be sent to Rome, where it continued to be seen till the time of Pliny."

If the reader will compare the sentences in *italics* in the above passage, with Spenser's description of a dragon, previously referred to, he will perceive many points of resemblance; such as, the scales which were "impenetrable to any weapon"—the "devouring jaws"—the length and perpetual involutions of the creature's tail—and "the poisonous vapor" which it had the power of casting forth. Who does not perceive in these details (themselves, in all probability, exaggerations of the truth) the germs, not only of Spenser's dragon, but of every other in the range of poetical fiction?

There can, however, be no doubt that the crocodile has had its share in the origin of the fable now under consideration. "Scales impenetrable to any weapon" are not a characteristic of serpents generally speaking, though the particular serpent encountered by Regulus may have been thus protected: crocodiles, on the contrary, are invariably provided with a defensive armor of such closeness and hardness as to blunt many of the weapons employed against it. The head, also, has evidently suggested that of the dragon: the similarity indeed, is so great, that for a long time a large fossilized crocodile's head was exhibited at Aix as a veritable relic of the dragon vanquished by St. Martha. Mr. Hurdis, and other commentators on the Bible, are of opinion that the dragon of Scripture is nothing more nor less than the crocodile; and have supported that idea with a very close chain of reasoning. Thus, Isaiah (chap. xiii, 22) says, speaking of the approaching desolation of Babylon: "And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces." "It is worthy of notice," says Mr. Hurdis, "that the crocodile was always considered as an inhabitant of the wilderness; and such he might well be deemed: consequently it will not appear wonderful that he should choose the ruins of old deserted towns and cities, which were near rivers and lakes, for his especial abode when

out of the water. Of Babylon, therefore, it might properly be said that, when she became desolate, "the *crocodile* should cry in her pleasant palaces;" and (Jeremiah, chap. li, 37) that she should be "a dwelling-place for crocodiles." The dragon in the Apocrypha, worshiped by the people of Babylon, and which Daniel is reported to have killed by forcing it to swallow lumps of pitch, fat, and hair, seethed together, whereby it "burst in sunder," was probably a crocodile. And Linnæus places the dragon of Scripture under the scientific head of "*Crocodilus Africanus*."

GRUNDTVIG AND HIS SONG OF PRAISE.

THE British Quarterly for May quotes from Mrs. Mary Howitt's "Literature and Romance of Southern Europe" Grundtvig's "Song of Praise," with the following remarks:—The lofty, independent, we had almost said mighty, Grundtvig, as our author justly says, "in the middle ages would have been either a Knight of the Cross, or a Reformer;" but, after a stern battle with the world and a worldly Church, now stands pre-eminent among Denmark's most eminent men. In very early life he became a hard student in Scandinavian literature, and then, repentant at the time which he, a student of divinity, had devoted to this pursuit, he bent all his energies to his chosen calling, and denounced the frivolities of the worldly-minded and the worldliness of his brethren so severely that he fell under the ban of the "rational" clergy, and was called before the Consistory, and reprimanded. "It was not the first time," as Mr. Howitt naively says, "in which free spirit had been repressed by privileged vapidity." But opposition, to a mind like Grundtvig's, only strengthened his convictions; and he studied, and wrote, and spoke like a stern prophet of old, delivering his message to a gainsaying generation, intent only on his duty. To the credit of the Danish government, this dissenter in the Church was not wholly neglected. Although the clerical office was denied him, he was encouraged to proceed in the study of Scandinavian ancient literature, and under his supervision many important works were published, while the chronicles of Saxo and Snorre were translated by him. Assisted by Raske, he also diligently studied Anglo-Saxon literature, and as early as 1820, ere England possessed even an edition in the original, Grundtvig had published a Danish translation of that curious and venerable poem, *Beowulf*. Indeed, so celebrated had he become for his profound knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, that proposals were made to him in 1830, from a publishing firm in London, to bring out a *Bibliotheca Anglo-Saxonica*, which should include all the finest prose and poetical remains of our Anglo-Saxon writers. It was not, however, carried into effect. Meanwhile, Grundtvig was recognized among his countrymen as one of their first lyric poets, but especially as a hymn-writer, unmatched for force and sublimity. From his collection of psalms and hymns, published in 1841, under the rather quaint title of *A Ring of Bells for the Danish Church*, we must find room for the following most admirable translation of his "Song of Praise." How magnificently jubilant is this fine composition; worthy to be set to harmony noble and inspiring as Mendelssohn's unrivaled *Lobgesang!*

"O, mighty God! we thee adore,
From our hearts' depths forevermore.
Who is in glory like to thee?
As thou wast from eternity!
Thy name is bless'd by cherubim,
Thy name is bless'd by seraphim!
And songs of praise from earth ascend,
With thine angelic quires to blend.
Holy art thou, our God!
Holy art thou, our God!
Holy art thou, our God!
Jehovah Sabaoth!

"Thou didst create the glorious skies,
And in thine image man likewise.
The prophets prophesied of thee,
The old apostles preached of thee,
The martyr bands they lauded thee,
In their death hour exultingly!
And Christendom shall never cease
To bless thee both for life and peace.
Yea, Father, praise from all bursts forth,
Because thy Son brought peace to earth;
Because thy Holy Ghost doth give
The word that makes thy Church to live.

"Thou King of Glory, Saviour dear,
Blessèd and welcome be thou here.
Thou laidst thy great dominion by,
On a poor virgin's breast to lie!
Thou didst to glory consecrate
And heavenly joy, our poor estate;
Our yoke, our sins, on thee didst lay,
Our penance on the cross didst pay!
Didst rise triumphant from beneath!
Didst overcome the might of death!
To Heaven, which open'd, didst arise,
Received with angel symphonies!
On God's right hand is now thy place,
But in thy Church abides thy grace!

"O Holy Ghost! to us most dear!
Blessèd and welcome be thou here.
Truth, goodness, joy, thou dost impart,
With life, unto the Christian's heart;
As thine thou dost the nations claim,
And givest peace in Jesus' name.
To thee doth God a pledge accord
That all is true in Mercy's word;
Thou art the power divine whose might
Doth give eternal life and light!

"Hallelujah! grief is o'er,
And Paradise unseal'd once more.
Hallelujah! joy is sure,
God's Spirit dwelleth with the poor.
Hallelujah! evermore,
Our God hath bliss for us in store!

"O mighty God, we thee adore,
From our hearts' depths forevermore!
Yea, Adam's race shall join the hymn
Of seraphim and cherubim.
O holy, mighty God of grace!
Let endless glory, blessing, praise,
Rise wheresoever peoples are,
Unto thy name. Hallelujah!"

PETER CARTWRIGHT—A CHARACTER.

DURING the late session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston, a daily paper was issued under the patronage of the Convention. Besides full reports of the "Conference Proceedings," it contained editorial sketches of the most notable delegates present. We quote the following portrait of a western character, who has appeared repeatedly in similar articles of newspaper humor within the last ten years, but never before, we believe, with so much biographic detail.

As we were stepping from the door of the Bromfield-street church, soon after the commencement of the present session of the General Conference, we were clutched in the brawny but trembling arms of a strong, rough-looking character—apparently a backwoodsman. A large crowd stood around, and all eyes were turned upon us. "God bless you!" exclaimed the hearty old man, with a voice strong, but trembling as if cracked by hard usage in the exposures of western travel; "God bless you, you dear little *rascal;* how do you do?" And loosing his bear-like, but really loving grasp, and turning to the crowd, he again exclaimed, "I saved the little rascal's scalp at Pittsburgh, in '48." The allusion was to the brief struggle we passed through at that session on the subject of slavery, with which our readers are perhaps still familiar. We all, perhaps, got a little into fault together there—ourself as well as our opponents—and we need not now revive a single unpleasant reminiscence of the occasion. We came well enough out of it, and in a few days were honored by an important election in the Conference, and have ever since felt that we were treated better than we deserved. But we owed our rescue, not a little, to the brave and generous interference of this same big-hearted, rough-bodied old man. Whether he liked our opinions or not, he seemed magnanimously determined that we should have fair play, and stood up for us manfully. After the scene was over, the old man met us on the pavement in front of the church, then, as at this time, crowded with spectators, and in his rough but kind style exhorted us to be of "good spunk." "Why, you little fire-brand you, don't fear any of them or all of them; bless your soul, they can't reach you with a twenty-foot pole!"

This is a rude picture—a somewhat *outre* description—we are aware, and may, to some tastes, seem a little out of place in juxtaposition with the grave records in our columns; but it is true to the noble man, and as relevant to these columns as he himself is to the assembly in which he occupies so prominent a place. These little incidents exhibit him better than any elaborate descriptions could. We doubt whether any one of his associates in the Conference have, at this point of our remarks, any uncertainty respecting his identity.

We lately put the question to an intelligent, discriminating lady, who had closely examined the assembly from the gallery, "Who of all the delegates would most attract inquiry from a spectator perfectly unacquainted with any of them?" "That's the man," she replied, referring to our old friend. And who, reader, can he be? Who but Peter Cartwright, the veteran hero of Methodism in Illinois.

The stanch old itinerant sits, (or rather stands, for he is now "on his legs,") as we write these lines, immediately under our eye. Like the "sage of Quincy," he is always found in his "place" in the Conference, near the front of the left tier of the central column of pews. Though quite unique in his appearance, it is not a little difficult to draw his portrait. He appears broken with years and labors, and you perceive some paralytic tremblings in his attitude and voice; but there is nevertheless a general aspect of strenuous vigor

about him. He looks as if he might yet wrestle with bears and come off conqueror, as we learn he really has heretofore. There is not, in fact, a stronger-looking man, young or old, on the Conference floor.

He is war-worn and weather-beaten. His complexion is bilious, the integuments of his face wrinkled and tough, his eyes small and twinkling, and defended by a heavy pair of spectacles with green side-glasses, his mouth compact and full of force, his head large and round, his forehead deeply indented, and his hair—there is no description of that; it looks as if he had poked it into the bag of the Kilkenny cats, and had not had time to comb it since its extrication. And yet do not suppose there is any fierceness about his caput. Nay verily, a face more finely characterized with good nature and gallant generosity is not to be seen in the assembly.

Should we attempt an intellectual portrait of Peter Cartwright, we should summarily say that he is characterized by *good sense* and *good humor*. We know not that we can better describe him. He speaks frequently, though not inordinately; and we challenge an instance of weak or irrelevant remark to be produced from his speeches. They are, in fact, especially noticeable for their direct, though sometimes rough pertinency. He strikes right at the object before him, and never fails to hit it; and he has that characteristic of the highest deliberative wisdom—brevity, sententiousness. We never knew him to speak in General Conference more than five minutes at once.

His humor is always spontaneous—always ready. It sometimes cuts sharply, but is usually genial and generous, relieving rather than exasperating the case. Humor is a rare excellence, but it is not, like gems, valuable chiefly for its rareness; it is intrinsically valuable. It should not be too severely grinned at, with elongated faces, in even ecclesiastical bodies; it often gleams like exhilarating sunlight among lowering clouds of discord, and sometimes dispels them, and does infinitely more than the strongest logic or the loudest rhetoric to remove obstructions to business. Still, a man of combined good sense and good humor is liable to suffer some disparagement. Our poor human nature has a sort self-complimenting propensity to speak a superior man with a qualifying "but," the import of which is, that though he excels us in some things, we can see in him defects we have not ourselves. He has imagination, "but" he has not much sense; he has humor, "but" he has not much logic. Much of this kind of twaddle is sheer fudge, and something worse. Peter Cartwright is not merely a man of humor, but of genuine sagacity; woe be to the man that attempts to circumvent him in debate. If some of his short sayings were divested of their humor, and spoken by a grave man, they would pass for unique utterances of wisdom; as they are, they pass for pertinent jokes—happy hits.

Peter Cartwright is a "Doctor of Divinity." Good old George Pickering, when asked once if the Methodists had any Doctors of Divinity, replied, "No, sir, we don't need them; our divinity has not yet become sick." Those healthful days seem, however, to have passed, if we may judge from the ample provisions made for theological medication among us now-a-days. Some college in the West deemed Peter Cartwright too knowing in the Materia Medica, or too skillful with the scalpel, to die untitled, and, therefore, dubbed him D.D. We know not that he pretends to encyclopedic erudition, or is more skillful than some other doctors we are acquainted with in the learned languages, a knowledge of which is usually presupposed, in giving that title; the only learned quotation we ever heard from him was in respect to a matter of business, which seemed to be beyond the reach of his brethren; it was, said he, "*in swampus non comatibus.*" The learned doctors around him smiled very cognizantly, as they usually do at college commencements when a Latin phrase is quoted which, though unintelligible to the vulgar throng, is remarkably striking to them.

But with Peter Cartwright the "degree" is not merely nominal, as it is with so many of his fellow ecclesiastical *medicos*—it is a valid reality. He is a sound theologian. His preaching shows it. His sermons are generally skillful dissections of their subjects. His thoughts are clear, his method regular and consecutive, and the whole tenor of his discourse logical and instructive. How could such a man be other than a good sensible preacher? Those who go to the church to hear his wit are usually disappointed. His preaching at the General Conferences is seldom up to

his ordinary standard. This, however, is the case with most of the delegates. The reasons of the fact are obvious.

Peter Cartwright joined the "old Western Conference" in 1805, though he began to travel a year earlier, we believe. He was a young man—only about 18 years old—when he entered the itinerant field, and he has been in its foremost struggles ever since. The "old Western Conference" was in that day the only one beyond the Alleghanies. It extended from Detroit to Natchez, and each of its districts comprised a territory about equal to two of the present conferences beyond the mountains. Those were the days of great moral battles in that vast field; and the men who fought them were made great, some of them gigantically so, by their circumstances. Among them were Young, Walker, Shinn, M'Kendree, Burke, Lakin, Blackman, Quinn, and similar mighty men. Cartwright began his regular travels with Lakin on Salt River Circuit, (save the name!) Most of his fellow-heroes have gone to their rest; but they gained the field, and fortified their cause all over it. They, in fact, laid the moral foundations of our ultramontane States. The few remnants of the old corps should be cherished and honored by the Church. Peter Cartwright stands prominently among them; but there are some of his early cotemporaries here also, whom we shall introduce to our readers hereafter.

THE BEACON-FIRE OF THE TYROL.

"God has his plan
For every man."
Tyrolese Proverb.

THIS saying was once exemplified in Tyrol by the short and simple history of a poor crippled boy whose memory is still cherished there.

About fifty years ago a soldier's widow came with an only child to reside in a small hut near to one of those romantic villages which may be seen nestled amid the splendid mountains of that country, on the tablelands, or sierras, which afford space for the habitations of the mountaineers, who there shelter in winter the numerous flocks they drive in the summer to pasturage on the heights above. That village was the scene of busy industry; the people were independent and comfortable; they worked for themselves, and, except the emperor, to whom they were loyally devoted, they called no man lord. Still, at the time when this poor widow took up her abode there, agitation and fear had invaded this once happy and peaceful spot. It was the period when the reckless ambition of Napoleon deluged Europe with blood: this widow's husband had fallen fighting against him in the fearful battle of Austerlitz. Had the issue of that battle been different, and the army in which he served been victorious, it is probable that the bereaved wife would have felt her loss just as deeply; for what the world calls glory does not heal a bleeding heart, nor atone for the individual sufferings which war occasions. The widow was very poor, and as the partner of a soldier's life, she had been long separated from the friends of her youth: her affliction was then such a common one that it excited little interest; and the grief which she felt the deepest was just that which caused her to be of no consequence to the little community among which she came.

It has been already said she had one child—a maimed, disabled boy. The dangers to which the mother had been exposed, the hardships which had attended his infant life, produced this effect. Hans, the widow's son, was deformed; his figure was drawn considerably to one side, and he had very little power in using his arms. This was a sore trial to the poor woman; often would she look at her boy and sigh, for she thought in her age she should be left without aid or support; she could no longer work for him, and he could neither work for himself nor her. But when the murmuring thought found entrance to her heart, she hid it there, or rather she prayed to God to take it thence; she never let her son perceive it; she would have him only to feel that he was the solace of her life. And so he was; a true mother's love is ever most strongly shown to the child that needs her love, her care, her toils; and beyond this maternal feeling were her affections drawn to him.

Hans was, moreover, a kind boy, an affectionate, tender son; he was naturally of a thoughtful, reflective disposition; the peculiarities of his constitution tended to render him so. Separated by his bodily infirmity from the rude sports, the hardy pursuits, and daring adventures, in which the other young mountaineers engaged, that grave, reflective cast of countenance, which characterizes the bold, independent, and gay, while deeply-superstitious Tyr-

olese, was in his case blended with actual melancholy thoughtfulness. His mother's tender care had not prevented him from gaining a knowledge of his helplessness; and his inability to assist her secretly preyed on his heart. When he saw her, for instance, carrying a burden, he would run to relieve her; but, though active enough in running, his arms had no power. As a child, his mother might deceive him into a belief that he was of use; but as a lad of fifteen years of age that kind concealment could no longer succeed, and at that age, being the time when this story commences, the state of his country was the means of fully impressing on his keenly-sensitive mind the conviction of his own utter uselessness.

The arbitrary will of Napoleon Buonaparte, then in the zenith of his glory, had decreed that Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and a French and Bavarian army was already garrisoned in the country. We do not mean to discuss the propriety of the attachment which the Tyrolese showed to the latter; the chief reason of their attachment was, however, a right one—it was that their once independent land had passed to the dominion of Austria by right of legitimate succession, their last native princess, Margaret, having married a prince of the house of Hapsburg, who became emperor of Austria, and, as such, added his wife's dominions to his own. Loyalty and religion had hitherto been closely combined in Tyrol, and the aversion its people testified to a union enforced by the French, sprang from the strength of those principles. They regarded them with horror; and a resolute zeal in the defense of their country and their religion had begun to animate men, women, and even children throughout that mountain land.

At the juncture of which we now write, that valiant struggle was beginning which has afforded themes to many pens. Austria, unable to compete with Napoleon, withdrew the forces stationed in Tyrol, and left its people to defend themselves: their resistance to the powerful invader was one of the most celebrated and most successful that history records.

The Pass of Finstermünz still presents its terrible records to the eye of the traveller, and while the wonderful sublimity of the scene, recalls to memory the [illegible] there in the time to which our story refers. This pass lies between the towns of Landeck and Meran; a splendid road has since been formed there by engineering skill; but even still, amid modern improvements, the passage between the rocks is so narrow in places as to appear a mere cleft formed by the violence of the torrent which is heard roaring in the deep gulf below. These rocks rise towering over that narrow pass, clothed sometimes with trees, at others opening splendid views of snow-gemmed mountains, and green sparkling vales; while the ceaseless roar of the struggling water is the only sound that is heard. At times, as its passage opens, the nearly calmed and deep blue stream of the river Inn, crested with some of the snow-white foam which tells of its struggle, is seen gliding by; at others, rushing wildly; or again, as the gorge contracts, is dimly beheld, like a flake of snow, tossed in the dark gulf through which its suffocated murmurs alone announce its progress. From the little bridges which span this torrent, the views of the white glaciers and green mountain fastnesses, with the peasants' dwellings and the pretty green church spires, are charming; but at one spot the rocks on each side curl over so as almost to meet, and threaten to drop on those who pass under them; which, indeed, they would probably at some time do, if they were not propped by the stems of felled trees. At this wildest and most romantic spot, the bridge crosses the torrent at a height which, as you attempt to gaze down on the tossing snow-flakes beneath, conveys a sense of dizziness. Here an old, once-fortified gateway, and the remains of an ancient tower, remind one of the times when fierce robber knights held indomitable forts in such fastnesses of nature. At this spot there is now a quiet inn, and a very little chapel. "Rest and give thanks," seems to be the idea presented by their united appearance.

This sublime mountain pass, so remarkable for natural beauty, has acquired a terrific celebrity in history from the epoch which just followed the incident that exemplified, as we have said, the Tyrolese proverb already quoted. We fervently hope that such celebrities are at an end; but were there ever a cause which could sanction the slaughter of our fellow-creatures, it is the defense of our land, our homes, and our faith—it is when the unjust invader is resisted, and the motto of a people

is that which the Tyrolese flag bore inscribed upon its folds—

"For God, our Emperor, and our Fatherland."

Here, as we stand in this sublime scene, and look up at the tree-covered heights, and bring our eye down over the shattered masses of rock that lie in the descent, we recall that terrible event, and involuntarily repeat the words—

> "Fit spot to make the invaders rue
> The many fallen before the few."

For it was here that, in the year 1809, upwards of 10,000 French and Bavarian troops were destroyed by an unseen foe. An immense avalanche of felled trees and broken rocks had been prepared, and was held suspended along the heights. As the advancing army marched in undisturbed order along this romantic pass, the foremost heard the startling words, "Ist es Zeit?" "Is it time?" repeated above them. The officer halted, and sent back to ask directions. He was ordered to go forward. They went on. That word was repeated, and a louder voice, in a tone of solemn command, announced *it was time!* and desired the avalanche to be let go. It was loosened; it thundered down; and of all the living host who a few minutes before had trod that pass, few, if any, escaped from it alive.

It was this determination to resist, and expel the foreign forces then stationed in their country, that had begun to animate the Tyrolese at the time when our poor Hans, having reached his fifteenth year, might be expected by the youth of the village to partake in their enthusiasm. That enthusiasm was general; a secret understanding prevailed among all the people of Tyrol; arrangements were made with noiseless resolution; intelligence of the advance of the Bavarian troops was to be conveyed from post to post, from village to village, by means of signal fires, materials for which were laid ready on the rocky heights.

The village of which I have spoken lay directly in the line of route which that army would take; and with the animation and bustle it displayed, a great degree of fear and anxiety mingled. The old people felt the latter emotions—the dread of being surprised, of having their houses burned, their property destroyed, themselves killed, or driven shelterless to the mountains; such thoughts more or less disturbed every home, but did not shake the courage and resolution of the people. Even the children acted in their plays what they heard their fathers and older brothers talk of, or saw them practice; and thus from the aged and timid—the latter indeed were few—down to the child who thoughtlessly mimicked in his sports the hostile events that were approaching, only one theme was heard in the village or in the whole country, only one spirit seemed to be felt; and scarcely any persons were to be found who were not preparing, in some way, to take a part in the coming struggle. I say scarcely any—for it will have been already seen that two, at least, of that small community knew their part was to sit still and see how the matter would go. These were the soldier's widow and her deformed boy. The widow had had enough of war; she had known its realities, while many of her young neighbors were deceived by its visionary renown. She had felt its horrors, while they contemplated in imagination its glories. She looked now at her disabled son, and did not sigh, as she had often done, in thinking of his helplessness.

"Ah, Hans," said she abruptly, as she gazed upon him one evening, "it is well for us now that thou canst be of little use; they would take thee from me to serve thy country, my boy, wert thou fit to be a soldier." The widow did not know how very tender was the chord she touched in her son's mind.

Hans had long been secretly suffering much pain from the rude discovery of the very fact she thus alluded to. That secret pain had not been exposed even to a tender mother's eye. Now the wound was touched. Hans bowed down his head; his mother had not observed that of late he had been more peculiarly pale, silent, and averse to go out. Now the large tear that suddenly rolled down the pale cheek and dropped upon his knee, told her that the feelings of the youth had been compressed within his own bosom. That tear seemed to fall upon the mother's heart: she felt its cause.

"My son, what aileth thee?"

"Mother! I am useless!" cried the youth, with a burst of now irrepressible grief.

"Useless!" the widow repeated; but the tone in which she uttered the word might seem to denote some little surprise at the discovery her son had only then made.

"Yes, useless," Hans continued: "look round our village—all are busy, all preparing, all ready to strive for homes and fatherland—I am useless!"

"My boy, my kind, dear son, thou art not useless to me!"

"Even to thee—I cannot work for thee; cannot in thy age support thee. Ah! I know all now. Why was I made, mother?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother; "these repining thoughts become you not. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb:—

"God has his plan
For every man."

Little did Hans think that ere a few weeks had passed this truth was to be verified in a most remarkable manner.

Easter Monday came—the most festive season in the Tyrol; and the non-arrival of the expected invaders had, in some degree, relaxed the vigilance of the inhabitants. The holiday in question, we may observe, in Switzerland resembles somewhat old Christmas in England,—families meet, presents are exchanged; the toys, gloves, the ornaments of deer's horn, and other articles of Tyrolese industry, are all in request then. Early in the morn, accordingly, of the Easter Monday of which we now speak, children were seen carrying bunches of flowers to their grandparents, aunts, or other old relatives, whose doors had been wreathed with branches of trees, interspersed with flowers, during the preceding night; and the children now stood before them, and sang the hymns which are often heard in their country. Women, too, were seen with little baskets on their arms, hastening to the house of the poor curate to present their small offerings; and young men brought some simple presents to lay on the windows of the maidens who they hoped before the next Easter should be their wives. But what was the most curious feature in the pleasant scene was the cattle procession, which takes place on this day; for now the winter is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds hath come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. Now go the cattle forth from the sheds where they have been sheltered from frost, and wend their way gladly ntains. The pride of the family, cow, goes first; and proud of e seems to be, as she steps boldly on in advance, her bell tinkling at her neck, her head loaded with ornaments, and her horns wreathed with flowers. All the flocks are more or less adorned, but she is the queen in her regal state. Behind them come the joyous owners, or their herds, playing on musical instruments, and adding noise to the pomp. What a rural, what a pleasant scene! There is nothing rude or revolting in this merriment; a sense of thanksgiving seems to mingle with it; one sees, at least, the expression of gratitude, the acknowledgment of God as the Author and Giver of all good things. Yes, I have felt how pleasant it is to see this acknowledgment when the hardy Tyrolese shepherd has passed me, mounting to difficulty and danger on the heights above, and wearing in his girdle the words, largely embroidered in white letters—"God is Good."

And was every one in that mountain village busy in the exchange of good-will offerings, or festive preparations? Hans leaned against the porch of his mother's house, the porch in which, at eventide, they sang their hymns after the manner of the country, and with joined hands repeated their evening prayers. Often may an aged couple, with children and grandchildren, be seen thus employed in the pretty porches of their houses while the sun declines. Hans stood alone; the hut was a little beyond the village, on the ascent of the mountain; he could see all that passed below; but he had no presents to offer, for he had no money to buy them, and no hands to make them; no hands, at least, capable of such work. No one thought of him; if he had been a beggar they would have remembered him, and given him their charity willingly; but as it was, he was forgotten. Those who feel no want themselves too seldom think of the wants of others, unless they are reminded of them. Hans looked down on the busy village, and thought of his mother. The Tyrolese proverb which she had quoted,

"God has his plan
For every man,"

had made a passing impression on his mind; but he sighed, as amidst his own loneliness in the general bustle there seemed so little prospect of its fulfillment. Still, however, though he scarcely knew why, the words, as he uttered them, seemed to shoot a gleam of unwonted hope through his soul.

The evening of the bustling holiday at

last arrived. Hans strolled about in the gloom; all the village houses were lighted up; fear seemed to be forgotten, and watchfulness too. Hans was glad not to be disturbed by the careless remarks of the patrolling youths, who, on other evenings, performed their usual exercises on the green, but now all were within doors; families and friends had met, and children were merry and happy. Hans came to the dwelling of a comfortable proprietor—one who in our land would be termed a rich farmer. The supper table was prepared; in its center a small fir-tree was planted in a bucket filled with earth; little tapers were fastened in its branches, and a variety of glittering objects, suspended around it, were intended for presents to the younger ones of the family. Some of the little children, who had already secured theirs, were playing at a small table placed in the open window. One of them had got a number of tin soldiers, and an elder brother, a lad about the age of our poor Hans, was amusing himself, apparently, by directing their movements, and arranging them in military order. Like all the youths of the Tyrol, he aspired to be thought expert in such matters, but he was of a more presuming and arrogant disposition than many of the others. Seeing that Hans, standing near the window, must become one of his auditors, he affected still more the tone of command, as if to impress the helpless boy with a higher opinion of his military knowledge. Almost immediately, however, the children, disputing for one of the tin soldiers, broke it in two. The young general was in the midst of a plan for the defense of the village in case of an attack. Displeased at the loss of one of his corps, he angrily seized the broken soldier, and threw it out of the window.

"Why throw it away?" said the children.

"Because it is as useless now as Hans himself would be if the enemy came," was his answer.

Hans heard the words, whether it was intended he should do so or not. He turned away, and went home to his mother.

The widow had shared her son's sentiments that day; she was quite sensible that on this day of general festivity they were overlooked and forgotten. The mother and son knew they had sympathy one with the other, but neither expressed it. The widow felt for her son. The son felt for his mother. But Hans resolved not to grieve her with the recital of the fresh annoyance he had met with. The widow, not sorry to end a day which made their forlorn position more evident to themselves, proposed that they should avoid the expense of light, by going early to rest. Hans felt little inclined to sleep, but knowing his mother would sit up if he did so, he complied with her request. He had been early trained never to close his eyes in slumber without reverently bending the knee, and asking the care of a divine protector. On the present occasion he did not omit that duty, but breathed the wish with earnest fervor that the Father of all mercies would, in his good time, present him with some opportunity of being useful to others. Almost immediately after doing this he dropped into a deep slumber, being fatigued with his rambles during the day.

How long his slumbers lasted poor Hans never knew; he only related afterward that he had awoke as if from a dream, but still under a strong impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching him. He could not persuade himself but that the soldiers were close to him. He thought he saw their distinct uniform, the gleam of their arms, and even felt as if their bayonets were presented at him. He awoke in fear, but even when awake could scarcely persuade himself it was a dream. It was, however, a natural one; it would be by no means surprising if every one of the villagers, and himself also, had dreamed much the same whenever they slept. Hans recollected this; but unwilling to remain under an impression so unpleasant, he rose, and hastily dressing himself, he went to the door and looked forth. The night was calm, and even warm; the moon was beginning faintly to rise; and thinking that illness had perhaps caused his troubled dream, Hans walked out, believing the night air would relieve the headache from which he had been suffering. He strolled up the mountain path, on the side of which their cottage stood. Excitement and agitation had indeed heated his blood, and the cool air did him good. That sense of relief made him continue his walk, and as he went up the mountain path, he recollected that it led to the signal pile, which had been laid ready for igniting when the advance of the Bavarian garrisons from their winter posts should com-

mence—a movement which the combined Tyrolese had determined to resist. An impulse he felt little inclination even to question, seemed still to lead him on, and prompt him to mount the rugged path that conducted to that important spot. Perhaps it was some feeling that a surprise on this night was not impossible—some scarcely understood impression left by his dream—that, unconsciously to himself, led Hans thus upward and upward on his solitary way, until he came within view of the dark mass of firewood piled up on the cliff. Whatever was the feeling that influenced him, however, (and the result, the reader will remember, is a matter of history, not mere fiction,) the boy found himself, as we have said, at the signal post.

Hans walked round the pile, as it lay there quiet and lonely. But the watchers, where were they? Forgetful, perhaps, of their duty, they had, amidst the festivities of Easter, omitted their important office on this occasion; at all events, they were nowhere to be seen. The village, far beneath, was in as great security as if no dreadful war-signal was likely to be needed, and all in the neighborhood was calm. A dark old pine-tree stood near it; in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready, with the other means for raising a speedy conflagration. Hans paused in his circuit by the hollow tree, and seemed to listen to the silence. There is something in the feeling of utter silence that impels the ear to listen for its interruption. As he so listened, a singular sound, that seemed to be reverberated along the ground, caught his eager attention. It was slow and quiet, but so measured and equal as to be distinct. He listened with painful intensity for about a minute: it stopped. Hans was just about to leave the spot, when another sound was heard, it was the click of muskets; then a distinct but stealthy tread; then a pale ray of moonshine glanced on the fixed bayonets of two soldiers, who cautiously crept along the edge of the cliff at the opposite side of the pile. They mounted the eminence, looked round, and seeing no one there—for poor Hans was hidden by the old tree—gave the signal apparently to some comrades in the distance. Then the measured tread of marching men was heard again, but Hans did not wait to listen to it. Like a flash of inspiration, the whole circumstance was visible to his mind. The secret had been discovered by, or treacherously revealed to, the enemy; a party had been sent forward from the enemy's troops to destroy it; the body from which they were detached was then marching up the pass that led to his village; the fears he had heard the old and timid express would be realized; and the plans of the others, which he had heard so much talked of, would be of no avail. It is singular, that though naturally, as most infirm persons are, of a timid disposition, no thought of his own perilous situation occurred to Hans. All that has here taken some time to state on paper, flashed on his mind with the rapidity of a vision, and perhaps it was followed by one equally rapid self-recollection.

"God has his plan
For every man,"

might the youth have mentally said, as, quick as thought, he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the flaring turpentine brand into the pile.

The two scouts, who had advanced first, had then their backs turned to it, waiting the arrival of some comrades, whose arms just glittered above the edge of the cliff at the moment when the sudden blaze towered up, and flashed upon them. A cry of astonishment, we might say of fear, burst from the foremost; but in the light of that mountain blaze they soon perceived no ambushed foes were there; a single youth was seen hastily retreating down the mountain path. They fired—cruelly fired. A shriek of agony told them one bullet, at least, though fired at random, had found its mark. The light was too indistinct for an aim, but a bullet had lodged in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fire was blazing high, and the whole country would be shortly aroused. Already, before their surprise was over, or their retreat effected, the signal was answered from a second mountain top, and another and another began to repeat it. The advancing party, seeing their plan for a surprise thus rendered abortive, effected a hasty escape.

Hans, meantime, was not killed; faint and bleeding, he contrived to reach the village, where already the greatest consternation prevailed. Trembling old people stood at the door demanding intelligence; and the peasantry, with their arms, were mustering thick and fast. At the door of the proprietor's house, where Hans had

stood to witness the Easter party on the previous evening, an anxious group was gathered; among them was the lad who had made so good and brave a general of the tin soldiers, and who had so unfeelingly, we would hope thoughtlessly, declared the broken one to be as useless as Hans in the defense he was planning of the village. He was now aroused from sleep with the cry that the enemy was come. Pale, confused, uncertain what to do, he was anxiously joining in the inquiry which no one could answer,—"Who lighted the pile?"

"It was I!" said at last a faint, almost expiring voice.

They turned and saw the crippled Hans tottering toward them.

"Thou?" exclaimed many voices; but the proprietor's son gazed in stupefied silence.

"The enemy—the French—were there," Hans faltered, and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother. At last I have not been useless."

They stooped to lift him; but drew back, for their hands were full of blood.

"What is this?" they cried. "He has been shot! It is true! Hans the cripple has saved us."

They carried Hans to his mother's house. Some ran before him and told her the alarming news; of the danger that had approached them, and who had been, for that time at least, their preserver. Then they carried the wounded youth in, and laid him before her. As the mother bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes—for he had fainted from loss of blood and pain—and looking at her, he made an effort to speak. "It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother, it is true—

"God has his plan
For every man."

You see he had it for me, though we did not know what it was."

Hans did not recover of his wound; but he was permitted to live long enough to know he had been of use; he lived to hear of the result of his timely warning, not to his village only, but to the country around; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother; to hear that she should find a son in every brave youth in the village, a home for her age in every house; that she should be considered a sacred and honored bequest to the community which her son had preserved at the cost of his own life.

Our little story is told. It is not from scenes of battle and strife that we would willingly draw illustrations of great truths and principles; and great emergencies, like those which met Hans, it would be unreasonable to expect as usual occurrences. To all, however, the motto speaks—

"God has his plan
For every man."

None need stand useless in the great social system. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, let none stand as listless gazers in the great vineyard of the world.

BOB MULTIFORM, THE "NE'ER DO WELL."

AMONG the strange varieties to be found in this inexhaustible world, descriptive and satirical writers have not failed to fix upon the man of versatile cleverness, who, after attempting everything, ends at last in nothing. I have such a character in my eye at this moment. Bob Multiform was one of my school acquaintances. He was a prompt, acute, ready-witted fellow, always bustling, though seldom really busy; a good-natured companion, possessed of much compliant humor, though accompanied by a self-esteeming conceit which disgusted others as much as it comforted himself. In fact, that same conceit is an admirable thing for enabling a man to get on easily *for the time being*, though it is not a little apt to leave him stranded in the issue. Did any one want help in some new project, Bob Multiform was just the boy to give it. He possessed a boundless variety of shifts and expedients, and he now and then used them for bad causes as well as for good ones. The fox, with his thousand tricks, fared worse than if he had adhered to a single solid principle. On the whole, however, Bob managed to escape from school without actual disgrace, and came out upon the boards of the world with no settled character, except that he had some reputation for vivacity and gumption.

It was one of Bob's peculiarities that he was peculiarly open to impressions of all

kinds and from all quarters. He seemed ready to obey all impulses but his own. It was not, however, that he wanted firmness on certain occasions, for no man was more obstinate when opposed; but he never could hear of celebrity in any line without an instant inclination to imitate it. Goldsmith is said to have been vexed when even the performer of a puppet-show was more admired than himself. It is surprising through what freaks and fantasies this daring disposition to seek for honors led our unfortunate wight. The first taste which I remember was that of dress. It was the day of dandyism, when frock-coats and Wellington-boots were in fashion, and those who never mounted a horse walked about in jingling spurs, or rattled along on those silly machines then called dandy-horses. I hardly know who was Bob's immediate prototype, but he was amazingly ambitious of being considered a well-dressed man. There was not a calendar of fashions with which, for the time, he was not intimate. He could discourse most learnedly on the cut of a coat, or the precise fit of a waistcoat; was most punctilious about the whiteness of his linen, or the height of his stock; and wore his extraordinary beaver with an air which eclipsed most cotemporaries. He thought himself admired; and whenever a man so thinks, he is pretty sure to be laughed at. Many a lady hid her face when he appeared, to conceal her irrepressible emotions at his extraordinary figure. The thing at length became too flagrant, and it was time to stop it. Some good-natured fellow whispered the truth into Bob's ear, and lost him as a friend forever.

After taking a little time to recover from this mortification, Bob fell into a contrary extreme. To escape from the ridiculous, he attempted the sublime. He sought seclusion, and began a course of reading, and soon persuaded himself that, except for a very young man, care about dress was contemptible littleness; and that as the mind made the man, it was an essential part of mental culture to neglect the body altogether. When next he appeared before his friends, he was therefore a totally different being. His talk was now of books and of their contents. It is true that he knew little more about most of them than what could have been gained from a few of the leading reviews of the day; but every one was not in the secret, and to them he was a prodigy. Bob now became a leader of a *coterie*, to which he was the giver of law; and though they were all but silly coxcombs, he flattered himself into the belief that he was some Johnson, or Parr, or Magliabecchi, or Mezzophanti, and had devoured more books than most around him had heard of. He established a debating-class; a desirable thing in itself, provided a man do not think it the British senate, and himself the first orator in it. From a dandy he now sank down into a sloven. He was sometimes unwashed; often unshaven; was not much concerned if a rent appeared in his clothes, and affected to treat all such trifles with derision and sarcasm. Matters went on thus, till having, in "his pride of place," directed some invective against a stranger who had demurred to one of his propositions, he was met by a rejoinder so direct and merciless as to send the peacock's feather which the jackdaw had worn into high air—to demonstrate him to be only an empty pretender—and to elicit the cheers of his former subjects, who, wearied with his arrogance, rejoiced to witness the overthrow of their tyrant. He slunk away in discomfiture and disgrace.

His next fit was that with which he should have begun—attention to business. During two short months he was the very pattern of assiduousness in his father's warehouse. He made uncommon advances in a very short time, till some of those who had looked on him as a mere pragmatical saunterer, began to hope there was more in him than had hitherto met their eye. Fired with their applauses, Bob redoubled his zeal. So intently did he follow his new inspiration, that after the labors of the day were over for others, he was to be found arranging some unexplored corner of the warehouse, or carefully posting up his hitherto neglected books. His father's eye began to be fixed upon him with unusual favor, and to think that he might one day, with satisfaction, resign his business to a son who, now that he had sown his wild oats, was the model of punctuality and diligence. How long this fit of exemplariness might have lasted, had no sudden temptation intervened, I do not know; but at a musical party, Bob received a new impulse.

Now Bob had never, up to this time, shown the slightest partiality for the harmony of sweet sounds. If the want of

music mark a traitor, he had seemed to be the veriest one: his voice was rough and dissonant, and he could not distinguish between the chord of the dominant seventh and the major. But he had unbounded confidence in himself, and thought that what others could do well, he could do much better. Alas for the warehouse and its concerns! In vain did the anxious father protest, remonstrate, urge, and even threaten! Occupied by his five parallel lines, Bob disregarded all besides. Music more dissonant than that which comes from the turning of "a brazen candlestick," disturbed his neighbors' repose. One evening, he must needs adventure a part in some difficult performance, for which he had carefully prepared himself. To his consternation, he found his fellow-performers drop off from him one by one, till he was left to a solo, and a roar of laughter followed as a chorus.

If our hero found some solace in remembering that, such as he was, he had great names to keep him in countenance, it was a poor resource. Little has been ever accomplished by those who resemble the Duke of Buckingham as painted by Dryden—

> "A man so various that he seem'd to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by turns, but nothing long."

Bob Multiform was not destined to reverse the usual fate of his class. His father saw his business, deprived of the care of his son, degenerate from day to day, till he died a broken-hearted insolvent. I have made many inquiries about Bob himself; but could never learn his whole history. I only know that he had once a project for making a new kind of soap, which would wash with salt water; that at another time he embarked in a plan for reviving the locomotive steam-engine. I suspect him to have had a hand in the aerial machine, which was to fly; but of this I am not sure. Once he went to Australia, where he had a plan for civilizing the aborigines. The last time I saw him he told me he was on the eve of making a fortune by railway speculation; and he certainly looked as if he believed it. I heard that soon after this, however, he emigrated to California.

Such are the destinies of cleverness without principle. A grain of industry is worth a bushel of mere impulse. If any of my readers be tempted to follow Bob Multiform's career, it may be well for them to remember that the scion which is grafted on to the stock of perseverance and the fear of God, though it may seem to shoot less vigorously than others around it, is that which will produce the best and surest fruit.

THE YEZIDIS, OR DEVIL-WORSHIPERS.

WE meet in the East with many religious sects, which have existed from far distant ages, some entirely unaltered, others considerably modified by various changes; and it is often interesting to trace such sects to their source, if only for the information we obtain concerning the forms in which mind unfolded itself in ancient times, and the manner in which different religions were sometimes combined. Thus in the Sabæans or Mandaites of the present day, we find a sect whose origin is to be traced to the excitements of the first and second century consequent upon the preaching of John the Baptist, but whose character has been quite altered by the different elements it has taken up in its course.

We have chosen for examination the enigmatical sect of the Yezidis,* in the hope of ascertaining whether any positive origin can be assigned them. We shall first describe the sect as far as the various accounts we have received enable us; and then, by comparing it with other ancient sects which are in some respects similar, determine, if possible, whether it is to be traced to any one in particular, or to a combination of several. Michael Febvre first mentions them, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He speaks of them as a powerful race, easily contented, living in black tents, leading a nomad life, and mostly herdsmen. He commends their hospitality. They are friendly to Christians, but hate Mohammedans, who have been their greatest persecutors. The leading point in their religious doctrines is this, that they will never speak ill of the devil. Neither persuasion nor force can induce them, and some have been flayed alive rather than consent. The reasons they give are:—"That we cannot with a good conscience abuse any creature, for this right belongs to the Creator alone;

* A tribe in Asia Minor, having their settlements in the hills between the Tigris and Euphrates.

and since we find no precept in the Scriptures to curse the devil, it is not right to offend him as Christians and Turks do, even though we regard him as a rebel against God. They compare him to a minister who has fallen into disgrace, and whom we should wish well to, and not curse. There is still hope, they think, that the devil will some day be reconciled to God, through the divine mercy, and then he will certainly endeavor to revenge himself for all the insults he received during his disgrace. And even if he is not reconciled, yet, if a man falls into his power after death, he will have the worst to fear from him. So that, in either case, it is best to spare him." This is the account which the leading men give of their doctrine; the rest never utter the name of Satan, but refer to him in other terms, as "the angel Paon," "the Conscious One," or he "whom the ignorant curse." We cannot expect anything definite concerning their doctrines, as they have no written religious documents. They believe in the Old and New Testaments, and the Koran, and teach that all these books fell from heaven. At their feasts, they sing to the guitar, songs in honor of Christ, of Mary, of Moses, of Zechariah, and even of Mohammed. It is remarkable, when we think of the Christian communion, that they sometimes call wine the blood of Christ. If any one at their festivals, offers another a cup of wine, he says, "Take this cup with the blood of Christ;" and he who receives the cup, kisses the hand of the one who brings it, all present rising at the same time, and bowing, with their arms crossed, while he is drinking. They are divided into two classes, distinguished by their dress—the one wearing black, the other white. The former stand highest, and form a kind of sacerdotal caste. Febvre derives their name from a man named Yezid. "Many of them regard Yezid and Christ as the same under different names. They relate of Christ such miraculous tales as occur in the apocryphal gospels. Those who are clothed in black shrink from killing animals, although they eat them when killed; a feeling which arises probably from a belief in the transmigration of souls. The day on which one who has worn black clothes dies, is observed as a festival, and not a day of mourning; 'he must be congratulated on his entrance to a blessed life.' When they pray, they turn to the East; and at sunrise, as soon as the first rays enter their tents, they rise, fold their hands and pray to God in the presence of the sun."

This account is confirmed by Niebuhr, who says that there is a village entirely occupied by them between Arbil (the ancient Arbela) and Zab. The following is the account given by the Abbot Sestini, who traveled from Constantinople to Bassora in the year 1781:—"In the Kurdish Hills you come to a village, Sinjar, inhabited by Yezidis, who are called 'Worshipers of the Devil.' They call Satan Cherubim. They have their Emir in Kurdistan, where they assemble once a year with their families; and, in the evening, when they have finished eating and drinking, they put out the lights." In his account of a second journey, he gives a fuller description, as received from a Dominican.

He calls them a mixture of the errors of the Manichæans, the Mohammedans, and the Persians. The doctrine is spread by tradition without books, since they are forbidden to read and write. They believe in all the prophets and saints of the Christians, whose names are attached to the monasteries in the neighborhood. Most of them profess faith in Moses, Christ, and Mohammed. God, they say, has given commands, but left the devil to execute them. They have neither fasts nor prayers, for Yezid, they say, performed enough for all his followers to the end of the world. Ten days after the August new moon, they hold an annual assembly, which lasts ten days and a night, at the grave of the Sheikh Adi, when many meet together from distant countries. On their way thither, robberies are often committed; and small caravans are in great danger if a larger body of Yezidis approaches. Many women, too, from the neighboring villages, the unmarried excepted, come to the festival; after feasting, they extinguish the lights, and never speak again till sunrise. They hold the Christian monasteries in great veneration; and if they visit them, before they enter they bare their feet and kiss the walls, in the belief that the patron saint of the monastery will be their protector; or if they are ill and dream of a monastery, they visit it, before they are perfectly well, and bring as an offering incense, wax, resin, or some other present to the monastery, and after kissing

the walls and remaining a quarter of an hour there, return home. They recognize as the head of their religion the Sheikh, who is chief of the race. He has the care of Sheikh Adi's tomb, who restored their sect. The Sheikh of the race must always be a descendant of Yezid; and in such veneration is he held, that they consider themselves fortunate if they can procure one of his shirts to be buried in. By his intercession and merits they expect to reach a higher place; and therefore many of them buy a shirt for forty piastres, (more than $10;) or if they cannot procure the whole, content themselves with a piece. The chief of the Yezidis has always a man present with him, called Kocieck,—*i.e.* a teacher,—who is listened to as an oracle, and consulted before every undertaking. He is said to receive his revelations from the devil; and if a Yezidi is in doubt about any important matter, advice is obtained for a purse of money. Before the Kocieck replies, he stretches himself on the ground and sleeps, or appears to sleep; and on waking, declares that such a decision has been revealed to him. The following incident is a proof of the importance attached to his revelations. Forty years ago the Yezidi women, like the Arabian, used to dye their under-clothes with indigo for the sake of saving soap. One morning the Kocieck came unexpectedly to the chief, and said that it had been revealed to him, the night before, that indigo color was unlucky, and not in favor with the devil. This was enough to send men to every tribe with orders to banish the color, to get rid of the clothes, and put white in their place. And with such care did they carry out the command, that if any of the Yezidis visited Christians or Turks, and a bed of this color was given them, rather than use it, even in the middle of winter, they would sleep with only their own clothes. The Yezidis believe that the souls of the dead are taken to a place of rest, where they are more or less happy according to their desert; they are said to visit their relatives and friends occasionally, to inform them of their wishes.

The American Missionaries, Grant and Hinsdale, visited them during the period of their residence amongst the Nestorians in Persia and the Kurds. When Grant first entered the village, he was received very coldly by the Sheikh, but soon ascertained that the reason lay in his mistaking him for a Mohammedan. As soon as he was known to be a Christian, everything changed. In this we have a proof that the Yezidis entertain great respect for Christianity, of which many a relic, as for example baptism, is still preserved by them. They make, too, the sign of the cross. They believe in one God, and, in a certain sense, in Christ as a Saviour. They kiss the first rays of the sun if they fall upon anything near them. They never blow out a light, or spit into the fire, lest they should defile the holy element. They are said to practice circumcision, and observe a passover festival, or something similar to the sacrifice of the paschal lamb.

Grant conversed with a chief of the Yezidis, who said that they were on friendly terms with the Christians, but not with the Mohammedans; that their ancesters were Christians of the same kind as the Nestorians. When he was alone with Grant, he asked, with an anxious look, whether the day was not near when Christianity would triumph and rule the world. He pointed to the burning lamp and the rising sun, whilst he mentioned with warmth the name of Jesus Christ, and bowed in token of reverence. He related, too, after carefully looking that no one was present, as a great secret, that his people were sons of Israel, and believed in the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospels; and, with a strict charge not to mention it, said, that they possessed another book of their own, called Furkal. They are said to read the Koran, after covering the name of Satan with wax whenever it occurs.

Layard visited them, and relates that they acknowledge a supreme Being, to whom they present neither offering nor prayer. They never mention the name of the evil spirit, and are said to have put to death many who hurt their religious feelings by using the word Satan. They even avoid any word which bears the least resemblance. They have a copper figure of a bird, which, however, they do not regard as an idol, but as a symbol, probably of the pride of the fallen angel.

They say that Satan, who is suffering punishment on account of his apostasy, still possesses great power. There are seven angels subject to him, who have great influence upon the world. Christ, too, was a superior angel, who assumed a

human form; he did not die upon the cross, but rose to heaven. [Here we have a Docetic idea.] They expect the return of Christ. They show the same reverence to fire which they do to the sun, holding their hands over it and afterward kissing them. Washings are frequent with them. They consider pork unclean, and observe, besides the Mosaic law, the commands given to Noah. Layard disproves the reports of excesses during the nightly festival, as he was himself present at one.

To the accounts given, the Armenian writer, Injijean, only adds, that they boast of intercourse with demons, and observe a ceremony similar to the mass; the priests wearing a dress, like that worn at the mass by Catholic priests. With uncovered head they put bread and wine into the cup and offer over them a silent prayer. If they find a lamp burning before an altar, or an image of the virgin Mary, they dip their finger in the oil and make the sign of the cross.

From these accounts it is evident that there are many difficulties in the way of an examination of this sect and its origin. They appear to have kept their doctrines very secret, and made them known with great reluctance; and, from their want of education, their original faith may have been corrupted in many ways, and mixed up with foreign elements. The frequency, too, with which mixed religions occur in the East, the ease with which this sect could be induced from political motives to attach itself at one time to Christianity, and at another to Mohammedanism and the Koran, and, above all, the fact that the principle commonly acted upon by such Eastern sects is, to deceive those who are unfitted for their esoteric doctrine, make it more difficult to arrive at any certain conclusion. Still, if we put together all that we find in the preceding accounts, we cannot fail to discover, that the whole tendency of their doctrine is essentially opposed to Mohammedanism; that it has had its origin in some connection with Christianity, though, perhaps, it has since taken up more of the Christian element than originally belonged to it. There are indications also of dualism, and the sun and fire-worship of Parsism;* and this is to be expected from their position and their connection with Persia and Armenia, the latter the land in which Parsism existed longest, first in opposition to Christianity, and afterward blended with it. It is evident, however, that we do not find here the *pure* doctrine of Zoroaster in any shape, but one which has sprung from a mixture of Parsism with Christian elements. The only question is, *which* of the Christian sects, where such a mixture is perceptible, are we to fix upon.

This influence of the doctrines of Parsism is evident in several sects. We may mention the old Jewish sect of the Essenes, of whom Josephus says, that "before sunrise, they converse about nothing common or profane, and address prayers to the sun, as if begging it to rise; and that they fear lest the sun's rays should fall on anything impure,"—a feeling existing also amongst the Yezidis. But our knowledge of the Essenes is too limited to allow us to compare them with any other sect.

The most prominent feature in the doctrine of the Yezidis is, that they believe not only that the spirit who is the cause of all evil was originally good, and has fallen from God, but that he will in the end be reconciled again. Moreover, it is peculiar to this sect, that the fallen spirit, on account of his original nature and his future restoration to his lost dignity, is made an object of special veneration; this is so extraordinary, that, if we find in any sect a similar feature, we may at once conclude either that the Yezidis are connected with this sect, or that the two have sprung from the same source. This applies exactly to a Christian sect which sprang up in the eleventh century in the Byzantine empire, coming from Thrace and the neighboring country, under the name of Εὐχῖται (prayers), Ἐνθουσιασταί (enthusiasts)—so called from their prayers and convulsions. The Constantinopolitan writer, Michael the Stammerer, from whom we obtain our knowledge of this sect, gives the following account:—They believe in one God as the Father; from him sprang two principles, the elder and younger son; to the Father they allotted the whole ethereal region of existence, to the younger son (by whom, no doubt, Christ is meant) that which is in heaven, to the elder, the government of everything in the world; the latter they called Satanael—a compound word already common amongst the Jews. The professors of this doctrine he divides into three

* The religion introduced by Zoroaster amongst the Persians, probably in the sixth century B. C.

classes. Of the *first*, he says that they honor both the sons; for, say they, although at present opposed, they are descended from the same father, and will at last be reconciled. From this it is evident that they did not regard the elder son as originally an evil spirit, an unconscious principle, in its very essence evil, and opposed to the divine, but as a spirit fallen from God, and, therefore, at last to be reconciled to him. Here we have exactly the doctrine of the Yezidis. Of the *second* class, he says that they honored the younger, as the ruler over the higher region; the elder they do not honor, as the others do, but think that they should prudently take care that he does them no injury. In this, too, we see something analogous to the doctrine of the Yezidis, for they give as their reason for not insulting Satan, that he possesses great power to injure men. He notices a *third* class who only honored Satan, and set themselves in direct opposition to God. It is doubtful, however, whether this distinction is founded on truth. We find another striking correspondence between the Euchitæ and the Yezidis; the former boasted of special revelations, appealed to visions and convulsions, and this we find also amongst the Yezidis. The Thracian mentions, as an example, an occurrence which took place when he attended a meeting of the sect in Southern Dalmatia; a man in an ecstatic state rose and denounced him as having been sent by the government to lay snares for the sect, and publish their secrets, and take him prisoner to Constantinople. There is another resemblance to the Yezidis in the practice of the Euchitæ of holding nightly meetings, at which the lamps were extinguished. They agree further in the allowance of deception and accommodation for the sake of escaping persecution. For, in the work mentioned, it is said, that such men were found amidst the "holy coin;" whether by this we are to understand the Catholic Church, or monks, or the clergy. Here the Euchitæ were discovered, after spreading themselves for a long time secretly, and in the twelfth century they came to light amongst the Sclavonian tribes under another name. There is no doubt that the Bogomilæ of the twelfth century were connected with the Euchitæ. The latter had endeavored to spread themselves within and around the Grecian empire, and were able easily to find admission to the newly-converted Bulgarian tribe. From this they entered again the Grecian empire, and thus it happens that they appear this time with the Sclavonian name Bogomilæ, which corresponds with their original Grecian name. The name is explained from the combination of Bog, Lord, and miloui, pray, taken from their frequent invocations of Deity. Amongst them we find the same doctrine as amongst the Euchitæ: one Father, from whom two spirits descend—the elder, Satanael, the younger, Christ; that Satanael rebelled against God, seduced a part of the other spirits, and by the divine power which he still retained, created the world. These Bogomilæ continued to spread for some time in the Grecian empire; and to them we trace some of the dualistic sects, which were found in the middle ages in the west of Europe, under the name of Cathari.

The combination of the Christian religion with that of Zoroaster was not of rare occurrence, but constantly renewed. And the sects which sprang from it spread into all the neighboring countries of Asia. In such a mixture the "children of the sun" originated. And though the Paulicians belonged to a different form of dualism from the Yezidis, it is an importan; fact that they endeavored to spread in all directions, that they were warlike, as the Yezidis, and were often employed amongst the auxiliaries of the Byzantine empire.

It only remains to inquire, whether the notion of the relation of the evil to the good held by the Yezidis, and certain Christian sects, sprang from a mixture of Parsic* and Christian ideas, or from some later form of the Parsic doctrine, without any connection with Christianity. This necessitates another question, whether we find in Parsism an absolute dualism, or only a relative one, founded on a belief in the unity of the primary principle as the first cause of all existence. To me a distinction seems to exist between a hidden first cause, and Ormuzd, who has his life

* The leading doctrines of Parsism were, that there are two principles in the universe in constant strife; Ormuzd, the good principle, Ahriman, the evil. The creation of the good comes first; Ahriman is the disturbing principle. But Ormuzd is destined to triumph, and the power of Ahriman will be taken away. Every true Parsic considered himself a soldier of Ormuzd.

in that hidden eternity, and is himself the divine essence revealed. The view of Ahriman as the first-born, and Ormuzd as the later, found in the relation of Satanael to Christ, points to an old Parsic sect. But the belief in Ahriman as an originally evil principle does not tally with the notion of future reconciliation; and all that Parsism teaches is, that at last the good will triumph over the evil—Ahriman will cease to fight. In this idea, that Ahriman, the evil principle, was originally bad, we find a notion entirely opposed to the views of the sects mentioned, and therefore conclude that they sprang from a mixture of the doctrines of Parsism and Christianity.

THE CAP OF LIBERTY.

THERE are some peculiar ceremonies which, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, survive the passage of time, and are found, even in modern days, as freshly engraved on the memory, as earnestly guarded by popular prejudice, and as acceptable to the spirit of a free nation, as in the remote centuries of antiquity. Amongst these, the use of that symbol of freedom, "the cap of liberty," stands foremost. In early times none but the free-born claimed the privilege of wearing a cap of this kind, and none dared to exercise it but one so entitled to enjoy it. Woe to the slave who had the imprudent hardihood to be seen covered! for the lash, the chain, and the brand soon made him repent of his neglect or his folly, whichever it might have been.

In all countries the slaves were obliged to appear bareheaded; and whenever the day came that freedom was the reward of faithful servitude, one of the ceremonies used in the manumission of the slave was the placing of a cap on the head by the former master. Thus the cap or hat became the symbol of liberty, and was the standard around which the spirit of patriotism rallied in many a revolution. When the mandate of the tyrannical Gessler compelled the hardy sons of Switzerland to salute a hat placed upon a pole, as a mark of submission, the spirit of the nation was roused, the tyrant paid forfeit with his life for his insulting order, and the hardy mountaineers obtained that liberty which has since been so intrepidly preserved; and, accordingly, the arms of the united cantons of Switzerland have a round hat for a crest, as emblematical of that liberty so nobly struggled for.

In England the cap, with the word liberty inscribed on it in letters of gold, is used as a symbol of the constitutional liberty of the nation, and Britannia sometimes bears it on the point of her spear. This, however, is not always the case, as the figure of Britannia is often represented with the trident of Neptune uncapped in her left hand, while with her right she offers the olive-branch of peace to the world.

In France, in the beginning of the revolution of 1789, the cap of liberty was hoisted as the symbol of freedom; but, when the bloody tragedies of the remorseless Directory filled France with terror and dismay, there were but few that regarded the cap of liberty with a favorable eye. It was during this melancholy period that the red cap was adopted, from the following circumstances:—For many years the kings of France sent those condemned for crimes and serious political offenses to the galleys at Marseilles, and there, chained to the oar, they dragged out a wretched and abandoned existence, in the polluted atmosphere of a society stained with crimes of the deepest dye. However, when the revolution opened the prison-doors, and burst the chains of the galley-slaves, the red cap worn by the liberated convicts was elevated as the standard of freedom, and borne by them as they marched in hundreds to Paris, the ready tools of the wicked men who then held the reins of power. On late occasions, when the revolutionary spirit of the times nearly upset every throne in Europe, the red cap was chosen by the republicans, and the red flag was the ensign of the assembled revolutionists. When jacobin clubs were rife in Paris, the red cap was also made the badge of membership, and hence often known under the title of the "jacobin cap." In the last-mentioned instances, however, the cap of liberty has certainly been used in a sense different from that originally attached to it, as in olden times it was solely used in the manumission of slaves.

"I WILL give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related is not true." "I accept your offer," said the president; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

THOMAS MOORE, HIS CHARACTER AS AN AUTHOR.

MR. MOORE has occupied no inconsiderable place among the writers of the last half-century. If, as a poet, he has not exhibited any of the more powerful forms of talent, if he has never risen to the dread sublimities of song, he has possessed in an almost unrivaled degree the qualities which constitute the lyric poet—qualities which present the language of poetry in combination with music, and captivate the ear as well as the mind by the harmony of sound married with immortal verse. The brilliancy which belongs to such effusions as these, may unfit a man for the lengthened and sustained effort of an epic poem; but they find many readers who can appreciate their charms, without being able to comprehend the merits of the other; and the judgment of antiquity never ceased to recognize the value of lyric poetry, while the higher place was given to the epic and the tragic muse. Among the poets of this school, we know of no English author who, as a writer of songs, excels, or even equals, Mr. Moore. Whatever be the theme—whether playful or pathetic, whether light or impassioned—there is an air and grace in his language which is almost peculiar to himself. His verse flows with a fluency which hardly seems natural to the English tongue; and his cadences show how exquisitely the ear was tuned to the expression of the sentiment with which the mind was filled. The Irish Melodies will long remain testimonies to this felicitous combination of power; and we can only regret, that a power which might have been used to the highest and most important purposes, which might have touched the feelings with such singular effect, and have wielded the tenderest and the noblest emotions of the heart with such magic influence, should too often have ministered to passions that could not be indulged with innocence, and to the dark and bitter recollections of disappointed and rebellious ambition.

Can we suppress the sigh which rises, while we call to mind the effects that might have been produced, had the talents of this gifted man been consecrated to the service of his God and Saviour, and if the first efforts of his genius had been exercised on sacred songs, instead of those with which his claim on public celebrity commenced. Thousands are doubtless mourning over the delusion which was thrown, by his early productions, over the ways of sin; thousands have been encouraged by the fascinating festivity of his tone to trust themselves in paths from which there was no returning; and no individual of the present day stands in this respect under a more awful responsibility. We have had, no doubt, men who have preached infidelity, and have laboured in various ways by reasoning, and by argument, to weaken the moral tone, and sap the very foundations of religious faith: but we all know how few are influenced by the dry discussions of such abstract subjects, compared with the multitude who listen to the Siren song which speaks through the senses, and which beguiles the mind by addressing it through the passions. Amidst the many who have thus been doing the work of Satan, and filling the broad path which leads to destruction with victims, Mr. Moore occupies a place of fearful eminence. The singular gracefulness of his language, the impassioned liveliness of his ideas, the sylphish elegance which vailed the corruption that he advocated, and the thoughtless confidence with which he beckoned onward his readers in the paths of pleasure, made him the seducing spirit of the youth of his age; and his early compositions have spread immorality and licentiousness wherever the beauty of his poetry could be appreciated.

The object of the present article is an analysis of character, rather than a literary review. We venture, therefore, to dismiss Mr. Moore's poems with the commendation which we believe to be their due, and which is the utmost he can expect from a Christian Observer. We believe that they all bear the marks of the same brilliant but rather trifling mind; that they exhibit peculiar sweetness of expression, much liveliness of thought, some tenderness of feeling; but that they are not calculated to subserve in the remotest degree the cause of virtue, or even manliness and vigor of character; that they raise no high or noble sentiments in the reader; but have a tendency to degrade the mind by the levity of their tone, as they can hardly fail to vitiate it by the passions which are idolized as the principles of man's happiness on earth.

We pass, then, from these brilliant but deceitful trifles, to works which followed,

and which by their sequence seemed to show the connection that exists between frames of mind that are generally thought to be essentially diverse and almost incompatible with each other. We have seen Mr. Moore in his early days the Catullus of his age, the eulogist of pleasure, stimulating the most powerful passions of the most impressible portion of mankind, and strewing the path of vice with flowers. During this period of his course, nothing can be more fascinating than the temper of his muse—she dances before the eye like Milton's Allegro.

The warm temperament of youth is hurried away by her attractions, and wonders how any one can condemn that which seems so playful and so kind. Alas! they little knew that these graceful movements were but like the frolics of the tiger—that those lovely colors were but like the hues which deck the serpent; and we are compelled to trace in the labors of Mr. Moore's graver hours, the effect which early licentiousness produces on the mind and principles of the man.

His prose writings are characterized by many of the qualities which marked his poetry. There is much beauty of language, much liveliness of remark, some tenderness of feeling, but the same absence of sound and manly principle.

The atmosphere of the boudoir predominates; and whether the subject be politics or religion, we recognize the same flippant scornful spirit, which flutters on the surface, and never descends into principles,—which hovers round everything that pleases the eye, or captivates the imagination, but never condescends to touch the dull unsightly mass that groans in obscurity below,—and which spares itself the trouble of inquiry, by a sort of intuitive decision as to the justice of its own views.

A mind like this is admirably fitted to deceive the world. The power of selecting all that is amiable in nature, and of concealing all that is wrong in principle; of presenting a subject in the form which must touch the feelings, while nothing is seen that would offend the judgment; and of holding up this picture with such confidence that the beholder thinks he has seen the whole character, when in fact he has seen only a part, and perhaps a very small and unessential part, of it, and is thus led to form his judgment from a very limited and guarded acquaintance—this is a power which has been too often used for evil purposes, but never more flagrantly than by Mr. Moore; and under this influence biography becomes in some cases the most dangerous and delusive sort of reading, instead of being, what it ought to be, the result of deliberate and impartial judgment, teaching by example instead of precept. The two individuals whose memories have been consigned to Mr. Moore as their historian, were men whose course of life, and whose end, offered rich materials for instruction to the world. Each entered life under the most favorable circumstances. The one gifted with personal advantages as richly as the other was with those of mind; both highly connected, captivating and attractive; and one of them, at least, eminently fitted to have added happiness, as well as dignity, to any station of domestic life. They both died at a comparatively early age; the one so worn out by excess, that he sank under the effort he made to emancipate himself from the bondage of self-indulgence; and the other expired with the guilt of murder on his spirit, and only escaped the scaffold by the wounds which he received in the deadly scuffle of his apprehension. That Mr. Moore should have viewed the errors into which these unhappy men were betrayed with something more than indulgence, was to be expected. He had been the companion and friend of one, the enthusiastic admirer of the other. In his intercourse with Lord Byron, he had felt all the charm of his imaginative powers, while he had witnessed some of those kindlier workings of heart which broke, like gleams of light, through the darkness of his life of dissipation. In Lord Edward Fitzgerald he saw the vindicator of his country's wrongs; and as his perception of these wrongs was not likely to be more clear or more correct, either with regard to their cause or their remedy, than that of his countrymen in general, he was dazzled by the heroism of his outward bearing, lost sight of the madness of his projects, and forgot the bloodshed which they contemplated and occasioned, in the amiability of his personal character. In each of these points he was guilty of a gross and flagrant error. It was not to be expected that the companion of Lord Byron's looser hours should assume the office of a censor with the charge of his biography, and condemn with the rigor

they deserved the follies and vices in which he had been himself a sharer; but it might have been hoped, that when years had dispelled the illusions of the world, and the surviving friend was called to review, with a sobered mind and matured judgment, the course which had ended in such a shipwreck, there should have been some deeper expressions of regret, some sign of humiliation, at the measure in which he himself had countenanced the practices that led to the melancholy conclusion of the man whom he loved.

We are compelled to remark the same obduracy of heart in the other biography; at least we are compelled to feel that political prejudice in this case did what was done by personal attachment in the other; and that Mr. Moore contemplates calmly the progress of an organized rebellion, which, if it had been realized to its full extent, might have deluged Ireland with blood; which, arrested as it was by discovery before it was matured in all its parts, did cost the death of thousands; and that, with all these horrors before him, he reserves all his pity for the men who were to have been the ringleaders in the massacre, and leaves the whole Protestant population—men, women, and children—to an unwept and unredressed extinction. It seems difficult to understand how a mind, which at other times appears to be so exquisitely sensitive, so tender and affectionate, as Mr. Moore's, can be on these occasions so callous and indifferent. He cannot deny that the peaceable part of the community—Protestant women and children—are formed of the same materials, and are susceptible of the same sufferings, with others; but his sympathies are concentrated on the convicted traitor, the disappointed rebel; and while the scene of poor Lord Edward's death is described with all the powers of language and sentiment, hardly a word escapes his lips as to the consequences that must have ensued, if that unfortunate and noble-minded young man had been allowed to raise the standard of rebellion, to cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war.

This union of qualities which seem antagonistic, we fear can only be explained by reference to essential principles. It has been found that licentiousness has an extraordinary effect in deadening the sympathies of our nature. We see that the selfishness which is indulged in the pursuit of pleasure, shows itself afterwards in inflicting that which causes pain; and we are too often compelled to remark that a hard heart is the universal consequence of a loose life. We hardly trust ourselves with the supposition that this was the case with Mr. Moore; but the fact is remarkable, and deserves attention; and while we find him, as we do on so many occasions, entwining his dagger with the myrtle, we are compelled to fear that the political zeal which prompts his verse, or points his prose, is much like that which made Harmodius and Aristogiton the liberators of Athens, and deserves little respect from the lover of constitutional liberty, the real friend of man.

We may turn to another work of Mr. Moore's; and in which he probably sought to reassure his own mind on the important subject of religion, by describing an Irish gentleman in pursuit of a religion. His countrymen are not renowned for the accuracy of their judgments, or the steadiness of their perseverance; and men who manage to make blunders in things of everyday occurrence, may possibly commit one in things of greater consequence. The gentleman, indeed, who is described as setting forth on this voyage of discovery, puts to sea without chart or compass. The word of God is not taken as a light to his path; and as he wishes to find peace without any very accurate notion of the sort of peace it may be desirable to possess, we cannot be surprised if he thinks he is most likely to succeed where it is most confidently offered, and rejoices to find all his doubts ended, and all necessity for inconvenient inquiry closed, by admission into an infallible Church. The main objection we would make to this book is this, that it professes to describe what is not the case; and that it represents the Irish gentleman as being in search of a religion, when every one can see that the business has long before been settled, and that the gentleman was amusing himself with the pursuit of that which had been already provided for him, and which he had neither the intention nor the liberty to quit.

We have thus far been reviewing the author through his works, rather than the works themselves; for in truth the works are not in general such as we should wish to bring before our readers; and we are urged to the office by a more grave and serious motive than that of criticism. We wish to avail ourselves of the occasion for

protesting against that sentimental religion, which imagines that a few sacred songs, destitute of all the essential character of the gospel—destitute even of the shadow of those feelings which might give the promise of repentance unto salvation—can be accepted as any evidence of a change of heart, or justify any claims to conversion. We hope, and earnestly hope, that this gifted man—endowed with such brilliancy of imagination, with such power of touching and exciting the heart, and with such a sense of what is sweet and lovely—may have seen and felt more than these effusions express, and may not have prepared to meet the justice of his God with an offering like that of Cain, composed of fruits and flowers. We trust that in his private retirement he may have known and felt so much of the sinfulness of sin, as to have rested neither on these pitiful oblations of fancy, nor on the exercises prescribed by the confessional. If he had wished, indeed, to know how such a life as his should be reviewed, and the language which befits the retrospect, we should have rejoiced to have guided him to one whose talents as a poet must have commanded his respect, and whom he might have been inclined to reverence as a devoted member of his own Church. We would not have guided him to any memorial of Protestant faith, or Protestant humiliation; we would not have named Newton or Cowper, as the models for his imitation; we would have asked him to admit the following sonnet of De Barreaud, as the language that befitted his case:—

"Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;
Toujours tu prends plaisir à nous être propice;
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera sans choquer ta justice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice;
Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité,
Et ta clémence même attend que je perisse.
Contente ton désir, puisqu'il t'est glorieux,
Offense toi des pleurs, qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne; frappe; il est tems; rends moi guerre pour guerre,
J'adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrit;
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ?"

"Great God, thy ways are righteous, just, and true;
Love is thy nature, mercy thy delight;
But mine is guilt of such a darken'd hue,
That e'en thy goodness wavers at the sight,
Nor can thy love reverse the sentence that is due.

"Yes, yes, my God, my sin's surpassing weight
Leaves to thy will supreme one only choice;
'Tis thine the sad amount of woe to state,
For Truth, eternal Truth, all hope denies,
And Goodness watches while the offender dies.

"Then do thy will, since this thou hast decreed;
Reject with scorn these supplicating tears;
Pour all thy lightnings on my rebel head;
No cry, no murmur, shall offend thy ears,
But conscious guilt shall silence e'en my prayers.

"Convinced that all that thou canst do is good,
Self-judged, self-bound, before thy feet I lie;
All questions ended, and all hope subdued,
In anguish worship, and adoring die.
But where's the place, whereon thy wrath can fall,
Which is not cover'd by the blood of Him who died for all?"

BE STRONG!

A WORD TO THE FEARFUL OF HEART.

Heart, with tumultuous tossings driven,
This thought for thy instruction take—
How stable are those stars in heaven
That tremble in the rippling lake!

A wavering hope may yet depend
On that which fails or wavers never;
Nor fully know, until the end,
Its strength—the Rock that stands forever.

HOW TO GET SLEEP.

How to get sleep is to some persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood on the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times, just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote

"Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN GEORGIA.

THE Hon. George R. Gilmer, in an address delivered in the college chapel at Athens, on the literary progress of Georgia, gives the following picture of the mode of tuition prevalent in the country schools of Georgia within the last half-century.

Wandering foreigners, principally drunken Irishmen, who had been driven from society in the old country, from their unfitness to discharge its duties, were the only persons sufficiently unoccupied who knew anything of letters to accept the office of schoolmaster. No one believed in their fitness, but no better could be had. Here and there a school was collected, of children going barefooted for miles around, to a schoolhouse of round unbarked logs, with a chimney at one end made of puncheons and mud, and at the other a plank for a writing table, placed at an opening made by cutting out a log. The schoolmaster, seated in a split-bottomed chair near the door, with a hickory switch in hand, taught "the young idea how to shoot," by impressions made upon backs and legs. The love of rhyme, which always precedes taste, was used to impress upon the memory of the children the knowledge of A B C. Each letter was described by a corresponding sound. One of the ways was to teach the children to say, A-bissel-pha, A by itself is A; E-bissel-phe, E by itself is E. The copulative & was called andpersand. There were no painted arithmetics in the hands of the masters or scholars. Lessons were given on slates; from the schoolmaster's manuscript book.

There was no school in the Goosepond neighborhood, on Broad River, from its first settlement in 1784 until 1796. The first teacher was a deserter from the British navy, whose only qualification was that he could write. He whipped according to navy practice. On cold mornings, when fire could not be conveniently had, he made the children join hands and run round and round, whilst he hastened their speed by the free application of the switch. He was knowing in all sorts of rascality. He broke open the locks of several of his employers, in search of money, was detected, and punished at the public whipping-post.

A boy then taught A B C, until another master was found. He was a fair-haired, soft-handed, rosy-cheeked North Carolina youth, who would have done very well, if he had been permitted to continue teaching. He was thought very handsome, and got a wife at once.

The next schoolmaster was an Irishman, who taught as long as the people would send their children to him. He got drunk whenever he could get at whisky, and he whipped without stint. The two cleverest lads in the school received from ten to fifteen whippings a-day.

The next was a Virginia gentleman, who had spent his property in drinking and other dissipation. He kept school to enable him to continue these habits.

The next was an Irishman, who got drunk whenever he had the means, and was in other respects such a sorry fellow and sorry teacher, that he was never permitted to teach longer than one year in the same place.

Many years afterwards, an old man trudged his way, shillelah in hand, to this settlement. He wore the jump jacket of the last century, and carried under his arm his first manuscript ciphering book. He had taught Judge Matthews, afterward of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and Meriwether Lewis, the first traveler across the Rocky Mountains. The old schoolmaster had returned, after thirty years' absence, to seek employment from his former patrons, or to reap benefit from the success of his first scholars. But his school-house was rotted down, and his employers and scholars either dead or removed from the country. The hickory switch had ceased to be the instrument of authority. The old schoolmaster's occupation was gone.

The following description of a "turn-out," is attributed to Rev. President Longstreet; it is a graphic illustration of the old country schools of Georgia:—

"In the good old days of *fescues*, *abisselfas*, and *andpersands*, terms which used to be familiar in this country during the Revolutionary war, and which lingered in some of our country schools for a few years afterward—I visited my friend Captain Griffin, who resided about seven miles to the eastward of Wrightsborough, then in Richmond, but now in Columbia county. I reached the captain's hospitable dome on Easter, and was received by him and his good lady with a *Georgia welcome* of 1790.

"The day was consumed in the interchange of news between the captain and myself (though, I confess, it might have been better employed), and the night found us seated round a temporary fire, which the captain's sons had kindled up for the purpose of dyeing eggs. It was a common custom of those days with boys to dye and peck eggs on Easter Sunday and for a few days afterward.

"There was, however, another and an all-absorbing subject which occupied the minds of the boys during the whole evening, of which I could occasionally catch distant hints, in under tones and whispers, but of which I could make nothing until they were explained by the captain himself.

"'The boys,' said the captain, as they retired, 'are going to turn out the schoolmaster to-morrow, and you can perceive they think of nothing else. We must go over to the schoolhouse and witness the contest, in order to prevent injury to preceptor or pupils; for, though the master is always, upon such occasions, glad to be turned out, and only struggles long enough to present his patrons a fair apology for giving the children a holiday, which he desires as much as they do, the boys always conceive a holiday gained by a 'turn-out' as the sole achievement of their valor; and, in their zeal to distinguish themselves upon such memorable occasions, they sometimes become too rough, provoke the master to wrath, and a very serious conflict ensues. To prevent these consequences, to bear witness that the master was *forced* to yield before he would withhold a day of his promised labor from his employers, and to act as a mediator between him and the boys in settling the articles of peace, I always attend; and you must accompany me to-morrow.' I cheerfully promised to do so.

"The captain and I rose before the sun, but the boys had risen and were off to the schoolhouse before the dawn. After an early breakfast, hurried by Mrs. G. for our accommodation, my host and myself took up our line of march toward the schoolhouse. We reached it about half an hour before the master arrived, but not before the boys had completed its fortifications. It was a simple log-pen, about twenty feet square, with a doorway cut out of the logs, to which was fitted a rude door, made of clapboards, and swung on wooden hinges. The roof was covered with clapboards also, and retained in their places by heavy logs placed on them. The chimney was built of logs, diminishing in size from the ground to the top, and overspread inside and out with red clay mortar. The classic hut occupied a lovely spot, overshadowed by majestic hickories, towering poplars, and strong-armed oaks.

"As I before remarked, the boys had strongly fortified the schoolhouse, of which they had taken possession. The door was barricaded with logs, which I should have supposed would have defied the combined powers of the whole school. The chimney, too, was nearly filled with logs of goodly size; and these were the only passways to the interior. I concluded, if a *turn-out* was all that was necessary to decide the contest in favor of the boys, they had already gained the victory. They had, however, not as much confidence in their outworks as I had, and, therefore, had armed themselves with long sticks; not for the purpose of using them upon the master if the battle should come to close quarters, for this was considered unlawful warfare; but for the purpose of guarding their *works* from his approaches, which it was considered perfectly lawful to protect by all manner of jobs and punches through the cracks. From the early assembling of the girls, it was very obvious that they had been let into the conspiracy, though they took no part in the active operations. They would, however, occasionally drop a word of encouragement to the boys, such as 'I wouldn't turn out the master; but if I did turn him out, I'd die before I'd give up.' These remarks doubtless had an emboldening effect upon '*the young free-borns*,' as Mrs. Trollope would call them; for I never knew the Georgian of any age who was indifferent to the smiles and praises of the ladies—before his marriage.

"At last the schoolmaster, Mr. Michael St. John, made his appearance. Though some of the girls had met him a quarter of a mile from the schoolhouse, and told him all that had happened, he gave signs of sudden astonishment and indignation when he advanced to the door, and was assailed by a whole platoon of sticks from the cracks: 'Why, what does all this mean?' said he, as he approached the captain and myself, with a countenance of two or three varying expressions.

"'Why,' said the captain, 'the boys have turned you out, because you have refused to give them an Easter holiday.'

"'O,' returned Michael, 'that's it, is it? Well, I'll see whether their parents are to pay me for letting their children play when they please.' So saying, he advanced to the schoolhouse, and demanded, in a lofty tone, of its inmates, an unconditional surrender.

"'Well, give us holiday then,' said twenty little urchins within, 'and we'll let you in.'

"'Open the door of the *academy*'—(Michael would allow nobody to call it a schoolhouse)—'Open the door of the academy this instant,' said Michael, 'or I'll break it down.'

"'Break it down,' said Pete Jones and Bill Smith, 'and we'll break you down.'

"During this colloquy I took a peep into the fortress, to see how the garrison were affected by the parley. The little ones were obviously panic-struck at the first words of command; but their fears were all chased away by the bold, determined reply of Pete Jones and Bill Smith, and they raised a whoop of defiance.

"Michael now walked round the academy three times, examining all its weak points with great care. He then paused, reflected for a moment, and wheeled off suddenly towards the woods, as though a bright thought had just struck him. He passed twenty things which I supposed he might be in quest of, such as huge stones, fence-rails, portable logs, and the like, without bestowing the least attention upon them. He went to one old log, searched it thoroughly, then to another, then to a hollow log, into which he looked with equal caution, and so on.

"'What is he after?' inquired I.

"'I'm sure I don't know,' said the captain, 'but the boys do. Don't you notice the breathless silence which prevails in the schoolhouse, and the intense anxiety with which they are eyeing him through the cracks?'

"At this moment Michael had reached a little excavation at the root of a dogwood, and was in the act of putting his hand into it, when a voice from the garrison exclaimed, with most touching pathos, 'O messy, he's found my eggs! boys, let's give up.'

"'I won't give up,' was the reply from many voices at once.

"'You coward, Zeph Pettibone, you wouldn't give a wooden egg for all the holidays in the world.'

"If these replies did not reconcile Zephaniah to his apprehended loss, it at least silenced his complaints. In the mean time Michael was employed in relieving Zeph's storehouse of its provisions; and, truly, its contents told well for Zeph's skill in egg-pecking. However, Michael took out the eggs with great care, and brought them within a few paces of the schoolhouse, and laid them down with equal care in full view of the besieged. He revisited the places which he had searched, and to which he seemed to have been led by intuition; for from nearly all of them did he draw eggs, in greater or less numbers. These he treated as he had done Zeph's, keeping each pile separate. Having arranged the eggs in double files before the door, he marched between them with an air of triumph, and once more demanded a surrender, under pain of an entire destruction of the garrison's provisions.

"'Break 'em just as quick as you please,' said George Griffin; 'our mothers 'll give us a plenty more, won't they, pa?'

"'I can answer for yours, my son,' said the captain; 'she would rather give up every egg upon the farm, than see you play the coward or traitor to save your property.'

"Michael, finding that he could make no impression upon the fears or the avarice of the boys, determined to carry their fortifications by storm. Accordingly, he procured a heavy fence-rail, and commenced the assault upon the door. It soon came to pieces, and the upper logs fell out, leaving a space of about three feet at the top. Michael boldly entered the breach, when, by the articles of war, sticks were thrown aside as no longer lawful weapons. He was resolutely met on the half-demolished rampart by Peter Jones and William Smith, supported by James Griffin. These were the three largest boys in the school; the first about sixteen years of age, the second about fifteen, and the third just eleven. Twice was Michael repulsed by these young champions; but the third effort carried him fairly into the fortress. Hostilities now ceased for a while, and the captain and I, having leveled the remaining logs at the door, followed Michael into the house. A large three-inch plank, (if it deserve that name, for it was wrought from the half of a tree's trunk entirely with the axe,) attached to the logs by

means of wooden pins, served the whole school for a writting desk. At a convenient distance below it, and on a line with it, stretched a smooth log, resting upon the logs of the house, which answered for the writers' seat. Michael took his seat upon the desk, placed his feet on the seat, and was sitting very composedly, when, with a simultaneous movement, Pete and Bill seized each a leg, and marched off with it in quick time. The consequence is obvious; Michael's head first took the desk, then the seat, and finally the ground, (for the house was not floored,) with three sonorous thumps of most doleful portent. No sooner did he touch the ground than he was completely buried with boys. The three elder laid themselves across his head, neck, and breast, the rest arranging themselves *ad libitum*. Michael's equanimity was considerably disturbed by the first thump, became restive with the second, and took flight with the third. His first effort was to disengage his legs; for without them he could not rise, and to lie in his present position was extremely inconvenient and undignified. Accordingly, he drew up his right, and kicked at random. This movement laid out about six in various directions upon the floor.

"'Tut!' said Captain Griffin, 'young Washingtons mind these trifles! At him again.'

"The name of Washington cured their wounds and dried up their tears in an instant, and they legged him *de novo*. The left leg treated six more as unceremoniously as the right had those just mentioned; but the talismanic name had just fallen upon their ears before the kick, so they were invulnerable. They therefore returned to the attack without loss of time. The struggle seemed to wax hotter and hotter for a short time after Michael came to the ground, and he threw the children about in all directions and postures, giving some of them thumps which would have placed the *ruffle-shirted* little darlings of the present day under the discipline of paregoric and opodeldoc for a week; but these hardy sons of the forest seemed not to feel them. As Michael's head grew easy, his limbs, by a natural sympathy, became more quiet, and he offered one day's holiday as the price. The boys demanded a week; but here the captain interposed, and, after the common but often unjust custom of arbitrators, split the difference. In this instance the terms were equitable enough, and were immediately acceded to by both parties. Michael rose in a good humor, and the boys were, of course. Loud was their talking of their deeds of valor as they retired. One little fellow about seven years old, and about three feet and a half high, jumped up, cracked his feet together, and exclaimed, 'Pete Jones, Bill Smith, and *me* can hold any *Sinjin* that ever trod Georgy grit.' By the way, the name of *St. John* was always pronounced '*Sinjin*' by the common people of that day; and so it must have been by Lord Bolingbroke himself, else his friend Pope would never have addressed him in a line so unmusical as

'Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things.'

Nor would Swift, the friend and companion of both, have written

'What *St. John's* skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valor, Oxford's cares.'
o o o o o
'Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from *St. John*, Pope, and Gray.'"

THE HISTORY OF THE PEARL.

IN the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, was a splendid collection of precious stones. Among these there is the monster pearl which far exceeds in size any other specimen of the kind in the exhibition or in England. It weighs eighteen hundred grains, and is two inches long, and four and a half in circumference. We are all familiar with the appearance of the pearl; a few sentences therefore of the history of this interesting jewel may assist our lady-readers' appreciation of it.

The pearl, so called on account of its form, from the Latin word *sphærula*, a round body, is found attached either to the inner part of the shell of the pearl oyster, or else in the thick fleshy part of the animal itself. This beautiful jewel, known as the pearl, is produced by the oyster itself, and is formed of a material secreted by the animal. The real cause of the oyster's forcing this substance within its bivalve house, seems to be in fact nothing more than an effort of the little animal to get rid of a source of irritation, such as a grain of sand or some such small foreign body, which has insinuated itself between the mouth of the oyster and the shell, or some enemy of the oyster perforating the

shell from the outside, to get within reach of its prey. In either case, the oyster envelopes the sand or other substance, or closes up the aperture, formed with a smooth coat of membrane, over which it spreads a layer of nacre or pearl. The word *nacre* comes from a Spanish word signifying *mother-of-pearl*, or the shell in which we find the pearl.

In both these cases we usually find the pearl adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The best and the most valuable specimens are however generally found in the body of the animal; and the source of irritation in this case is proved, according to the attentive observations of Sir Everard Home, to be an ovum or egg of the oyster, which, instead of coming to maturity, and being thrown out of the shell by the mother along with the others, proves abortive, and remains behind in the capsule in which all the ova were originally contained. This capsule being still supplied with blood-vessels from the parent-animal, goes on increasing in size for another year, and then receives a covering of nacre, the same as the oyster spreads over the internal surface of the shell. The animal adds a fresh layer every year to the nucleus thus formed, which thus increases in size; and it is probable that the oyster deposits this pearly covering, not so much in any regular quantity as in proportion to the amount of irritation it experiences from the exciting cause.

The peculiar luster of the true pearl, and which distinguishes it from all artificial means of imitation, arises from the central cell, which is lined with a highly polished coat of nacre, and the substance of the pearl itself being diaphanous, the rays of light easily pervade it.

The chemical constitution of the pearl is carbonate of lime (of which common chalk is another form); hence the possibility of the luxurious Romans dissolving them in vinegar and drinking the solution. The story of Cleopatra is well known, in which, in order that she might be enabled to expend a larger sum in one feast than Mark Antony had done in the series of sumptuous repasts he had provided for her gratification, she took a pearl from her ear, said to be valued at $403,645 80 of our money, and having dissolved it in vinegar, drank off the solution.

Large sums are mentioned by ancient historians as having been given in former times for pearls: these statements may or may not be correct; we therefore proceed to speak of the actual money-producing value of some of the pearl-fisheries of the present day. In 1804 the government of Great Britain leased the pearl-fishery at Ceylon for $600,000 for one year; but in 1828, it brought only $153,060. The value of the pearl fisheries of Bahrim in the Persian Gulf, may be reckoned at more than $1,000,000 annually; or taking the produce of the whole Gulf, not far short of $1,750,000 per annum. Of course our readers are aware that the pearls are obtained by divers. In the Ceylon fishery as many as fifteen hundred divers are sometimes employed. The divers share the profits of the fishery, in a certain proportion—a mode of employment which gives the laborers about $1 25 or $1 50 a day. Of course, this is considered most excellent pay in a country in which the ordinary rate of wages seldom exceeds about one shilling a day. The divers in six or seven fathoms of water, usually remain immersed about fifty or fifty-five seconds; a reward having been offered to him who could remain longest under water, it was gained by one who remained at the bottom for eighty-seven seconds. The diver carries down a sack with him in which to put the oysters, and which, when filled, is pulled up by a rope into a boat on the surface ready to receive it. If the diver is exhausted, he is pulled up with the bag; but this is seldom the case, as it is much easier to rise to the surface of the sea than to keep at the bottom. The business of a pearl fisher is not considered by any means unhealthy, and the period of fishing —which seldom occupies more than two months in the spring—is considered as quite a holiday by the laborers in the Indian islands. The use of a diving-dress and apparatus has never, we believe, been tried in the pearl fisheries.

All along the coasts of Ceylon and Coromandel, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and on various parts of the Pacific coast of South America, as well as at Algeria and the Bay of Panama, the pearl oyster makes his home. Each bank is available only for about two months in seven years; and the banks are seldom disturbed till the oysters are supposed to be in a fit state for gathering. When the oysters are brought to land, they are thrown into a pit and allowed to rot, so

that the pearls can be extracted without injury to their delicate structure. Very little preparation is necessary to fit the pearls for sale, as regularity of shape is not much regarded by the purchaser.

The largest pearl of which we have anything like a correct account, is one which the King of Persia bought of an Arab in 1633 for $550,000. It is pear-shaped, of a regular form, and without the slightest blemish. It measures six inches and three-quarters in diameter at the largest part, and is nearly one inch and a half long. Pearls are found in various places in Great Britain, and there was a specimen or two in the Exhibition of Scotch pearls.

From 1761 to 1764 $50,000 worth of pearls were taken at Perth. The rivers of the counties of Tyrone and Donegal have also yielded pearls. Mother-of-pearl is the lining or inner part of the shell of the pearl oyster, and differs from true pearl only in form, and in being less compact and lustrous.

It is the large oysters of the Indian seas alone which secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render it available for the purposes of manufacture. Nearly one million pounds-weight of this mother-of-pearl are annually imported into Great Britain. In the early part of last year a ship arrived in London from the Bay of Panama with upward of two million pearl shells, to be used principally in the manufacture of shirt buttons. It is curious to think that the pearls which deck the head of a queen, and the buttons which the poor bachelor sews on to his "other shirt," are precisely alike in structure, came from the same miserable diseased oyster, were fished up by the same dusky Indian divers, and differ in nothing but an artificial money value!

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

NEARLY all nations naturally attach great importance to marriage ceremonies, associated as they generally become, in the memory of almost every individual, with the chief event of his life; and the attendant festivities, sacred and profane, are so variously modified by climate, civilization, and whatever contributes to the formation of national peculiarities, that it may not prove an uninteresting task to compare somewhat the nuptial celebrations of various countries. They present every variety; and though affected more or less by the indolent, or poetic, the energetic, or superstitious temperaments of different nations, we think it will generally be found that in proportion as women are reverenced, and as civilization becomes far advanced, marriage festivities are conducted with proportionally increased solemnity and simplicity. Let us see how such matters are arranged in the South Sea Islands. There, if the union contemplated is between parties of rank, four large piles of plantains, yams, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, fish, cakes, bananas, with a baked pig on the top of each, are, early in the morning, arranged in front of the house of the bridegroom, and the spectators assemble round them decked in new dresses, and their bodies anointed with sweet oil. Then the bride, closely vailed in fine matting made from the bark of the mulberry-tree, is brought to the same place, and her feet, hands, and face being first anointed with sandal wood and tumeric, she takes her seat, and mock duels with clubs are performed in her presence, followed by boxing and wrestling matches, after which the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by their friends, who sing as they walk, enact a sort of procession before the spectators, who greet them with loud acclamations. The bridegroom then commences a dance with his young men attendants, during which the bride is led into her future habitation; the heaps of provisions are next distributed or scrambled for, succeeded by another boxing match; and the lighting up of the abode of the bridegroom, with singing and dancing in the evening, conclude these somewhat barbaric festivities. Those of the Tartar races are quite dissimilar; and as each man may possess four wives, it is not surprising that the affair becomes one of barter, and the price of a woman, varying, according to her beauty, from twenty to five hundred rubles, is first determined upon between the father and the suitor, after which the latter is permitted to pay his respects in person to his future bride. When the price agreed on has been all paid, the young woman's companions come to her father's house the evening before the wedding, and the females offer condolences on her quitting the parental roof, which are responded to by two male friends, who sing songs

meant to inspire her with happy hopes for the future. The following morning the young couple stand up in presence of the mollah, who asks if they will wed one another; he next repeats a prayer, and bestows on them the nuptial benediction; and the bride is then seated on a carpet, and carried to the house of the bridegroom, where festivities are continued for many days, consisting chiefly of dancing and music. The Russian peasants, though near neighbors to the Tartars, have customs, on such occasions, peculiar to themselves, and which are believed by some antiquarians to be derived from the Greeks. The lover, accompanied by his brideman, goes first to the lady's abode, and the friend says to the mother, "Show us your goods; we have money." He is then permitted to enter the bride's apartment, and afterward gives the lover a description of the girl and her possessions. The next day the lover exacts a similar privilege, only he experiences more difficulty in inducing the bashful fair one to show herself; if he is then satisfied, the betrothing is not long delayed; on which occasion the young people kneel to receive the father's blessing, who places one of the household saints on their heads during the ceremony; rings are interchanged, and the bride gives out handkerchiefs to her female friends for them to embroider, and for her to present on the wedding day to her husband and his friends. On the preceding afternoon she is conducted to the bath, her companions singing lamentations, at the prospect of losing her, while they walk through the village. The same parties thus chant before setting out to church:—"A falcon flies in pursuit of a dove. Charming dove, are you ready? Your mate is come to seek you." "Yes," is answered, with sighs. The saint's image accompanies the party to church, and when the priest's benediction has been pronounced, the bridegroom by legal rights takes his bride by both ears and kisses her; the young maids remove her virgin head-dress, replacing it with the marriage insignia; and then all return home to make merry, and the bridegroom throws nuts on the ground to indicate his renunciation of all boyish sports.

Less poetical than weddings thus accompanied by song, the African observances would not be at all relished by the English fair sex. Not only is the nuptial engagement an affair of merchandise, in which the bride's father sells his daughter for so many oxen and slaves, but the girl's nominal consent is not considered necessary; and as soon as ever the price is paid, and perhaps on the same evening, the young girl selected is decked in a white vail of her own weaving, and, attended by her own friends, she goes to the bridegroom's house, where she takes off her sandals, and a calabash of water is given her; she knocks at the door, which being opened, discloses the bridegroom seated in state, surrounded by the elders of his family; going up to him, she kneels before him and pours the water over his feet in token of her entire submission to his will. In curious contrast to this insulting want of even decent attention toward the bride amongst the swarthy Africans, are the antique ceremonies observed by the superstitious Hindoos; but they are so tediously long drawn out we must endeavor to compress our account of them as much as possible. The father makes the proposal on behalf of his son, which is always done on a lucky day; before a reply is given, the bride's father pays a similar visit, after which, with great pomp, the other parent accompanies his son, who makes gifts to the bride, one of which is a piece of silk to be worn on the wedding-day; his father then presents four to six guineas with some betel to the bride's father, saying:—"The money is thine, and the girl is mine." The answer is *vice versa*, and a Brahmin repeats a certain formulary which closes the betrothment. A lattice-work bower is now built in the court-yard, and, from ten to thirty days, festivities are carried on, and friends call, and the interval so spent is equivalent to our reading of the bans in the church. Offerings are made to propitiate the god of marriage, and the young couple ride on elephants to return their friends' visits in the evenings, when fire-works and illuminations add to the pomp kept up in all conceivable ways. For fear any evil eye should have been turned upon the lovers during these evening processions, a piece of cloth is torn in two in their presence, and the pieces thrown away in opposite directions; and on the wedding-day Brahmins arrange themselves on a raised platform, surrounded by jars of water, the two largest being placed on it

by the lovers, and prayers are offered up to bring down the deity into one of them. The sacrificial fire is then kindled, and oil, butter, rice, incense, &c., are thrown into it. The nuptials are performed by a Brahmin, who at the conclusion breaks a cocoa-nut in two, and then blesses the tali, or piece of gold, worn by all married women, which is placed round the bride's neck by the bridegroom, who swears before the fire to take care of his wife. All present sprinkle rice, mixed with saffron, over the shoulders of the newly-married, and repeat prayers as they do so, which is their mode of bestowing a benediction on the union.

Amongst the Turks, marriages are generally those of convenience, and are arranged by the parents in presence of a notary, the bride's dowry being her own to reclaim in case of separation. On the eve of the wedding, she goes to a public bath, where she is met by a large company of friends and relatives, and, in bathing costume, she walks round the bath; her bridesmaids, similarly attired, singing, as they walk beside her, a sort of epithalamium. Every one then salutes her, and presents her with jewels and other gifts, in return for which she kisses their hands. The succeeding morning she puts on a red vail, bordered with yellow, and in a close carriage, which entirely screens her from view, she is conveyed to the bridegroom's house, preceded by trees borne aloft, from which hang waving festoons of gold and silver thread, while musicians and mountebanks divert the people, who gaze admiringly on the string of horses loaded with the bride's effects, and her relatives, richly dressed, who follow in carriages. Festivities are kept up for some time; but as the sexes are not allowed to intermingle, they can hardly be called of a social order, and chiefly consist in performances to be looked at, such as puppet-shows, dancing with castanets, and optical deceptions.

Marriage festivities amongst the North American Indians are singularly brief and simple. A young "brave," whose courage has been tested in many skirmishes, who can exhibit plenty of scalps, and who is a good hunter, easily wins the favor of his Indian bride; and then seeking her r, while she stands by, he offers ·ts to the old man, who, if he is with them and with the suitor, takes the hands of the young couple, and, joining them together, the quiet ceremonial of the union is completed, and is followed by a little feasting.

In Spain, the warm climate and temperament of its people are exhibited in the poetical ceremonies attendant on courtship and marriage. When a mutual understanding has taken place between the young people, a night is appointed for the betrothment, and the lover seeks the fair one's abode, which is decorated with festoons of flowers. He is accompanied by torch-bearers, musicians, and attendants, who form a circle round the house, and a serenade is performed of the most flattering kind; and when she has been sufficiently wooed, the coy maiden opens a little window, and asks what the gentleman wants? This leads to another rapturous burst of musical tenderness, and at last the lady throws down the garland from her hair, and promises everlasting constancy; the musicians immediately strike up a triumphant allegro; the windows are illuminated; the maiden and her parents come out and conduct the serenaders into the house; and firing of guns and shouts of joy resound through the calm, delicious night-air of Valencia. The day of the marriage is celebrated with musical entertainments, horse-races, and divers other amusements, and at midnight the bridegroom bears away by main force the bride, who is detained as long as possible by her companions, to the beautiful arbor adorned for their retirement on the terrace upon the roof of the house.

The wooer of the Swiss cantons commences his courtship by the more truly romantic offering of a bouquet of flowers, gathered on the brink of a precipice; and to see his beloved, he is often forced to journey many leagues over the mountains at night, exposed to the risk of being waylaid by jealous rivals. When the object of this nocturnal wooing has been accomplished, the wedding-day is fixed, and, preceded by musicians and bridemen, decked in gay ribbons, the young people walk to church, followed by a woman bearing a basket of flowers. The bride is dressed in a plaited apron, red hose, a floral crown, and a stomacher, upon which are inscribed her Christian and surname, and the date of the year, and the chief brideman holds her by her apron. When

the religious forms are completed, the spectators obstruct the way of the bridal party, who are obliged to give them wine before they can proceed to the village public-house, where the festivities are to be held. Here Swiss dances are succeeded by the appointed person taking off the bride's virgin crown, and casting it into the flames, whose crackling indicates that the young couple must not expect to be free from mankind's common portion of ill fortune during their future career. Food is also distributed to the poor in an adjoining meadow, and, with the simple fervor of religious faith in mountainous countries, the newly-married are then conducted to the bridegroom's house, which everybody enters, after first kneeling down and praying for the welfare of the young people.

The Illyrians and Dalmatians are descended from so many mixed races of men, that a great number of curious nuptial observances yet linger amongst them, and vary in the different provinces, although the main ceremonies differ little from the Swiss and Spanish customs, which we have already described. One of these varieties is one common amongst the Romans, and still kept up by the Morlachians, of presenting the bride, after the marriage is consummated, with a sieve full of walnuts or almonds, which she throws amongst the by-standers, to signify that plenty will prevail in her house. The Illyrians usually appear well-armed, and have their hats adorned with peacock's feathers, in compliance with ancient prejudices, on nuptial occasions; and, even now, bloody encounters are too common, when rival suitors insist on such trials of skill. As their wedding lasts several days, each guest is daily furnished with a small tub of water wherewith to wash himself, and each leaves in the tub some money for the bride, which thus augments her little dowry, of one cow and her wearing apparel. In some districts a ridiculous custom is observed, of the parents depreciating their daughter in set speeches before she is conducted to the house of the bridegroom, who says, in return, to the young wife, "Well; I shall find means to bring you to reason, and to begin with you in time. I shall let you feel the weight of my arm." He then pretends to beat her, though this part of the business is not always confined to a mere form. Another curious ceremony at Illyrian weddings is during the wedding dinner, in the midst of which all the company rise up, and the bride is expected to throw over her husband's house a cake, made of hard coarse dough; the higher she can do this, the happier will the marriage prove; and if the cake falls on the other side without breaking, it is considered a convincing proof that she will make a good housewife. The firing of pistols is common in these provinces on festive occasions; and, sometimes for a week before the wedding, a bride is expected to kiss all the men who come to see her, in token of the regard which she shall henceforth feel for the sex of her husband; and, on the day of her marriage, the bridegroom's friends ride forward and present her with a white silk handkerchief, which she returns, and the messengers then gallop back to the rest of their party, amongst whom the kerchief is divided, and who, ranging themselves in a circle, partake of refreshments, amidst the discharge of fire-arms. On arriving at the bride's abode, the attendant maidens fasten an apple, encircled with flowers, to the top of the standard-bearer's lance; and, on reaching church, the bride is the last to alight, though she has the privilege of assisting her father-in-law to dismount.

The marriage ceremonies of the Tyrolese are more interesting, for they are evidently dictated by far truer sensibility. It is usual when an enamored swain of this nation beseeches the sanction of his parents to his choice, for them to reply—"Go, earn thy wife. To be a good father, a man must be able to get bread for his children;" and the young man dutifully obeys the mandate—the operation of which frequently banishes him to distant countries, with merchandise to dispose of, or other commissions, entailing the expenditure of a long period of time, much trouble, and patience. If, after this trial, he persists in his constancy, the father and son array themselves in their best apparel, and with presents of honey-comb, laid on sweet-scented plants, fine fruits, and cakes, made by some beloved sister, they visit the future bride, to whom the father says, "God bless thee, lovely girl, who remindest me of the days of my youth. I have a son; he loves thee. Wilt thou make my declining years happy?" She modestly replies, and the lover

is then introduced, and lays his gifts at the feet of his mother-in-law, when singing by the young maidens present, and a frugal repast follows; and in the evening the lover serenades the fair one for whom he has so long waited. Music forms an important item in the wedding-day festivities, on which occasion the schoolmaster addresses a complimentary speech to the bride, who afterward delivers to her future spouse the ribbons for his garters, in token of submission. In church, before the priest pronounces the final benediction, the white-robed bride and gayly-decked bridegroom kneel to receive their parents' blessing; and after the marriage dinner, the head of the family offers up a solemn prayer for the happiness of the young couple, and, as the evening wears on, dancing begins, and the bride, in return for their congratulations, presents flowers to each of the young men; while the bridegroom, in like manner, gives different-colored ribbons to the fair maidens, who, in turn, have offered him their good wishes.

It is said, and it is greatly to their credit, that in no country are matches of interest less common than in Holland. When a maiden of the Netherlands has signed her consent to her lover's proposals, her apartment is decorated with garlands, and in country places a triumphal arch is erected before the house, and, for some days, the betrothed receives visits of congratulation every forenoon from friends and relatives, who are offered wines and liquors, which on these occasions are termed bride's tears, bottles of which, decked with white and green ribbons, and square boxes of sweetmeats, are also sent round to all acquaintances, instead of bride-cakes. The marriage-day ceremonies present no new features, unless it be the invariable presence of blanc-mange at the banquet, which is called "the bride's strengthener;" and at the conclusion of the ball the bridegroom is generally forced to promise the bribe of a second treat before he can obtain possession of the lady, which treat is given at the young couple's expense several days after the wedding.

The length of this paper warns us to draw to a conclusion, which we shall do describing the Hebrew ceremonial of riage. On the night preceding a Jew- marriage, the steward of the bride- groom sleeps with the latter, in order to prevent any evil spirit from having access to him; and when morning breaks, they both adjourn with other male friends to the house of the bride, and are ushered into a room where all the men of the family are assembled. Every one bows his head to the east as he takes his seat, and a solemn pause of silence precedes the prayers and benedictions then offered up on behalf of the lovers; this little service ended, the bridegroom's steward bears the gifts of the wooer to the women's apartments, where he presents the usual set of presents to the bride, viz: two pair of shoes, one pair of hose, a silk pocket-handkerchief, and a prayer-book. She returns the compliment, by sending to the bridegroom an embroidered bag, for holding the Jewish symbols of faith, which are daily used by the male Hebrews; these are the Zepholim, or certain holy chapters written out on parchment, and leathern straps worn round the arms, with sacred words inscribed on them; she also gives him a Thalis or wrapper, to be used at prayers, and a white shirt or tunic, which he wears at his wedding feast, and once a year on the festival of the Reconciliation, and in which he is buried. When the interchanging of gifts is over, the blast of a trumpet is heard, and the bridegroom is conducted in procession to an apartment wherein is a canopy, beneath which he takes his place. Then the trumpet sounds again, and the bride enters in procession, and after walking round the room three times, to the blasts of the trumpet, she is placed beside the bridegroom, and the priest also stepping under the canopy, reads the marriage contract. The bridegroom puts a ring on the bride's finger, who is then closely enveloped in a thick vail, and is not allowed to be seen again until the following morning; a glass of wine is next brought in, which is consecrated by the priest, and by him delivered to the bridegroom, who drinks the wine, and the glass is placed under his heel, for a sign, that as it could no more be intact, so should his fidelity never be sundered. Another pause of solemn silence ensues, which is broken by loud joyful acclamations, while again the trumpet sounds; all present embrace the bride and bridegroom, and each other, and a lively banquet closes the wedding festival of the young Hebrews.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THIS name must be lifted up as a beacon, with all its pleasant and interesting associations; it must be added to the list in which some names of brighter fame are written—Burns, Byron, Campbell, and others, their compeers. They had all the rich endowment of genius, and might, in achieving fame for themselves, have gained glory for God, and great good for man. But they looked "upon the wine when it was red," and gave life and fame, and their precious gifts, and God's blessing, for its false and ruinous joys. We would not drag forth their names, that we may gloat over their infirmities. We pity them for their sad fall. We acknowledge the strength of their temptations, and, walking backwards, would throw a mantle over their frailties. But these men are needed also as warnings. The moral world must have its light-houses. Thousands of young men are running down upon the same rocks on which they were cast away. If the light of their genius has made them conspicuous, let us then use their conspicuity, and throw a ray from them, as from a beacon, far out upon the dim and perilous sea.

Hartley Coleridge was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet and metaphysician. He had some of his father's gifts, particularly his captivating conversational power, and his propensity for novel and profound speculation. He had also his father's infirmity of purpose. In the case of the son, the reason, as the world is now informed in a biography written by his brother, was, that he early became the slave of intemperate habits, from which no aspirations of his own heart, no struggles with the enslaving appetite, and no efforts of sympathizing and sorrowful friends, could ever deliver him. He gained a fellowship in Oriel College, Oxford, and forfeited it in consequence of these habits. He then cast himself, as a literary adventurer, into the wild vortex of London life; failed sadly in all his projects; drank deep of the treacherous wine-cup, often to his own shame, and the chagrin of his friends, from whom he would sometimes hide himself in places where restraint was unknown, and shame forgotten, that he might be delivered from their reproachful pity. In the end, he betook himself to a cottage in the North of England, where, on the 6th of January, 1849, he died, not, we trust, without penitence and faith in the Redeemer of guilty and wretched men. He is buried in the Grasmere churchyard, near to the venerated dust of Wordsworth, who was always his kind and sympathizing friend.

Hartley Coleridge tells us, in one of his confessions, that his first resort to wine was for the purpose of seeking relief from the sting of defeated ambition. This temptation was necessarily brief in its duration, for time would gradually extract this sting from his sensitive mind and heart. This, therefore, was not the doorway of the path which led him down to the gulf. The "wine parties" of Oxford were the scenes in which Hartley Coleridge was betrayed and lost. We have but a momentary glimpse of these things in the biography, but that glimpse is sufficient. It reveals to us what in popular language is called a gay scene, but which to us, and in reality, is sombre as death. In the midst of it, there sits a bright-eyed, enthusiastic, impetuous young man; heated with repeated draughts of wine; urged by his fellow-revelers to drink deeper; yielding readily to their solicitations; and pouring forth all the while a stream of continuous and sparkling discourse, which fascinated his companions by its wit, its facility, and its beauty. Alas! how many of those companions, it may be, are with him in graves over which men can only weep, and be silent.

It has often been said, and with much truth, that there is no more dangerous gift for a young man, than to be able to sing a good song. It is equally dangerous, we think, to be known as a good talker. The gift of rapid, brilliant, mirth-moving speech, is a perilous possession. The dullards, for whose amusement this gift is so often invoked, know well that to ply its possessor with wine, is the readiest way to bring out its power. But in the end, the wine destroys the intellect, and the man of wit degenerates into a buffoon, and dies a drunkard. Such is the brief life and history of many a young man, who, behind the stained glass windows of the fashionable *restaurant*, or in the mirrored and cushioned rooms of the club-house, was hailed as the "Prince of good fellows," and the rarest of wits. The laughing applauders pass on, each in their own way, and he who made them sport, is left to

struggle in solitude with the enemy they have helped to fasten upon him. Let all young men, having these gifts, remember "poor Hartley Coleridge." Let them be warned by the fate of one who was caught in the toils they are weaving around themselves, and perished therein, leaving behind him the record of a life of unfulfilled purposes, and of great departures from the path of duty and peace.

DUST-SHOWERS AND RED RAIN.

RECENT scientific investigations in Europe and America have thrown some interesting light on the nature of these very curious phenomena. The results arrived at may be brought familiarly before our readers.

Mr. Charles Darwin, in the narrative of his voyage in the *Beagle*, states that while he was at St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd islands, in January, 1832: "The atmosphere was generally very hazy; this appears chiefly due to an impalpable dust, which is constantly falling, even on vessels far out at sea. The dust," he goes on to say, "is of a brown color, and, under the blow-pipe, easily fuses into a black enamel. It is produced, as I believe, from the wear and tear of volcanic rocks, and must come from the coast of Africa." The same opinion was held by scientific men generally, as well of the dust met with in the North Atlantic, as of that which sometimes falls on the islands and shores of the Mediterranean: Africa was supposed to be the original source of the air-borne particles. Some of the dust, however, having been sent to Ehrenberg of Berlin, that celebrated *savant*, after a microscopical examination, laid an account of his inquiry before the Akademie der Wissenschaften, in May, 1844, in which he showed that the dust, so far from being inorganic, contained numerous specimens of a species of flint-shelled animalcules, or infusoria, known as polygastrica, and minute portions of terrestrial plants. The investigation led him to certain conclusions: 1. "That meteoric dust-rain is of terrestrial origin. 2. That the same is not a rain of volcanic ashes. 3. That it is necessarily a dust carried up to a great height by a strong current of air or whirlwind from a dried-up swamp-region. 4. That the dust neither demonstrably nor necessarily comes from Africa, notwithstanding that the wind may blow from thence as the nearest land when the dust falls, because there are in it no forms whatsoever exclusively native to Africa." These were remarkable facts, but warranted by the evidence: one, if not more, of the animalcules was proved to be peculiar to America, and that country was naturally inferred to be the quarter from which they had been derived.

The inquiry once begun was followed up; other specimens of dust were submitted to the same critical test, and found generally to contain a much greater number and variety of infusoria than the first—mostly fresh-water forms, but with a few of marine origin; whence the conclusion, that they had been brought from a coast-region; and especially remarkable was the fact, that among all the forms there was not one peculiar to the African continent. One example was known to belong to the Isle of France, the others were chiefly South American. After an examination of six specimens, obtained at different intervals, Ehrenberg discovered that they contained four organisms in common. "I now consider myself," he observes, "justified in the conclusion, that all the Atlantic dust may come only from one and the same source, notwithstanding its extent and annual amount. The constant yellow and reddish color of the dust, produced by ferruginous matter, its falling with the trade-winds and not with the harmattan, increase the interest of the phenomena."

It had always been supposed, that the dust which traversed the Mediterranean was borne from the Great Sahara; but in a quantity collected on board the ship *Revenge*, at Malta, infusoria peculiar to Chili were met with, which, with other characteristics, proved the dust to be the same as that observed on the Atlantic. Their color, too, was identical; while the Sahara is a "dazzling white sand:" hence the dust brought across the Mediterranean by the sirocco was not peculiar to Africa. The conclusion here arrived at was still further verified by another sirocco-storm, in May, 1846, which extended to Genoa, and bore with it a dust that "covered the roofs of the city in great abundance." This, as was clearly ascertained, contained formations identical with those which had been collected off the Cape de Verd; and it was shown that the dust-showers of the Atlantic, and those of Malta and Genoa,

were "always of a yellow ochre-like color —not gray like those of the kamsin, in North Africa." The peculiar color of the dust was found to be caused by iron-oxyd; and from one-sixth to one-third of the whole proved to consist "of determinable organic parts." In the following year, 1847, Ehrenberg had another opportunity of testing his conclusions, in specimens of dust which had fallen in Italy and Sicily in 1802 and 1813; the same result came out on examination—"several species peculiar to South America, and none peculiar to Africa."

Thus, omitting the two last-mentioned instances, there had been five marked falls of dust between 1830 and 1846; how many others passed without notice, it would now be impossible to ascertain. The showers sometimes occur at a distance of eight hundred miles from the coast of Africa, and this region lies between the parallels of seventeen and twenty-five degrees north latitude, and whence, as we have seen, they extend to the northern shores of the Mediterranean. In the dust collected from these various falls, there have been found altogether nineteen species of infusoria; of which eight were polythalamia, seven polygastrica, and two phytolitharia, these chiefly constituting the flint-earth portion of the dust. The iron was composed of the gaillonilla, and "the carbonic chalk earth corresponded tolerably well to the smaller number of polythalamia." The uniform character of the specimens obtained at intervals over so long a course of years is especially remarkable.

To turn, now, for a few moments to the second phenomenon indicated in our title. In October, 1846, a fearful and furious hurricane visited Lyon and the district between that city and Grenoble, during which occurred a fall of blood-rain. A number of drops were caught and preserved, and when the moisture had evaporated, there was seen the same kind of dust—of yellowish-brown or red color—as that which had fallen in a dry state on the occasions already referred to. The strictest pains were taken to ascertain that it was not the common dust swept from roads during a gale of wind; and when placed under the microscope, it exhibited a greater proportion of fresh-water and marine formations than the former instances. Phytolitharia were numerous, as also "neatly-lobed vegetable scales;" which, as Ehrenberg observes, is sufficient to disprove the assertion, that the substance is formed in the atmosphere itself, and is not of European origin. For the first time, a living organism was met with—the "*Eunotia amphyoxis*, with its ovaries green, and therefore capable of life." Here was a solution of the mystery; the dust, mingling with the drops of water falling from the clouds, produced the red rain. Its appearance is that of reddened water, and it cannot be called blood-like without exaggeration.

Again, in March, 1847, a colored snow fell in the Tyrol, presenting a most singular appearance, and, when dried, leaving behind brick-colored dust. Most of the organized forms therein contained were European and American, with a few African; and again the microscope showed it to be similar to the dust before examined, leaving no room to suppose it of local origin. "The predominating forms, numerically, of one kind of dust, are also the predominating forms in all the rest," as Ehrenberg observes; and says further: "Impossible as it is to conceive of all the storms now compared from 1830 to 1847, as having a continuous genetic connection, it is equally impossible also to imagine the masses of dust transported by them, with such a degree of similarity, *not to have a genetic connection*. . . . The great geographic extent of the phenomenon of a reddish dust nearly filling the atmosphere, and itself filled with organisms so similar, many of which are characteristic of South America, not only admits of, but demands a more earnest attention to the probable cyclical relations in the upper and lower atmosphere, whereby very great masses of fixed terrestrial matter, earths and metals, and especially flint-earths, chalk, iron, and coal, apparently heterogeneous, and yet related by certain peculiarities, are held swimming in the atmosphere, now like clouds thinly spread by whirlwinds or electricity over a broad space, and now condensed, and, like the dust of the fir-blossoms, falling in showers in every direction."

Ehrenberg then states his views as to the cause of the phenomenon. "Although far from attaching undue weight to an hypothesis, I cannot but consider it a matter of duty to seek for a connection in the facts, and feel myself constrained—on account of the above-mentioned particulars,

and in so far as they justify a conclusion—to suppose an atmospheric current, connecting America and Africa with the region of the trade-winds, and sometimes, particularly about the 15th and 16th of May, turning toward Europe, and bringing with it this very peculiar, and apparently not African dust, in countless measure. If instead of attacking hypothesis by hypothesis, we strive with united effort to multiply scientific observations, we may then hope for a progressive explanation of these mysterious relations, so especially worthy of study."

Some progress has already been made by a transatlantic investigator in the explanation so much desired by the distinguished naturalist. Lieutenant Maury, of Washington, finds in Ehrenberg's researches a beautiful and interesting confirmation of his own theory; namely, that the trade-winds of either hemisphere cross the belt of equatorial calms. Observations at the Peak of Teneriffe have proved that, while the trade-wind is sweeping along the surface of the ocean in one direction, a current in the higher regions of the atmosphere is blowing in the reverse direction. According to Lieutenant Maury, a perpetual upper current prevails from South America to North Africa, the volume being equal to that which flows southward by the north-east trade-wind. This wind, it should be remembered, does not touch the African continent, but the limits of its northern border are variable; whence the fact, that the falls of dust vary between seventeen and twenty-five degrees of north latitude, as before stated. As the belt of calms shifts its position, so will there be a variation in the locality of the descending atmospheric current.

The dust-showers take place most frequently in spring and autumn; that is "after the equinoxes, but at intervals varying from thirty to fifty days;" the cause being, that the equatorial calms, at the time of the vernal equinox, extend to four degrees on either side the equator; and as the rainy season then prevails between those limits, no dust can consequently be taken up in those latitudes. But the same period is the dry season in the valley of the Lower Orinoco, and the surface of that extensive region is in a favorable condition to give off dust; and at the time of the autumnal equinox, another part of the great Amazonian basin is parched with drought, on which Lieutenant Maury observes: "May not, therefore, the whirlwinds which accompany the vernal equinox sweep over the lifeless plains of the Lower Orinoco, take up the "rain-dust," which descends in the northern hemisphere in April and May—and may it not be the atmospherical disturbances which accompany the autumnal equinox, that take up the microscopic organisms from the Upper Orinoco and the great Amazonian basin for the showers of October?" Humboldt gives a striking picture of the region in question, and, if the phrase may be permitted, of its dust-producing capabilities; so that the origin of this light powder, as regards one locality, may be said to be placed beyond a doubt.

As yet, the reason why the dust falls, as it were, concretely, and not generally diffused through the atmosphere, is not known; it is one of the obscure points waiting further investigation. Why it should travel so far to fall in a particular spot is, in the present state of our knowledge, not easy to explain. The coarsest dust is generally the first to fall; and it seems clear, that the descent occurs when and where the conditions are favorable. Lieutenant Maury considers, "that certain electrical conditions are necessary to a shower of dust as well as to a thunder-storm;" and that, in the periodical intervals, we may get a clew to the rate of motion of the upper aerial currents, which appear to be "remarkable for their general regularity, their general direction, and sharpness of limits."

It is scarcely possible not to feel that the investigations here briefly sketched possess unusual interest. As Ehrenberg says, the subject is one "of vast, manifold, and rapidly-increasing importance, and is but the beginning of a future great department of knowledge." Now that it has been published in a connected form, and the attention of scientific observers directed to it, we may hope soon to hear of corroborative evidence from all parts of the world. We may mention, as bearing on the question, that sand-showers are not unfrequent in China. Dr. M'Gowan of Ningpo, in a communication to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, states, that, at the beginning of 1851, three showers occurred within five weeks; the last, which commenced on the 26th of March, and continued

four days, being the heaviest. The wind during the time varied from north-east to north-west, the breeze interrupted by occasional calms. No rain had fallen for six weeks; and though, as the doctor observes, "neither cloud, fog, nor mist obscured the heavens, yet the sun and moon were scarcely visible; the orb of day appeared as if viewed through a smoked glass, the whole sky presenting a uniform rusty hue. At times, this sameness was disturbed, exhibiting between the spectator and the sun the appearance of a water-spout, owing to the gyratory motions of the impalpable mineral. The sand penetrated the most secluded apartments; furniture wiped in the morning, would be so covered with it in the afternoon, that one could write on it legibly. In the streets, it was annoying—entering the eyes, nostrils, and mouth, and grating under the teeth. My ophthalmic patients generally suffered a relapse, and an unusual number of new cases soon after presented themselves. Were such heavy sand-storms of frequent occurrence, diseases of the visual organs would prevail to a destructive extent."

These showers sometimes spread over several provinces at once, and far out to sea. The Chinese call them yellow-sand. Their source is the great desert of Cobi, or Sand-Ocean, more than two thousand miles long, and from three hundred to four hundred broad, in the interior of Asia. Dr. M'Gowan states, that the fall amounted to ten grains per square foot, but without specifying whether this quantity includes the whole duration of the shower. During calms, it remains suspended. The dust thus raised from the Mongolian steppes gives the peculiar tinge to the Yellow Sea.

Notwithstanding the annoyance of these dust-showers, they have a valuable compensation. The Chinese, whose closeness of observation in agricultural matters is well known, assert that they are always followed by a fruitful season—not, it is true, as cause, but as effect. The explanation is, that the soil of the provinces most subject to the visitation, being of a compact character, is loosened and lightened by the sand borne on the wind from the Tartarian plains, and at the same time, the lighter fertilizing matters carried away by the great rivers are replaced; and thus, that which at first sight appears an unmitigated evil, becomes the cause of good harvests, for they invariably follow a fall of sand.

CONTROL OF TEMPER.

READER, are you happy? If so, you are a promoter of happiness. The source of wretchedness to others is always himself a wretch! In domestic matters, "Temper is everything." Have you been taught to control your temper? If not, you have a great work before you.

Who is he that says he cannot help being angry, or sullen, or peevish? I tell him he deceives himself. We constantly avoid being so, when our interest or decorum requires it, and we feel near those who we know are not bound to bear our whims, or who will resent them to our injury; but what strangers will not endure we cast upon friends. That temper can be corrected, the world proves by thousands of instances. There have been those who set out in life with being violent, peevish, discontented, irritable, and capricious, whom thought, reflection, effort—not to speak of piety—have rendered, as they became mature, meek, peaceful, loving, generous, forbearing, tranquil, and consistent. It is a glorious achievement, and blessed is he who attains it.

But taking the argument on lower ground, which I do unwillingly, you continually see men controlling their emotions when their interest demands it. Observe the man who wants assistance, who looks for patronage, how well, as he perceives coldness or hesitation, does he crush the vexation that rises in his throat, and stifles the indignation that burns for expression! How well the most proud and lofty descend from their high position, and lay aside their ordinary bearing, to earn a suffrage from the meanest kind! And surely those who hang around us in this life, those who lean on us, or on whom we lean through our pilgrimage, to whom our accents and our deeds are words, to whom a word may shoot a pang worse than the stroke of death—surely, I say, if we can do so much for interest, we can do something for goodness and gratitude.

And in all civilized intercourse, how perfectly do we see it ourselves to be the recognized laws of decorum; and if we have not universally good feelings, we have, generally, at least good manners. This may be hypocrisy, but it ought to be sincerity, and we trust it is. If, then, we can make our faces to shine on strangers, why darken them on those who should be

dear to us? Is it that we so squandered our smiles abroad, that we have only frowns to carry home? Is it that while out in the world we have been so prodigal of good temper, that we have but our ill-humors with which to cloud our families? Is it that it requires often but a mere passing guest to enter, while we are speaking daggers to beings who are nearest to us in life, to change our tone, to give us perfect self-command, that we cannot do for love what we do for appearances?

MONOMANIACS.

MONOMANIA is a curious form of mental disease. It is a species of derangement, in which one idea is always uppermost in the mind; and to that all must give way. A familiar and simple form of the delusion is ordinarily known as hypochondria, in which, through some kind of nervous derangement, a person imagines himself to be afflicted with an infirmity for which there is no substantial ground. He thinks he has a heart-disease, and will be cut off suddenly one of these days; or he knows he has consumption, and cannot last long; or he is alarmed at very little pain, and is sure it means something very bad. But these are simple manifestations. The genuine hypochondriac, who has nursed his delusion till it becomes a settled monomania, believes the drollest things of himself. He thinks he is no longer a human being, and has become a teapot; or he is a hen, and wishes to sit on eggs to hatch chickens. In short, there is no end to such delusions. We once knew a man, sound in other respects, who believed that his legs were made of glass, and would break with the least touch. But this is nothing to what is related of a monomaniac by Pinel, a celebrated French physician; and an account of which appeared in the *Analyst*, a quarterly journal of science and literature, some years ago.

"This monomaniac was a Parisian watchmaker, who lived at the period of the revolution of 1789. He was infatuated with the chimera of the Perpetual Motion; and to effect the discovery of this, he set to work with indefatigable ardor. From unremitting attention to the object of his enthusiasm, coinciding with the influence of revolutionary disturbances, his imagination was greatly heated, his sleep was interrupted, and at length a complete derangement took place. His case was marked by a most whimsical illusion of the imagination: he fancied that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it had been thrown promiscuously among the heads of many other victims; that the judges, having repented of their cruel sentence, had ordered these heads to be restored to their respective owners, and placed upon their respective shoulders: but that, in consequence of an unhappy mistake, the gentleman who had the management of that business had placed upon his shoulders the head of one of his unhappy companions. The idea of this whimsical change of his head occupied his thoughts night and day, which determined his friends to send him to the asylum. Nothing could exceed the extravagant flowings of his heated brain; he sang, he cried, or danced incessantly; and as there appeared no propensity to commit acts of violence or disturbance, he was allowed to go about the hospital without control, in order to expend, by evaporation, the effervescence of his spirits. 'Look at these teeth!' he cried: 'mine were exceedingly handsome, these are rotten and decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy, this is foul and diseased. What difference between this hair and that of my own head!'

"The idea of perpetual motion frequently recurred to him in the midst of his wanderings, and he chalked on all the doors or windows as he passed the various designs by which his wondrous piece of mechanism was to be constructed. The method best calculated to cure so whimsical an illusion appeared to be that of encouraging his prosecution of it to satiety. His friends were accordingly requested to send him his tools, with material to work upon, and other requisites—such as plates of copper, steel, and watch-wheels. His zeal was now redoubled, his whole attention was riveted upon his favorite pursuit; he forgot his meals, and after about a month's labor, which he sustained with a constancy that deserved a better success, our artist began to think that he had followed a false route. He broke into a thousand fragments the piece of machinery which he had fabricated with so much toil, and thought, and labor; entered upon the construction of another upon a new plan;

and labored with equal pertinacity for another fortnight. The various parts being completed, he brought them together; he fancied that he saw a perfect harmony amongst them. The whole was now finally adjusted, his anxiety was indescribable—motion succeeded, it continued for some time, and he supposed it capable of continuing forever. He was elevated to the highest pitch of enjoyment and triumph, and ran like lightning into the interior of the hospital, crying out like another Archimedes: 'At length I have solved this famous problem, which has puzzled so many men celebrated for their wisdom and talents!' Grievous to state, he was disconcerted in the midst of his triumph. The wheels stopped! the 'perpetual motion' ceased! His intoxication of joy was succeeded by disappointment and confusion; though, to avoid a humiliating and mortifying confession, he declared that he could easily remove the impediment; but, tired of that kind of employment, he was determined, for the future, to devote his attention solely to his business.

"There still remained another imaginary impression to be counteracted—that of the exchange of his head, which unceasingly occurred to him. A keen and unanswerable stroke of pleasantry seemed best adapted to correct this fantastic whim. Another convalescent, of a gay and facetious humor, instructed in the part he should play in this comedy, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the famous miracle of St. Denis, in which it will be recollected that the holy man, after decapitation, walked away with his head under his arm, which he kissed and condoled with for its misfortune. Our mechanician strongly maintained the possibility of the fact, and sought to confirm it by an appeal to his own case. The other set up a loud laugh and replied with a tone of the keenest ridicule: 'Madman as thou art, how could St. Denis kiss his own head? Was it with his heels?' This equally unexpected and unanswerable retort forcibly struck the maniac. He retired confused amid the peals of laughter which were provoked at his expense, and never afterward mentioned the exchange of his head.

"This is a very instructive case, inasmuch as it illustrates, in the clearest point of view, the moral treatment of the insane. It shows us the kind of mental remedies which are likely to be successful in the cure of disordered intellect. This disease was purely of the imagination, and the causes which produced it did not lie very deep, neither were they such as, under proper management, were likely to produce any permanent alienation of mind. An intense application to the more speculative parts of his trade had fixed his imagination upon the discovery of perpetual motion: mingled with this, when his judgment was half dethroned, came the idea of losing his own head, and getting a wrong one. And at a time when heads were falling indiscriminately around him, this second freak of the imagination, acting as a kind of interlude or by-play to the first, was one of the most natural that could be supposed. The ideas which produced this man's insanity were rather of a whimsical cast; springing from a mind of no great power, over which none of the passions appear to have exercised any marked or predominant sway."

To these counsels we would add, that hypochondria and monomania are pretty much a result of leading a moping and retired life, in which the mind communes too much with itself. The preventive is out-door exercise, temperance, and a habit of mingling in the every-day world; for without this there can be no robustness of ideas. Nothing brushes away the cobwebs of the mind so effectually as the cheerful intercourse of society.

PRIDE.

A PROUD man is a fool in fermentation, swelling and boiling like a porridge-pot. He sets his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of pasteboard, and a true buckram knight. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfections, and worshiping his own image. All his upper stories are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space: as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more compact and solid proportion.—*Bolingbroke.*

MURILLO THE ARTIST—EXTRAORDINARY AUCTION-SCENE.

THE French correspondent of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, describes an extraordinary scene, which occurred at the late sale of Marshal Soult's pictures in Paris. During his military movements in the Peninsula the Marshal kept an envious eye on the art-treasures of the convents and other depositories of works of genius. He collected a large and exceedingly rich gallery of paintings, among which were a number of Murillos. The renowned picture of the Assumption or Conception of the Virgin was among the greatest productions not only of the Seville school, but of Spanish art. Other gems of the collection commanded at this sale much enthusiasm, but this great work seems to have excited a genuine French *furor*. The Commercial's correspondent says:—

"It was now four o'clock, the hour pre-[illegible]ly announced for the sale of Muril-[illegible]Conception of the Virgin.' This [illegible]ght feet six inches high by five [illegible]as always been considered in Spain as Murillo's masterpiece, and is by many connoisseurs regarded as the finest painting extant. It represents the mother of our Saviour in the act of being carried up to heaven. The beauties of this picture can be but faintly set forth upon paper. The sensation it excited, the frantic bidding, and the final price paid, will give a better idea of the estimation in which it is held. The first bid was 150,000 fr.; but the offers quickly rose to 400,000, the sum which had already been proposed by an English millionaire. Up to this point the bids had been of 10,000 fr. each. They now fell off to one thousand, and the sum of 450,000 was slowly reached. Spain, Russia and France were now alone, Britain having dropped behind. The picture hung for ten minutes at the latter sum, when M. Thurneyssen, the agent of Nicholas, hoping to win by a *coup de main*, and by a bold stroke silence all competition, jumped at once to half a million, (to

which sum the Emperor had limited him.) The sensation caused by this manœuvre amounted to a very considerable tumult. When silence was restored, the bidding began again with great spirit. It stopped at 528,000, and Spain seemed on the point of coming into possession of its own again. But the rivalry again sprung up, Thurneyssen now and then putting in a word on his own responsibility. The Spaniard seemed bent on victory, and went on till the enormous price of 586,000 francs was reached, when he gave in, leaving his competitor in full possession. The *chef d'œuvre* was knocked down at $117,000! A salvo of applause followed this result, but it was not generally known who was the successful bidder. When the auctioneer answered that M. Nieuwerkerke was the happy man, and that the great Murillo was now the property of the Louvre, a real whirlwind of congratulation burst forth. People rushed at the Director of the Museum, shook hands with him, and even kissed him on both cheeks! The day before, the galleries had been most unceremoniously cleared at two o'clock, and M. Nieuwerkerke and Louis Napoleon paid them a visit. During their two hours stay, it was probably resolved that the Louvre should carry the day, at any cost. Satisfied with this conquest, it made no bid for any of the other pictures offered."

A French correspondent of the Boston Atlas also gives an account of this notable sale with additional minuteness. He writes:—

"Two splendid collections of paintings have been sold here since my last letter. The famous Soult gallery has been dispersed! I have rarely witnessed a more exciting battle than the struggle for the Conception by Murillo. A large crowd invaded the gallery Lebrun, in the Rue de Sentier, and at four o'clock there was still a long *queue* in the street, awaiting admission. The hall where the sale took place was filled by a great number of celebrated people, and was only open to those furnished with special tickets; they entered by a private door. Among the persons present in this portion of the building were Marquis of Hertford, Marquis de Portales, Lord Cowley, Duke de Noailles, Baron de Rothschild, Duke de Galiera, Count Pozzo di Borgo, M. de Bruni, agent of the Emperor of Russia, &c., &c. The Duke de Dalmatia, son, and M. de Mornay, brother of the son-in-law of Marshal Soult, were present. Various admirable paintings by Tintoret, Ribera, Zurbaran, were sold at good prices. Two paintings by Alonzo Cano—the Vision of the Lamb, 2,550 fr., to Duke de Galiera; Vision of Saint Jean, 12,100 fr., to M. de Laneuville—were sold, when the clock struck four, and agreeably to previous announcement four great paintings were placed near the *hammer*. The auctioneer announced that the Conception would now be put up. An immense *mouvement* took place on every side, which lasted some five minutes; then in the midst of the profoundest silence he stated the Conception was put up at the price of 150,000 fr., $30,000. Bids poured in from all sides; at 200,000 fr. one withdrew; at 245,000 another; but still a brisk fire continued: now it became less and less—400,000 fr.! no steamboat race was ever more exciting—450,000 fr.; but three antagonists remained; 500,000 fr., said M. de Bruni—and such applause as followed this Imperial bid! 510,000 fr., said another; Russia retired, and there were but two competitors. What emotion every one felt! *Le moment etait vraiment solennel*, [the moment was truly solemn,] said a French paper, with truth. The last bidder attracted all eyes; he was a little old man, perched half-way up a pair of steps; he kept his hat on his head; his face was calm; his voice was calm and clear; he was not at all agitated. Who was his antagonist? Nobody knew—no one but the auctioneer could see. 515,000, said the auctioneer; 550,000, said the old man; 575,000, said the auctioneer. The old man was becoming agitated; his face contracted; he wiped the perspiration which flowed over his face with his handkerchief; 600,000, cried he; 601,000, cried the auctioneer. The old man tried to thrust his handkerchief down his throat; 602,000, said he; . . . a long pause, the old man trembling like an aspen leaf, and biting his handkerchief; 605,000 fr., said the auctioneer; 606,000 fr., screamed the little old mummy; 610,000, said the auctioneer—the old man jumped as if he had been shot! and they went on, bidding 1000 fr. each time, until they got to 615,000, when the bidding became smaller, and the picture was at last knocked down to M. Nieuwerkerke, for $123,000, amid great enthusiasm, which

became frenzy when the auctioneer announced that the picture was purchased for the Louvre. More than one Frenchman believed, then, with M. Cousin, that the French gained the battle of Waterloo."

It will be perceived that the two writers differ somewhat in their figures. In our remarks we take the smallest, though the others appear most probable.

The "little old man" was ascertained to be the bidder of the Queen of Spain. It would have been a national honor had her royal munificence been able, at any cost, to retrieve for her country the noblest production of its noblest artist; her defeat is enhanced by the fact that it comes from the political coxcomb now at the head of the French Republic; it would be less ignoble had it come from the Russian autocrat.

Other productions of Murillo sold at prices which would appear enormous if the "Conception" had not been brought into comparison with them. The Emperor of Russia gave $30,000 for St. Peter in Prison, and $12,000 for Jesus and St. John. Besides these the following, by the same great master, were sold for the prices attached:—Miracle of San Diego, $17,000; Flight into Egypt, $10,300; Mater Dolorosa, $2,120; Scene in an Epidemic, $4,000; St. Philip's Soul ascending to Heaven, $3,000; St. Anthony of Padua and Jesus, $2,040; St. Peter's Repentance, $1,100; Birth of the Virgin, $18,000; Glorification of the Virgin, $1000.

The extraordinary scene of this auction sale has a significance beyond the eclat which attended it. It cannot fail to impress us with the marvelous power of genius. A piece of canvas, eight and a half feet by five, to which a single and a struggling mind some two hundred years ago transferred its conceptions by a few pigments, reappears in these practical times amidst the enthusiastic, the almost frantic contest of opulence, taste, and royalty. The stroke of the auctioneer's hammer summons around it the competition of at least three sovereign powers, and of a large representation of the nobility, the amateurs and the millionaires of Europe; and sends forth a sensation through the civilized world. It is as the trump of resurrection to the old dead artist, and Murillo reascends before this headlong age, resplendent with a new apotheosis—more glorious than ever,—an example of the immortality of genius. What power is like unto this?

It is not the historic fact which the picture commemorates that excites this marvelous interest—most of the competitors reject that, probably, as a fable; it is not the religious sentiment with which the canvas glows, that attracts so potently—that is quite generally scorned as fanaticism now-a-days; but the power of the human mind,—the magical and mysterious capacity of genius to endue a few handfuls of pulverized earths, spread over a piece of cloth, with beautiful and sublime thoughts, like the breath of God inspiring the clay of the first man into life and dignity,—this it is that, in spite of rationalistic skepticism or infidel scorn, commands around this old Catholic painting the homage of the times. A great or beautiful thought promulged to the world in art or literature, has, inherently, a life and power which men cannot fail to recognize, and which assumes, sooner or later, triumphant ascendency over all other claims to greatness, except alone those of genuine virtue. Gold, rank, sceptres—what are these compared to the pencil of Murillo?

Not only the fame, but, if we may remark here on so secondary if not sordid, a thought, the pecuniary valuation of these pictures is full of significance. The latter is in fact but an exponent of the former, as the former is of the genius of the artist.

More than two centuries ago, as we have said, the young son of a reduced family in Seville (most probably) gave proof of a rare imitative genius. He sketched almost everything which met his view. But his impoverished parents had not the means of his education, and discouraged the predilections of his genius. At the moment when his destiny was to be determined, an artist, a relative of his mother, came to his help, and undertook his tuition. He soon displayed the extraordinary powers of his mind; but had to earn his subsistence by the coarse labor of painting on serge, for the annual Fair of Seville. In this manner he not only obtained his bread, but treasured a little money by which he nourished the hope of being able to travel to Madrid, where he might study some of the great models, especially those of Velasques, who then lived there.

His earnings were hardly large enough to allow the desired journey. Taking a piece of canvas, and dividing and subdividing it, he prepared a number of motley pictures of fruits, garlands, bouquets, &c., and sold them at the Fair for exportation to the American Catholic colonies. With a few coins in his pocket, he traveled on foot to Madrid. Velasques, perceiving his genius, received him with open arms. The palaces of the nobility were thrown open to him. Three years were spent in unwearied study of the great masters in the Royal and other galleries. And then the poor child of genius, who had painted for the vulgar tastes of the Seville Fair, and had made his way, on foot and almost pennyless, to Madrid, returned to his native city to found the renowned "School of Seville," and to produce the immortal works which have placed him at the head of the art of his country, and one of which, now that two centuries have passed over his grave, startles with new interest the enlightened world. What would have been the thoughts of Murillo had the Paris auction prices of his pictures been suggested to him as he daubed his serge paintings, or jogged along the road to Madrid? He never received more than about $800 for his finest productions; one of them alone now commands the envy of kings; Spain, Russia, and England retire discomfited from the competition for it, and the piece of canvas, valuable only for a few thoughts of his brain, commands the price of $117,000! The French nation pays at least an annual expense of $7,000 that its citizens may have the privilege of gazing on this glorious canvas in the Louvre. The twelve pictures of Murillo—hardly a tithe of his productions—which were sold at this auction, brought about $217,000!

Such then, we repeat, is the inherent, the glorious power of mind. Its maltreatment by the world is proverbial; but the final certainty of its triumph, and the magnificence of that triumph when it does come, may well compensate for the delays and struggles which usually precede it. The blind old bard of Paradise sold his copyright for five pounds; but consoled himself with the thought that "the world would not willingly let die" the sublime production of his genius.

HERSCHEL, ROSSE, AND THE TELESCOPE.

WITHOUT underrating any other branch of science, it may safely be affirmed that astronomy opens up to the human mind one of the richest and sublimest fields of contemplation. We are no longer confined within the narrow limits of our own system, with its sun and his attendant planets. The telescope has carried us far into the depths of space, and revealed to us thousands of stars kindling into suns, and these suns giving light and motion and beauty to as many systems, and these systems stretching out into mighty firmaments, and these firmaments rising like so many encircling heavens, revolving the one above the other, till we are lost in the magnitude and the glory of the scene. Our views are contracted. Our knowledge is imperfect. If Newton—whose almost superhuman genius elevates our common humanity—felt himself constrained to say, in the very fire and flash of his immortal discovery, "I am but as a child standing on the shore of the vast undiscovered ocean, and playing with a little pebble which the waters have washed to my feet;" and if Laplace—who knew more than his peers, of the celestial mechanism—could assert in the very article of death, and with all the future bursting upon his view, "That which we know, is little; that which we know not is immense;" we may fairly conclude that all which is now known, is scarcely to be named with that which remains to be revealed.

This sublime science owes much to Herschel. We might speak of the labors of his predecessors from Copernicus down to Ferguson, or we might allude to his cotemporaries and his successors; but we prefer to make him the center of the entire group, and look at the past and the present in the light of his great discoveries. Just as Ferguson was sinking beneath the infirmities of age, Herschel began to challenge the attention of the men of science. Like Ferguson, he rose from the humbler walks of life. He was born at Hanover on the 15th day of November, 1738. His father, who was a poor musician, placed him in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards, a detachment of which, both parent and child accompanied to England about 1758. After the lapse of a few months, the

father returned to Hanover, and young Herschel was left to push his fortune in England. After struggling with manifold difficulties, he was taken up by the Earl of Darlington, who sent him to Durham to superintend and instruct a military band in a company of militia which his lordship was then raising. He then became a teacher of music; was employed as a church-organist, first at Halifax and then at Bath, and was in great demand for musical performances. Great as were his taste and attainments in music, from a child he had manifested his love of intellectual pursuits; and while engaged in earning an honest and an honorable livelihood, he devoted every leisure hour to the study of languages, mathematics, and the various branches of physical science; and though he was approaching the age of forty, he did not consider himself too old to commence a pursuit, in the prosecution of which he won for his name a scientific renown as distinguished as that acquired by any of the illustrious men who had gone before him. He rapidly rose in the world of letters, became the object of princely favor, was pensioned by the king and knighted by the regent, and lived long enough to see his fame established throughout the civilized world.

Some cotemporary discoveries in astronomy fixed his mind on that one department of inquiry. Being anxious to observe these celestial phenomena, he borrowed a two-feet Gregorian telescope; and such was the pleasure and delight which this instrument afforded him, that he immediately ordered one of larger dimensions from London. To his deep regret, he found that the price of such an instrument far exceeded his calculation and his means; and, therefore, he resolved to construct one for himself. This, after frequent experiments and failures, he accomplished; and truly marvelous were its achievements. In his hands, the telescope wrought more than magic. Its wonder-working power resolves itself into a simple fact. It is well known that the power of vision is in proportion to the degree of light which falls on the retina, as emitted from any bright or luminous body. The larger the pupil of the eye, the greater the number of rays which it can receive; and in proportion to these rays, is its capacity to discern objects which herwise must continue in the deep profounds of space, unseen and unknown. Such an enlargement of the pupil of the eye virtually takes place when a lens is employed. In the lens, all the lines of light are made to converge into a single point, and that point sufficiently minute to enter the eye. The eye thus receives as much light as if the pupil had been enlarged to the dimensions of the lens, and consequently its power of vision is in the same proportion increased. The diameter of the lens is, in fact, the size and capacity of the eye. An object-glass of some fifteen inches diameter, is found at Munich; but large refractors are very rare. Happily, a concave mirror of polished metal answers the same purpose, by the power of reflection. These reflecting mirrors, which admit of almost any dimensions, were employed with singular effect by Herschel. After intense application and labor, he succeeded in constructing one of four feet diameter. Had this mirror continued to be used, the results would have been beyond all calculation. But the light which it collected, and the luster with which it invested the nearer bodies, were so dazzling and overpowering as to injure the vision of the great philosopher, and force him to withdraw his eye from the field of burning splendor. He worked with instruments of inferior power. His telescopes were of various lengths, and their adjusting power ranged from the lower point of two up to the greatly increased point of twenty-eight. With his ten feet telescope, he could command a penetrating power which brought into his view stars nearly thirty times farther off than could be seen by the naked eye.

Taking the Milky Way for the field of his observations, he soon discovered by his more powerful instrument, that this encircling belt consisted entirely of stars, scattered by millions like glittering dust on the black ground of the general heavens. Here "the infinitely distant crowds of stars are collected in such masses, that their light flows together into a whitish cloud, and no longer permits us to isolate one star from another. Beyond this, Herschel and the most recent astronomers imagined that the spots of clouds which appear like oval flakes in the sky, are other entirely distinct and independent systems, which float at such an immeasurable distance from us, that the light has

to wander millions of years in reaching to us." In fact, what we term the firmament is but a single cluster of stars. Such clusters are scattered with immense profusion through the field of space, and are of the most gorgeous and brilliant appearance. Take the cluster which is found in the constellation Hercules, and no force or compass of words can express its magnificence. Perhaps no one ever saw it for the first time through a telescope without being filled with rapture, and uttering a shout of wonder. Yet this is but one out of myriads. The number of such masses is infinite. Nor are they confined to any one portion of the heavens. In both hemispheres, what were hitherto regarded as mere specks, making their mysterious appearance in the great pathway across the heavens, now come out as so many firmaments or systems of firmaments, glorious as our own, each divided from the other by unmeasured intervals of space, yet all bound together by laws and relationships fixed and immutable.

In the study of these celestial phenomena, we might speak of their apparent brightness or magnitude, their distances, their relation and harmony, the laws by which they are governed, their ultimate purposes, their probable duration or possible dissolution; but we deem it preferable to give a summary of those facts and results which the telescope has disclosed to us. Those mighty intervals which separate the celestial bodies were supposed to be filled with nebulous matter in a state of gradual condensation, and ever tending toward some central point: but a riper science has proved that these nebulæ are open beds of stars, lying farther down in space; that the planets are all connected with great central orbs; that each fixed star is the center of a system; that suns revolve around suns in definite orbits, and in some of their revolutions fill up a million of our years, or even more; that these bodies are found in larger or smaller groups, from the double stars up to thousands and thousands beautifully adjusted and harmonized; that these clusters go to make up the firmaments in all their ascending magnitude and glory; that these firmaments, and systems, and suns, are separated the one from the other by intervals of space unmeasured and incalculable; that the nearest fixed star, Sirius, is more than two hundred thousand times farther removed from us than the sun, that is, nineteen billions, two hundred thousand millions of miles; that there are clusters eighteen thousand times more distant than this; that the light from these bodies, traveling at the rate of a hundred and ninety-two thousand miles every second, would take a million of years to reach our earth; that these bodies are of different magnitudes, according to their apparent brightness; that some of them are equal in size to many hundreds of our globe; that they divide themselves into two classes—the fixed stars, among which no change of situation can be detected, and those which are erratic or wandering, such as the sun, moon, and planets, as well as that singular class of bodies termed comets; that these stars are scattered by myriads over the heavens; that there are infinitely distant crowds of stars, collected in such masses that their light flows together into a whitish cloud, and no longer permits us by the aid of the most powerful instrument to isolate one star from another; that there are heavens, and heavens of heavens encircling the one the other, till we are lost in the vastness and glory of the scene; that these heavens with all their uncounted millions of ever-burning suns and attendant planets are moving round one great common center; and that the whole scheme of worlds is maintained by the one universal and ever-active law of attraction, in its sublime order and unbroken harmony. What a scene this, for contemplation and for study! How we are lifted up from the darkness and the din of this lower world, into the ever-deepening light and calm of those higher and truly serene regions! What apocalyptic visions have we of the ever-widening and ever unfolding glory of the great Creator! What revelations do we receive of his eternal power and unconfined beneficence! What an ascent do we make, and how near do we get to that inner temple in which his Godhead shines out with burning and insufferable brightness! How unspeakably important appears his favor! How awful to contemplate his displeasure!

The telescope, which wrought such wonders in the hands and under the guiding genius of Herschel, has, by the efforts of Lord Rosse, heightened and embellished the discoveries of the great philosopher.

When, in 1839, his lordship constructed a reflector, with a speculum three feet in diameter, and of twenty-seven feet focal distance, it was considered one of the most accurate and powerful instruments that had ever been made. And when he spoke of the possibility of producing a speculum six feet in diameter, it was deemed something chimerical; but nothing daunted by the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking, he put it to the test. The speculum of his great telescope is *above* six feet in diameter, five inches and a half thick at the edges, and five inches at the center, and weighs above three tons; while the whole apparatus and expense of erection cost no less a sum than $60,000. Now, as the power of a telescope to penetrate into space depends on the quantity of light which it can receive, the light reflected from this speculum is more than double that from Herschel's largest and most powerful reflector. This has a reflecting surface of five thousand and seventy-one square inches, while that of Herschel's forty-feet instruments had only eighteen hundred and eleven square inches on its surface. By his lordship's reflector we are being carried into the deepest profounds of space, and still find ourselves but on the margin of that universe which stretches away into the immense and the infinite. "It is when one goes into regions so new and remote that the character of the universe in its majesty and infinite variety appears in its most striking attributes. In search of magnificence, it is true, we need not wander far—witness the fields which encircle our homes—the blade of the modest grass which adorns them; but those heavens are fresh, and familiarity has not left its footprint on their untrodden floor. In the silence of midnight, that noble curtain stretched out above us, and the idea, present and impressive, of its great orbs obediently pursuing their stupendous paths, there is a solemnity which sometimes falls upon the spirit, not unlike the feeling of the prophet when he heard that still small voice and knew it to be the token of the presence of God!"

It is a question of interest to some astronomers—is this great system of suns
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recognized in the planetary paths, as sure as that filmy comet is drawing in its orbit, must they too approach the sun, and at the destined term of separate existence, be resumed into his mass. . . . Absolute permanence is visible nowhere around us; and the fact of change merely intimates that in the exhaustless womb of the future, unevolved wonders are in store. The phenomenon referred to, would simply point to the close of one mighty cycle in the history of the solar orb—the passing away of arrangements which have fulfilled their objects, that they might be transformed into new. Thus is the periodic death of a plant, perhaps, essential to its prolonged life; and when the individual dies and disappears, fresh and vigorous forms spring from the elements which composed it. Mark the chrysalis! It is the grave of the worm, but the cradle of the sun-born insect. The broken bowl shall yet be healed and beautified by the potter, and a voice of joyful note shall awaken one day even the silence of the urn!"

A DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

THE departure of a son from beneath the paternal roof does not present any spectacle of desolation. Masculine life has, from infancy, an individuality, an independence, an exotism, so to say, which is essentially wanting to female existence. When a son abandons his parents, to create for himself a separate interest, this separation causes but little interruption in their mutual relations. A man marries, and still maintains his friendships, his habits, and his filial affections. Nothing is changed in his life; it is only an additional tie. His departure is consequently a mere simple separation; while the departure of a young girl, become the wife of a few hours, is a real desertion—a desertion with all its duties and feelings still fresh about it. In one word, the son is a sapling which has always grown apart from the trunk; while the daughter has, on the contrary, formed an essential portion of it, and to detach her from her place is to mutilate the tree itself. You have surrounded her youth with unspeakable tenderness—the exhaustless tenderness of your paternal and maternal hearts; and she, in return, has appeared to pour forth upon you both an equally inexhaustible gratitude: you loved her beyond all the world, and she

seemed to cling to you with a proportionable affection. But one day, one ill-omened day, a man arrives, invited and welcomed by yourselves; and this man of your own choice carries off to his domestic eyry your gentle dove, far from the soft nest which your love had made for her, and to which hers had clung. On the morrow you look around you, you listen, you wait, you seek for something which you cannot find. The cage is empty; the tuneful linnet has flown; silence has succeeded to its melodious warblings; it does not come as it did only on the previous morning, fluttering its perfumed wings about your pillow, and awakening you by its soft caresses. Nothing remains but a painful calm, a painful silence, a painful void. The chamber of the absent darling offers only that disorder which it is so melancholy for a mother to contemplate; not the joyous and impatient disorder of occupation, but that of abandonment. Maidenly garments scattered here and there; girlish fancies no longer prized; chairs heaped with half-worn dresses; drawers left partially open, and ransacked to their remotest corners; a bed in which no one has slept; a crowd of charming trifles, which the young girl loved, but which the young wife despises, and which are littered over the carpet like the feathers dropped by the linnet, when the hawk made the timid bird its prey. Such is the depressing sight which wrings tears from the mother's heart. Nor is this all: from this day she occupies only the second place in the affections of her departed idol; and even that merely until the happiness of maternity shall have taught her whom she weeps to assign to her one still lower. This man, this stranger, unknown a few months, it may be but a few weeks previously, has assumed a right over affections which were once almost entirely her own; a few hours of fleeting, and it may be of assumed, tenderness have, in a great degree, sufficed to efface twenty long years of watchfulness, of care, and of self-abnegation; and they have not only rent away her right to be the first and best beloved, but they have also deprived her of the filial caresses, the gentle attention, and the adored presence of the heart's idol, whom she has herself given to him for life. Nothing is left to the mother but the attachment of respect. All warmer emotions are engrossed by the husband, to whom his young bride owes alike obedience and devotedness. If she loves him, she leaves her home without regret, to follow his fortunes to the end of the world; if she does not love him, she will still perform the same duty with resignation. Nature and law alike impose the obligation on her, and her own heart must decide whether it will constitute her joy or her trial; but in either case the result to the mother is the same. Nor can that mother reproach her with this painful preference, for she has reared her in the conviction of the necessity of marriage; she has herself offered to her its example in her own person; Heaven itself has pointed it out as a duty whose omission is culpable; and, therefore, far from venturing to wish that the lost one should restore to her all the tenderness which time and habit may enable her to withdraw from her husband, the mother is bound, on the contrary, to pray that they may every day become dearer to each other, and by each other, even at the expense of her own happiness. This misfortune is the mother's last blessing. — *Women, by Louis Desnoyers.*

A VISIT TO POPE'S VILLA.

"We took a boat," says Niebuhr, the German historian, writing in 1798, "across the Thames, and I made a pilgrimage to Twickenham to see Pope's garden. O that I could thus visit with you the monuments of those men whose memory excites a wish to have lived in those times! The monument he erected to the mother he so dearly loved still stands; but the cypresses that he planted round it have all died out, except two which still show here and there a green shoot. Hedges and old-fashioned flower-beds occupy the left side of the garden, and in the center stands a bower, the trees of which have now grown to a gigantic height, and with the recollection of the great men who once trod the sward, inspire the awe of a sacred grove. They who will may call the grotto, the cool retreat in which Pope loved to sit with his most intimate friends, a toy—to me it was more. The prospect it commands must be allowed by all to be enchantingly beautiful—the Thames and its incomparably charming banks. Before the grotto stood an old weeping willow, now almost dead, and propped up with care, also from Pope's times."

Art Intelligence.

Catlin's Indian Gallery. — Senator Seward has again called the attention of Congress to the proposition to purchase Catlin's collection of Indian portraits, dresses, weapons, manufactures, and "tons," it is said, of fossils and minerals gathered in the Indian territories. Poor Catlin is himself now in prison, in England, for debt, and his great collection is in the hands of his creditors. The opportunity of rescuing these treasures for our own country will soon be past. In a letter, Catlin says:—"Pity me, after my life of toil and anxiety, in doing what I thought was for the benefit and honor of my country, and see what can be done for me. I need make no other appeal to the Congress after this—it is now but a simple question—Are my works worth preserving to the country?" In another letter he says, "And as to price, though I believe my price heretofore demanded was $65,000, yet I believe the price proposed to the Senate was $50,000. If they will vote me that, I am satisfied. One half of it would be the amount I laid out in the eight years, and the other half would about pay my debts, leaving me nothing for my lifetime of labor. And again, and not to be forgotten or lost sight of, if they will do nothing better, let them secure the collection by appropriating enough to pay my liabilities, and bring the collection safely home. I will give it to the Government, thanking them just as much, and begin the world anew, with a light heart and contented. This is my last and strongest prayer—let it be known to some member who will use it as the dernier; and save, O save the collection!"

Hittorf, a German architect from Cologne, is to erect the French Crystal Palace in the Champs Elysee. The summit of the building will be higher than the loftiest point of Notre Dame.

A colossal bronze bust of *Herder* is about to be erected in Mohrungen, his birth-place, in Germany.

The French National Assembly has voted $40,000 for the publication of the paintings and sculptures of the catacombs of Rome—among the most valuable monuments now existing of early Christianity. This work is to include all monuments of the early Church which remain in the catacombs.

Colonel Rawlinson, it is said, has opened out the entire place of sepulture of the kings and queens of Assyria. There they lie, it is said, "in huge stone sarcophagi, with ponderous lids decorated with the royal ornaments and costume, just as they were deposited more than three thousand years ago."

A great musical festival, directed by *Liszt*, the pianist, has been announced to take place [illegible]t. Fifteen hundred musicians [illegible]t in it.

[illegible]*ondent* of the Boston Atlas [illegible]s presented lately to the [illegible] a paper from MM. [illegible]mical compo-sition of the colors employed in the ancient Arabian paintings of the Alhambra. They are unquestionably *anterior* to the fifteenth century. The blue matter detached from the plaster, and purified by acetic acid, alcohol, and potash, is discolored in chlorihydric acid, so as to leave no doubt of its being the blue of outremer. The green, treated by the same reactives, is composed of two elements, one blue and the other yellow; the blue is outremer, the yellow is some organic matter, a gum or other vegetable lac. The red is vermilion, or sulphuret of mercury.

There has lately been deposited at the mission rooms of the *American Board* of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a beautiful sculptured piece of marble, weighing, perhaps, sixty pounds, taken from the ruins of the ancient Temple of the Sun, at Baalbeck, Syria. It was brought by Capt. Hudson, late of the bark Cornelia, trading between New-York and Beirut.

A recent letter from *Hiram Powers*, the American sculptor, states that he has effected another very important improvement in modeling for sculpture, and has also made a discovery which will prove of *universal* mechanical importance, having been for ages an undiscovered *desideratum*. The *Richmond Inquirer* says that on being secured by letters patent here, as is being done in England, it will doubtless be made public.

The French papers report the death of the most eminent of the modern sculptors of France—*M. Pradier*—aged only fifty years. His end was sudden and affecting—while wandering with his young daughter and a party of friends on a day's excursion amid the beauties of Bougival. A momentary sense of discomfort led him to take rest in the house of M. Eugene Forcade, while the rest strayed on, unconscious of the fact, to Marly. From that rest he was never to re-issue to the world—and when his daughter knew that illness had detained him, she was an orphan.

The *King of Naples* has given to the American Minister at that court permission to have a large block cut from the lava of Vesuvius for the Washington monument; and the further authority to open two tombs in Herculaneum, and transport their contents to enrich the museum of the legislative capital of the United States.

See our article on *Murillo* for an account of the late great sale of Marshal Soult's pictures in Paris. The correspondent of the London Times gives the following additional particulars:—"Out of Spain, Marshal Soult's was the only collection, private or public, which contained so great a number of works of the best Spanish masters. It reckoned not less than fifteen Murillos, and among them the 'Conception,' the 'Nativity of the Virgin,' the 'Flight to Egypt,' 'Peter in Prison,' &c. It possessed eighteen works by Zubaran; four by Ribera; seven by Alonzo Cano; two fine pic-

tures of Herrera, the elder; and a great number of the best works of Sanchez Coello, Llanos Valdes, Ribalta, Herrera, the younger, &c., all painters of great merit, and whose works are but little known out of Spain. Two great rarities of this collection are the 'Unutterable Anguish' of Morales, and the 'Christ bearing his Cross,' of Sebastian del Piombo. The first of these pictures has always been considered in Spain as the very finest work of Morales, while the picture of Sebastian del Piombo is a work of such immense importance as to be almost unique in a private collection. Another masterpiece is the 'Tribute Money' of Titian, considered one of the finest works of that master. The whole collection offered for the three days' sale consists of a hundred and fifty-seven pictures, with two small enamels by Petitot, being miniature likenesses of Turenne and Catinat, some bronzes of no great pretensions, a mosaic or two, and a piece of Gobelin tapestry. Of the hundred and fifty-seven pictures, a hundred and ten are of the Spanish school, twenty-two of the old Italian masters, and twenty-five of the Flemish and Dutch schools. When it was first announced that the Soult gallery was to be sold by auction, the effect produced in the world of art was so great that it was at once seen how much importance was attributed to the dispersion of this collection. Although M. Bonnefons de Lavialle, the auctioneer, had allowed the collection to be viewed privately for ten days before the sale, and had afterward thrown it open to the world for three days more, it would really seem as if the curiosity of the public could never be satiated. The crowd which thronged the rooms on the three days of public view was so great as to render moving in it a work of labor, and on the last day of all a complete block-up took place more than once during the view."

Monument to Colonel Johnson. — The New-York Courier gave a description sometime since of a monument that Launitz, the eminent sculptor of this city, was making, to be erected to the memory of Col. R. M. Johnson, by order of the Legislature of the State of Kentucky. The Courier now states, from the Lexington (Ky.) *Standard*, that the Legislature of that State appropriated the sum of only nine hundred dollars toward the work. The relatives of the deceased hearing this, and learning that this sum was insufficient to erect a suitable testimonial, voluntarily added the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, which secures the fine monument upon which Launitz is engaged. This private aid is dishonorable to the State.

Literary Record.

FOREIGN.

A Memoir of *Thorwalsden* has been issued in Germany, from the Danish of Thiele. There has been no satisfactory record of the great northern sculptor until the appearance of this work. It is highly commended, as not only thorough in research, and abundant in materials, but critically appreciative of the artist—a work which will rank among standard biographies.

Lamartine has completed eight of the popular biographies which are to appear in his forthcoming journal, (*The Civilizer,*) among which are enumerated those of Columbus, Joan of Arc, Homer, Guttenberg, and Bernard Palissy, the potter.

M. Eugene Burnouf, the eminent orientalist, has yielded, in very youth, to a long and severe malady by which he had been afflicted, but from which the expectation of his recovery took even at the very last a form of expression which is one of the touching incidents in the case. One of the branches of the Institute, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, elected him to the distinguished office of its Perpetual Secretary on the very day when he was engaged in the struggle with death. Though for a time his family despaired of conveying to his failing sense the knowledge of this final honor, the consolation of such a testimonial to the value of his labors was not denied him. He rallied to receive the crown decreed him by his brethren, but died before he could wear it. Amongst his labors may be mentioned the publication of the texts of Zoroaster, with a commentary on the old Prussian Book of Prayers; his translations of cuneiform inscriptions found at Persepolis and other places; his lectures on the Vedas, and on the laws of Menu; his translations of, and commentary on, the Bhagavata Pourana, one of the most remarkable transformations of Brahmanism; and the History of Buddhism—a work of vast research, which he completed only a few months ago.

The *Easter Book Fair* at Leipsic is to be unusually important. The catalogue announces some five thousand seven hundred works, published and to be published, being eight hundred more than at the last Easter fair. They are from nine hundred and three publishers: one house issues a hundred and thirteen; another ninety-five.

A life of *Kirby*, the entomologist, is forthcoming, and is anticipated in England with considerable interest.

The Literary Gazette commends highly Madame Prus' "*Residence in Algeria.*" It is said to abound in interesting topics and incidents, and to be accurate.

A volume has appeared from the English press under the title of "*Alastor,*" proposing "a new Theory of the Universe," and attacking Humboldt and Herschell, and the entire theory of gravitation.

Joseph Bonomi, F. R. S. L., has sent forth an important work, entitled "*Nineveh and its Palaces: the Discoveries of Botta and Layard applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ.*" It is pronounced a very elaborate and careful *précis* of the results of these marvelous discoveries, and the illustrations they afford of sacred his-

tory, &c. The progress made in rendering the cuneiform inscriptions is detailed.

The English press announces, among forthcoming works, a new book of "*Travels*," by Samuel Laing; "*Notes on the Political and Social State of Denmark and the Duchies of Holstein and Sleswig*;" "*Count Arenberg*," a story of the times of Luther, by Mr. Sortaine; a translation from the German of an "*Expedition from Senaar to Taka, Basa, and Beni-Ameer*," by Fred. Werne.

Gogol, the "Russian Dickens," recently died at Moscow. His works were exceedingly popular, and illustrative of Russian life. Owing to "religious mysticism," it is said, he refused to re-edit them; he considered them a "deadly sin," and died in deep poverty, not accepting the offers of booksellers for a revised edition of his publications. He burned all his unpublished manuscripts. When dying, he exclaimed, "Ah! if people knew how pleasant it is to die, they would not fear death!"

Louis Napoleon has suppressed the chairs of History and Philosophy in the University of Paris, by a formal decree. What may be expected next from this political coxcomb? Even the teaching of the physical sciences is, it is reported, put under serious embarrassments.

A prize of 4,000 francs has been offered by the *French Academy* for the best "Essay on Political Eloquence in England"—the proposition extends to the first of March, 1854.

M. Guizot has a new work in press, which will shortly be published,—"*Corneille et son Temps*." It will be a pendant to his Shakspeare, one of the most admirable critical works ever issued.

Gorgey has published his book on the Hungarian War, but the Government have suppressed it so thoroughly that not a copy is to be had. The cause of this interdict is supposed to be that he says the Hungarians were on legitimate ground up to their declaration of independence at Debreczin on the 14th of April, 1849. Then, he says, he withdrew from their cause.

Among the students of the *University of Edinburgh* are three Egyptians, one Russian, one Greek, one Chinaman, two Persians, three Germans, one Arabian, and two Frenchmen.

The *London Athenæum* announces for sale, at auction, the large collection of original Royal, Cavalier, and Roundhead Correspondence made by Mr. Bentley, and embracing the whole period of the Great Civil War of the seventeenth century. "These documents," says the Athenæum, "comprise the Correspondence of Prince Rupert from 1643 to 1648—preserved in the family of his secretary, Col. Bennett, and sold to Mr. Bentley by Mr. Bennett, of Pyt House: also the collection of the Correspondence of the Fairfax family, preserved at Leeds Castle. It is certainly a misfortune that when the useful work of the collector has once been done, there should again be any separation of documents which individually lose a great portion of their value for want of the context and comment which they supply to one another. History is greatly a loser by all such facts. Not only has each historian to do severally the work of collection over again for himself, but reasons are thus promoted why he must almost certainly do it imperfectly. The risk of historic falsification is incurred by the scattering of the documents after it had been provided against by their accumulation. Mr. Bentley offered this collection to the British Museum at a sacrifice."

The admirers of the writings of *Count Emanuel Swedenborg* dined together lately at Freemasons' Tavern, London, to celebrate the forty-second anniversary of the Society for Printing and Publishing his Theological Works. The London Literary Gazette says:—"We have often been astonished at the huge issues of translations and reprints of Swedenborg's writings in London, and wondered alike where they would find either purchasers or readers. It seems that the works are published by a Society which contains a few wealthy enthusiasts in its members. Many excellent and ingenious things are found in the voluminous writings of Swedenborg; but that a goodly company of London citizens should be brought together to a public dinner in the busy month of June, in honor of the Swedish mystic, is a religious and literary phenomenon of curious occurrence."

The last number of the "*Literary Gazette*" *for Sweden* contains some interesting statistics of Swedish literature, journalism, and science in the year 1850. In that year ten hundred and sixty books and a hundred and thirty-three journals and periodicals were published in the country. Of these books the works on theology are by far the most numerous, for they muster to the strength of a hundred and eighty-two; next comes jurisprudence, with a hundred and twenty-three law-books; history, philology, medicine, mathematics, average from thirty to eighty works; and the number of treatises on the fine arts dwindles down to three. A hundred and fifty-six novels were published, chiefly translations from English and French works. Of the hundred and thirteen Swedish newspapers, sixteen were published in Stockholm.

A brief and popular account of *The Catacombs of Rome* has been published in London. It is compiled chiefly from the "Roma Subterranea" of Bosio and Aringhi, and from an abstract of the recent labors of M. Perret, the French architect, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for September, 1851. Along with Dr. Maitland's work on the same subject, this little treatise gives to English readers a good general account of the researches of the learned, as to the subterranean antiquities of Rome. We mention, among our art items, the design of the French Assembly to publish the paintings and sculptures of the Catacombs. We shall probably soon have all the available aids of these antiquities for the illustration of Christian questions.

Longman & Co., London, announce for immediate publication "A Ride through the Nubian Desert," by Capt. Peel, and Dr. Sutherland's narrative of the Arctic Voyage of the Lady Franklin, and the following subjects among others in the "Traveler's Library:"—"Pictures from St. Petersburgh," by Edward Jerrmann, translated

by F. Hardman; "Brittany and the Bible," by J. Hope; "The Natural History of Creation," by T. Lindley Kemp; and "Electricity and the Electric Telegraph," by George Wilson. Among important literary works in preparation we may mention Bunsen's "Hippolytus and his Age," Freeman's "Life of the Rev. W. Kirby," and Lord John Russell's "Journals and Papers of the late Thomas Moore," containing much valuable and interesting matter, for which Messrs. Longman are said to have given the sum of $15,000.

The French Socialist refugees in London have projected a new paper for the promulgation of their opinions, to be called "Free Europe." MM. Louis Blanc, Etienne Cabet, and Pierre Leroux, are editors, with two English trustees, Mr. Vansittart Neale and Mr. William Coningham.

The chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the resignation of Professor Wilson, has been filled by the election of Mr. Patrick E. McDougall, Professor of Ethics in the New College, Edinburgh. The patronage in the case of this, as of most other chairs of the University, is in the hands of the Town Council of Edinburgh. Mr. McDougall's chief rival was Mr. Ferrier, a Professor at St. Andrew's, and the son-in-law of Prof. Wilson. The choice ultimately lay between Mr. Ferrier and Mr. McDougall, when Mr. McDougall obtained the preference by twenty votes against thirteen. Mr. McDougall has already a high reputation in Edinburgh; and his friends anticipate that under his professorship the chair will retain the eminence conferred on it by his distinguished predecessors, Ferguson, Stewart, Brown, and Wilson.

Dickens's "Household Words" says that the three-penny weekly newspapers of England are entirely displacing the six-penny. The *Weekly Times*, for example, has a circulation of sixty thousand per week, and *Lloyd's Paper* at least fifty thousand. Douglas Jerrold is the editor of the latter.

The penny (two-cent) weekly literary papers also attain great circulations. The *London Journal* has a weekly circulation of one hundred and seventy thousand copies.

Douglas Jerrold, according to the author of "What I Saw in London," is "making a sad wreck of himself through the excessive use of intoxicating liquors."

The poet *Rogers* has presented to the British Museum the original covenant between "John Milton, gent., and Samuel Simmons, printer," for the sale of Paradise Lost, dated 27th April, 1667. By the terms of the covenant, Milton was to receive five pounds at once, and five pounds more after the sale of thirteen hundred copies of each of the first three editions! The sum actually received by Milton was eighteen pounds, for which the receipt still exists.

William and Mary Howitt have lately issued a work upon the Literature of Northern Europe. We give a quotation. The work is voluminous, containing biographical sketches of all the northern authors of any eminence, together with specimens of their writings.

A new edition of "*Michael Angelo*, considered as a Philosophical Poet, with Translations," by Mr. Taylor, is announced in England. Condivi, who was cotemporary with Michael Angelo, informs us that the latter applied himself to the study of the Italian poets and orators, and composed sonnets before the accession of Julius II., who called Angelo to Rome; it is, however, more than probable that they were penned during various periods of his life. It is upon these sonnets that Mr. Taylor considers the artist entitled to be regarded as a philosophic poet; and, most undoubtedly, they abound with deeply-meditative thoughts, expressed in symbolical language. Religion, and the love of the beautiful, wherever it appeared in *human form*, are the pervading subjects of his poems.

DOMESTIC.

The *Hon. Joseph F. Buckingham*, a veteran of the Boston press, is about to issue an autobiographical work. *Prof. Felton*, of Cambridge, is preparing a Memoir of John S. Popkin; it will include Dr. Popkin's Lectures on Education. *John G. Saxe's* poems are about to appear in a new and complete edition, with a portrait.

Major Richardson, author of Walanston and several other productions, died in New-York lately. He was from England, and had been an officer in the British army. At one time he was the Canadian correspondent of the London Times. His habits were prodigal; his pride too excessive to allow him to live within his means; and it is said he died indirectly, if not directly, of starvation.

John Howard Payne.—The Baltimore Patriot announces the death of this eminent author. He is well known as a dramatic writer, and the author of "Home, Sweet Home," a song which will long preserve his memory. He was our consul at Tunis.

At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, a letter was read from *Bishop Upfold*, in which he promised to furnish the Society such important historical facts as he might meet with during his travels through the State. Among the MSS. which the Bishop presented through Mr. Jordan, are copies of the original commission of President John Adams to Jacob Burnet and others, constituting them the Legislative Council of the Territory northwest of the Ohio River. It is dated at Philadelphia, March 4, 1799. One of this council, Judge Burnet, is still alive, and enjoying a vigorous old age.

A Great Publishing Establishment.—According to a report made at the late General Conference of the M. E. Church, the "Book Concern" of this denomination has a total balance of property of $663,189 62, deducting twenty per cent. for possible bad debts. A part of this is in real estate, consisting of houses and lots, and part in stocks. The profit or yield from the entire capital, for the four years past, is as follows:—For the year ending in 1849, $32,833 52; for 1850, $15,239 65; for 1851, $47,261 42; and for 1852, $63,806 14. In the different departments of the establishment there are at present about two hundred persons employed. Not only is the printing and binding done here, but the stereotype plates

are cast on the premises. All the works issued at present are stereotyped, except the Christian Advocate. Duplicate plates of The Sunday-School Advocate are made for every number, and transmitted to Cincinnati, for the use of the Western Book Concern. There are eight power-presses at present employed, and one hand-press. This is a decrease on former years in regard to number, but an increase in regard to effectiveness, several of the old presses having been advantageously exchanged for one more valuable. During the last four years there have been added to the General Catalogue sixty-eight volumes, of which eighteen are 8vo. and fourteen in 12mo.; the rest of smaller size. To these should be added the Revised Hymn Book in the various sizes, with fresh sets of stereotype plates. To the Sunday-school list have been added three hundred and thirty-four volumes; to the Youth's Library, in various sizes, three hundred and twenty-five volumes, besides the Almanac: making a total of seven hundred and twenty-seven new works, besides the Hymn Book. To this must be added, also, eight hundred and forty-four pages of Tracts.

The Literary World reports the following forthcoming works:—

Messrs. *Charles S. Francis & Co.*, Broadway, have in press "Grimm's Household Stories" and "German Popular Tales," complete in one volume.

In August will be published by Messrs. *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*, Boston, a new work by William Ware, author of Zenobia, Aurelian, &c., entitled "Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston." Messrs. P., S. & Co. have now ready the sixth thousand of "A Peep at No. 5; or, a Chapter in the Life of a City Pastor."

Messrs. *D. Appleton & Co.* will publish immediately, in their Library of Readable Books, "A Journey to Katamandu; or, Life at the Court of Nepaul," by Laurence Oliphant. This journey was made in the company of Jung Bahadoor and suite, returning home from England and France.

Mr. *C. B. Norton*, Irving House, announces to be published shortly, "A General Index to Periodical Literature," by W. F. Poole, Esq., Librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library.

Ticknor, Reed & Fields announce as forthcoming from their press, a new poem, by Alfred Tennyson; A new poem by the author of "Festus;" A volume of Barry Cornwall's Prose Stories; The Poetical Works of Rev. Henry Alford, "Vicar of Hymeswold;" Chas. Mackay's Poems; "Lydia, a Woman's Book," by Mrs. Newton Crosland, author of "Partners for Life," &c.; A new volume of De Quincey's Writings; "Village Life in Egypt," by the author of "Adventures in the Libyan Desert;" "Hellenics," by Walter Savage Landor; "Palissy the Potter," by the author of "How to make him Unhealthy." Also, in preparation, "Jerdan's Autobiography."

Ohio Wesleyan University. — The Western Christian Advocate says that the Rev. Mr. French proposes to raise ten thousand dollars in the city of Cincinnati to endow a professorship of Biblical literature in the Ohio Wesleyan University. The subscriptions are a thousand dollars each. Six persons have already subscribed a thousand dollars each, on the condition that ten subscribers can be obtained. It is confidently expected that the other four thousand will be obtained.

Bangs, Brother & Co. commence the fifty-sixth New-York Trade Sale on Monday, sixth of September next. They have on hand for private sale some superbly embellished works. We are indebted to the generosity of these publishers for several illustrated volumes which shall be noticed in our next No.

The Independent says, "*Rev. Edward P. Humphrey, D. D.*, of Louisville, is chosen Professor of Theology at Princeton, in place of the late Dr. A. Alexander—a judicious selection. Dr. H. is the eldest son of Heman Humphrey, D. D., lately President of Amherst College, who lives to enjoy the Christian honor that has come to his family.

Methodist Institutions of Learning.—The Reports of the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church state that there are no less than eight colleges belonging to the denomination, with property and funds amounting to $494,063; the oldest is at Middletown, and was founded in 1830. There are forty-six academies and seminaries, the oldest of which is at Wilbraham, and was founded in 1829. In twenty-nine of these there are four thousand nine hundred and thirty-six students, an average of a hundred and seventy to each. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is not included in this report. Its literary institutions are also numerous; but we have not any summary of them at hand.

The New-York *Courier and Enquirer* notices a fact, very creditable to American literature, that in an English wholesale catalogue, in which, under the head "Popular Standard Works," are one hundred and thirty-three items, of which forty-seven, *considerably more than one-third*, are the product of American pens, and were first published by American publishers.

Dr. R. W. Griswold denies having written the "Review of American Literature," in the Westminster Review, and says that he has not even read the article.

Prof. Olmstead has in preparation a treatise on the Aurora Borealis, in regard to which he holds an original theory. His treatise is to be published by the Smithsonian Institute.

Prof. Brown's valuable work on English Grammar is highly applauded by the London *Literary Gazette*. It declares that all that has been said worthy of record on the orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody of the English language is here methodically and amply illustrated. *Prof. Andrews's* Latin Lexicon is commended strongly by the London Spectator. "It is," says that journal, "the best Latin Dictionary we have met with for the scholar or the advanced student." The London Athenæum speaks in high terms of *Dr. Anthon's* editions of the classics, &c. It says that "whatever he has undertaken, he has performed in a scholarly style."

Book Notices.

Jewett & Co., Boston, are issuing the works of the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher in neat but cheap style. Two volumes have appeared. The first contains fourteen lectures on Atheism and six on Intemperance. The second volume contains eight sermons. Some three or four more volumes are to follow. Several of these productions have been before the public some years, and have had powerful effect on the questions upon which they treat. The Temperance Lectures are especially notable for the agency they have exerted in that important movement. Dr. Beecher's works are marked throughout by the strong individuality of the man; they abound in robust thought, lucid and very definitive statements of his subjects, closely chained argumentation, passages of energetic eloquence, and evangelical heartiness and zeal. He says, "I am the more desirous of publishing my doctrinal expositions of the Bible, inasmuch as they have generally obviated the more common misapprehension of the Calvinistic system; and have been, in the hand of the Spirit, the means of whatever success it has pleased God to give to my labors in revivals of religion." See our sketch of the veteran author.

The Public Addresses, Collegiate and Popular, of D. D. Whedon, have been published by *Jewett & Co., Boston*. They contain the following articles:—*Inaugural Address; Baccalaureate at the Wesleyan University; Baccalaureate at the University of Michigan; Phi Beta Kappa Address at the Wesleyan University; Second Baccalaureate at the Wesleyan University; Candidates' Oration at Hamilton College; Tribute to the Memory of President Fisk; Psychology; the Christian Citizen's Political Duties.* The last three are the "Popular Addresses."

This volume cannot fail to be a most entertaining treat to such readers as like to follow a thorough thinker, and to be compelled to think themselves while doing so. They are replete with original and suggestive thought, and present frequently gems of poetic beauty. The book is adapted particularly to interest young and aspiring literary minds; and we predict that it will be especially popular among such. It has much of Thomas Carlyle's fascination, with few of his defects.

Light's Keep Cool, Go-Ahead, and a few other poems. Boston: G. W. Light, 3 Cornhill. Here are a few examples of genuine poetry—good Saxon poetry, strenuous with the energy of our times, and our vernacular. The "Keep Cool" and "Go-Ahead" are especially good, and will compare well with the similar productions of Tupper, Whittier, and Mackay—the "Good Time Coming" of the latter, for example. Mr. Light is chary of his pages—only about thirty-five are given—but these are worthy to be printed in gold. He has done wisely in publishing none but the very selectest of his productions; on this little brochure he will assuredly base an enviable reputation as a poet.

Strong's Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels.—This is a book to make one's eyes sparkle; we are not aware that any critical work of the kind has ever been issued in this country with equal elegance. It is confessedly the finest publication ever sent forth from the extensive house which publishes it. Its plates are numerous, and executed with noticeable beauty. Several very valuable maps are inserted, which partake, also, of the rare nicety of execution that characterizes the work. The critical and literary value of the volume is worthy of its mechanical excellence. Mr. Strong is a learned layman, whose pecuniary circumstances enable him to spend his days in literary leisure, if, indeed, the appropriation of his time to his favorite and elaborate Biblical studies can be called leisure. He has in the present publication given proof that it is not learned idleness. His Harmony is founded upon both the parallel and combined plans, as exemplified respectively in Newcome and Townsend. The commentary is continuous and exceedingly suggestive, as well as popular; and the subjoined notes, though brief, are pithy and "to the point." In fine, we are highly gratified with this noble volume as an honor to both American literature and American printing. *Carlton and Phillips, New-York.*

Fox and Hoyt's Quadrennial Register of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Universal Church Gazetteer is a valuable statistical volume, not only for the Church for which it is chiefly designed, but for the Christian public generally. It contains an abstract of the Methodist Discipline, abstract of the doings of the late General Conference of that denomination, Alphabetical Directory, comprising all its clergy, a Conference Directory, alterations of the Discipline, laws of different States affecting churches, &c., accounts of all the Methodist sects in the world, important data respecting most of the religious bodies of this country and England, and some very interesting tables. It is a work evidently of great labor; but some errors we perceive have escaped the attention of the editors. Our very intimate friend, the late editor of Zion's Herald, is, for example, so marvelously tossed about into false positions, that we can hardly recognize him; however, he is so used to such things that we suppose there is no danger of his losing the consciousness of his identity. *Hartford: Case, Tiffany & Co. New-York: Carlton and Phillips.*

A new Rhetorical Reader and Elocutionist has been issued by *Riker, New-York*. It has been prepared by *Rev. William H. Gilder*, the able teacher of *St. Thomas Hall, Flushing*. The principles of elocution are succinctly, but comprehensively presented in the introduction. The reading examples are numerous, and not the hackneyed ones. We commend this book to the attention of teachers, and think they will find it among the very best works of the kind extant.

Religious Summary.

The situation of the *State Church* in Sweden and Norway has been matter of anxious discussion among the priests in Stockholm; and the wish is expressed that a General Council, consisting of priests and laity, should be called by the king to take measures to stem the progress of heresy, or that a simple synod of priests should undertake it. Meanwhile the tendency toward religious freedom constantly increases, and a union has been formed to further the cause.

Episcopal Delegation.—Bishops Delancy, of Western New-York, and McCoskrey, of Michigan, are in Europe, as the representatives of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, in the jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Old School.—This is the largest ecclesiastical body of the Presbyterian name or faith in the United States. It had a total in May, 1851, of 23 synods, 135 presbyteries, 2,027 ministers, 2,675 churches, and 210,306 communicants.

During a period of religious interest in *Princeton College*, in 1815, there were thirteen converts: M'Ilvaine, Bishop of Ohio; Jones, Bishop of Virginia; M'Lean and Hodge, professors of Princeton; and Armstrong, late Secretary of the American Board, were among the number.

The four new *Bishops of the M. E. Church*, ordained at its late General Conference, were born as follows:—Levi Scott, in Delaware, in the year 1802; Edward C. Ames, in Ohio, in 1806; Matthew Simpson, in Ohio, in 1811; and Osman Cleander Baker, in New-Hampshire, in 1812.

British and Foreign Bible Society.—We presume there is not an institution in the wide world so extensive in its operations, and which exerts a mightier influence, than the British and Foreign Bible Society. It has its auxiliaries and its agents in nearly every portion of the habitable globe, disseminating the Scriptures in nearly every language spoken, and preparing the way for the extension of civil and religious liberty among the dark places of the earth. We observe, by an account of the anniversary of this gigantic society, held in London on the 3d of May, that the total issues of the Holy Scriptures for the past year amounted to 1,154,642 copies, being an increase of 17,025 over those of the year preceding. The entire receipts of the year ending March 21st, 1852, were £108,449 sterling. The total number of copies of the Scriptures issued by this Society since its formation, amount to 25,402,309 copies.

The *Council of Catholic Bishops* at Baltimore have decreed that eight or ten new bishoprics shall be added to the Church in the United States, and also that the mass shall henceforth be said or sung in English. These decrees must, however, be endorsed at Rome by the Pope before they have any validity.

Changes in Ireland.—The report of the Society for promoting Church missions to the Roman Catholics in Ireland, states that the Society have, now employed, nineteen missionary clergymen, seven lay agents, one hundred and one Scripture readers, fifty-five schoolmasters and mistresses, and some hundreds of Irish teachers. In one district in West Galway, where three or four years ago there were not five hundred Protestants, there are now between 5,000 and 6,000 converts, and nearly 3,500 children in the Scriptural schools. Eight new churches are about to be erected in this district for the accommodation of the common schools.

The variations in the text and punctuation of the six standard editions of the Scriptures, collected by the American Bible Society's committee, fall little short of twenty-four thousand; and yet not one among them all "mars the integrity of the text, or affects any doctrine or precept of the Bible."

The grants of the American Bible Society for publishing the Scriptures abroad the past year, have amounted to $30,900.

The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society reports the amount of its subscriptions and donations during the last year larger than usual. The Juvenile Christmas and New Year's offerings exceeded $2,500. The total income of the society (including the legacy of $50,000, left by Thomas Mariott) amounts to about $558,650. The expenditure has been $557,775, and the debt is $53,330. The Committee contemplate renewing the mission in South Africa, the reinforcement of those in India, in Ceylon, New-Zealand and Feejee, and will avail themselves of any other opening that may occur in China or elsewhere. The stations of the society now amount to 356, their missionaries and assistants to 486, their catechists, interpreters, teachers, &c., to 8,477. The accredited Church members are 108,678,—an increase over the corresponding period of last year of 3,843.

Methodist Missionary Society.—The fiscal accounts of this Society were made up to April 25th and not May 1st, this year, owing to the session of the General Conference at Boston. The Treasurer's report shows the receipts of the year to be $154,858 08
Expenses, ... 158,031 42

Balance against the Treasury . 3,173 34

It is proposed to raise $200,000 the current year.

Receipts of Benevolent Societies.—It appears, from the last anniversary reports in New-York, that the receipts for the last fiscal year of the leading Benevolent Societies are as follows, viz.: American Home Missionary Society, $160,062 25; American Sunday School Union, (donations, $45,836 54,) $193,846 22; American Tract Society, (donations, $116,406 41,) $342,858 93; American Bible Society, (donations not given,) $308,744 81; American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, receipts for the last nine months, $211,062 54. The total in-

crease in the last year in the societies named is $91,249.

The Congregationalist says that the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States employs a hundred and sixty missionaries among the foreign population in the land, more than half of all employed by every evangelical denomination of Christians.

The two branches of the *Presbyterian Church* closed their sessions—the Old School at Charleston, the New School at Washington—without discussing the slavery question. In the latter body some anti-slavery memorials were presented and referred, and we believe reported on; but the Assembly declined taking up the report for consideration—all the motions to that effect being voted down. The next session of the New School Assembly is to be held at Buffalo. The Old School had also agreed to meet there; but just before the adjournment the resolution was rescinded, and the next session will be held in Philadelphia.

A Handsome Legacy.—The Methodist Protestant, of Baltimore, says: "By the will of Miss Mary Saum, late of Carroll county, of this State, a copy of which is now before us, after certain legacies to surviving relatives, the Superannuated Fund Society is made the residuary legatee to her estate. We are informed that it is supposed the amount thus left the Society will be not less than ten thousand dollars—perhaps considerably more. We mention this for the encouragement of those interested in this benevolent enterprise."

Among the liberal donations given to the *Wesleyan Missionary Society* during the past year, we find one of £1,262; two of £500; one of £220; two of £200; one of £155; two of £150; two of £130; two of £120; one of £110; one of £105; eight of £100; one of £79; one of £70; one of £60 10s.; two of £60; one of £52; eighteen of £50.

Old School General Assembly.—Several new Synods were constituted by this body at its late session—one in California. The report of the Theological Seminary, although exhibiting a small number of scholars, shows that 250 young men had received, in whole or in part, their theological education there. The seventh annual report of the Western Theological Seminary shows that, in addition to an invested fund of $74,200, large donations in books, &c., were increasing vastly the resources of the institution and its facilities for theological education. The election of Trustees of the General Assembly was deferred until the meeting of the next General Assembly. The report on the overture from the Presbytery of New-Jersey, against a change in the Book of Discipline, in relation to the mode of taking testimony, elicited a warm debate. The report was finally adopted by a vote of 110 to 96.

The Wesleyan Methodist Conference.—This Canadian Methodist body met at Kingston on Wednesday, the 2d ult. About eighty ministers were present. The Rev. Francis Berry, Primitive Methodist Minister, having been recommended by the Brantford District Meeting, was received into the Wesleyan ministry. The increase in the number of members during the past year, is said to be 1325. The Rev. John Ryerson was appointed representative to the English Conference. The book and printing establishment are represented as being in a flourishing condition, the profits of the last year having been larger than any preceding year of its operations. There is said to be a very gratifying increase in the amount of missionary collections and subscriptions during the year, and the various missions are represented as being generally in a state of prosperity. The Book Steward and Editor were re-elected to their respective stations.

The late *General Conference* of the M. E. Church was in session twenty-seven days. Its next meeting is to be at Indianapolis, May, 1856. The subject of Lay Delegation was carefully considered, but the Conference decided that the proposed change was not expedient. The friends of the measure, however, think that an important step has been gained, as the subject has never before been so respectfully considered by a General Conference. The Boston Traveler gives the following summary of the other principal proceedings of the Conference. The long-contested question concerning pewed churches has been definitely settled, in a manner which tolerates the discretionary construction of chapels by the societies. No change has been made in the regulations concerning the presiding eldership. Four new bishops have been elected, two from the East and two from the West. The bishops are now seven in number. A "Seal of the Episcopacy" has been ordered, to be used in common by all, instead of each having a separate official seal, as heretofore. The Tract Society of the M. E. Church, centering at New-York, and the Sabbath-school work, have each been re-organized on an independent basis, with a view to greater efficiency. With the same intent, alterations have been made in the constitution of the Missionary organization. Several new conferences have been organized, and several new periodicals authorized. The business of general interest transacted on the last day was the passage of three resolutions—one requiring pastors to catechise children in Sabbath schools and at special meetings; another giving all male Sabbath-school superintendents, who are Church members, seats in the quarterly conferences by virtue of their office; and a third providing for the publication, at New-York, of a new edition of the Discipline.

Appointments.—The following elections and appointments were made at the last General Conference of the M. E. Church:—Levi Scott, D. D., Matthew Simpson, D. D., E. R. Ames, and Prof. Osman C. Baker, A. M., Bishops; Thomas E. Bond., M. D., editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal; John M'Clintock, D. D., editor of the Quarterly Review; Daniel P. Kidder, D. D., editor of the Sunday School Advocate and Books; Abel Stevens, A. M., editor of the National Magazine and Secretary of the Tract Department; Thomas Carlton and Zebulon Phillips, Book Agents, N. Y.; John P. Durbin, D. D., Missionary Secretary; Charles Elliott, D. D., editor of the Western Christian Advocate; William Nast, D. D., editor of the German Christian Apologist; Prof. Wm. C. Larrabee, A. M., editor of the Ladies' Repository

L. Swormstedt and Adam Poe, Book Agents, Cincinnati; Homer J. Clark, D. D., editor of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate; Wm. Hosmer, editor of the Northern Christian Advocate; James V. Watson, editor of the North Western Christian Advocate; S. D. Simonds, editor of the California Christian Advocate.

Missionary Reinforcements.—The American Board have sent out, within the last four or five months, thirty-nine missionary laborers. Of these, sixteen are men, twenty-three are women. Five have gone to the Choctaws; three to the Cherokees; two to the Cattaraugus; two to Canton; two to Assyria; two to the Armenians; one to the Nestorians; two to Syria; six to the Sandwich Islands; six to Micronesia; two to Ceylon; two to Salonica; four to the Gaboon, in Africa. Six of the thirty-nine are "returned missionaries returning;" the remaining thirty-three are new missionaries—young, fresh, and vigorous.

From the Pastoral Address of the Bishops of the *M. E. Church* in the United States, we learn that, during the last four years, there has been an increase of 90,246 members in the Church. And the increase has been progressive, as the first of the four previous years showed an increase of only seven thousand in round numbers; in the second year it was twenty-three thousand; in the third it was twenty-seven thousand; and in the last year it amounted to thirty-two thousand. As nearly, too, as can be ascertained, the number of conversions exceeded the additions; and it is humbly believed that growth in grace, as a general thing, has been in encouraging proportion to the accessions to the Church. The last four years have furnished an increase of missionary contributions very encouraging. The past year presents an advance of annual income of about sixty thousand dollars over the year 1848, and the next year's appropriation is put down at $200,000. The Sunday-school department of the Church is in a very prosperous state. At present there are 93,561 officers and teachers, and 473,311 scholars in Sabbath schools, and 1,260,558 volumes in the libraries. The number of conversions in the Sabbath schools during the past five years, has been 47,327.

At the last annual meeting of the Missionary Society of the *M. E. Church, South*, Dr. Sehon, the Missionary Secretary, stated the following illustrations of the growing spirit of missions in that Church. The collections for the year ending

May 1,	1846, amounted to	. . . .	$68,529
"	1847, "	. . . .	73,613
"	1848, "	. . . .	62,613
"	1849, "	. . . .	65,495
"	1850, "	. . . .	85,973
"	1851, "	. . . .	113,801
"	1852, about	. . . .	120,000

Making the aggregate of missionary collections, for the eight years of its separate organization, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, FIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY THOUSAND AND TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS. The last year is nearly double that of the first.

The New-York State *Universalist Convention* held its last session at Hudson. Its chief feature was an educational movement. An education society was organized at this meeting, with Rev. T. J. Sawyer, D. D., president, and sixteen trustees, located in different parts of the State. One hundred thousand dollars have been raised for a college in Massachusetts, and some ten or twelve for an academy and institute in New-York. The denomination has a relief fund of seven or eight thousand dollars for the benefit of infirm clergymen, or the widows and orphans of clergymen.

The *Classis* of East Pennsylvania of the German Reformed Church, held its annual session on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of May, in Ziegle's church, Weissenburg township, Lehigh county. This classis embraces Northampton, Lehigh, and Monroe counties, in its territorial extent, and numbers twenty-one ministers, eighty-three congregations, and a communicant membership of about ten thousand souls. The business claiming the attention of the classis was of the usual character, and harmoniously transacted. Measures were taken to secure the amount of $3,500, the quota chargeable on this classis, in aid of the fund for uniting Marshall and Franklin Colleges under one title in Lancaster city. This amount was to have been raised by July 1st, to secure the fund of $70,000 offered to effect the object.

Reformed Dutch Church.—At the late General Synod of this Church, the Rev. Dr. De Witt, corresponding secretary of the foreign board, rendered his report, which announced that the mission in China—where Doty and Talmadge are laboring—was in an encouraging condition; but represented that their Borneo mission was in an almost hopeless state. The report also intimated that the present synod might discontinue the connection of this board with the American Board of Foreign Missions, it being the opinion of the most judicious and influential men of the Reformed Dutch Church that more men and money could be raised from their denomination by a separate organization. Dr. Ludlow was elected successor to Dr. Cannon as professor in the Theological Seminary at New-Brunswick. The report on domestic missions, next read to the Synod, gave the following statistics for the past year:—In twenty-two out of twenty-seven classes, one or more churches or missionary stations have been aided during the part or the whole of the year; fifty-seven pastors and missionaries have received some or the whole of their support from your funds; sixty-six churches and missionary stations have enjoyed the beneficence of your churches; twelve churches have been organized, to which aid has been extended; five new houses have been built; four churches ask no further aid; nineteen new churches and new stations have been established or assisted; four hundred and twenty-three persons have been received, by profession of faith, into the churches aided; four hundred and thirty-seven have been received by certificate from other churches; eighteen applications for aid are now lying upon the Board, on account of the embarrassed state of the treasury; and one hundred and thirty-five out of three hundred churches have contributed to the funds of the board.

The Greek Church.—The "Trieste Gazette" has the following, from Athens:—The attention

of the government is at present engaged on a very serious affair. It proposes to conclude, with the patriarch of Constantinople, a treaty that will completely change the relations of the Greek Church, which had declared itself independent of Constantinople since the establishment of a kingdom, and had for its chief a synod chosen by the king. By the new treaty, the Greek Church will cease to be an independent member of the dogma of Anatolia, and will return under the full and entire authority of the patriarch. The orthodox Russian party have long looked for this result. It was M. Degliganni, who, when Greek chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, succeeded in concluding this treaty with the support of the orthodox party. The Greek ministers are now about to present it to the Chambers.

Scientific Items.

Lieutenant Maury reports to the Secretary of the Navy that the Asteroid discovered by Gasparis on the 17th of March last, was observed at the National Observatory by Mr. James Ferguson with the filar micrometer of the large Equatorial on the 6th, and again on the 7th inst. The Asteroid has the appearance of a star of the 10-11 magnitude, and makes the 16th in the group between Mars and Jupiter.

The *Academy of Sciences* of France, at their last session, unanimously voted to give the Cuvier prize to Professor Agassiz for his "*Recherches fossiles.*"

Swiss papers state that a machinist of Einsieden, in the canton of Schwyz, has invented a new apparatus for printing by electric telegraph, by which each letter is printed in any required kind of type by a single closing of the circuit, and the motion of the letters is accomplished by the action of one magnet and one commutator only.

Improvement in Railway Cars.—Nehemiah Hodge, of North Adams, Mass., obtained a patent for a new car-wheel with a wide, thick band of India-rubber fitted in between the outside and an inner rim, so as to take off from the wheel and carriage much of the jar when the carriage is in motion, and which it is thought will be a great protection against the breaking of axles, and save much wear to the different parts of the carriage.

Galvanic Discovery.—Dr. Nichols, of Haverhill, is alleged to have made a very important improvement in an apparatus by which he produces light and heat through galvanic agency. He applies the same batteries which decompose the water to the propulsion of machinery by the machine of Prof. Page; so that he now lights, warms, cooks, and propels by the apparatus, and carries on all the operations at the same time.

The Leading Chemists of Europe.—The most distinguished chemists in Europe and America are: in France—Dumas, Regnault, and Laurent. Austria—Redtenbacher and Schrotter. Germany—Rose, Mitscherlick, and Bunsen. Italy—Sobrero and Peyroni. England—Faraday, Muspratt, Playfair. Ireland—Kane and Apjohn. Scotland—Gregory, Anderson, Thomson. America—Hare, Jackson, Rogers, Horsford, Dana.

A new claimant for posthumous fame has been brought to notice by T. D'Arcy McGee, editor of *The Celt*, now published at Buffalo. He states, in his history of the Early Irish Settlers in America, that Christopher Colles, an Irishman, who arrived in this country about the time Fulton was born, delivered, in 1772, at Philadelphia, a series of lectures on the subject of Lock Navigation, and was the first person who suggested to the Government of this State, canals and improvements on the Ontario route. He was generally considered as a visionary projector, and his plans were sometimes treated with ridicule, and frequently viewed with distrust. In 1784, 1785, 1786, and for several successive years, he petitioned the Legislature of that State on the importance and practicability of uniting the western lakes to the Atlantic. He was probably the author of the letters signed "Hibernicus," on the same subject, which were published at New-York about the beginning of this century. In 1774 he proposed to supply New-York with water by aqueducts, such as now bring in the Croton, and of which he exhibited models at public lectures. During the last war he was "the projector and attendant of the telegraph erected on Castle Clinton." He died in obscurity and poverty, while others were growing famous and wealthy upon the stolen ideas of his failing intellect.

Railroads.—The Paris correspondent of the New-York Commercial writes: "From a late and official table of all the railroads in the world, I obtain the following footings up of some of the principal nations. The United States heads the list:—

	Miles of road in actual operation.
United States	10,968
England	7,467
Germany	5,698
France	1,930
Belgium	568
Russia	215
Italy	182
Total,	27,028

France is constructing or projecting 730 miles more, to complete the iron net-work upon her surface. This, with the Panama road, the line at the Isthmus of Suez, and the few miles lately opened at Madrid, may bring up the entire length to a round 28,000.

Among the latest discoveries at *Nineveh*, one coffin was found containing the body of a lady of the royal house; many of her garments were entire, also the gold studs which fastened her vest. The most singular discovery, however, was a mask of thin gold pressed upon the face, so as to assume and retain the features of the deceased.

Editorial Notes.

The monthly review of secular news, proposed in our Prospectus, is omitted in the present number. Unavoidable delays—such, however, as might have been expected, and are, we trust, excusable in the first issue—have placed this department out of date. Hereafter, we hope to render it a continuous and comprehensive record of current history—not merely items of news, but appreciative comments upon them, so that the reader who has kept pace with the daily or weekly press may find it an appropriate review of what he has already gone over; or, if he has not had these means of information, may rely upon it as an adequate outline of the events of the month.

The variety and collocation of the articles of a work like this, and not merely their intrinsic value, must, we are aware, constitute much of its interest. We shall attempt to meet the most varied tastes, except such as are vitiated or morbid. In the present number will be found two leading literary articles, from the London Christian Spectator and Christian Observer respectively, on *Carlyle's Sterling*, and the Writings of *Thomas Moore;* their moral tone is especially elevated; we commend them to our literary readers. The article from Neander on the *Devil Worshipers*, will be of as much interest to the popular reader as to the theological student; it about exhausts the resources of that curious subject. We shall give, *seriatim*, the entertaining and yet elaborate articles from Fraser's Magazine on *Romantic Fables and Popular Superstitions;* they very happily combine popular fiction and literary illustration. We give several valuable articles of a scientific, but popular, character, among which is a paper from Chambers' Edinburgh Journal on *Red Rain and Dust Showers*, one on the *History of the Pearl*, and another on *Herschel, Rosse, and the Telescope. The Beacon Fire of the Tyrol* we copy, with some modifications, from a periodical of the London Tract Society; the editor affirms that it is founded on historical facts. The articles on *Mount Ararat, Murillo, Monomaniacs, the Greek Philosophical Schools, Peter Cartwright, Marriage Ceremonies, &c., &c.*, we hope will find favor with the great and respectable class of "general readers."

A sensible writer, in one of the periodicals of the London Tract Society, says:—"What we seem to want is, a literature which, while it is not directly given to the discussion of the dogmas of Christianity, is throughout pervaded by its spirit—a literature which shall be perfectly free from all sectarian peculiarities, both in religion and politics—the literature, not of a party, but of humanity; addressing itself to the deep and universal principles of our nature, and doing this in such a form and manner as shall make it welcome to the homes of the working population, while it enlarges their comprehension, conciliates their prejudices, purifies their sentiments, and thus induces those mental and moral habits which constitute the chief features of a true elevation. It will be at once felt, however, that it is much easier to describe, than to secure, such a provision. To the extent in which it may be already realized by existing societies, or by individual effort, every enlightened friend of the people must rejoice. But very much remains to be accomplished, before it is fully adequate to the circumstances and wants of the age. The great desideratum of the present day is, the more extensive supply of a *cheap periodical literature*, such as shall combine the lighter graces of imagination with solid instruction, borrow its illustrations from every field of nature and walk of art, adapt itself to the varied phases of our common humanity, and harmonizing with the great and vital truths of the Christian revelation, shall aim at the permanent and true advancement of those to whom its mission is directed."

Preparations are being made by the publishers for the more elegant mechanical execution of our Magazine. We hope hereafter to wear even a better aspect than at present.

We design to give from ten to fifteen illustrations monthly. It is not deemed desirable to crowd the Magazine with a superabundance of engravings, thereby sinking its literary character in the mere pictorial interest of a juvenile work. Such as we insert shall usually be portraits or illustrations of real scenes. In due time we shall give a consecutive or serial character to these embellishments, by which the reader will be furnished with connected illustrations of important subjects in literature, history, &c.

Among the foreign periodicals which have been placed upon our list as resources for *materiale* are the leading English Quarterlies,—Blackwood, Fraser, Chambers, Dublin University, Hogg, Sharpe, and Tait's Magazines; the Christian Observer, Christian Spectator, Christian Witness, United Presbyterian Magazine, Christian Treasury, Free Church Magazine, Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, London Literary Gazette, Leader, Athenæum, Spectator, &c., besides several French and German monthlies, and a large variety of American periodicals. We shall have abundant resources for sterling selections.

We have received numerous applications for agencies for this Magazine. The publishers will give them the earliest possible replies.

Our friends may be assured that the liberality of the expense of our publishers, on this work, will be fully proportioned to the liberality of its patronage. We make none other than this general promise in respect to its future enlargement or improvement. We urge our patrons to extend on every hand the circulation of the work; speak a good word for it; show it among your neighbors; state its cheap terms. We are aware of no other publication of the same size and character, which is published at as low a rate in the nation. Will not its mechanical, its literary, and its moral characteristics, combined, guarantee you in recommending it strongly to your friends?

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1852.

SCENES ON THE RHINE.

IN the history of the Rhine, says some one, "we have a history of Europe." But we have more; the banks of no river in the world are more noted for beautiful landscapes, antique ruins, and local scenes of poetry and romance. Scarcely any section, however small, of this celebrated stream is destitute of such delightful associations. Our plates represent a short reach of the river; but it would take pages to describe all the beauties and historical and legendary memories which are comprised within this brief space.

Passing the charming little village of Lorchausen, which nestles at the entrance of a gorge, and is protected in the rear by mountain heights, and watched over by a solitary tower, the *voyageur* soon beholds the round tower and decaying walls of Furstenburgh which overlook Rheindiebach. This stronghold was dismantled by the French in 1689, and has ever since been gradually yielding to the ravages of time, until it now stands hoary in its ruins.

The traveler then passes the romantic and antique town of Lorch, which quietly reposes in the opening of the valley of the Wisperthal. Near by rises the steep and lofty mountain of Kedrich. The guide-book will remind him that "its steepness was no proof against the steps of the Evil One, who rode up its side on horseback one night, and left behind him some marks still pointed out as the Devil's Ladder. The same feat was afterward performed by a young knight, Sir Hilchen von Lorch, who, with the help of a few kind fairy friends, scaled the height to rescue his ladye-love, held in duresse upon the summit by some spiteful gnomes."

At Lorch begins the Rheingau, and castles and ruins become increasingly numerous. First appears Fursteneck; then follow, in rapid succession, Heimburgh, Sonneck, Falkenburgh, and the massive walls and towers of Rheinstein. The latter stands grandly out on the side of the mountain; it has been quite thoroughly restored, and is provided, in good taste, with the antique furniture which was in use in the Middle Ages. The trav-

LORCHAUSEN.

RHEINDIEBACH.

RHEINSTEIN.

eler is welcomed at its gates by the *Schlossvoght*, and very courteously allowed to inspect the venerable edifice and its curious contents. The view of both transports him, in imagination, to those old days when the pomp and romance of chivalry prevailed all along this glorious river.

Next appears the village of Assmanshausen, "a birthplace of Rhine wine." It stands, as our plate shows, at the base of grand hills which swell away with magnificent amplitude; the curvatures of the stream here give a peculiar beauty and solitude to the scenery.

Not far beyond Assmanshausen is seen Ehrenfels, an antique castle of the Archbishops of Mayence—for in the chivalric ages prelates were militant in more than one sense, and had their strongholds and knightly followers as well as their trains of chanting priests. The marvelous mixture of military, ecclesiastic, and civic traits which made up the life of the Feudal Ages is in fact more fully illustrated along the Rhine than anywhere else. Bishops and archbishops were among the most redoubtable warriors and desperate oppressors of those extraordinary times; and their castles present odd combinations of civic, chivalric, and religious symbols. Mouse Tower, on an islet strip in the midst of the stream, is the *locale* of some notable old legends. Southey has versified the famous one of Bishop Hatto and the rats. We give it not only for the amusement of our readers, but as a narrative of the legend, and a good specimen of the old ballad style:—

ASSMANSHAUSEN.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store;
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay:
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced at such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all o'er him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm:
"My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be:
"Fly! my lord bishop, fly," quoth he;
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way,
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

MOUSE TOWER.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise:
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd: it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below;
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

BRIDGE OVER THE NAHE, NEAR BINGEN.

Not far from the Mouse Tower the river Nahe enters the Rhine amidst beautiful landscapes, and immediately the traveler beholds the pleasant village of Bingen, "which," the guide-book assures him, "is a place to stop at a day or more." Its vicinity abounds in exquisite pictures of scenery. On a high summit stands the church of St. Rock, the resort of thousands of pilgrims on the day of the saint. Goethe visited it once on that day, and has left a description of the scene. He gave to the chapel, in memory of his visit, an altar-piece which still adorns it.

The name of this lovely village has been rendered familiar to English and American readers by Mrs. Norton's poetic ballad of "Bingen on the Rhine."

A soldier of the Legion,
Lay dying at Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing,
There was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood before him,
While his life-blood ebb'd away,
And bent with pitying glances
To hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd
As he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see
My own, my native land;
Take a message and a token
To some distant friends of mine;
For I was born at Bingen,
Fair Bingen, on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions,
When they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story,
In the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,
And when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale
Beneath the setting sun;
And 'midst the dead and dying,
Were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breast,
The last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly
Beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen,
From Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons
Shall comfort her old age;
And I was still a truant bird,
That thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier,
And even as a child
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell
Of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us
To divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,
But kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it
Where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen,
At Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me,
And sob with drooping head
When the troops are marching home again,
With glad and gallant tread;

BINGEN.

But look upon them proudly,
With a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier,
And not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love,
I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly,
Without regret or shame,
And hang the old sword in its place,
(My father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen,
Dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There 's another, not a sister—
In the happy days gone by
You 'd have known her by the merriment
That sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,
Too fond for idle scorning—
O! friend, I fear the lightest heart
Makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—
For ere the morn be risen
My body will be out of pain,
My soul be out of prison—
I dream'd I stood with her,
And saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,
Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along;
I heard or seem'd to hear
The German songs we used to sing,
In chorus sweet and clear,
And down the pleasant river,
And up the slanting hill
That echoing chorus sounded
Through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me,
As we pass'd with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore,
And well-remember'd walk;
And her little hand lay lightly,
Confidingly in mine—
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen,
Loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser,
His grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look,
He sigh'd and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him,
But the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion
In a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly,
And calmly she look'd down
On the red sand of the battle field,
With bloody corses strewn—
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene,
Her pale light seem'd to shine
As it shone on distant Bingen,
Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

But we linger too long among these charming scenes and associations; we close the view here, to return to it again, however, amidst even lovelier landscapes.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

THE scenery around Trenton Falls, Oneida County, New-York, is unrivaled in beauty by that of any locality of our country. Aware of the unqualified significance of this remark, we nevertheless venture to utter it. It has been our happiness to visit about all our noted water scenes; the picturesque images of the Passaic Falls, Bellows Falls, Montmorenci, of even the desecrated and half-obliterated beauties of Glens Falls and Rochester, and, above all, the august magnificence of Niagara will abide with us forever; but choicest among them all, not excepting Niagara itself, are the exquisite memory pictures of the *Konata*—the Amber river—as the Indians called it. These cascades are as transcendent in their beauty as Niagara is in its sublimity. Mr. Willis has said of this stream, that, "perhaps, in all the scenery of the world, there is no river which, in the same space, presents so many of the various shapes and beauties of running and falling water." The powers of poet and artist have been lavished upon descriptions of its exceeding loveliness. Our periodicals have frequently repeated a few of its aspects; they have, however, been but few. At the risk of multiplying our illustrations beyond what we deem a temperate and seemly indulgence of such pictorial luxuries, we present this scenery in fuller detail than we have thus far seen it given in any periodical work.

The village of Trenton or Kauyahoora, "*leaping water*," as the Indians called it, is about fourteen miles north of Utica. The rivulet which forms the cascades is the main branch of the Mohawk. Arriving at the public house of the Falls, the visitor enters immediately the dense woods, and is but twenty rods distant from the path which declines a hundred feet into the ravine of the stream. Descending it, and "being now on the pavement," says an old, ardent frequenter of the scene, "the river at your feet, perpendicular walls of solid rock on each side, and the narrow zone of ethereal sky far overhead, your

FIRST FALL.

feelings are at once excited. You have passed to a subterranean world. The first impression is astonishment at the change. But recovering instantly, your attention is forthwith attracted to the magnificence, the grandeur, the beauty, and sublimity of the scene. You stand and pause. At this station is a view of the outlet of the chasm, forty-five rods below, and also of what is styled the First Fall, thirty-seven rods up the stream In freshets, or after heavy rains, it pours over from the one side of the chasm to the other in a proud amber sheet. A pathway to this has been blasted, at a considerable expense, under an overhanging rock, and around an extensive projection, directly beneath which rages and roars a most violent rapid. Here some, unaccustomed to such bold scenery, have been intimidated, and a few have turned back. But the passage is level, with a rocky wall to lean against, and rendered perfectly safe at the turn of the projection by chains well riveted in the side."

SHERMAN FALL.

Passing onward amidst entrancing beauties, you suddenly see before you the "Sherman Fall," named after the writer who first described to the world these matchless scenes.* "It is difficult," he says, "to give a description of the scenery here. A mass of naked rock, extending up one hundred and fifty feet to the summit of the bank, juts forward with threatening aspect. The visitor ascends by natural steps to the throat of its yawning, and, like a son of Hercules, literally shoulders the mountain above. Here he stands free from the spray, in a direct line of the parapet wall, surveying at leisure the evergreens which cover in contrast the opposite bank with a rich foliage of the deepest verdure, and immediately at his feet the operation of the cataract rushing down into the spacious excavation it has formed. Back of this thick amber sheet, the reaction of the water has worn away the rock to an exact circular curve, eight or ten feet in diameter, which exhibits a furiously boiling caldron of the very whitest foam. In the bosom of the excavation a Fairy makes her appearance at a certain hour of sunshine, and dances through the mist, modestly retiring as the visitor changes his position, and blushing all colors when she finds him gazing at her irised beauties. A few rods beyond this spot a thin shelf puts out from the mountain, under which it never rains, nor snows, nor shines. In front the river hastens smoothly and rapidly to the fall below."

* Rev. Mr. Sherman, who resided at Trenton, and wrote his sketch of its Falls twenty-five years ago; "believing that it must eventually become one of the great features of our continent."

HIGH FALLS—FRONT VIEW.

Reluctantly leaving this lovely picture, you pass under a low cliff to a level rock, where bursts upon the delighted gaze the expanded beauties of the High Falls, of which we give two illustrations.

"The eye," says our author, "elevated at a considerable angle, beholds a perpendicular rock one hundred feet high, extending across the opening in a diagonal line from the mountainous walls on each side, rising seventy or eighty feet still higher. Over this the whole river descends, first perpendicularly about forty feet, the main body rushing to the left. On the right it pours down in a beautiful white sheet. For a short distance in the middle the rock is left entirely naked, exhibiting a perpendicular and bold breast-

HIGH FALLS—LOOKING DOWN THE RAVINE.

work, as though reared by art to divide the beautiful white sheet on the one side from the overwhelming fury of the waters on the other. They unite on a flat below; then, with a tumultuous foam, veer suddenly down an inclination of rocky steps, whence the whole river is precipitated into a wide, deep, and dark basin, forty feet underneath—mountainous walls rising on each side of the stream nearly two hundred feet—tall hemlocks and bending cedars extending their branches on the very verge above—small shrubbery variegating here and there their stupendous and naked sides. On the right of the basin a charming verdure entirely overspreads a smoothly-rounding and majestic prominence, which reaches halfway up the towering summit, and over the whole sky mingles with retiring evergreens, until verging in perspective to the distant angle of incidence, they are lost in the ethereal expanse beyond."

Ascending to a large table-rock, you climb a stairway to the *Rural Retreat*, represented at the head of our article. Here the character of the scenery changes, and becomes less abrupt. About forty rods beyond the "Retreat," and visible from it through the evergreen foliage, is the Mill-Dam Fall, fourteen feet high. Ascending and pressing forward, you come to the Cascade of the Alhambra, of which our author speaks in the following poetic, but, as every visitor will say, truthful strains: "At the extremity of it is one of the most interesting scenes imaginable; a scene that no pen can describe to one who is not on the spot, and where every landscape painter always drops his pencil. It is far too much for art to imitate, or for eloquence to represent. It is the prerogative of nature alone to do this; she has done it once, and stands without a rival competitor."

Resuming his course, the visitor passes on through ever-varying and charming

CASCADE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

outlines to the "Rocky Heart." The scenery beyond affords several additional and beautiful pictures; but visitors usually pause here, considering further progress as somewhat perilous. Returning, you ascend the bank in the rear of the Rural Retreat, and catch several delightful glimpses of the scenery. We insert but one of them—the upper part of High Fall with the Mill-Dam Fall in the distance, as seen from Carmichael's Point.

Having thus gazed with emotions which no language can express, on the most charming natural pictures which our continent affords, the visitor returns by a footpath through a shady forest to the hotel whence he started.

The enthusiastic author whom we have relied on as our chief authority in this sketch, makes the following general remarks, which may be of service to

SCENE NEAR THE ROCKY HEART.

CARMICHAEL'S POINT.

visitors. "Although the passage beyond the Rocky Heart is, at present, difficult, and even dangerous, yet both gentlemen and ladies have frequently passed as far as Boon's Bridge, where is a fall of about twenty feet, and where the chasm commences. This is nearly three miles from the Rural Resort. Every one who would explore the whole chasm, should take the full day before him, which will afford him time to rest an hour or two at the village near the bridge, and recruit his strength. Considerable has already been done to render this passage feasible; and, in all probability, it will soon be both easy and safe.

"It will of course be perceived, in view of what has been stated concerning the floods and rains, that the scenery must vary according as the water is high or low. The outlines of the chasm remain indeed the same; but the character and impression of the view are vastly different. When the water is very low, you have a much easier, far more spacious, and more pleasing path. At the ALHAMBRA fifty may walk abreast, and hundreds may pass each other on the beautiful level and dry pavement of its saloon. You see much more of the rock and of the manifest operation of the waters in wearing it away; and the large party enjoy with more zest their association, as they can sit together, make philosophical observations, and communicate their mutual impressions, or range about the shelving declivities from the path to the water's edge. For a party of pleasure, especially those who have often visited the Falls, some think the time of low water is the most eligible season. It undoubtedly has the advantages specified above.

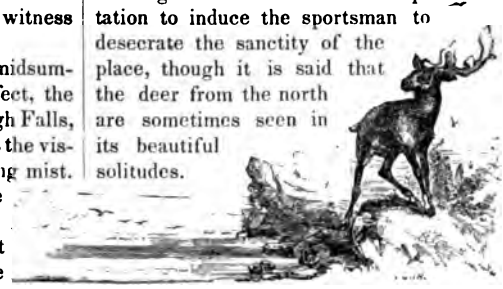
"On the other hand, when the water is so high as barely to allow a passage, Indian file, the majesty and imposing grandeur, the magnificence of the scene, are proportionably heightened. It is quite another view. Hence it is desirable to witness this scenery in all its variations.

"At high water, which, even in midsummer, two days' heavy rain will effect, the spray at the First, and also at the High Falls, is like an April shower, and requires the visitor to haste through its penetrating mist. The rapids, on such occasions, are proportionably more interesting.

"In winter, these Falls are not easily nor safely approached, the pathway being slippery, or blocked by snows; which would require pointed steel for the feet in the one case, and much exertion in the other. Some, however, do visit them in the winter, at which time the view is superlatively splendid. From the overhanging cliffs, enormous icicles, reaching down to the pathway, become transparent colonnades. The descending rills, already described, form an inverted tunnel, whose base is eight or ten feet, the apex touching the summit of the cliff sixty feet high, and the water pouring down through the center. At the High Falls, the shrubbery in its environs is distended by the frozen spray, and spangles and glitters in the sunbeam with inexpressible luster. The reader may easily imagine the rest.

"Still different, and far more awfully solemn and sublime, is the scene by moonlight. At the proper season, the moon, between the hours of ten and eleven, appears through the boughs and tops of evergreens on the summit of the opposite bank, and throws her interrupted rays upon the footpath. It is literally the descent of Æneas to Pluto's dreary domain. You cannot imagine that you belong to the upper world. You have departed hence. You find yourself in a world of spirits, where everything around is a deep shadow of an evanescent shade. You pause; your feelings are solemnized; you withhold your step. At length the moon towers aloft, and displays her full orb of mild and chastened light, which, while it flickers upon the raging rapids, tinging their surface with burnished silver, produces a mighty contrast, as at the awful moment of creation, when the firmament and the waters of the deep, the light and the darkness, were separated by omnipotent command."

The organic remains which abound at these Falls interest the attention of the naturalist. The fish of the stream attract the angler. There is little temptation to induce the sportsman to desecrate the sanctity of the place, though it is said that the deer from the north are sometimes seen in its beautiful solitudes.



THE BURIED PALACES OF NINEVEH.

"FAR away—a thousand miles from the highways of modern commerce, and the tracks of ordinary travel—lay a city buried in the sandy earth of a half-desert Turkish province, with no certain trace of its place of sepulchre. Vague tradition said it was hidden somewhere near the river Tigris; but for above two thousand years its known existence in the world was a mere name—a word. That name suggested the idea of an ancient capital of fabulous splendor and magnitude, a congregation of palaces and other dwellings, encompassed by walls and ramparts, vast, but scarcely real.

"More than two thousand years had it thus lain in its unknown grave, when a French *savant* and a wandering English scholar, urged by a noble inspiration, sought the seat of the once powerful empire, and, searching till they found the dead city, threw off its shroud of sand and ruin, and revealed once more, to an astonished and anxious world, the temples, the palaces, and the idols; the representations of war and the triumphs of peaceful art of the ancient Assyrians. The Nineveh of Scripture, the Nineveh of the oldest historians; the Nineveh twin sister of Babylon—glorying in a civilization of pomp and power, all traces of which were believed to be gone; the Nineveh in which the captive tribes of Israel had labored and wept, was, after a sleep of twenty centuries, again brought to light. The proofs of ancient splendor were again beheld by living eyes, and, by the skill of the draughtsman, and the pen of antiquarian travelers, made known to the world."

Such are the opening passages of a work of singular value and interest,* upon which we propose to draw for the materials of the present paper.

The merit of pioneering the way for the series of discoveries recorded in this volume, belongs to Charles Julius Rich, the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, who carefully surveyed, about the year 1818, the presumed sites of Babylon and Nineveh. The immediate results were but slight, and more than twenty years elapsed ere the investigation was resumed. In 1842, M. Botta was appointed French Consul at Mósul, in the immediate neighborhood. Having previously resided in the East, and possessing energy of character and a love of scientific pursuits strong enough to carry him through every difficulty, he speedily availed himself of the facilities afforded by his position for attempting to solve the great geographical problem. Selecting the mound of Kouyunjik for his first operations, three months of fruitless labor followed; but in the interim a dyer of Khorsabad, who built his ovens of the bricks on which his village was built, brought to Botta a couple of large bricks bearing inscriptions, and offered to procure as many more as he might desire. Acting on this hint, Botta dispatched workmen to the spot; and, in a few days, himself feasted his eyes on the remains of a chamber, the façade of which was covered with bas-reliefs, and had the still higher gratification of finding that he had struck upon the ruins of a very considerable edifice. In May, 1843, full descriptions of all that the excavations had revealed, accompanied by drawings, reached Paris; whereupon 3000 francs were immediately placed at Botta's disposal by the Minister of the Interior, for the further prosecution of the work.

And now a new class of difficulties had to be encountered. The proverbial insalubrity of Khorsabad seriously affected the workmen, and nearly killed their enterprising chief. Added to this, was the cupidity, superstition, and stolid ignorance of the inhabitants, who could not be induced to believe that such persevering researches were for treasures in marble and stone alone, some conceiving that their country formerly belonged to the Europeans, who were now searching for evidence whereon to ground a claim for restitution! Mohammed Pasha, Governor of the Province of Mósul, after subjecting the party to annoyances which would have sickened any one not bent on the achievement of his object, at length prohibited further search, on the Turkish governor-like pretext, that a small house built by Botta was erected as a fortress to command the country! The interference of the French ambassador at Constantinople, and the death of the Pasha, presently removed this formidable obstacle; and in May, 1844, having received

* "Nineveh and its Palaces. The Discoveries of Botta and Layard applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ." By Joseph Bonomi, F. R. S. L. Illustrated London Library, 227, Strand. Noticed in our Literary Record for July.

a fresh grant of money, and been joined by an artist dispatched by the French government to take drawings of the sculptures before they had lost their freshness by exposure to the atmosphere, Botta recommenced his labors, having, after some amusing diplomatic manœuvres, succeeded in purchasing the village for the purpose of clearing the houses from the top of the mound. By a fortunate coincidence —fortunate at least for one of the parties— a band of Nestorian Christians were at this time driven by persecution from their mountain homes in Kurdistan to Mósul and the neighboring villages, and Botta, charged with distributing among them the relief expended by his government, was at once furnished with a supply of robust and willing laborers. Nearly three hundred men were now engaged with all the ardor of Californian diggers, their more scientific director following with delight the movements of the pickax, and measuring, and transcribing all that it revealed. M. Flaudin, the artist, returned to Paris at the end of the year, when Botta and his coadjutors received the first reward of their labors in the publication of the result in a series of magnificent folio volumes prepared at the national cost. There now remained the formidable achievement of transporting the sculptures to France—a work in which Botta's patience, energy, and ingenuity, were yet more severely taxed. At length, after the lapse of eight months, and the loss of one life—the only casualty of the kind occurring throughout the excavations—the whole were floated down the Tigris on rafts supported by inflated skins, and at the end of 1846 was landed the first collection of Assyrian antiquities that had ever reached Europe— a collection which now presents one of the greatest of the many attractions of the Louvre.

To the labors of Dr. Layard, as being already widely known, we may refer with greater brevity. He commenced his career of travel in 1839, in the North of Europe, visiting the states of Germany, and acquiring their language; presently making his way to Constantinople, and then, Alexander-like, turning to another continent, and betaking himself to the East, where, learning the languages of Turkey and Arabia, he was soon able to adapt himself to the life of an Arab of the Desert. An excursion in the neighborhood of Nineveh and the Tigris served to whet an appetite for antiquarian research which no hardship or danger could subdue, and an interview with Botta, then engaged in excavating the mound of Kouyunjik, strengthened his determination to realize his own cherished views. Layard, however, could draw upon no public fund; and but for the generous munificence of Sir Stratford Canning, (recently elevated to the English peerage by the title of Lord Redcliffe,) to whom we are also indebted for the marbles from Halicarnassus, the French Museum would in all probability have received what has so greatly enriched the sculptural department of the British Museum.

The English, like the French excavator, had to face the most wearying difficulties, not the least of which were occasioned by the rapacity and duplicity of the local authorities, who, just when the first of the long-sought-for bas-reliefs was suddenly disclosed, peremptorily stopped the works. Fortunately, a change of Pashas resulted in the removal of the embargo, when, attracted by a ravine occasioned by the winter rains, Layard happily opened a trench in its center, and in two days was rewarded by "the discovery of several additional bas-reliefs, and of a gigantic human head, much to the terror of the Arabs, who hurried to communicate the intelligence that Nimroud himself had been found. The excitement produced by this discovery set the whole of Mósul in commotion; and the result was a message from the governor, to the effect that the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed." Again, however, a timely change of Pashas relieved Layard from his embarrassments, and all official opposition being overcome, new trenches were opened in the great mound of Kouyunjik, and soon "kings, priests, griffins, eunuchs, and the symbolic tree, were among the figures which excited feelings of amazement in the Arabs, and of rapturous delight in their employer."

Seasonable, though inadequate, aid was now afforded by a government grant; but no artist having been sent out, as in Botta's case, Layard had "to superintend the excavations, to draw all the bas-reliefs, to copy, compare, and take casts of the inscriptions, to direct the moving and packing of the sculptures, to be continually present at the works, and frequently to remove the earth with his own hands from the face

of the slabs." The excavations among the ruins at Nimroud now proceeded on a large scale. Chamber after chamber of the palace was explored, and the chiseled records of "battles, sieges, triumphs, banquetings, and sacrifices, were daily discovered." As in Botta's case, the removal of gigantic bulls, lions, and other large sculptures, drew largely on Layard's invention and patience; but by the end of June, 1847, the whole had been transferred from their sandy burial-place to the surface of the deep, the working party had been disbanded, and Layard had taken a farewell glance at the scene of his trials and triumphs.

After devoting several chapters to Ninevite history, biblical and classical, and to a topographical description of the entire district, Mr. Bonomi takes the reader from chamber to chamber of the palaces at Khorsabad and Nimroud, and describes the various scenes pictured in stone upon the walls, vivifying the mute record by his references and deductions, and ingeniously speculating as to cause and purpose, where either imperfect materials or partial knowledge render it impossible to pronounce a certain judgment. Singularly enough, the task of elucidating the architecture and construction of the Assyrian palaces has been greatly facilitated by the circumstance that many of those portions of the ruins of Khorsabad, such as windows, columns, and grand flights of stairs, which have been destroyed, are preserved in those of Persepolis; while, on the other hand, the sculptured and painted walls and chambers wanting there, are to be found at Khorsabad and other ruins; and thus it has been possible to give an almost complete outline of every part of the structures.

It is needless to insist on the importance of the information, direct and inferential, afforded by these remains. In the walls of these chambers, so long lost not merely to the sight but to the knowledge of mankind, we have a highly illustrated historical volume, in which are minutely and effectively, though often most grotesquely, displayed all the leading pursuits and characteristics of an extinct nation; while the incidental details, no less than the prominent features, strikingly and impressively illustrate Scripture statements. Here are to be seen, as is believed, the "mighty hunter," Nimrod himself, strangling a young lion by pressing it against his chest —the "eunuch in the palace of the King of Babylon"—the "king's cup-bearer, to whom was appointed a daily provision of the king's meat and of the wine which he drank"—the "governors, treasurers, and rulers of provinces," such as surrounded Nebuchadnezzar's image of gold—"the most mighty men" in the army, such as obeyed the behests of the same monarch in casting Shadrach and his heroic companions into "the burning fiery furnace." The sumptuous convivialities of the Assyrian court are delineated in "the banqueting hall," in which the king was wont to entertain "the nobles and princes of the provinces," (Esther i, 3–7,) in celebration of his conquests, when "the harp and the viol were in their feasts;" and here, too, is probably the very recess in which stood the wine-vase, of a size to contain "royal wine in abundance according to the state of the king," while his guests are in the act of drinking his health, or of pledging each other in uplifted cups.* The culinary department, and the stable also, find a place in the series; while in a slab representing the return of the king from the chase we have "a perfect *tableau de genre de haut ton*, resembling in so many points the present customs of the East," as remarkably to illustrate the tenacity with which Oriental nations cling to the manners and customs of their fathers. As might be expected, in the case of so martial a people, warlike exploits occupy the largest portion of this illustrative gallery. All the incidents of the successful campaign are registered with a circumstantiality indicative of the national vanity. Horsemen "lifting up both the bright sword and the glittering spear," and horses "swifter than the leopards, and more fierce than the evening wolves"—bowmen, shield-bearers, and slingers, for whom were prepared "shields, and spears, and helmets, and habergeons, and bows, and slings to cast stones"—chariots and battering-rams, the assault, the charge, the retreat and pursuit, the burning fort, and the sacked city—bearded warriors "furiously driving

* The seats used are narrow and without backs, indicating that the custom of reclining at meals had not then been introduced. The prophet Eli, it will be recollected, is described as having fallen "from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, so that his neck brake and he died."

their chariot in pursuit of the remnant of the inhabitants, who are flying over a rocky plain, strewn with headless bodies" —the soldier "deliberately plunging his sword into the breast of an adversary, whom he has driven down on his knees"— the king stopping his chariot "to command a register to be made of the number of the heads of the slain piled up in a heap before him," (2 Kings x, 8,) and, hovering over dead and dying, "the ravenous birds of every sort," (Ezek. xxxix, 4,)— these horrid accompaniments of a horrid system are described with surprising vigor and effect. Then follow the treaty of peace, the triumphal march, the manacled prisoners supplicating for mercy, "the captive child and the mother that bare it cast out into another country," (Jeremiah xxii, 26,) and the train of tribute-bearers enriching the imperial treasury with the spoils of enslaved provinces or conquered kingdoms.

The "Hall of Judgment" and the "Chamber of Judgment," furnish scenes presenting in an equally unfavorable light the character of the people and the age. In the bassi-relievi here are to be seen prisoners, some of them supposed to be Jews, probably Samaritans, having rings in their lips, to which is attached a cord held by the king, embodying literally the metaphor in Isaiah's prophetic message sent in reply to the prayer of Hezekiah —"Because thy rage against me and thy tumult is come up into mine ears, therefore will I put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." Isaiah xxxvii, 29. One prisoner, in addition to having his hands manacled, has on his ankles strong rings fastened by a heavy bar, the condition in which the Assyrian king took Manasseh to Babylon, (2 Chron. xxxiii, 11;) and, perhaps, resembling that of Zedekiah when bound, at a later period, with fetters of brass, 2 Kings xxv, 7; Jer. xxxix, 7. In another group is a man naked, with limbs outstretched, and wrists and ankles fastened to pegs in the table or floor, while "the chief of the slayers" is, with a curved knife, "beginning to remove the skin from the back of the arm of the prisoner, whose head is turned toward the king imploring pardon, the very words of which petition may possibly be contained in the cuneatic inscription above." In another scene may be recognized the fate of Zedekiah, the king thrusting the point of his spear into the eyes of the supplicating prisoner, while he holds in his left hand a cord attached to rings in the lips of two other captives. "The *dark* places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Yes! Nineveh, "that exceeding great city," was spiritually dark; the remains of its material magnificence giving proof of the superstitions and religious ignorance of its people. The representations of divinities, two-winged and four-winged, symbolic bulls and emblematic figures and inscriptions, occur with frequency in particular portions of these palaces. "The sacred or royal precincts were trebly guarded by divinities, inscriptions and hidden gods, from the approach of any subtle spirit, or more palpable enemy, that might have escaped the vigilance of the king's body-guard." In the floor of the inner court, Botta found secret cavities containing small images of baked clay of horrid hybrid forms; these being, it is suggested, the "Teraphim," or images, such as Rachel took from her father and put "in the camel's furniture, and sat upon them," (Gen. xxxi, 19, 30, 34,) the signification of the original word according with the terrifying aspect of these figures. In "the divine chamber" were found the figures of two magi, with a gazelle in one hand and the other uplifted in prayer; and it is inferred that in this chamber they were wont to be consulted by the king, the blood of the victims being poured into the cavity in a slab in the floor. These magi, it is inferred from their form and features, are one of the four orders of Chaldeans mentioned by Daniel, to whom the Assyrian kings resorted, on occasions the most trivial or important, for the interpretation of dreams or the solution of political problems. They are distinguished by a peculiar species of dress, and it is noted as a remarkable fact that "they retain more of the vermilion and of the black pigment in the hair and eyebrows than any other figures on the walls of Khorsabad and Nimroud, a circumstance which, we think, is not to be attributed to chance, for the prophet Ezekiel, in speaking of the figures of men sculptured on the walls of the Assyrian palaces, makes particular mention of the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion." Ezek. xxiii, 14. A still more striking

reference is made in another passage, which we quote—"The large group forming the center of the stone shows us the king, twice repeated, for uniformity's sake, performing some religious rite before the symbolic tree, in the presence of the chief divinity, which we consider to typify Baal. The king holds the sceptre in his left hand, his right being upraised and his forefinger pointed, as in conversation with the winged divinity above. Elijah apostrophizes the priests of Baal ironically, telling them to call louder on the divinity, for, he says, 'he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or, peradventure, he sleepeth, and must be awaked.' We may judge now, with these authentic documents of the worshipers of Baal before us, how cuttingly sarcastic was this address of the prophet. Here, he is truly talking; elsewhere, he is pursuing, as we have seen; or on a journey; or, peradventure, sleeping: this is the climax of sarcasm, because sleep, as the priests of Baal well knew, is necessary to the restoration of the faculties of the mortal, and incompatible with divinity. 'Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.'"

The arrogant and boastful character of some of the inscriptions on these palatial walls agree, we are told, in a singular manner, with the gasconading of the messengers sent to Hezekiah, described in 2 Kings xviii. and xix.: "Who are they among all the gods of the countries that have delivered their country out of my hand?" Swift and terrible was the response: for "it came to pass that night, that the Angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses!" And more complete and terrible still was the vengeance stored up against the city of this proud and tyrannizing people, the results exactly verifying the predictions of the prophet, "With an overrunning flood he will make an utter end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue his enemies. The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved. Nineveh is of old like a pool of water." Nahum i, 8; ii, 6, 8. The condition of the ruins, says Bonomi, "is highly corroborative of the sudden destruction that came upon Nineveh by fire and sword." "Then shall the fire devour thee; the sword shall cut thee off." It is evident from the ruins, that both Khorsabad and Nimroud were sacked and then set on fire. "She is empty, and void, and waste." Neither Botta nor Layard found any of that store of silver, and gold, and "pleasant furniture," which the palaces contained; scarcely anything, even of bronze, escaped the spoiler; but he unconsciously left what is more valuable, for to the falling in of the roofs of the buildings, by his setting fire to the columns and beams that supported them, and his subsequent destruction of the walls, we are indebted for the extraordinay preservation of the sculptures. In them we possess an authentic and cotemporary commentation on the prophecies; in them we read, in unmistakable characters, an evidence of that rapacity and cruelty, of which the Assyrian nation is accused. "For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it. Wo to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity!" Hab. ii, 11, 12.

A LOVELY PICTURE.

MANY of the prejudices in the present day against vital Christianity are traceable to distorted apprehensions of its real excellence. Who can read the following exquisite portrait of its graces and characteristics without being charmed with the original?

Whatever else there be, if there be not love, it profits nothing, it proves nothing. Love to God and our neighbor is the essence of piety. It is the body, the basis, the staple element; and if the great commandment, and the next greatest be absent, whatever else there be, there is not Christianity.

Joy. The essence of love is attachment. Joy is the happiness of love. It is love exulting. It is love aware of its own felicity, and rioting in riches which it has no fear of exhausting. It is love taking a look of its treasure, and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding. "God's promises appear so strong, so solid, so substantial—more so than the rocks and everlasting hills; and his perfections—what shall I say of them? When I think of one, I wish to dwell upon it forever,

but another, and another equally glorious, claims a share of admiration; and when I begin to praise, I wish never to cease, but to find it the commencement of that song which shall never end. Very often have I felt as if I could that moment throw off the body, without first going to bid them farewell that are at home in my house. Let who will be rich, or admired, or prosperous, it is enough for me that there is such a God as Jehovah, such a Saviour as Jesus, and that they are infinitely and unchangeably glorious and happy!" And in a similar frame another felt—"Were the universe destroyed, and I the only being in it besides God, he is fully adequate to my complete happiness; and had I been in an African wood, surrounded by venomous serpents, and devouring beasts, and savage men, in such a frame I should be the subject of perfect peace and exalted joy."

Peace. If joy be love exulting, peace is love reposing. It is love on the green pastures, it is love beside the still waters. It is that great calm which comes over the conscience, when it sees the atonement sufficient, and the Saviour willing. It is unclouded azure in a lake of glass; it is the soul, which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

Long-suffering. This is love enduring. If the trial come direct from God, it is enough. It is correction. It is his heavenly Father's hand, and with Luther the disciple cries, "Strike, Lord, strike. But, O! do not forsake me." If the trial come from Christian brethren, till it be sevenfold seventy times repeated, love to Jesus demands forgiveness. If it come from worldly men, it is the occasion for that magnanimity which recompenses evil with good. And in every case, it is an opportunity for following a Saviour whom sufferings made perfect. That Saviour never loved the Father more intensely, than when the Father's face was hid, and when the bitter cup proclaimed his justice terrible and his truth severe. One apostle denied him, and all the disciples forsook him; but Jesus prayed for Peter, whilst Peter was cursing, and his love followed the rest, even when they were running away. Jerusalem killed him: but in foresight of the guilty deed, it was over Jerusalem that Jesus wept; and when the deed was done, in publishing pardon and the peace of God, it was at Jerusalem that evangelists were directed to begin.

Gentleness, or affectionateness. This is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech, which assure us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light, and warmth, and fragrance, all together. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmier dream. It is considerateness. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depth and all its delicacy. It is every melting thing included in that matchless grace, "the GENTLENESS of Christ."

Goodness or beneficence. Love in action—love with its hand at the plow, love with the burden on its back. It is love carrying medicine to the sick, and food to the famished. It is love reading the Bible to the blind, and explaining the gospel to the felon in his cell. It is love at the Sunday class, or in the ragged-school. It is love at the hovel-door, or sailing far away in the missionary ship. But whatever task it undertakes, it is still the same—love following His footsteps "who went about continually DOING GOOD."

Faith. Whether it means trust in God, or fidelity to principle and duty, faith is love in the battle-field. It is constancy following hard after God, when the world drags downward, and the flesh cries, "Halt." It is zeal holding fast sound words when fervor is costly and sound words are obnoxious. It is firmness marching through fire and through water to the post where duty calls and the captain waits. It is Elijah before Ahab. It is Stephen before the Sanhedrim. It is Luther at Worms. It is the martyr in the flames. O, no! It is Jesus in the desert. It is Jesus in Gethsemane. It is Jesus on the cross. And it is whosoever, pursuing the path or finishing the work which God has given him, like the great forerunner, does not fear to die.

Meekness is love at school—love at the Saviour's school. It is Christian lowlihood. It is the disciple learning to know himself—learning to fear, and distrust, and abhor himself. It is the disciple practicing the sweet and self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus, and finding all his righteousness in that righteous other. It is the disciple learning the defects of his own character, and taking hints from hostile as well as friendly monitors. It is the disciple praying and watching for the improvement of his talents, the mellowing of his temper, and the amelioration of his character. It is the loving Christian at the Saviour's feet, learning of him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his own soul.

Temperance. Love taking exercise, love enduring hardness, love seeking to become healthful and athletic, love striving for the mastery in all things, and bringing the body under. It is superiority to sensual delights, and it is the power of applying resolutely to the irksome duties for the Master's sake. It is self-denial and self-control. Fearful lest it should subside to gross carnality, or waste away into shadowy and hectic sentiment, temperance is love alert and timeously astir; sometimes rising before day for prayer, sometimes spending that day on tasks which laziness or daintiness declines. It is love with girt loins, and dusty feet, and blistered hands. It is love with the empty scrip, but the glowing cheek; love subsisting on pulse and water, but grown so healthful and so hardy, that it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."*

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SILK-WORM.

WE have often wondered that the interesting study of natural history is not more generally pursued, as we think that there is not a single branch of science which would better reward the time and labor bestowed on it. Besides this, it possesses another great advantage, that of being easily attained by all, young and old, rich and poor, and that, not by making expensive experiments, or studying books filled with tiresome technicalities, but by the study of living, moving specimens. All we require is the habit of attentive observation; if we possess this, the spider, which spins its web on our walls, the butterfly, sporting gayly from flower to flower, determined to enjoy as much as possible its short life, and the faithful dog, which we learn to look on as a companion and a friend, will furnish us with instruction and amusement for many an hour which might otherwise have passed wearily along. And, added to all this, we think there is no study more eminently calculated to lead our thoughts to the contemplation of Him who made them all, and without whose knowledge "not one sparrow falleth to the ground;" and we shall indeed, for this reason especially, rejoice if the papers which we have in contemplation shall be the means of inducing any of our readers to follow up the study of natural history for themselves.

Entomology is that branch of natural history which treats of insects. It is derived from two Greek words, signifying "an insect," and "a discourse;" and the meaning of the word insect is "cut into," a very proper name, too, as all insects appear with divisions, just as if *cuts* had been made in their bodies, dividing them into three parts, which are severally called the head, the corselet, and the abdomen; therefore any animal not possessing these three parts distinct is *not* an insect.

Insects are distinguished from animals by their not having bones, brains, veins, or branched arteries, and, consequently, no circulating blood; as also by their breathing through air-holes in the sides, instead of through the mouth. They all have six legs; and caterpillars have, in addition to these, from ten to sixteen members, somewhat similar to legs, for the purpose of clinging and climbing. The human skin is composed of three parts, but in insects only two are generally to be seen; the inner one somewhat resembling the cuticle of the human skin, and, like it, being the membrane of color. The color of insects is very various, but the same color generally prevails in the same class. Thus, black is the usual color of beetles and flies; green, that of caterpillars which feed on leaves; while the gay and beautiful butterfly is adorned with the brightest shades of blue, yellow, white, and red, in every possible variety of tint and marking. Many

* From a charming little production, "The Vine," which bears internal evidence of being from the graceful pen of the Rev. James Hamilton, D. D.

insects, however, are covered with hair or down, inserted, as in animals, in the inner skin.

Having now detailed the principal characteristics of insects, we shall proceed to give a more particular account of some of the most curious and interesting among them; and, for this purpose, will commence with the most useful of all insects, the silk-worm. The silk-worm is a native of China, and is produced from an egg about the size of a grain of mustard-seed, of an ovate shape, and depressed in the center. At first it is of a yellowish color, but, in three or four days, it changes to a bluish shade. When first hatched, it appears like a small black worm, not half an inch in length, very vivacious; and it almost immediately wanders about in search of food, (which, for a few days, consists of young and very tender mulberry-leaves,) being more active at this time than at any other period of its life; for, when fully grown, it is a dull, lifeless insect, rarely moving more than a few feet when in its chrysalis state, which circumstance renders it very easy to be managed by those who take care of it for the sake of its silk. The silk-worm, like other insects, has six legs, set in pairs, and which cannot be altered in their position. They are not, however, left utterly destitute of all means of motion; for they are provided with ten flexible members, furnished with small hooks, which enable them to climb. They have no less than fourteen eyes, seven on each side of the head, near the mouth, which is vertical; and they have eighteen breathing-holes, nine on each side of the body. The spinning apparatus of silk-worms is situated near the mouth, and is connected, by means of long slender vessels, with the silk-bags. The external tube by which the silk is produced is called the spinneret; it is furnished with two orifices for the extrusion of the silk, which, however, unite before reaching the termination of the tube. This orifice is composed of alternate slips of horny and membraneous substances; the one for the purpose of compressing it into a small diameter, and the other for enlarging it, at the will of the insect. Its point is truncate, like the nib of a pen, which admirably adapts it for being applied to any object. Perhaps this description may be rendered more easy to be understood by an illustration. Some of our readers may have seen, in a goldsmith's workshop, certain iron plates, pierced with holes of different dimensions, through which gold and silver wire is drawn to make it finer. Well, the silk-worm has under her mouth just such a kind of instrument, with two holes, united at the outside, with which she draws two drops of the gum (of which the silk is made) that fills her two bags. These instruments answer the purpose of distaffs, to enable the insect to spin the gummy substance into silken threads. She fixes the first drop of gum anywhere she likes, and then draws back her head, while the gum, continuing to flow, is drawn out, and lengthened into a single stream. When exposed to the air, it immediately becomes dry, and acquires consistency and strength. It has not been very satisfactorily ascertained how the gum, which composes the silk, is drawn off and separated from the other juices which nourish the body; but some imagine that the gum bags are furnished with a set of minute glands, which, being impregnated with gum, afford a free passage to all the juices of the mulberry which are of a glutinous nature, while they extrude every other.

But it is now high time to return to the worm itself, which we left feasting on young mulberry-leaves. It continues to eat very freely for about eight days; it then begins to suffer for its voraciousness, by being attacked with its first sickness, which consists of a kind of lethargic sleep, continuing for three days, during which time it eats nothing, and changes its skin. After this long fast, its appetite returns with redoubled vigor, and it eats again almost unceasingly for five days, during which it increases its size to half an inch. Then follow three more days of sickness, then five of health, then three of sickness, and, lastly, five more of health, during which it seldom stops eating, apparently desirous of making up for lost time. After this feast it loses its appetite altogether, becomes transparent, and leaves silky traces on the leaves it passes over. This is a sign that it is ready to commence its cocoon, and does not intend to eat any more. But although this is the general way in which silk-worms pass their short lives, the sick and healthy periods vary a little in length, according to the temperature of the weather. When it is warm and dry, the sickly period is shorter, and, when damp and cold, longer, than the time we have specified.

The silk-worm now prepares for its change into the chrysalis condition. It fixes upon some hollow place, whose size agrees with the dimensions of the intended cocoon, and commences its operations by spinning thin and irregular threads for the support of its future abode. Its first day's labor consists in forming a loose structure of an oval shape, which is called *floss-silk*, and *within* which covering, on the three following days, it works a fine and consistent yellow ball—of course always remaining itself within the sphere of the cone which it is forming. Should any of the threads intended for the support of the cocoon be broken, the ball, being unevenly balanced, becomes unsteady, and thereby disturbs and impedes the insect's proceedings. When, therefore, this is the case, the worm pierces a hole in the cocoon, abandons it altogether, and, finding no suitable place where it might prepare for its change, it dies, without effecting it. Under happier circumstances, however, the silk-worm generally completes its habitation (which is, in size and shape, something like a pigeon's egg, but rather smaller) in three or four days. The operation of spinning, and the emission of such a quantity of silk, uncompensated by food, causes the poor worm to grow very small, and quite shriveled in appearance. It now rests from its labors, throws off its caterpillar dress, and changes into the chrysalis state, looking very like a kidney-bean, with a smooth brown skin. In this state it remains for a period of from fifteen to thirty days, according to the state of the weather; it then throws off its shroud, and dons its wings, which are of a pale buff color, with a faint streak across them. It does not, however, long enjoy its liberty: its first object is to seek its mate; it then lays its eggs, generally from five hundred to six hundred in number, and then both male and female die.

These, however, are only what we may call the *natural* habits of the silk-worm; for the Chinese, finding that the silk made by worms in this condition was not nearly so good as that made by those sheltered and protected by the hand of man, have taken the greatest pains to attain perfection in the art of rearing and tending them; and, indeed, we believe that they have succeeded. The grand difficulty against which they have to contend, is the prevention of the extrusion of the caterpillars from the eggs too early, to which, in consequence of the very dry and warm nature of the atmosphere, they are prone. They generally guard against this misfortune by getting the moths to lay their eggs on large sheets of paper, which, as soon as they are covered with a sufficient number of eggs, are hung up on a beam of one of the rooms in which they are kept, and all the windows are opened, in order to expose them to a free current of air. After a time, they are taken down, rolled up, with the eggs inside, and each separate sheet of paper is hung up for the summer and autumn. At the first approach of winter, they are again removed from their lofty position, and given a cold-water bath, in which a little salt has been dissolved, and in this bath they are allowed to remain for two days, after which they are taken out, dried, rolled up rather more tightly than before, and each sheet is put into a separate earthen pot. All this trouble is taken to prevent the extrusion of the caterpillar until the leaves of the mulberry-tree have expanded, as otherwise the worms would run a great chance of being starved. When, however, they have expanded, all the rolls of paper are taken from the earthen vessels and hung up in the sun. At night the sheets are again rolled up, and carefully deposited in some warm, dry place. On the next day, the same operations are repeated, and the eggs become of a pale grayish color. The third day, they are subjected to the same mode of treatment, but the eggs become nearly black; and when the paper is unrolled on the following morning, the larvæ are found emancipated from their dreary confinement, and enjoying their liberty.

In the higher latitudes of China, where the weather is not so favorable for the rearing of silk-worms, the inhabitants make use of ovens for the simultaneous hatching of the eggs. But this plan does not succeed so well as the other. The greatest attention must be paid to preserving the purity of the atmosphere, while, at the same time, the rooms must be kept perfectly air-tight; and all the doors are obliged to be opened toward the south.

The silk-worms are fed on hurdles, which are placed in frames, arranged in tiers, eight or ten deep, one over the other. In the early stage of their existence, they feed by night as well as by day. When first hatched, they are supplied with *forty*

meals in the twenty-four hours, then with thirty, and afterward this number is gradually reduced to two.

The more rapidly the silk-worms can be brought to maturity the better, as on this circumstance the quantity of silk which they are able to produce depends. If it happen before the twenty-fifth day, one drachm of eggs will produce twenty-five ounces of silk; if not until the twenty-eighth, the same quantity of eggs will only produce twenty-one ounces; and if delayed until the thirtieth or fortieth day, only ten ounces of silk will be procured.

When about to commence their spinning operations, mats are provided, in the center of which a strip of rush, about an inch in diameter, is placed, and extended in concentric circles all over the surface of the mat, leaving a space of about an inch broad between each circle. Here the worms begin to spin; and it is found that this arrangement causes less silk to be wasted than when they are allowed a greater space for spinning the threads on which the cocoons are suspended. Formerly the rooms used, at this period, to be kept perfectly dark; but it is now discovered that the caterpillars are better and stronger when the sun is allowed to shine on the hurdles.

In seven days the cocoons are completed, and the largest and best are laid aside to perpetuate the breed. The remainder are laid in layers in large earthen vessels, with one-fortieth part of their weight in salt placed over each layer. The top is covered with large dry leaves, and the mouths of the vessels are closely covered up, which soon kills the chrysales, which would otherwise eat their way out of the cocoon, and then the silk would be useless. The silk is then rolled off, and prepared for manufacturing. The quantity of silk on each cocoon varies very much, but the average length of the thread is from five hundred to six hundred ells.

The time when the cocoon, which contains the chrysalis of the silk-worm moth, was first converted into an article of dress is unknown. It was, however, known in China twenty-seven hundred years before the Christian era. The discovery was brought from Persia by Alexander the Great, and introduced into England shortly after the Norman Conquest.

BIRDS.

A PECULIAR charm invests the lives of naturalists. The path of the military conqueror is blood-stained, that of the statesman involved and tortuous, while the pale legions of avarice usually beset the goal of maritime discovery, and associate the names of its heroes with scenes of anarchy and oppression; but the lover of nature, who goes forth to examine her wonders or copy her graces, is impelled by a noble enthusiasm, and works in the spirit both of love and wisdom. We cannot read of the brave wanderings of Michaux in search of his sylvan idols; of Hugh Miller, while at his mason's work, reverently deducing the grandest theories of creation from a fossil of the "old red sand-stone;" or of Wilson, made an ornithologist, in feeling at least, by the sight of a red-headed woodpecker that greeted his eyes on landing in America,—without a warm sympathy with the simple, pure, and earnest natures of men thus drawn into a life-devotion to nature, by admiration of her laws and sensibility to her beauty. If we thoughtfully follow the steps, and analyze the characters of such men, we usually find in them a most attractive combination of the child, the hero, and the poet—with, too often, a shade of the martyr. An inkling of the naturalist is indeed characteristic of poets. Cowper loved hares; Gray, goldfish; Alfieri, horses; and Sir Walter Scott, dogs: but, when pursued as a special vocation, Ornithology seems the most interesting department of natural history.

Birds constitute the poetry of the animal creation: they seem, like flowers, the gratuitous offspring of nature; and although their utility, as the destroyers of baneful insects, is well known, we habitually associate them with the sense of beauty. Indeed, familiarity alone blinds us to the suggestive charm attached to winged creatures; and we can scarcely imagine the hopelessness that would brood over woods and fields, if deprived of the tuneful voices and graceful movements of the feathered tribe. The gift of aërial locomotion they enjoy, is a distinction which robes them with an attractive mystery, and leads us to regard them as creatures of less restrained volition than any other species; freedom of action is thus one of their less obvious charms, but one to which we

instinctively refer a certain exemption from ordinary trials, and capacity of high pleasures: the chartered libertines of the air, ranging its vast expanse as inclination or necessity dictates, they seem to belong to a more highly-endowed order of animal life, and to spiritualize the principle of motion by grace, alacrity, and a power to counteract natural forces. The flight of a bird, attentively watched, is one of the most inspiring revelations of nature. The ease, rapidity, and grace with which it ranges the "upper deep," and the apparent caprice or unerring instinct that regulates its course, appeal at once to science and poetry, and the minstrel as well as the naturalist is warmed into observant admiration. Delicacy of organization and exquisite plumage add to the interest thus excited; and when we combine with these attractions that of a versatile musical endowment, it is not surprising that birds have created such enthusiasm in the explorers of nature, and such affection in untaught but susceptible minds. Animal spirits seem embodied in the swift, volatile, and gay tribe; and while they approach human nature in this regard, its holier sympathies are illustrated by the domestic habits, the attachments, and individuality of birds; and thus they become naturally linked with the most grateful associations of human life: so that in conversation, literature, and art, they occupy a more distinctive and significant relation than we award to any other order of creatures.

To the natural theologian there are few illustrations more pleasing and available than those derived from the structure of birds: its adaptation to their habits yields the most useful hints toward the invention of a flying machine; the perforated membrane which incloses the lungs, through which air passes into the cavities of the breast, abdomen, and even into the hollows of the bones; the powerful muscles of the wings, the lightness and delicacy of the plumage,—increasing their buoyancy while protecting them from the weather,—the cleaving shape of the head and bill, and the rudder-tail, mark them for inhabitants of the air, of which they consume a larger portion in the ratio of their size than any other creatures; the magnitude of the brain, too, is proportionally greater; and the complexity and perfection of their vocal organs is a problem for science; while instinct asserts itself in their migratory and domestic habits, in a manner so remarkable, that the history of birds has furnished more inspiration to story-tellers and poets than all the rest of the animal creation. In special adaptation the various modifications of beak and talons is wonderful; how different a feeding-apparatus, for instance, belongs to the woodpecker and the California fruit-eater! In the perfection of the senses, also, birds excel, and share the pleasures of sight and sound with man, indicating their enjoyment with an almost human expression. The minute and exquisite beauties of insects, visible to us only through the microscope, have given rise to the belief that the richest provision exists for the gratification of their sight. The act of singing, and the innumerable cadences and versatility of note they exhibit, suggest that the world of sound has for them an infinite range of significance. In variety of aptitude and vocation they also assimilate with the human species—some being, as it were, minstrels by profession, and others architects or hunters; and not until we enter into the labors of the ornithologist, can we imagine what numerous and modified species exist of birds of prey, and of passage—the climbers, the gallinaceous, the waders, and the web-footed. The wonderful process of ovation is yet another natural mystery revealed by birds, and Audubon used to speak of the rapture with which, when a boy, he hung over the newly-discovered nest, and looked upon the little, shining eggs, so carefully and snugly disposed. Independent of the sense of beauty and the kindliness of feeling to which birds minister, they seem to embody and express pleasure more directly than any other offspring of nature; her benign influence is singularly associated with them; the spontaneous and, as it were, vital joy that seems to animate their song and motions, brings the idea of enjoyment vividly to the heart—they seem to prophesy and proclaim happiness; and, accordingly, the misanthropes repudiate, while the cheerful welcome them. It would require a degree of introspective attention rarely exercised to realize how much the familiar notes of birds act upon our moods; in the balmy stillness of a summer noon, the vernal air of a spring morning, or amid the gorgeous drapery of an autumn wood, the chirp, carol, or cry of birds breaks upon our solitude with an impression or a winsome effect kindling to the

imagination and eloquent to the heart. "Lord," exclaims old Walton, "what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?" There appears to be a meaning in the sound beyond what reaches the ear; it links itself with the aspects of nature, with the spirit of the hour, or blends with the sad reminiscence or the hopeful reverie, like its echo or response.

There is, too, a metaphysical reason for the superior interest birds excite; they have great variety and individuality of character, and we instinctively apply their names to our acquaintances as the best and most available synonyms. Who has not encountered human beings selfish as the cormorant, loquacious and unoriginal as the parrot, vain as the peacock, gentle as the dove, chattering as the jay, volatile as the swallow, solemn as the owl, rapacious as the hawk, noble as the eagle, and so on through all the modifications of character? There are, indeed, two human attributes which birds possess in a striking degree—affection and vanity. There is a bird in Mexico with a most beautiful tail, that builds its nest with two openings, in order to go in and out without ruffling its feathers. The brilliant and varied costume of birds has suggested fabrics and patterns innumerable to more rational beings; and many of them, apparently, take as conscious delight in their array, and the display of it, and in their vocal accomplishments, to win admiration or sympathy, as the most accomplished coquette or gallant. In fact, although they seek prey and build nests, their ways are quite social, and they seem born to leisure like people of fortune; and it is this apparent immunity from care, this life of vagrant enjoyment,—as if mere flying about and singing were their destiny,—that renders birds, like flowers, so grateful to the mind and senses. The blue jay is a practical joker; the snow-bunting delights in a storm, and the white owl in moonlight, quite as much as any poet; the tailor-bird sews leaves together to make itself a nest with the skill of a modiste; the cuckoo is an adept in small imposture—the Yankee peddler of birds; the maternal instinct of the quail induces her to pretend lameness, and lead off urchins in search of her nest on a false track. There is an Indian bird of luxurious tastes, whose domicil is divided into several compartments, each of which it lights up at night with fire-flies. We cannot see the kingfisher intently gazing down upon the waters from a lofty tree, without realizing the wonderful visual adaptation of its optics. It is attested by many travelers, that when a mule falls dead on the plains of South America, although not a bird is visible to the human eye, in a few moments flocks of vultures appear, having either scented or seen their prey from so vast a distance as to indicate an incalculable power of the visual or olfactory nerves. We cannot see a flight of crows without thinking of the ancient time, when their course was so anxiously watched by the augurs; or hear the first welcome-note of the robin, as he hops about the field before our dwelling, as if on a congratulatory visit at the advent of spring, without having the associations of childhood revived with the thought of that memorable English ballad which consecrates this bird to youthful affections.

Of the rude sculptured figures on Egyptian tombs, the most correctly designed are those of birds; and in that land of sunshine and mystery, the ibis was held sacred; while as effective accessories to the grand and monotonous landscape, most appropriately stands a solitary heron, apparently carved in bold relief against the twilight sky; or floating high above the traveler's head, is seen a symmetrical phalanx of flamingoes, their black wings and snowy bodies gracefully parting the ambient firmament. The hue of a Java sparrow's beak is inexpressibly cheery; the habit of the ostrich of burying her eggs in the sand and leaving them to be hatched by the sun, and the fidelity of the carrier-pigeon, are facts in natural history prolific of comparisons. The antique design of the doves at a fountain, is constantly repeated by mosaic and cameo workers; and on sword, banner, and signet, the king of birds remains the universal emblem of freedom and power, equally significant of American liberty and Roman dominion.

One of the most celebrated jurists in America was missed at dinner by his family, one day in the country; but, after diligent search, he was found in the hayloft, absorbed in watching a pair of swallows, and acknowledged that, accustomed as he was to technical and abstract investigations, the observation of animated nature proved a refreshment he could not have imagined. Few of us, indeed, can fail to have ac-

quired a personal interest in birds, however we may have neglected their biography. A family with which we were domesticated abroad, had a pair of turtle-doves in the house, who flew about at pleasure, and exhibited no fear, except in the presence of strangers; one of them died, and we were surprised at witnessing no indications of the despairing grief ascribed to this bird when thus bereft. The anomaly was explained, however, when we noticed what an attachment the dove manifested toward a beautiful boy of six years; her favorite resting-place was in the profuse golden hair of the child; here she would sit brooding, while the boy was at his sports or his book, swaying to and fro with his movements, or quietly nestling when he assumed a fixed position. Sometimes, when the sunshine fell upon the pair, in a picturesque attitude, the idea of a cupid with one of his mother's doves, or of an infant St. John with this living emblem of beatitude, irresistibly suggested itself. The child was seized with a brain fever, and, after a brief illness, died; and then the dove's plaintive cooing was incessant; she refused sustenance for a long time, and adopted a monastic life, in the high and dark folds of a window-curtain—abjuring her previous habits of sociability, and apparently consecrating her life to sorrow. Who that has watched the yellow-birds swinging on the lithe sprays of an elm in a New-England village, the flight of blackbirds, in the autumn, round the shores of Lake Champlain, or the graceful sweep of the curlews on the Atlantic coast, and not thenceforth found them indissolubly associated with these localities? As I crossed the piazza of St. Mark, at Venice, for the first time, I noticed with surprise that the pigeons did not fly at my approach, and recalled the fact that they had been sacredly protected by the ancient government, and enjoyed prescriptive rights, which they obviously considered inviolable. It is a striking thought, when we contemplate it, that the eider down that pillows the head of beauty, or trembles at the breath of her whose fair bosom it covers, was torn from the wild sea-bird; that the graceful plume that waves over the warrior's crest once sustained the poised eagle among the clouds, or winged the ostrich on his desert path. With how many evening reveries and reminiscences of sentiment is the note of the whip-poor-will associated, and what an appropriate sound for the desolate marsh is the cry of the bittern! It is not surprising that tradition and poetry embalm the names of so many birds; from the superstition of the ignorant mariner to the appreciative love of the educated bard, they, though so often sacrificed, are yet endeared to man. The fables of the roc and the phenix are among their most remote memorials; mythology has wedded them to her deities; on tavern-signs they betoken good cheer, and on banners are national emblems. Burns uttered a natural human sentiment when he asks, in the song, the little birds o' bonnie Doon, how they can chant, and he sae fu o' care! One of the most exquisite metaphors in English poetry is that of Goldsmith, when he compares the good pastor's efforts to lure his charge to the skies to those of a bird tempting its offspring to fly; and next to it is that of Byron, in allusion to Kirke White's early death, comparing him to the dying eagle who sees that his own feather winged the fatal shaft. And another more tender and graphic image still is that of Dante in the episode of Francesca de Rimini:—

Quali colombe, dal disio chiamate,
Con l'ali aperte e ferme al dolce nido
Volan per l'aer dal voler portate:
Cotal uscir della schiera ov'e Dido,
A noi venendo per l'aer maligno,
Si forte fu l'affettuoso grido.

Boccaccio's falcon and Sterne's starling, and the raven in Barnaby Rudge, are classic birds, since rendered by genius the expositors of noble and humorous sentiment. But in this, as in all other departments of nature, the most characteristic and feeling tributes emanate from the poets.

Energy of Character.—I lately happened to notice, with some surprise, an ivy which, being prevented from attaching itself to the rock beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being, thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigor of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.—*Foster.*

PALM LEAVES.

SELECT ORIENTAL TALES.

I. THE PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

THERE once lived in Bagdad a merchant, named Abu-Casem, who was quite notorious for his covetousness. Notwithstanding his great wealth, his clothes were all in rags and tatters. His turban was composed of a large cloth, whose colors were no longer distinguishable; but, above all the other articles of his dress, his slippers attracted everybody's attention. The soles of them were armed with huge nails; the upper leather was composed of as many pieces as a beggar's cloak; for, during the ten years they had been slippers, the cleverest cobblers of Bagdad had used all their skill in fastening the shreds together. Of necessity, therefore, they had become so weighty, that when people wanted to describe anything very heavy, they compared it to Casem's slippers.

As this merchant was one day walking through the great bazaar of the city, a considerable stock of glass was offered to him a great bargain, and he very gladly agreed to purchase it. Some days afterward, he heard that an unfortunate dealer in precious balms was reduced to sell only rose-water, as a last resource. He turned this poor man's misery to account, bought all his rose-water for half its value, and was consequently in the best of humors.

It is the custom of Oriental merchants, when they have made a successful bargain, to give a feast of rejoicing; but this our niggard would not do. He thought it more profitable to bestow a little extra indulgence upon himself; and therefore he went to the bath—a luxury to which he had not for a long time treated himself. Whilst he was taking off his clothes, one of his friends (so, at least, he called him; but such niggards seldom have a friend) said to him, that it was quite time for him to leave off his slippers, which had made him quite a by-word in the city, and buy a new pair. "I have been thinking of it for some time," answered Casem; "but, when I look well at them, they are not so very bad, but that they may do a little more service." Speaking thus, he undressed, and went into the bath.

Whilst he was there, the Cadi of Bagdad entered; and because Casem was ready before the Judge, he went out first. He dressed; but sought in vain for his slippers. Another pair stood where his own ought to have been, and our careful man soon persuaded himself that the friend who had given him such good advice while he was undressing, had made him a present of these new ones. He put them on with much satisfaction, and left the baths with the intention of thanking his friend for them.

But, unhappily, the slippers belonged to the Cadi; and when he had finished bathing, his slaves sought in vain for them; they could only find in their stead a miserable pair, which were immediately recognized as Casem's. The porter soon ran after him, and brought him back to the Cadi, as detected in a theft. The Judge, provoked at the unblushing avarice of the old miser, immediately sent him to prison; and, in order to avoid the open shame due to a thief, he had to pay richly: the law condemned him to give the worth of a hundred pair of slippers if he would escape with a whole skin.

As soon as he was safe out of gaol, he revenged himself upon the cause of his trouble. In his rage, he threw the slippers into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his window, so that he might never set eyes upon them again; but it was to be otherwise. A few days afterward, some fishermen, on drawing up their net, found it unusually heavy: they thought they had gained a treasure; but, alas! nothing was there but Casem's slippers, the nails of which had torn the net so much, that it would take whole days to mend it.

Full of indignation against Casem and his slippers, they threw them in at his window, which was just then open; and as, unluckily, all the flasks of beautiful rose-water which he had bought were neatly ranged beneath the window, those heavy iron foes fell upon them, the bottles were broken, and all the rose-water spilt upon the floor.

Casem's horror, when he entered his apartment, may be better imagined than described. "Detestable slippers!" he exclaimed, tearing his beard, "you shall not do me any further mischief." He took a spade, and ran with them into his garden, where he hastily dug a hole to bury his slippers; when, unhappily, one of his neighbors, who had long meditated some mischief against him, happened to look through his window, and saw him hard at

work, digging this hole. Without delay, he ran to the Governor of the city, and told him, as a secret, that Casem had found a great treasure in his garden. This was quite enough to arouse the Governor's cupidity; and it was all in vain that our miser declared he had not found anything, but had only buried his old slippers. In vain he dug them up again, and brought them forth in presence of the Judge; the Governor had made up his mind to have money, and Casem was obliged to purchase his release with a large sum.

In utter despair, he left the Governor's, carrying his expensive slippers in his hand, while in his heart he wished them far away. "Why," said he, "should I thus carry them in my hand to my own disgrace?" So he threw them into an aqueduct not far from the Governor's palace. "Now," said he, "I shall hear no more of you; you have cost me money enough—away with you from my sight!" But, alas! the slippers stuck fast in the mud of the aqueduct. This was enough; in a few hours the stream was stopped, the water overflowed; the watermen ran together, for the Governor's cellars were inundated, and for all this trouble and misfortune Casem's slippers were answerable! The watermen soon discovered the unlucky cause of the mischief, and as quickly made it known. The owner of the slippers was taken into custody, and as this appeared to be a vicious revenge upon the Governor, he was sentenced to atone for it by paying a larger fine than either of the foregoing ones. But the Governor gave the slippers carefully back to him.

"What now shall I do with you, ye accursed slippers?" said poor Casem. "I have given you over to the elements, and they have returned you, to cause me each time a greater loss; there remains but one means—now I will burn you."

"But," continued he, shaking them, "you are so soaked with mud and water, that I must first lay you to dry in the sun; but I will take good care you do not come into my house again." With these words he went up to the flat roof of the house, and laid them under the vertical rays of the sun. Yet had not misfortune tried all her powers against him; indeed, her latest stroke was to be the hardest of all. A neighbor's pet monkey saw the slippers, jumped from his master's roof on to Casem's, seized upon and dragged them about. While he thus played with them, the unlucky slippers fell down and alighted on the head of a woman who was standing in the street below. Her husband brought his grievance before the Judge, and Casem had to atone for this more heavily than for aught before, for his innocent slippers had nearly killed one of his fellow-creatures. "Just Judge," said Casem, with an earnestness which made even the Cadi smile, "I will endure and pay all and everything to which you have condemned me, only I ask your protection against those implacable enemies, which have been the agents of all my trouble and distress to this hour—I mean these miserable slippers. They have brought me to poverty, disgrace, ay, even to peril of my life; and who knows what else may follow? Be just, O noble Cadi, and make a determination that all misfortunes which can be clearly ascribed to the evil spirit which haunts these slippers, may be visited upon them, and not upon me."

The Judge could not deny Casem's request: he kept those disturbers of public and private peace in his own possession, thinking he could give no better lesson to the miser than this which he had now learned at so much expense, namely, that it is better to buy a new pair of slippers when the old ones are worn out!

SYNCHRONISTICS—THE YEAR 1618.

LET fancy transport us back to a period when the earth was two hundred years younger, and blissfully inexperienced in English and French revolutions, (wherein she is by *this* time of day so accomplished a *savant*,) nor had yet learned to spell into memorable combinations the letters which to us have a burning significance in such names as Cromwell and Napoleon, Danton and Washington, Louis Quatorze, the Magnificent, and Louis Seize, the servant of servants. We take our stand at the year 1618. The place is Dort; the occasion is an ecclesiastical synod. Those venerable men disputing so keenly about questions for the discussion of which the Romish controversy has made them cunning masters of fence, are deputies from the leading reformed Churches, including the English. Hot-blooded Arminians and hard-headed Calvinists are reasoning high

"Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate—
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute."

There you hear the metaphysical platitudes of the honest German—his oracular deliverances plenteously spiced with gutturals of profoundest bathos—quoting huge excerpts from Dr. Martin and the erudite Melancthon; not without intervals of dreamy dialectics, typical of the nation to which De Stael, or rather Jean Paul, assigns the empire of the air. There, too, the "swag-bellied Hollander" figures, away in a dense imbroglio of chopping-logic, and goes on refining, and classifying, and analyzing, and systematizing, with the quiet *gusto* of one who has mounted his hobby, and means to keep the animal going as long as wind will let him. There, too, the animated Swiss, jealous for the honor of John Calvin, to whom he assigns chapter the first in his private edition of hero-worship, accounting him to be, among all the worthies of a day in which giants stalked the earth, the *facile princeps*. And there, too, the practical sense and Protestant devotion of England has a representative in the person of good Bishop Hall—famous for witty satirical poems and large tomes of energetic prose. Mark the hush of attention that travels, like electric telegraph, athwart the assessors, when Simon Episcopius rises to speak "to the question." Alas! there is no lack of prejudice and intolerance among the partisans of either side; the flush that lights up many dim and furrowed cheeks is not altogether of holy joy. One would be grateful if, when doctors disagree, they were less fertile in opprobrious scorn, and in the rancorous invention of the *tu quoque* kind of skirmishing. Less scholasticism and more Christian forbearance, less dogmatism and more generous piety, were surely better. Let us away.

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Let us away! But an old adage saith, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Our transit is somewhat in that latitude. The same year invites us from the logomachy of Dort to the opening of no *wordy* war, but one of garments rolled in blood,

"With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind blown
Into the deserts of Eternity.
Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!
But not on high, where madness is resented."
Wordsworth.

This is "Year One" of the Thirty Years' War. The Bohemian insurgents (see Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," book i, or Menzel's "Germany," book xviii) have just forced their way into the imperial palace at Prague, occupied at present by Ferdinand's plenipotentiary commissioners, Slawata and Martinitz, and demand a statement as to their share in the recent threatening proclamation from the throne, directed against the heretical and disaffected. The commissioners chafe these hot spirits into madness by a cavalier port of supreme contempt and defiance. Slawata and Martinitz cannot tread out a volcano in *that* way. They are seized by the angry deputation, dragged to the open window, and hurled from it down to the castle trench—a fall of some eighty feet. Such is the initiative act of open rebellion. Such is the beginning of sorrows, the opened floodgate of streaming, rushing, ever-swelling woes, which shall deluge Germany for thrice ten years, like

"The simultaneous tide when hid
Volcanoes heave the ocean, and a long
Vast wave engulfs an island."
Sydney Yendys.

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At this time John Milton is a promising boy in his tenth year, gifted with an eye to mark, as few others can, the events and actors of the years to come—the struggle of the Wallensteins, and Tillys, and Piccolominis abroad, and of Lauds and Hampdens and Pyms at home. Edmund Waller is launching on his teens, and already enjoying the honors, substantial and otherwise, of an heir to three thousand a-year, and unconsciously collecting stores of impressions and sensations to be hereafter set down in mellifluous verse. A still finer genius than Waller, Abraham Cowley, is this year ushered into life, destined to die in that year which shall give "Paradise Lost" to the world, (for five pounds sterling.) Samuel Butler has not yet learned to speak plain, nor discarded petticoats, but is playing about his father's Worcestershire farm-yard, and as innocent of the idea of "Hudibras" as that watch-dog careering at his side. Izaak Walton is a fine, healthy young "sempster," zealous for the interests of linen-drapery in business hours, and afterward hurrying with a light heart, rod in hand, to suburban rivers and pools, that he may

"There meditate his time away,
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave;"

or singing "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, "Come, live with me, and be my love," and resorting, with sharp appetite enough, to some favorite little alehouse with its "cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the walls," to make such a supper of his gallant trout as it would warm the heart of Christopher North to witness. Thomas Fuller is a quick-witted youngster of the same age as Milton: in this one fact "alike; but O how different" in all besides! Jeremy Taylor is separated from lawn sleeves, and alb, and mitre, by many a summer and winter, being as yet a tiny member of the family of the unbreeched, and inclined to regard the alphabet as the *Ultima Thule* of ripe scholarship; unconscious hitherto of "Holy Living" other than that of the infancy which comes nearest, perhaps, to the ideal of its innocence, and to whom "Holy Dying" is a mystery which passeth all understanding. Roger l'Estrange is just learning to walk, and Ralph Cudworth is not even in leading strings yet, his highest philosophy mere sensationalism at present. Robert Burton, a Leicestershire rector, is collating illustrations for his forthcoming *magnum opus*, the "Anatomy of Melancholy," the only book that ever took Dr. Johnson out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. Lord Herbert of Cherbury is English Ambassador at Paris, the delight of its *elite*, for his chivalrous demeanor, not without a pungent spice of Quixotism in it, and there he is employing leisure hours in deistic researches, with a view to the speedy publication of his "De Veritate." Sir Walter Raleigh is at this very time terminating on the scaffold his brilliant career, telling the executioner that "so the heart be right, it matters not which way the heart lies," and bidding him "fear not, but strike home." Bacon's star nears its culmination; another year, and he will be Baron Verulam, Lord High Chancellor of England. Ben Jonson, too, in another year, will be poet laureate, (having already produced his choicest works, and for two summers since the bard of Avon fell asleep headed the poets of Britain,) and will pay that visit to William Drummond, of which we hear a doggerel memento whenever we visit the grounds of sweet Hawthornden and romantic Esk. Massinger is winning a precarious living by his tragedies—a notable subject for the "Calamities of Authors" is this penury-stricken scholar. Corneille is only in his tenth year—the drama of France is in the future tense, (and, no question, the optative mood.) Rembrandt is of the same age. Rubens is at Antwerp, painting himself into renown more lasting than his colors; and his pupil Vandyke is bordering on man's estate, with a reversion of fame if not of immortality for him also.

We have thus listened awhile to the beatings of the great heart of the world two centuries since. But death has bid them all "peace, be still," and lo, a great calm!

LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

WITH all his faults and shortcomings, there was that in Thurlow which overawed and daunted his cotemporaries, and of which the impression is not wholly lost even on posterity. It was a saying of Mr. Fox, that no man ever yet was so wise as Thurlow looked. His countenance was fraught with sense, his aspect stately and commanding, his brow broad, massy, and armed with terrors, like that of the Olympian Jove, to which, indeed, it was often compared. His voice, loud, sonorous, and as rolling thunder in the distance, augmented the effect of his fierce and terrible invective. Few, indeed, were they who did not quail before his frown—fewer still who would abide his onset in debate. Perhaps no modern English statesman, in the House of Lords at least, was ever so much dreaded. In Parliament, as at the bar, his speeches were home-thrusts, conveying the strongest arguments, or keenest reproofs, in the plainest and clearest words. His enemies might accuse his style of being coarse, and sometimes even ungrammatical, but they could never deny its energy or its effect. In private life Thurlow was remarkable for his thorough knowledge of the Greek and Latin writers; and no less for his skill in argument and brilliant powers of conversation. While yet at the bar, Dr. Johnson said of him to Boswell—"I honor Thurlow, sir; Thurlow is a fine fellow: he fairly puts his mind to yours." And after he became Chancellor, the same high authority added—"I would prepare myself for no man in England but Lord Thurlow. When I am to meet

him, I should like to know a day before." Unless with ladies, his manner was always uncouth, and his voice a constant growl. But beneath that rugged rind there appears to have lurked much warmth of affection and kindliness of heart. Many acts of generous aid and unsolicited bounty are recorded of him. Men of learning and merit seldom needed any other recommendation to his favor. Thus, on reading Horsley's *Letters to Dr. Priestley*, he at once obtained for the author a stall at Gloucester, saying—what I earnestly wish all other chancellors had borne in mind—that "those who supported the Church should be supported by it." Nevertheless, his temper, even when in some measure sobered down by age, was always liable to violent and unreasonable starts of passion. It is related by a gentleman who dined with him at Brighton only a few months before his death—for I must ever hold that great characters are best portrayed by little circumstances—that a plateful of peaches being brought in, the ex-chancellor, incensed at their ill appearance, ordered the window to be opened, and not only the peaches, but the whole dessert to be thrown out.

SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE—REMARKABLE EXAMPLES.

IT will be recollected that one of Sir Walter Scott's sayings was, that "whatever might be said about luck, 'tis skill that leads to fortune!" There can be no doubt of this as a general principle. Few self-indulgent and apathetic men do well in any line of life. The skillful, the active, and the steadily persevering, usually carry off the prizes which turn up in the wheel of fortune. At the same time, something is due to circumstances, as well as to the Power which wisely controls human destiny. Practically, however, the thing to be borne in mind is, that the young are bound to exercise all proper means to secure improvement in their condition. That with a fair share of ambition, prudence, and meritorious skill, it may be possible to attain a station of eminence—that is, "fortune," though perhaps not without corresponding responsibilities and cares—we present the following compendious list of distinguished men who rose from humble and obscure circumstances.

Readers of Plutarch and other old historians will recollect that Æsop, Publius Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus—all distinguished men in ancient times—were slaves at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter; Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water and carrying burdens. The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most distressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record; but he was finally rewarded with the highest honors. Bandoccin, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor; and although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures.

The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr. Wolcott—otherwise Peter Pindar—working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a cloth-worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of "Pleasures of Imagination," was the son of a butcher in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a poor woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the Mystic philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat—whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the sixteenth century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire-light; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly.

George Anderson, the translator of a treatise of Archimedes, and author of a "General View of the East India Company's Affairs," who died in 1796, was originally a day-laborer. Masaniello, who headed a successful revolt against the tyranny of the Austrian government at Naples, was a poor seller of fish. Sir Richard Arkwright, the ingenious inventor of the machinery for spinning cotton, was originally a country barber, or dealer in hair. Arne, an eminent English composer of music, who died in 1778, was the only son of an upholsterer, and was himself brought up as an attorney's clerk. Astle, the archæologist, and author of a work on the origin and progress of writing, was the son of the keeper of Needwood Forest. Augereau, Marshal of France, and Duke de Castiglione, under Bonaparte, was originally a private soldier in the French and Neapolitan ranks. John Bacon, an eminent sculptor of last century, was originally a painter of porcelain for potters. Sir Humphrey Davy was the son of a carver on wood, and he himself began as an apprentice to an apothecary.

Baillet, a laborious and learned French writer, was born of poor parents at Neuville in Picardy, but he extricated and raised himself by his genius. Ballard, the author of "Memoirs of British Ladies," was originally a stay and habit maker; but being patronized for his acquirements, he was educated at Oxford, and made beadle of that university. Barker, the inventor of pictorial representation by panorama, having failed in business, became a miniature-painter, and settled in Edinburgh; and it was while resident here, and taking a view from the Calton Hill, that the idea of forming a panorama entered his mind. His invention realized him a fortune. Beattie, the author of the "Minstrel," and Professor of Moral Philosophy in Aberdeen University, was originally a parish schoolmaster at Fordun. Belzoni, one of the most eminent travelers in Egypt, at one period, when in pecuniary difficulties, supported himself by exhibiting feats of strength in different towns in Great Britain. The famous Admiral Benbow served at first as a common sailor in a merchant vessel. Miss Benger, the authoress of the "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and many other productions of merit, was so very poor in early life, that, for the sake of reading, she used to peruse the pages of books in a bookseller's window in a little town in Wiltshire, where she resided, and returned day after day, in the hope of finding another page turned over. She afterwards obtained friends who assisted her. Sebastian Castalio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, was born of poor peasants, who lived among the mountains of Dauphine. The Abbe Hautefeuille, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century by his inventions in clock and watch making, was the son of a baker.

The eminent Prideaux, who rose to be Bishop of Winchester, was born of such poor parents that they could with difficulty keep him at school, and he acquired the rudiments of his education by acting as an assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, Oxford. Sir Edmund Saunders, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand-boy to the young lawyers at the Temple-chambers in London. Linnæus was apprenticed to a shoemaker, with whom he wrought for some time, till rescued by a generous patron, who saw his genius for learning. Lomonosoff, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of last century, began life as a poor fisherboy. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some years as a bricklayer; but while he had a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket. Peter Ramus, a celebrated writer of the sixteenth century, was at first a shepherd-boy, and obtained his education by serving as a lackey to the College of Navarre. Longomantanus, the Danish astronomer, was the son of a laborer. Parens, Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, and an eminent divine, was at first an apprentice to a shoemaker. Hans Sacho, an eminent German poet and scholar, was the son of a tailor, and he himself wrought as a shoemaker for many years. John Folcz, an old German poet, was a barber. Lucast Cornelisz, a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, had occasionally to support his family as a cook in gentlemen's kitchens. The illustrious Kepler spent his life in poverty, but in apparent contentment. Winckelman was so poor while a student, that he sang ballads through the streets at night for his support. Wolfgang Musculus commenced his career in a similar manner, having for some time sung ballads through the country, and begged from door to door,

in order to obtain a pittance wherewith to put himself to school. Pope Adrian VI., one of the most eminent scholars of his time, began life in great poverty; and as he could not afford candles, often read by the light of street-lamps, or in church-porches where lights are kept burning: his eminent acquirements and unimpeachable character led him successively through different preferments in the Church till he was elected Pope. Claude Lorraine is said to have been originally apprenticed to a pastrycook.

Dr. Isaac Maddox, Bishop of Worcester, and known for his writings in defense of the Church, was the son of a pastrycook. The late Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, was at first a weaver. Dr. White, Professor of Arabic at Oxford, was also a weaver in his youth. Thedem, the chief surgeon of Frederick the Great, had in his youth been apprenticed to a tailor. The celebrated John Hunter, the anatomist, was originally apprentice to a cabinet-maker. William Kent and Francis Towne, landscape painters of eminence, began as apprentices to coach-painters. The famous Hogarth raised himself from the condition of a working-engraver on silver. Edmund Stone, the eminent mathematician, was originally a boy who wrought in the garden of the Duke of Argyle at Inverary, and who taught himself to read. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, was born of poor parents, and being sent by an uncle to Paris for his education, he was there so neglected that, in order to get back to his own country, he enlisted as a private soldier in a corps leaving France for Scotland: Buchanan had to undergo many difficulties before his learning was appreciated. Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," commenced life as a soldier, lost his left hand in battle, and was a captive in Algiers for five years, during which period he wrote part of his celebrated work. Giordani, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the seventeenth century, was originally a common soldier on board one of the Pope's galleys. William Hutton, the eminent historian of Birmingham, and the author of some miscellaneous pieces, was the son of a poor woolcomber, and suffered the severest pangs of poverty in his early years. Joly, the French dramatist, was the son of the keeper of a coffee-house. Erasmus endured great poverty while a student. Blacklock, a Scottish poet, was blind from his infancy, and in early life was in a distressing state of poverty; yet he rose to a respectable station in society, and acquired considerable learning in scientific and theological branches of education.

Bunyan, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," was the son of a tinker, and followed that profession himself for some time. Having been imprisoned for preaching, he supported himself and his family by togging laces, and in his leisure hours in his dungeon he composed the work which has immortalized his name. The Scottish poet Burns, as is well known, was born a peasant, and his early life was spent as a plowman; yet what fame did he not acquire? Cæcilius Statius, a celebrated dramatic writer in ancient Rome, was originally a slave, but was emancipated in consequence of his talents. Caslon, an eminent typefounder in London, was originally an engraver of ornaments on gun-barrels, but being noticed by some printers for the elegance of his lettering, he was induced to become a cutter of types, in which he acquired a handsome fortune. Cavalier, the famous leader and protector of the Camisards or Protestants of Languedoc, when an attempt was made to exterminate them by Louis XIV., was the son of a peasant, and was bred a journeyman baker: he afterward distinguished himself in the English service, in which he died, 1740.

Ephraim Chambers, the compiler of a well-known dictionary of arts and sciences, was the apprentice of a mathematical-instrument maker, and it was while in this occupation he projected his dictionary, some of the articles of which he wrote behind the counter. Captain Cook, the eminent circumnavigator, was born of humble parents in Yorkshire, and began his career as cabin-boy in the merchant-service. Cullen, who rose to such eminence as a physician, was originally apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary in Glasgow, and supported himself in early life by making several voyages, as surgeon, to the West Indies. Curran, the eminent Irish barrister, was born of humble parents, and had to struggle with want of practice and consequent penury, before he became known and rose to such splendid forensic fame. Sir William Davenant, an eminent

dramatic writer, and partisan of Charles I., was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford. Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," and other works, was the son of a London butcher, and had to struggle with many misfortunes. Demosthenes, one of the greatest orators of antiquity, was the son of a sword-blade manufacturer at Athens, and was left an orphan at seven years of age; and it was with incredible perseverance and labor that he brought himself into notice. James Dickson, the author of some eminent works on Botany, and one of the founders of the Linnæan Society in London, was originally a working gardener, and rose by his own exertions.

Dodsley, the publisher of the "Annual Register," and the author of the "Economy of Human Life," and other pieces, was originally a stocking-weaver, and afterwards a footman. Having, while in this situation, published a poem entitled the "Muse in Livery," he came into notice, was patronized by Pope, and enabled to commence as a bookseller in London, where he rose to fortune by his industry and merit. Falconer, the author of "The Shipwreck," was the son of a barber in Edinburgh—by others he is said to have been a native of Fife—and entered the merchant-service when young; he underwent many difficulties, and was at last drowned in a voyage to India. James Ferguson, the astronomer and experimental philosopher, was the son of a poor laborer in Banffshire, served at first as a shepherd, and rose to eminence entirely by his force of genius and application. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was the son of a weaver, and he himself served an apprenticeship to a grazier, and was employed in keeping sheep; the silence and solitude of which occupation produced a zealous religious feeling, which led to the propagation of his new scheme of human society. Benjamin Franklin, who rose to eminence as a philosopher and statesman, was originally, as is well known, a journeyman printer; and it was only by unremitting industry and the exercise of his genius that he rose to the enviable situation in which he closed his career.

Andrew Fuller, a celebrated Baptist minister, and author of some works of merit, in the last century, wrought as a peasant till he was twenty years of age. Madam de Genlis, whose maiden name was Ducrest de St. Aubin, felt the stings of adversity and poverty in her youth, and depended on her musical abilities for support, till married to the Count de Genlis. Gifford, the late distinguished editor of the "Quarterly Review," was left an orphan at thirteen; was put to sea as a cabin-boy; was afterward bound to be a shoemaker, and was rescued from his humble fate at twenty years of age by the kindness of Mr. Cooksley, a surgeon: Gifford was so utterly poor while a shoemaker, that he could not buy paper, and used to work algebraical questions with a blunted awl on fragments of leather. His ingenuity procured him friends, and by these he was assisted to advance himself in life: for let it be observed, *the well-behaved are never utterly friendless.* Gray the poet, like Gifford, was brought up in great poverty, and supported in his education entirely through the extraordinary exertions of his mother. John Harrison, who received the reward of $100,000 from Parliament for his famous time-keeper to determine the longitude at sea, was the son of a carpenter, and instructed himself in mechanics.

Hawkesworth, the author of the "Adventurer," was the son of a watchmaker, and was at first brought up to that profession. He afterward became a clerk to a stationer, and then rose to distinction as a literary character. Sir John Hawkwood, a distinguished military commander of the fourteenth century, was originally an apprentice to a tailor, but entering as a private soldier he rose to eminence. Haydn, one of the most celebrated music-composers, was the son of a poor cartwright. Herder, a German philosopher and writer, and who has been called the Fenelon of his country, was born of poor parents, and nurtured in adversity. Sir William Herschel, one of the greatest astronomers of modern times, was originally a player in the band of a Hanoverian regiment. General Hoche, who commanded an expedition against Ireland in 1796, began life as a stable-boy. The Joan of Arc, who by her heroism delivered France from the English, was born of poor parents, and supported herself in early life by keeping sheep, and taking care of horses at a country inn. Samuel Johnson was the son of a bookseller at Litchfield, and attempted to support himself by keep-

ing a school: before he became known and was patronized by the crown, he had to endure severe pecuniary difficulties. Henry Jones, a poet and dramatist of last century, was born of poor parents at Drogheda, and was bred a bricklayer. La Harpe, a French dramatist, poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a Swiss officer, who died in poverty, and left him an orphan in such destitute circumstances that he was supported by the Sisters of Charity, and it was by their recommendations that he was gratuitously educated.

The illustrious Shakspeare was the son of a dealer in wool; and such was the poverty of the young dramatist, that he employed himself first as a prompter's call-boy: other accounts represent him as holding gentlemen's horses at the door of the playhouse. Shield, the famous English violinist and musician, was the son of a singing-master, who, in his ninth year, left him fatherless: his early years were spent as an apprentice to a boat-builder, but his genius led him from this occupation to that of music, in which he was eminently successful. Jeremy Taylor, an eminent theologian and prelate of the seventeenth century, was the son of a barber. Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was appointed Governor and President of the free black Republic of St. Domingo, was born a slave, in which condition he remained till the revolution in the island brought forward his abilities and courage. Wallenstein, a celebrated German general, began life as a page ot the Margrave of Burgau—a situation almost equivalent to that of a foot-boy to an English country gentleman. Webbe, who has been so celebrated for his musical compositions, especially his glees, was originally a poor destitute boy, who gained a meagre subsistence by copying music; but by dint of incessant study, he became an excellent composer. West, the American painter, had many difficulties to contend with at his outset; but like many eminent artists, he overcame them all by his perseverance. With him skill truly led to fortune.

After perusing this long catalogue, who would despair? With trust in God, and with diligence in his calling, let the young aspirant shun mean indulgences, and aim at success. Then, if he reach not fortune, he will at least have the blessed consciousness of having deserved it.

THE SENSE OF TOUCH.

THE sense of feeling differs from all the other senses, in belonging to every part of the body, external and internal, where nerves are distributed.

The nerves proceeding from the brain and spinal marrow to the skin are the source of its sensibility. The degree of this offers great and remarkable varieties as regards age, sex, temperament, and state of health. A degree of action on the skin, which to some amounts to absolute torture, to others is almost a matter of indifference. To a certain extent this is doubtless influenced by the moral state. The "white man," says Flint, "shivers, and scarcely credits his senses, as he sees the young Indian warrior smoking his pipe, singing his songs, boasting of his victories, and uttering his menaces, when enveloped in a slow fire; apparently as unmoved, as reckless and unconscious of pain, as if sitting at ease in his own cabin. All that has been found necessary .... to procure this heroism, is, that the children from boyhood should be constantly under a discipline .... which tends directly to shame and contempt at the least manifestation of cowardice, on view of any danger, or of a shrinking consciousness of pain in the endurance of any suffering. The males so trained never fail to evidence the fruit of their discipline. Nothing is more common than for a friend to propose to suffer for his friend, a parent for a child, or a child for a parent. Such persons endure vastly less physical pain than those who suffer in paroxysms of terror and self-abandonment.

A German writer affirms that "terrestrial magnetism" exerts in some sensitive persons a peculiar influence, whether they are in a state of health or otherwise, affecting both body and mind.

The pleasures of touch are few beyond the variations of warmth and coolness, and even these are limited in their degree. Suffering is a warning voice, intimating that something has been left undone which ought to have been done; or that we have done, or are doing, something we ought not to do. The pains of this sense are therefore more numerous and vivid than those arising from any other sense. Our capacity of physical endurance may, however, be increased to a wonderful extent by practice, and that even at a comparatively advanced age.

In animals there is one characteristic which has a great influence on the ability of those possessed of it. It is the faculty of opposing a thumb to the other fingers: this constitutes the hand; and it is found in the highest degree of perfection in man. He being formed to stand on and walk with his feet, in an erect posture, his hands are left at liberty. All the fingers, except the wedding-ring finger, have separate movements, which is not the case with any other animal: the nails, placed on one side only, form a support, without injuring the delicacy of the touch. From the mandibles of insects to the human hand, all is seen to be in the most harmonious relation, evincing throughout the whole creation the adaptation of means to ends. Galen denominated the hand as "the instrument of instruments," as it imparts incomparable skill. It is wonderfully adapted to the purposes for which it was designed, and thus illustrates the divine wisdom. The hand is remarkable for the flexibility of its parts, and the ease with which the whole is moved: this is owing to the complexity of its structure, consisting of no fewer than twenty-seven separate bones, put in motion by nineteen muscles. No animal has any member comparable with the human hand. The right hand has a preference from natural endowment. (See Sir C. Bell, on the Hand.) The hand is divided into many parts, to enable it to apply itself to objects of various shapes, and to obtain a firm hold on those that are both greater and less than itself; and for bodies of unusual bulk, nature has made each hand assistant to his fellow.

The touch is perhaps the least liable to err of any of the senses; accordingly we rely on its testimony with confidence. Females have a finer skin and more delicate perception of feeling than men. Scarcely anything is more elegant than the management of the hands of a woman of education. The hand is not the principal object of touch solely because the extremities of the fingers are furnished with a great quantity of nervous papillæ, but because it is also divided into several parts. The surface of the hand and fingers is greater in proportion than any other part of the body. The information obtained by the touch is acquired slowly, and the sensations must be frequently repeated. Much depends on the education given to the ends of the fingers; and the left hand is capable of being more serviceable than is usual.

"The South Australian aborigines," says a recent traveler, "have a power of manipulating with their toes, so as to do many things surprising to men who wear shoes .... their mode of climbing [trees] depending as much on the toes as the fingers. With the toes they gather fresh-water muscles..... In their attempts to steal .... their feet were much employed: they would tread softly on any article, seize it with the toes, pass it up the back, or between the arm and side, and so conceal it in the arm-pit, or between the beard and throat."

By the touch we originally perceive the temperature of bodies; with the assistance of the eye, their length, breadth, depth, figure and position; also their roughness or smoothness, hardness, softness, or fluidity. Experience teaches us to perceive most of these qualities by the sight. The blind, as they walk about, frequently estimate their approach to large and heavy bodies, by the increasing resistance of the atmosphere.

We have observed that loss or diminution of one sense is followed by increased attention to the indications of other senses. The blind acquire a wonderful delicacy of touch. Saunderson, the blind mathematician, could distinguish true medals from counterfeit ones. A blind organist distinguished different kinds of money. He was a first-rate card-player, and in dealing knew the cards he dealt to others as well as those he kept for himself. When a blind person first commences learning to read elevated characters by the touch it is necessary to use a large type, and every letter must often be felt. Afterward, the combinations of letters into words are recognized without the necessity of forming a separate idea of each letter: line after line may soon be read very rapidly, and the size of the types be gradually diminished. A blind Scotch tailor had the faculty of tracing the stripes, squares, and angles, of tartan cloth by the touch. In making a coat, he could cause the different squares to coalesce, diagonally at the back, and meet angularly with great exactness; a difficult thing even to those that can see. A Scotch lad was blind, deaf, and dumb, from his birth: as he grew up he discovered extraordinary acuteness in the senses of touch and smell. By these, he was enabled

to distinguish his relatives from strangers, and any little article of his own from things that belonged to others. His taste seemed also to be exquisite.

Some animals are destitute of the sense of smell and hearing: others are destitute of eyes. The sense of feeling is never wanting; probably not often something resembling the sense of taste. In the touch man is in some respects greatly superior to the lower world. Animals which have this sense in the greatest perfection are the most knowing; as an example may be mentioned the elephant with its trunk. Those animals which are furnished with hands appear to have much sagacity. Apes imitate the mechanical actions of man. Naturalists tell us that bats, if blinded, will guide themselves through the most winding and complicated passages, without striking the walls or anything which may seem to obstruct their progress. Spermaceti whales are said to "have the power of communicating with each other at great distances. .... When a straggler is attacked at the distance of several miles from a shoal, a number of its fellows bear down to its assistance in an almost incredibly short space of time."—*Carpenter's Physiology.*

In some insects the antennæ are the organs of touch. Naturalists suppose these to be the chief instruments which enable these insects to communicate intelligence to one another. Huber gives the name of language antennal to this species of intercourse. Thus the signal of danger is propagated throughout the society of ants with astonishing quickness. The sense of touch is peculiarly acute also in other insects. An instance of this is seen in spiders, from the nicety with which they fabricate their webs. The whiskers of animals are subservient to the sense of touch, as in the cat. Even by the hoofs of animals sensations are received. Thus a highland pony ascertains the soundness of a moorland path. The presentiment of a change of weather is common to many, possibly to all, kinds of birds, arising probably from sensibility of touch. The woodpecker, the snow-birds, the swallow, are all busy before a storm, searching eagerly for food. Ducks and geese are tumultuous before falling weather: they wash and arrange their plumage with uncommon activity. The observing farmer remarks these things: he looks on birds as monitors, who, from a perception superior to his own, prepare him for the coming change. Before a storm the stormy petrels flock under the wake of a ship, and are looked upon by some sailors as foreboding evil. "But," says Wilson the naturalist, "as well might they curse the midnight lighthouse that starlike guides them on their watery way .... as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approach of the storm."

LIEUTENANT HOLMAN, THE BLIND TRAVELER.

JAMES HOLMAN is a native of Exeter; and was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy when he lost his sight, at the age of twenty-five years, while on service on the coast of Africa, in the year 1811, and was subsequently appointed one of the naval knights of Windsor. In 1820 he traveled through France, Italy, &c., and in 1822 published an account of his journey. In the preface to this work he states that, after his affliction, he in time began to acquire greater facility of locomotion than he could have anticipated; and this was succeeded by an almost irresistible inclination to visit different parts of his native country in quest of knowledge and amusement. Notwithstanding the limited information which it may be supposed he would thus obtain, he assures us that he found the impressions produced afforded him not only present but permanent gratification. "To some," he adds, "this may appear incredible. It must, however, not be forgotten, that the loss of one sense is compensated by superior powers in those that remain unimpaired, in consequence of their being called more frequently into action: and it is well known that the sense of touch, in particular, acquires so great a delicacy as to afford degrees of information which under ordinary states it is incapable of. Besides this advantage, he acquired an indefinite power, almost resembling instinct, which he believes in like manner gives him ideas of whatever may be going forward externally."

Encouraged by the attention which was excited by this work, and stimulated by the craving for change and adventure, he undertook another journey, and traveled through Russia into Siberia. He had formed the extraordinary design of travel-

ing round the world; but having been, as he states, taken by the Russian authorities for a spy—*a blind spy*—he was conducted back to the frontiers of Poland, and found his way home through Austria, Saxony, Prussia, and Hanover. The account of his Journey was published in 1825, with the apt motto (Holman is happy in mottos)—"The man who is the lord of the country spake roughly unto us, and took us for spies of the country." In 1827 Lieutenant Holman was temporarily relieved from the obligations of his appointment at Windsor, by receiving permission to go abroad for the benefit of his health. He did not return till 1832, having in the mean time completed a *voyage* round the world—an undertaking sufficiently arduous, but, with the facilities possessed by a naval officer, more pleasant and practicable than the series of land journeys which he had originally contemplated. The account of this voyage was published in four very full octavo volumes, the first of which appeared in 1834. The commencement of this volume supplies a more particular and connected account of the author's condition as a traveler than is to be found in any other portion of his works.

After stating that he had been conscious from his earliest youth of a desire to explore distant regions, Lieutenant Holman proceeds:—"I am bound to believe that this direction of my faculties and energies has been ordained by a wise and benevolent Providence, as a source of consolation under an affliction which closes upon me all the delights and charms of this visible world. The constant occupation of the mind, and the continual excitement of mental and bodily action, contribute to diminish, if not to overcome, the sense of deprivation which must otherwise have pressed upon me; while the gratification of this passion scarcely leaves leisure for despondency, at the same time that it supplies me with inexhaustible means of enjoyment. When I entered the naval service I felt an irresistible impulse to become acquainted with as many parts of the world as my professional avocations would permit, and I was determined not to rest satisfied until I had completed the circumnavigation of the globe. But at the early age of twenty-five, while these resolves were strong, and the enthusiasm of youth was fresh and sanguine, my present affliction came upon me. It is impossible to describe the state of my mind at the prospect of losing my sight, and of being, as I then supposed, deprived by that misfortune of the power of indulging in my cherished project. Even the suspense which I suffered, during the period when my medical friends were uncertain of the issue, appeared to me a greater misery than the final knowledge of the calamity itself. At last I entreated them to be explicit, and to let me know the worst, as that could be more easily endured than the agonies of doubt. Their answer, instead of increasing my uneasiness, dispelled it. I felt a comparative relief in being no longer deceived by false hopes; and the certainty that my case was beyond remedy determined me to seek, in some pursuit adapted to my new state of existence, a congenial field of employment and consolation. At that time, my health was so delicate, and my nerves so depressed by previous anxiety, that I did not suffer myself to indulge in the expectation that I should ever be able to travel out of my own country alone; but the return of strength and vigor, and the concentration of my views upon one object, gradually brought back my old passion, which at length became as firmly established as it was before. The elasticity of my original feelings being thus restored, I ventured, alone and sightless, upon my dangerous and novel course; and I cannot look back upon the scenes through which I have passed, the great variety of circumstances by which I have been surrounded, and the strange experiences with which I have become familiar, without an intense aspiration of gratitude for the bounteous dispensation of the Almighty, which enabled me to conquer the greatest of human evils by the cultivation of what has been to me the greatest of human enjoyments, and to supply the void of sight with countless objects of intellectual gratification."

A rival traveler in Siberia had remarked somewhat tartly upon the incompetency of a blind traveler, and had hazarded a conjecture concerning the bulky character of his manuscript if it embraced all sorts of hearsay information. Holman, in an appendix to his Siberian travels, alleges that his antagonist had grievously misconceived his manner of collecting as well as of preserving his materials:—"The latter," he says, "I effect upon a principle which may not have entered his contemplation—that

of depositing them, in a portable and invisible form, within the cavity of my cranium; a place which, however, did not suggest itself from any sinister motive, but originated from the peculiarity of my situation precluding me from committing them to paper in the ordinary way." But in his later travels we are favored with a more explicit and satisfactory statement on this point: "I keep a rough diary, which I fill up from time to time as opportunities offer, but not from day to day, for I am frequently many days in arrear, sometimes, indeed, a fortnight together: but I always vividly remember the daily occurrences which I wish to retain, so that it is not possible that any circumstances can escape my attention. I also collect distinct notes on various subjects, as well as particular descriptions of interesting objects, and when I cannot meet with a friend to act as my amanuensis, I have still a resource in my own writing apparatus, of which, however, I but seldom avail myself, as the process is much more tedious to me than that of dictation. But these are merely rough notes of the heads of subjects which I wish to reserve to expatiate upon at leisure on my return to old England."

Of this apparatus Holman speaks with much praise and gratitude, as invaluable to those afflicted with blindness. It opens not only an agreeable source of amusement and occupation in the hours of loneliness and retirement, but enables them to communicate their secret thoughts to a friend, without the intervention of a third party. The apparatus to which this applies is the "*Nocto Via Polygraph* of Mr. Wedgwood, by which the blind are enabled to write very clearly and legibly on paper, though of course not with the facility which is afforded by the use of pen and ink to those who can see."

Holman was not ignorant that there were many to whom the desire of a blind man to travel in foreign lands must seem unaccountable, if not absurd. Of such he asks with much force, "Who could endure life without a purpose, without the pursuit of some object in the attainment of which his moral energies should be called into healthful activity? I can confidently assert," he adds, "that the effort of traveling has been beneficial to me in every way: and I know not what might have been the consequence, if the excitement with which I looked forward to it had been disappointed, or how much my health would have suffered but for its refreshing influence." The answer which he gives to the question, "What is the use of traveling to one who cannot see?" corroborates the remarks which we have hazarded. "Does any traveler," he asks, "see all that he describes?—and is not every traveler obliged to depend upon others for a great proportion of the information he collects? Even Humboldt himself was not exempt from this necessity." This is scarcely a satisfactory analogy; for although travelers are generally obliged to depend in some degree upon the information of others, they are able to form a tolerably fair estimate of the value of the information they derive from others by comparing it with the facts within their own observation. But Holman succeeds better when he goes on to develop the sources of his own enjoyment, and to explain the mode in which he was enabled to realize the information he desired.

"The picturesque in nature, it is true, is shut out from me, and works of art are to me mere outlines of beauty, accessible only to one sense; but perhaps this very circumstance affords a stronger zest to curiosity, which is thus impelled to a more close and searching examination of details than would be considered necessary to a traveler who might satisfy himself by the superficial view, and rest content with the first impressions conveyed through the eye. Deprived of that organ of information, I am compelled to adopt a more rigid and less suspicious course of inquiry, and to investigate analytically, by a train of patient examination, suggestions and deductions which other travelers dismiss at first sight; so that, freed from the hazard of being misled by appearances, I am the less likely to adopt hasty and erroneous conclusions. I believe that, notwithstanding my want of vision, I do not fail to visit as many interesting points in the course of my travels as the majority of my cotemporaries; and by having things described to me *on the spot*, I think it as possible for me to form as correct a judgment as my own sight would enable me to do; and, to confirm my accuracy, I could bring many living witnesses to bear testimony to my endless inquiries and insatiable thirst for collecting information. Indeed, this is the secret of the delight I derive from traveling, affording me as it does a constant source of

mental occupation, and stimulating me so powerfully to physical exertion, that I can bear a greater degree of bodily fatigue than any one could suppose my frame to be capable of supporting."

During his journey in Russia most of the difficulties of Holman seem to have arisen from the inability of the persons he met with to comprehend his position, or to form any notion of the pleasure he was able to derive from travel. Hence his design was much opposed, even by those interested in his welfare; and the consciousness of what he was to expect in this way, caused him to maintain a certain degree of reserve as to the direction and final intention of his journey, to which, together with a desire to prevent what must have seemed to the government an unreasonable and foolhardy enterprise, we attribute the interference which eventually put a stop to his progress. Unless he had avowed his design at Petersburgh, and had thus obtained permission to accomplish it, there was no chance of his being able to do so; and the doubts which prevented him from declaring such intention when at the seat of government, ought to have prevented the surprise which he experienced when his progress was arrested. The wonder is, that he was, under the circumstances, allowed to proceed so far as Irkoutsk, without having made known his intention at Petersburgh; and the opposition he met with from his own friends at Moscow, when his intention to proceed to the point which he did reach became known, illustrates the feeling of the government in its final interference to arrest his progress. That he was taken for a spy cannot be seriously imagined. He had infringed a rule of the passport-office by the neglect now indicated; and this, coupled with an anxiety to prevent a blind man from running willfully into the dangers to which he seemed so much exposed by his condition, explains sufficiently, to those who are acquainted with Russia, the arbitrary interference of the government.

The publication of this work, however, enabled the persons whom Holman encountered in his next pilgrimage to understand him better, and disposed them to advance his objects, and to render him all possible assistance: and after the experiences gathered in his last great journey, and the fuller information concerning him afforded to others in the volumes wherein that journey is described, he might again travel with still greater advantage; but so it is, to blind men as to others, that by the time one establishes his footing, and, by the experiences which he has gained or imparted, finds the path of life more open before him, and he gets well up in years, he dies—leaving many sources of enjoyment untried, and many engaging tasks unaccomplished. Lieutenant Holman is not dead; and we trust there are many years of life before him: but one who was twenty-five years old in 1811, must by this time have lost some of those capacities for physical exertion which might, upon the basis of all his past experience, enable him to do even greater things than any he has yet accomplished. We the rather make this remark, because there has been a most perceptible improvement in the real value of Holman's successive publications; and the last volume of his last work need not fear a comparison with the best books of travel in our language.

We shall now state some points of information respecting our blind traveler's own condition and modes of action, which engaged our attention in passing through his volumes.

In his first journey the traveler gives an instance of the mode in which he was wont to obtain exercise, to prevent his health from suffering by carriage-traveling in France. He got out, and finding the back part of the coach, there secured his hold by means of a piece of cord, which he always carried in his pocket, and which in this case served him as a leading-string. He thus followed the carriage for several miles, to the great astonishment of the villagers, who laughed heartily, and shouted after him as he passed. It would appear that he sometimes exposed himself to misadventures in his anxiety to assure himself that no candle was left burning at night in his bedchamber. At one place he describes himself as taking the fille-de-chambre by the hands to ascertain that she was taking the candle away with her; "as, when it has been left behind," he says, "I have occasionally burnt my fingers, and even once made an extinguisher of my chin."

When at Petersburgh, as anywhere else, Holman was careful to visit every object of interest: indeed, he appears to have been as persevering a *sight-seer* as any traveler on record. On visiting the Mint

at that city, he remarks—"It may be expected that I should explain the nature of the interest I take in a visit to such a place as the present; for it will scarcely be admitted that the loss of sight can on such an occasion be compensated by the mental powers. Few who have the blessing of sight give themselves time to consider what ideas they would entertain of external objects if they were deprived of this sense, or how much pains they would take to compensate such deprivation. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for any one to have a right conception of the confidence which a person who has been long afflicted with blindness acquires with respect to his various intercourses with the world: time and experience must produce it, but reflection and judgment alone can bring it to perfection. There are, however, some points, particularly those which relate to personal intercourse, which may be more instantaneously acquired, as if by a principle of perceptive instinct; this at least my experience indicates: for instance, when any one is conversing with me I conceive myself to see the expression of countenance as the words are pronounced, almost as if I actually saw it, and in ordinary cases receive a similar kind of satisfaction. This may be accounted for from a combination of causes —as the tone of voice, the manner of speaking, and other circumstances, which excite in my mind an ideal picture of the features, personal qualities, manners, nay, even the character of the person conversing with me, particularly when aided by associations derived from my own experience. I thus satisfy myself, at least, with a representation according to my own conception, although my ideas, connected as they are with remembrances of what I have formerly seen, cannot have the same originality as would be the case with persons who have been blind from their birth.

"I am only actuated by an intense desire to see, when I meet with some one who excites more than ordinary interest in my feelings, or with any extraordinary productions of nature or art: it is then the imagination takes fire, and my desire to see increases with the difficulty, nay impossibility, of gratifying it; then my feelings are worked up to such a pitch, that I become truly restless and impatient, when nothing but a change of place, or the introduction of a new subject sufficiently powerful to constitute a counteracting influence, can restore me to calm reflection.

"If it be inquired how I can understand the structure and action of machinery, I would ask how the machinery in question came to be originally invented; doubtless, it would be replied, "By man's imagination." If so, how much easier may it be for my imagination to comprehend what has been reduced to practical demonstration, so evident that a mere operative mechanic can execute it from description only!"

While Holman was at St. Petersburgh, a notice of him appeared in one of the journals of that place. He is described as inquiring into everything, and examining most objects by the touch, by which he was able very readily to recognize a bust of the Emperor Alexander, and to distinguish the points in which it differed from another bust of the same monarch which he had previously examined.

On the morning of his quitting Moscow he had to pack his baggage, which had been neglected the previous night. This brings out the information that this was a matter requiring very deliberate attention on his part: seemingly that he might in the act of packing impress upon his memory the exact place of every article, or rather, perhaps, that he might recollect the places which the articles previously occupied. In this operation his friends deemed him so helpless, that he had many offers of assistance, which he declined. Instead of needing help, he assures us, that his best course was to lock himself up in his room, like a school-boy who has a difficult task to perform; for, were he once to get confused, the presence and help of a second person would only serve to distract him further. By observing this principle, he had acquired such methods of arrangement that he not only knew precisely where everything lay that was contained in his personal baggage, but even to direct his friends at home where to find any article that he might have left behind him.

The reader who has favored the previous pages of this little work with his attention, will have no difficulty in understanding the burst of feeling in which our blind traveler indulges on crossing the Ural Mountains, which separate Europe from Asia. "My heart bounded with joy that I had accomplished so considerable a part of my journey, and was entering, as it were, upon a new world, a world of strangers, with

Providence only as my guide. I had now succeeded in what had been, for many years, one of the most ardent objects of my wishes, but which I had little expectation of realizing—a desire of visiting the fourth quarter of the globe. The satisfaction I felt is indescribable, and served to animate me with increased zeal to perseverance in my future projects. I almost imagined that a supernatural power was imparted to me, and that I had only to wave my wand and will it, and every obstacle, every difficulty, would give way before me."

In Ceylon, Holman ascended to the top of Adam's Peak. As common mortals get to the top of mountains in order to see, they will wonder what inducement a blind man could have for the exertion which the ascent involved. Let him answer. "We reached the summit just before the sun began to break, and a splendid scene opened upon us. The insulated mountain, rising up into a peak of seven thousand four hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea, flanked on one side by lofty ridges, and on the other by a champaign country stretching to the shore, that formed the margin of one immense expanse of ocean. I could not see this glorious sight with the visual orbs, but I turned toward it with indescribable enthusiasm. I stood upon the summit of the peak, and *felt* all its beauties rushing into my heart of hearts."

THOUGHT-FASHIONS.

THE changes in costume, furniture, and manners, which have made one generation differ from another, are curiously interesting to most minds, though seen (as the uniform preface of old nursery tales used to say) "but in cards and pictures," or known at best only by their scanty and scattered relics. The wedding-gown of anybody's grandmother, a great-uncle's peruke, or other such light antiquity, recalls, at least by association, a people who looked marvelously unlike us, though they lived in the same towns, prayed perhaps in the same churches, and spoke much the same English tongue. Few, indeed, have arrived, we will say, at discreet years (because that innocent term is of private interpretation) who can not remember wearing cuts of coats, or shapes of the bonnet kind in which they would now scarcely recognize themselves. It is not alone in the domestic and social requisites of the visible public that change and variety are thus apparent. Mind has also its modes, which vary and disappear, and are no less entirely superseded.

Age after age, as time and civilization marched onward, the fashions of popular thought have changed: the million of our fathers did not think as our million do; not that their minds were really dissimilar, but they wore, so to speak, a different costume, and looked through a differently-colored vail. The subjects of interest or alarm which roused the guilds of England, shook the old towns through all their narrow streets and dingy dwellings, or filled to overflowing the great Gothic churches, are long gone out of hearing. Other agitators have replaced them by workshop, and hearth, and pulpit; for, though some themes seem everlasting, no age fully responds to the keynote of another. Now and then the spirits of departed times appear to return, and walk again among the living. The ruling and regal ideas of far-off centuries cast their shadows at times upon younger generations, because nothing from the world within can die away or be forgotten so soon as the external. The materials of outward fashion are almost as perishable as the users; hence her trophies or wrecks, however wonder-worthy, rarely hold out long against the hostilities of chance and time. Few museums can now boast of a specimen of the horned head-dress, or the boots with peaked toes eighteen inches in length, which curved upward, and were fastened by chains to the girdle. Yet the beliefs and controversies in full vogue with those same peaks and horns are familiar to every scholar. The world's thought-fashions can be traced backward through a thousand memorials, almost to the dawn of letters; remnants of some that have been long extinct are still found in statute-books, in the laws and learning of sundry universities, and in what the speakers of old Saxon English were wont to call folk-lore. History has garnered them up, and genius has embalmed them. It would puzzle a skillful antiquary to say just at present how the people of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries actually looked and lived at home—the pencil or chisel having done little in those days, and that little for royalty alone,—but Chaucer, Gower, and Wiclif have

daguerreotyped the mental lineaments of their ages, and every subsequent writer has told us something of what was thought and talked of in his time.

It is curious, if not edifying, to mark how these master topics rose and fell, for the most part, like kings who left no heirs, though some came in dynasties, one of the same family regularly following another, like those that prevailed with so much sound and fury from early in the sixteenth till the close of the seventeenth century. Since then many subjects have had dominion over its people. The public has changed the fashion of its thoughts as often as that of its garments; but, as in the old slow-going times, cuts and shapes were apt to remain long in honor even with the ladies—the kirtles of cramass and gowns of cut velvet doing gala duty for two or three generations at least—so their thought fashions lasted our ancestors long, and the rapidity of modern change seems to have advanced equally in dress and in topics of interest.

Some subjects seem to retain a sort of evergreen interest. A theological dispute, a worker of wonders, whether false or true, or a new and extraordinary mode of getting rich has the same attraction for the masses of our day which its like had for those of two centuries ago. Physicians have remarked that the current themes of their times and people are peculiarly indicated by prevalent forms of insanity: for instance, it has been found that most of the patients received into French asylums of late years have imagined themselves either political leaders, or grievously compromised in the eyes of government; while in Britain and America, the most frequent delusions had something to do with divinity, mesmerism, or California. Doubtless the unhinged mind of every age was equally impressible by its uppermost ideas, and this fact must have largely contributed to the force of popular delusions in times of less research into mental phenomena. How far witchcraft, possession, and all manner of supernatural experiences, may have been its debtors, no looker-back can guess; but the mention of these antiquated ills takes one back to old thought fashions, and reminds us how many judgments have been reversed within the limits of what is called authentic history. To go no further from our own vocation, O readers, and writers too, has not the tide of opinion turned strikingly since Lady Wardlaw found it convenient to escape the charge of bluestockingism by saying her grand ballad of Sir Patrick Spence had been discovered in that which knitters know as the heart of a clew?—thus leaving its authorship an unrivaled bone of contention to poetical antiquaries.

More distant times present still wider contrasts. About the days of the great Alfred, all that was pious, prudent, and honorable, seemed indissolubly connected with the single life, but, under the present system of things, one is scarcely respectable out of the pale of matrimony; nevertheless, let the nonjurors take comfort on "the darker the night the nearer the morning" principle. Some few but zealous disciples of Malthus have predicted that a great revolution in this department of social policy is at hand, by which that ill-requited class, vulgarly known as old maids and bachelors, will resume their ancient level in public esteem, and be regarded once more as the most select and meritorious part of the community. Our own wisdom is not sufficiently far-sighted to enable us to subscribe to this peculiar prophecy; but we believe, and beg to assure the dissatisfied in general, that in the onward march of things changes almost as great, and improvements perhaps greater, are likely to be effected on even modern Thought Fashions.

RESIDENCE OF ADAM SMITH.

MANY who hear of the great economical work of Dr. Adam Smith know little of its history, or of the character and circumstances of its author.

Very unlike the literary productions of modern days, it was the result of *ten years' labor*. It was not merely written during ten years of a man's life, the product of occasional application or of leisure hours. Smith, who was a quiet bachelor, living with an aged mother, and wholly a being of study, retired from the busy haunts of men to write this book, and was *completely occupied by it* for ten years. Such, we suspect, is the true way to make great books, and consequently great and enduring reputations.

The retreat of Smith during these ten years was his mother's house, in the seaport town of Kirkaldy, on the north shore of the Frith of Forth, opposite to Edin-

burgh. He could here see the busy capital, where lived his friends Hume, Blair, Robertson, and others; but he seldom went thither. Having been born in Kirkaldy and brought up at its grammar-school, he had some old friends of youthful days there, and with them he maintained a little intercourse. Beyond this he was almost a hermit. The space occupied by his remarkable labors was from the year 1766 to 1776, when the work was published, at which time the author was fifty-three years of age.

A stranger, passing through the long rambling town of Kirkaldy, will very probably observe, inscribed over an entry or alley, "Dr. Adam Smith's Close." He may here see the house, and even the room, where this great work was concocted. About twenty years ago, the following account of the residence of Smith was written by a gentleman of Kirkaldy in obedience to an inquiry which had been addressed to him:—

"The house in Kirkaldy which was inhabited by Dr. Smith, his mother, and Miss Douglas, a cousin, is a house of three stories, situated on the south side of the street, (nearly opposite the shop of Mr. Cumming, bookseller,) now the property of the heirs of Michael Beveridge, haberdasher. About the center of the front is a close or entry by which you pass in ascending to the second and third stories. At the extremity of the close is a large court or open area in rear of the house. On the east or left side of this court is a building at right angles to the front building, locally denominated a *back jamb*. This back jamb contains the staircase by which you ascend to the second and third stories, and also several apartments. Dr. Smith occupied the third story of the house, and his study was the southernmost room of the back jamb, a room, I estimate (I visited it to-day) about fourteen feet by ten, having one window looking into the back court, and another in the gable or south wall of the back jamb looking toward the sea. The fireplace is in the gable. Between the fireplace and the side of the window is a space of about three feet: there stood the doctor's chair; and here he sat by the fire, the one knee over the other, reclining his right shoulder against the wall, dictating his immortal work to his amanuensis, Rob Reid, who sat on the opposite side of the fireplace, at a small table fronting the doctor. Dr. Smith wore a tie-wig, and when sitting in the position I have described, in deep meditation, he frequently leaned his head against the wall, by which, in process of time, the paper of the wall became stained by the pomatum on his wig. This stain or mark remained on the wall for many years after Dr. Smith left Kirkaldy, but is now no longer visible. The house became the property of Andrew Cowan, merchant in Kirkaldy, who carefully preserved the greasy mark upon the wall during his life. After his death the property passed into the possession of one who, though he knew sufficiently well the practice of amassing wealth, knew little of the principles developed in the 'Wealth of Nations,' and cared as little for this curious relic of its celebrated author. The room has been divested of its antique papering, and along with it the greasy mark of the philosopher's wig. The curious old mantlepiece has been replaced by one of more recent fashion, and the room itself is disjoined from the third story by a partition; the entrance to it is now by a stair from the second story.

"I cannot say I ever saw this mark myself; but several gentlemen who knew Dr. Smith and who were well acquainted with the position of the mark, have pointed it out to me, as I have now described it. I have some doubt that Mr. Fleming has been deceived by his memory in stating that he has *seen* the mark. I have a distinct recollection of having visited the room a number of years ago along with the late James Sibbald, M. D., and some others, of whom, perhaps Mr. Fleming was one, when we attempted a subscription for a bust of Dr. Smith, which, to the disgrace of Kirkaldy, could not be effected; and at that time I know the mark was obliterated.

"I presume you are aware that Dr. Smith's father was comptroller of customs in Kirkaldy. His mother was of the family of Douglas of Strathenry in Fife, and the doctor stood in the relation of grand-uncle to the present Robert Douglas, Esq., of Strathenry. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of Kirkaldy, under the tuition of David Millar, a celebrated teacher of that period. A gentleman now in Kirkaldy, whose father was a class-fellow of Smith's at Kirkaldy school, states to me,

on the authority of his father, that when at school he displayed no superiority of intellect to his cotemporaries, but his mind always kept hold of whatever it acquired; that he never cordially joined in any of the pastimes or youthful frolics of his school-fellows, but after school hours went his way quietly home. Whether this proceeded from a natural disinclination to school-boy amusements, or whether his delicate constitution prevented him from taking part in the games of his more robust school-fellows, my informant cannot say. It was during the time that he was Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow that he composed his Theory of Moral Sentiments. He left his chair in Glasgow to travel with the Duke of Buccleuch, (grandfather of the present duke,) who settled an annuity on the doctor. It was after his return from the continent with the duke, and before his appointment in the customs, that he composed his 'Wealth of Nations.' It is generally understood that he contemplated this work some years before this period, and had digested an outline of his subject; but when he came to prepare the work for the press, he found it would be more convenient to have an amanuensis to transcribe for him. For this purpose he engaged Robert Reid, a weaver in Linktown, to attend him in the evening, after he had finished his daily labor at the loom. In pursuance of this plan, Rob, who wrote a fair hand, attended the doctor in the evening, and wrote out the cogitations of the day. To give you some idea of the care and attention bestowed by the author upon his subject, I am informed by a gentleman here, that Rob Reid has assured him that he (Reid) 'is certain that he wrote the "Wealth of Nations" *fifty times over* before it was printed.' Making even a large allowance for exaggeration in this assertion, sufficient remains to prove that the author had been at very great pains to render the work complete; and the character of the work justifies the pains he had taken."

Dugald Stewart, in his memoir of Smith, relates a curious anecdote of his infancy. "An accident which happened to him when he was about three years old, is of too interesting a nature to be omitted in the account of so valuable a life. He had been carried by his mother to Strathenry, on a visit to his uncle, Mr. Douglas, and was one day amusing himself alone at the door of the house, when he was stolen by a party of that set of vagrants who are known in Scotland by the name of tinkers. Luckily he was soon missed by his uncle, who, hearing that some vagrants had passed, pursued them with what assistance he could find, till he overtook them in Leslie Wood, and was the happy instrument of preserving to the world a genius which was destined not only to extend the boundaries of science, but to enlighten and reform the commercial policy of Europe."

It is not unworthy of remark, that Smith was one of the many instances which could be brought forward against the too gallant theory that men possessing extraordinary genius are chiefly indebted for it to their mothers. While the mother of Smith was an ordinary woman, the talents of his father had been evinced by his being raised from the duties of an ordinary writer to the signet to be private secretary to the Secretary of State for Scotland. The father, however, having died before the son was born, Smith was indebted to his mother for the care which brought him through a sickly infancy, and for much domestic happiness during the long period of sixty-one years that she was spared to him.

Adam Smith enjoyed the dignified situation of a Commissioner of the Customs in Scotland for the last fifteen years of his life, and during this time he lived in Edinburgh. The house he occupied still exists in the Canongate, but is much altered. It used to be called Panmure House, having been originally the town mansion of the Earl of Panmure, which was forfeited for his concern in the rebellion of 1715.

It is interesting to know respecting Adam Smith, that he was an artless, unworldly man, of great purity of life, and of extraordinary benevolence. As a consequence of his so exclusive devotion to study, he was remarkable for absence of mind, and for a habit of speaking to himself. It is a veritable anecdote told of him in Edinburgh, that a fishwoman was impressed by his uncouth manner and his loud mutterings as he passed along the street, with the idea that he was a lunatic, remarking pathetically to a companion, "And he 's weel put on too;" that is, well-dressed,—her sense of the calamity being greatly increased by its contrast with his obviously good circumstances. He lived very inexpensively—being, as he himself

remarked, "a beau only in his books." It therefore gave surprise that at his death he did not leave much money. The explanation at length appeared, in various cases which came to light, making it certain that he had been in the practice of giving large sums in charity, though with such modesty that the fact was not suspected in his lifetime.

So kind, gentle, self-devoting, and inoffensive was the philosopher to whom was vouchsafed the first clear insight into the principles which rule the greatest material interests of man in society.

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

THE influence which this secret fraternity exercised upon opinion during their short career, and the permanent impression which they have left upon European literature, invest their history with a peculiar interest. Wild and visionary though they were, they were not without their uses. Before their time, the superstitions of Europe had been peopled only by the dark and disgusting creations of monkish imaginations; of these the Rosicrucians purged them, and substituted in their stead a race of mild, graceful, and beneficent beings.

This remarkable society, whose doctrines formed so singular a compound of religious mysticism and fanciful romance, though it only became known to the public in the seventeenth century, is said to have originated in Germany three centuries earlier. Their reputed founder, from whom they took their name, was Christian Rosenkreuz, or "Rose-cross," a German nobleman and philosopher, who traveled in the Holy Land, toward the close of the fourteenth century. The story of his life, which is given in a German work, published at Frankfort in 1617, and called *Fama Fraternitatis des löblichen Orden des Rosenkreuzes*, (Report of the Laudable Fraternity of the Rosicrucians,) says, that while on his travels, Rosenkreuz fell sick at Damascus, where he was visited by some learned Arabs, who claimed him as their brother in science, and unfolded to him, by inspiration, all the secrets of his past life, both of thought and action. They then restored him to health by means of the philosopher's stone, and afterward instructed him in all their mysteries. In 1401, he returned to Germany, says the same authority, and drawing a chosen number of friends around him, he initiated them into the mysteries of the new science, having previously bound them by oath to keep it secret for one hundred years. The adepts lived together in a building, which they called *Sancti Spiritus*, (sacred spirits,) where their founder died, in 1484, at the age of one hundred and six years. The place of his burial was kept a profound secret, and the society renewed itself by the successive admission of new members, in silence and obscurity, according to the last injunction of their master, who directed the following inscription to be placed on a door of their building: *Post CXX. annos patebo*—"after one hundred and twenty years I will open."

Such is the probably half-mythical account of their origin, which is contained in the work we have mentioned. Many have disputed this remote antiquity, and affirmed that the first dawning of the Rosicrucian doctrine is to be found in the theories of Paracelsus, (a German alchemist and physician, who died in 1541,) and the dreams of Dr. Dee, (a famous English philosopher of the sixteenth century,) who, without intending it, became the actual, though never the recognized, founders of the Rosicrucian philosophy. Whatever may have been the true origin of the sect, one thing is certain, that its existence only became publicly known in the year 1605. At that time it created a great stir among the mystical Germans. No sooner were its doctrines promulgated, than all the visionaries, Paracelsists, and alchemists, flocked around its standard, and vaunted Rosenkreuz as the new regenerator of the human race. Michael Maier, the physician of the Emperor Rudolph, became initiated into its mysteries, and having traveled over all Germany seeking confidential instruction from its members, published a report of the laws and customs of the new fraternity in 1615. An abstract of these published ordinances of the society will be the best and most concise explanation of its doctrines. They asserted, in the first place, "That the meditations of their founders surpassed everything that had ever been imagined since the creation of the world, without even excepting the revelations of the Deity; that they were destined to accomplish the general peace and regeneration of man

before the end of the world arrived; that they possessed all wisdom and piety in a supreme degree; that they possessed all the graces of nature, and could distribute them among the rest of mankind, according to their pleasure; that they were subject to neither hunger, nor thirst, nor disease, nor old age, nor to any other inconvenience of nature; that they knew by inspiration, and at the first glance, every one who was worthy to be admitted into their society; that they had the same knowledge then which they would have possessed if they had lived from the beginning of the world, and had been always acquiring it; that they had a volume, in which they could read all that ever was or ever would be written in other books till the end of time; that they could force to, and retain in, their service the most powerful spirits and demons; that, by virtue of their songs, they could attract pearls and precious stones from the depths of the sea or the bowels of the earth; that God had covered them with a thick cloud, by means of which they could shelter themselves from the malignity of their enemies, and that they could thus render themselves invisible from all eyes; that the first eight brethren of the 'Rose-cross' had power to cure all maladies; that, by means of the fraternity, the triple crown of the Pope would be reduced into dust; that they only admitted two sacraments, with the ceremonies of the primitive Church, renewed by them; that they recognized the fourth monarchy and the Emperor of the Romans as their chief, and the chief of all Christians; that they would provide him with more gold, their treasures being inexhaustible, than the King of Spain had ever drawn from the golden regions of eastern and western Ind." Such was the Rosicrucian confession of faith. They had six rules of conduct, which prescribed,

First, That, in their travels, they should gratuitously cure all diseases.

Secondly, That they should always dress in conformity to the fashions of the country in which they resided.

Thirdly, That they should, once in every year, meet together in the place appointed by the fraternity, or send in writing an available excuse.

Fourthly, That every brother, whenever he felt inclined to die, should choose a person worthy to succeed him.

Fifthly, That the words "Rose-cross" should be the marks by which they should recognize each other.

Sixthly, That their fraternity should be kept a secret for six times twenty years.

These laws, they asserted, had been found in a golden book in the tomb of Rosenkreuz, and as the prescribed time from his death had expired in the year 1604, the doctrines were accordingly promulgated, for the benefit and enlightenment of mankind. For some years these enthusiasts made numerous converts to their doctrines in Germany; but they excited little attention in other parts of Europe. In 1623, however, they made their appearance in Paris, and threw all the learned and the credulous into commotion. One morning the walls of the city were found covered with placards, to the following effect:—"We, the deputies of the principal College of the Brethren of the Rose-cross have taken up our abode, visible and invisible, in this city, by the grace of the Most High, toward whom are turned the hearts of the just. We show and teach without books or signs, and speak all sorts of languages in the countries where we dwell, to draw mankind, our fellows, from error and from death." At this strange announcement, some wondered, but more laughed. Two books, however, were shortly afterward published, which excited real alarm and curiosity among all parties, about this dreadful and secret brotherhood. The first of these works was called, a history of "The frightful Compacts entered into between the Devil and the pretended 'Invisibles;' with their damnable Instructions, the deplorable Ruin of their Disciples, and their miserable end." The other book was entitled an "Examination of the new and unknown Cabala of the brethren of the Rose-cross, who have lately inhabited the City of Paris; with the History of their Manners, the Wonders worked by them, and many other Particulars." In these books, which, as we have said, caused great alarm, it was stated that the Rosicrucian society consisted of thirty-six persons in all, who had renounced their baptism and hope of salvation; that it was directly from Satan that they received the power which they possessed of transporting themselves from one end of the world to the other with the rapidity of thought; that they could speak all languages; that they had unlimited supplies of money; that they could render themselves invisible and

penetrate into the most secret places, in spite of bolts and bars; and that they could infallibly tell the future and the past. Such were a few, and not the most heinous, of the attributes ascribed to this mysterious society by the two books which we have mentioned. In the midst of the commotion raised by these generally-believed disclosures, a second placard appeared on the walls of Paris, containing the following announcement:—"If any one desires to see the Brethren of the Rose-cross from curiosity only, he will never communicate with us. But if his *will* really induces him to inscribe his name in the register of our brotherhood, we, who can judge of the thoughts of all men, will convince him of the truth of our promises. For this reason we do not publish to the world the place of our abode. Thought alone, in unison with the sincere *will* of those who desire to know us, is sufficient to make us known to them, and them to us."

In vain did the Parisian police endeavor to find out the publishers of these strange manifestos; the Church, however, soon took up the matter, and denounced them as heretics and sorcerers of the blackest dye. Their very name, it was affirmed, was derived from the garland of roses, in the form of a cross, hung over the tavern tables in Germany as the emblem of secrecy, and from whence has come the common saying, *sub rosa*, (under the rose.) To these and other aspersions the attacked brotherhood replied by a lengthened exposition of their real doctrines. In this defense they denied that they used magic of any kind, or that they had any intercourse whatever with his Satanic majesty. They declared that they had already lived for more than a century, and expected to live for many centuries to come; and that the knowledge of all things which they possessed had been communicated to them by the Almighty himself, as a reward for their great piety. They reiterated the assertion that their society had been founded by, and derived its name from, Christian Rosenkreuz, and consequently denied the derivation of their name which had been put forth by their enemies. They disclaimed all interference with the peculiar politics or religious opinions of any set of men; however, they denied the rightful ... nacy of the Pope, and denounced ... a tyrant. They likewise affirmed ... nocence of the charges of immorality which had been brought against them; and declared, on the contrary, that the first vow taken on entering the society was one of chastity, the smallest infringement of which at once and forever deprived the transgressor of all the advantages and powers which he had previously enjoyed. In contradiction of the old monkish superstitions of sorcery and demonology, they denied the existence of all such malevolent spirits, and asserted that, instead of being beset by such beings as these, man was surrounded by myriads of beautiful and beneficent beings, all anxious to promote his happiness. The air, they said, was peopled with sylphs, the water with undines or naiads, the inner parts of the earth with gnomes, and fire with salamanders. These half-angelic beings, who possessed great power, and were unrestrained by the barriers of space or the obstructions of matter, were the friends of men, and desired nothing so much as that men should purge themselves of all uncleanness, and thus be enabled to see and converse with them. They watched constantly over mankind by night and day, and sought to win for themselves human love, that they might thus share the immortality of human souls, and at last enter with them into the regions of eternal bliss.

The excitement produced by these attacks and replies, though violent, was short-lived. One Gabriel Naudé, a publisher, dealt the finishing blow in France to the fantastic doctrines of the brotherhood, in a work entitled "Advice to France upon the Brethren of the Rose-cross." The invisible fraternity and their marvelous powers soon ceased to be spoken of, and the stir which they had raised gradually died away. But though thus unsuccessful in France, their doctrines still flourished in Germany and in England, where they had made many converts. At the head of these latter was Robert Fludd, a learned physician, distinguished for his science and his mysticism. The father of English Rosicrucianism was the son of Sir Thomas Fludd, Treasurer of War to Queen Elizabeth in France and the Low Countries. He received his education at St. John's College, Oxford, and afterward spent some years in traveling through France, Spain, Italy and Germany. It was in this latter country that he first adopted the Rosicrucian philosophy. On his return to England he graduated as

Doctor of Medicine, and practiced as a physician in London with considerable success. His earnest advocacy of the cabalistic doctrines soon caused him to be looked upon as one of the high-priests of the sect. His works in defense of the new philosophy were considered worthy of replies and refutations by Kepler, the celebrated German astronomer and mathematician, and Gassendi, a distinguished French philosopher. After his death, in 1637, the Rosicrucian theory lost much of its ground in England. He had left behind him no one equally zealous in the cause with himself; and consequently the efforts of the English Brethren were confined to the publication at considerable intervals of obscure and unimportant works, which only served to show that the folly had not entirely died out. One of these books was published in London in 1652, and was called "The Fame and Confession of the Brethren of the Rosie-cross," by an alchemist, who called himself *Eugenius Philalethes*. A few years afterward, another enthusiast, named John Hayden, who styled himself "the servant of God and the secretary of Nature," put forth his "New Method of Rosicrucian Physic, for the Cure of all Diseases, freely given to Inspired Christians." In his preface to this medley of nonsense and mysticism, he says, "I shall here tell you what Rosicrucians are, and that Moses was their father, and he was the child of God. Some say they were of the order of Elias, some of Ezechiel, others define them to be the officers of the generalissimo of the world, that are as the eyes and ears of the great king, seeing and hearing all things, for they are seraphically illuminated as Moses was, according to this order of the elements, earth refined to water, water to air, air to fire." Such is the jargon that could find not only readers, but dupes, in England less than two centuries ago.

While Fludd in England was propagating his vagaries,

> "All strange and geason,
> Devoid of sense and ordinary reason,"

the cabalistic philosophy had an equally zealous apostle and head in Germany, in the person of Jacob Böhmen. This enthusiast, of whom it will be sufficient to say that his opinions were of the most orthodox absurdity, was born at Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia, in 1575, and followed, till his thirtieth year, the occupation of a shoemaker. At the age mentioned, he heard of the Rosicrucian doctrines, and embraced them with the greatest zeal. He abandoned his trade, and took to book-writing on his adopted vagaries, which he explained and defended in language as sublimely ridiculous as any that has been employed in the same cause. His death, in 1624, affected Rosicrucianism in Germany much as Fludd's had done in England. He left behind him many disciples, but none equal in energy or zeal to himself. As the seventeenth century wore on, believers in the cabalistic doctrines gradually became fewer and less clever in their defense, till at length the cherished fancies of Maier, Böhmen, Fludd, and the other high-priests of the sect, whose names we have left unmentioned, died away. Feeble and partial adherents occasionally were heard of; but the Rosicrucians, as a society, had passed away before the light of a more advanced philosophy and a truer science. Though we have spoken of the sect only in connection with England, France, and Germany, it had some disciples in the other nations of the continent; they were greatly inferior, however, both in numbers and enthusiasm to those of the three countries mentioned.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of the history and doctrines of the Rosicrucians. Out of their romantic theories, the reader need hardly be told, legends and tales innumerable have sprung, all full of mystery and wonder—the wild, the fantastic, and the marvelous. With these graceful and exciting creations the literature of England, France, and Germany is largely stored. Among them Shakspeare's "Ariel" stands pre-eminent. To the same source are we to trace the airy tenants of Belinda's dressing-room, in Pope's charming "Rape of the Lock," and Fouque's exquisite "Undine."

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterward; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indulgence. —*Self-Culture*.

THE SHOEMAKER OF ST. AUSTELL:

OR,

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A METAPHYSICIAN.

SAMUEL DREW was born in the parish of St. Austell, Cornwall, on the 3d of March, 1765. His parents were extremely poor. His father's occupation fluctuated between tillage and "streaming for tin." When not turning up the soil of the farm, he was examining the deposits of mountain streams, and selecting, by the process of washing and pulverizing, such parts as were valuable for the ore they contained. Diligence and care, even in this toilsome occupation, yielded him such success, that, in the course of a few years he was able to take a better residence, and engage in the business of a common carrier for a brewery in his neighborhood.

Poor as were the parents, they were pious, and were not only sensible of the importance of education to their children, but solicitous to impart it, to the limited extent their circumstances would allow. For a while the two sons were sent daily to a school, in which the charge for reading was only a *penny a week*. But Samuel seemed careless of this opportunity of learning to read. Books were disagreeable things. He had a talent for doing nothing, and he gratified it by playing truant. He loved the smiling fields and the lonely woods, with their murmuring rivulets and singing-birds; and he carried his heart *there* to find "sermons in trees and books in *brooks*." Whatever his disregard of book-learning, he was shrewd enough in other things, and his shrewdness had a bent of mischief, that was generally more successful in getting him into scrapes than in getting him out of them. But it sometimes left him "unwhipt of justice."

Tin ore is commonly lodged in masses of stone. These are gathered and pulverized in the stamping mill, from whence the material is carried by a small stream of water into shallow pits prepared for its reception, where the gravity of the metal causes it to sink, while the sandy particles pass off with the stream. These pits are called *buddles*. Children are employed to stir up these deposits, and keep them in agitation until the process of separation is complete. These children are called *buddle-boys*. At eight years of age Samuel Drew became a buddle-boy, his father receiving three halfpence a day for his service.

He was rapidly descending into vicious habits. To augment his danger and accelerate his ruin, the only being on earth who understood his disposition and knew how to restrain it from ill, and guide it "in the good and right way," had been removed from her place in the family. His mother had gone down to the grave, and there was now scarcely a heart to love him, or a hand stretched out to sustain and encourage him. She had early discovered that the levity of his feelings unfitted him to receive instruction through the ordinary channels. He was therefore taken under her own charge. She taught him to read and write—at least, all he learned of either during his youth. But his moral nature was the field she cultivated with most avidity. The good seed of religious truth was deposited in his heart; and it never lost its vitality. In latter years the harvest of that sowing was abundant.

At the age of ten years he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at St. Blazey, about three miles from St. Austell. His master, to the trade of shoemaker added that of farmer; and when there was no work in the shop, there was always plenty of it in the field. Alternating between these two employments, the apprentice was not slow in discovering that he stood a fine chance of being either a very indifferent shoemaker, or a very poor farmer. Beside this, his personal discomforts were numerous. To the comforts and conveniences of life he was an entire stranger; and, passing his days in rags and wretchedness, he became almost as reckless of his life as he was careless of his own character, and of the rights of others. One of his chief troubles was with his mistress. She was disposed to add to his other offices in the family that of a servant. He knew remonstrance would avail nothing. Under these circumstances, he absconded, in his seventeenth year, with the intention of entering a man-of-war. He was led to this selection of his future, by occurrences that, as little as he thought of it in its conception and frustration, had no small share in determining his subsequent career and his ultimate eminence.

During his apprenticeship, a few numbers of the "Weekly Entertainer" were brought into his master's family. It contained many tales and anecdotes, which he

read with great avidity. He was especially interested with the narratives of adventures connected with the American War. Paul Jones, the Serapis, and the Bon Homme Richard, excited his mind with a profound attraction. They mingled with his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night. He longed to be in a pirate ship—a thought natural to his perverted tastes and vicious habits. There was also in the house an odd volume of the history of England during the commonwealth. These were read again and again, until, having nothing else to read, they palled on his taste, and he turned aside to low and corrupting pleasures. It is true, there was a Bible in the house; but the command to read it on the Sabbath, apart from a natural distaste for such reading, was an effectual bar to obedience. With books, his life might have taken an earlier turn to rectitude. But he had them not; and in the absence of means to gratify a disposition to read, he almost lost the ability. Still his reading gave direction to thought and supplied the material. It was under the influence of thoughts thus born in his mind, that he abridged his apprenticeship by flight, and steered his course to Plymouth. When he set out on this adventure, he had but thirty-three cents, and went by his home to increase his store. His father was absent, and his mother, at a loss what to do, declined, but persuaded him to stay all night, hoping his father might get home, and detain him, or transfer the matter of supplying his wants from herself. The next morning, to the dismay of his family, he was gone. But the "Providence that shapes the ends" of life hindered the consummation of his plans, checked his downward course, and turned his feet to the paths of virtue, usefulness, and honor. His first night from home was spent in a hay-field. The next morning, a ferry and his breakfast took four cents of his stock of cash, and filled him with dismay at its probable early consumption. Passing through Liskeare, with a view of replenishing his purse, he sought employment at his trade; but to provide the necessary implements nearly exhausted his means. He was soon reduced to an extremity of hunger truly pitiable. His fellow-workmen, seeing he did not quit his work for dinner, as they were accustomed to do, made some inquiry as to where he dined, when one of them facetiously replied, "At the sign of the mouth, to be sure." He endured the gibe, but to appease the urgent cravings of hunger, drew his apron-strings, and compressed his stomach into a smaller circle, and stitched away with the best heart he could summon to his aid. The next day, his employer, discovering he was a runaway apprentice, dismissed him from the shop, advising him to return to his master. Ere he left the door, his elder brother came in pursuit of him. His father, having accidentally heard where he was, sent for him. The message came at the time of need. He only consented to return, on condition that he was not to be sent back to St. Blazey. His indentures were subsequently canceled.

Mr. Drew ever after considered this as the turning-point of his destiny. In later periods of life, when fame, fortune, and family were his, he was accustomed to refer to these circumstances as occasions when his future destiny trembled on the beam, and a hair might have turned it down with a force that would have depressed and ruined him forever.

For some months after leaving Liskeare, he remained with his father. He then went to the neighborhood of Plymouth, where for two years or more he pursued his trade with increasing profit to himself, but with very little improvement to his moral character. During this period, he came very near losing his life in a smuggling adventure. But it is said, on the authority of one familiar with him at the time, there was a surprising mental development, especially in his readiness at repartee, and his powers of reasoning; so striking, indeed, that few were bold enough to provoke the one, or engage the other. It made him prominent among his craftsmen, and gave great importance to his opinions. It was not from books, for he was still careless of them, but the friction of intercourse with men, the collision of mind with mind, that elicited thought, and awakened a faculty hitherto slumbering in the repose of a profound ignorance. We shall see how, following this thread, he was led out of the labyrinth of his vicious propensities, into the straight path of intelligent rectitude and virtuous activity.

. . . . . .

In January, 1785, he removed to St. Austell, and became foreman in his branch of trade, to a young man who carried on

the business of a shoemaker, a saddler, and a bookbinder. It was here and under these circumstances, that he renewed his acquaintance with books, and prosecuted the advantage under every conceivable discouragement. Speaking of his ignorance at this time, in after life, he said, "I was scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could annex no idea. Grammar I knew not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense." His writing was compared to the "traces of a spider dipped in ink, and set to crawl on paper." On this foundation he began to build, and the finished superstructure was of magnificent proportions and glorious in its adornments.

The desire to know was born in his mind, and he set himself to seek knowledge. He examined dictionaries, added words to his small stock, and treasured them with a miser's care. Books came to be bound: he read their titles, and gleaned ideas from their pages; and truth began to dawn on the darkness of his mind. "The more I read," he says, "the more I felt my own ignorance; and the more I felt my ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or other." He could command but very little leisure. Lank poverty and clamorous want, cried out against every pause in his employment. "From early chime to vesper bell," and deep in the night, he was doomed to hammer heel-taps, and stitch on soles, while his own soul was alive with the desire to know. "Where there's a will there's a way." He had "the will," and he found "the way." He was obliged to eat; and he would make it a meal for soul and body. He took a book to his repast; and crammed ideas in his mind and food in his stomach, at the same time. Digestion in both departments was not incompatible with stitching. In this way, five or six pages were mastered at a meal.

At an early stage of his new intellectual life, a gentleman brought "Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding" to be bound. It was a new conception to his mind. He had never heard of it before. He pored over its pages with a fascination as profound as a philosopher's joy at a new discovery, a sensation as new and thrilling as a child's over his first toy-book, and drank in his reasonings with a zest as transporting and heart-felt. It was as when a new star blazes in the telescope of the astronomer. But its magnitude was greater than a star. It was a new world with its suns and systems, that filled his soul from horizon to zenith with brilliant images and gorgeous hopes. The continent of mind was spread out before him. What would he not have given to own that world of thought! "I would willingly have labored a fortnight to have the books." Could his desire be more forcibly expressed? Again he says, "I had then no conception that they could be obtained for money." How priceless did he consider them! But they were soon carried away; and his mind felt as if the sun had gone down in the early morning. Yet they left a luminous track behind them, rich and glorious as a western sky when the sun has gone to waken the song of gladness in other climes. Years passed before he saw the Essay again; yet the impression was never lost from his mind. "This book set all my soul to think, to feel, and to reason, from all without, and from all within. It gave the first metaphysical turn to my mind; and I cultivated the little knowledge of writing which I had acquired, in order to put down my reflections. It awakened me from my stupor, and induced me to form a resolution to abandon the groveling views which I had been accustomed to entertain." Heretofore no specific object, beside the general one of improvement, had guided his efforts. Locke awakened his inquiries, and concentrated his mental energies. Its influence was powerful upon every period and on every undertaking of his subsequent career.

It was about the same time that another and a sublimer change was wrought in the moral nature of Mr. Drew. A mother's hand had scattered the seeds of life over the soil of his young heart. In childhood and youth it seemed to have fallen on stony ground. It had brought forth no fruit unto righteousness. But now the seed had germinated long after the hand of the sower was still in the grave. The apparent instrumental cause of his religious quickening was the remarkably triumphant death of his brother. This awakened reflection on the folly and wickedness of his own life, and the aimless nature of his pursuits. These impressions were

strengthened under the ministry of the then youthful, but now world-known and honored, Adam Clarke. Coincident with these things, the deathless work of that

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and plain truth alike prevail,"—

The Pilgrim's Progress,—gave shape to his thoughts, and direction to his life. The infusion of the religious element into his nature was a most important epoch in his existence. It gave tone to his feelings, sprightliness and vigor to his mind, purity and decision to his character. It brought him into a new atmosphere of being, placed new and vaster objects before his mind, and stirred the profound depths of his intellectual and moral nature with higher aspirations, and a more ennobling ambition. Old things were passed away; and a new life, stretching outward and upward, blending usefulness and happiness, the rewards of virtue with the conquests of duty, was mapped on his soul in lines of fire traced by the finger of God. Henceforth, in the contemplation of his life, we perceive not only a new direction, but a fuller development of mental energy; and trace the application of his powers to subjects, respecting truth, duty and God, that religious conviction alone could suggest or support. He is no longer ambitious to tread the deck of a pirate-ship. The past is forgotten, or exists as a mournful remembrance. A purer principle is implanted in his nature. It has taken root in his heart; its foliage and its fruits distinguish and adorn his subsequent career.

It is not to be supposed that his difficulties either in getting bread or books had ceased. He was still "inured to poverty and toil." He had entered into business for himself, but on a scale exceedingly limited. Dr. Franklin's "Way to Wealth," of which he possessed a copy, was his chart. "Poor Richard" gave pithy but very excellent advice to poor Samuel Drew. Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, "the sound of his hammer" might be heard. He had borrowed five pounds to begin business; and it was only at the expiration of a year that he was able to return it. But his business, and his own character for industry and integrity, were established. He was in the *way* to wealth. His desire, however, was not inordinate. He only wished to be able to spare some moments from constant toil to the purpose of reading and study. In a few years, this object was accomplished, and he found himself at liberty to pursue his long-cherished schemes of mental improvement. But the best-concerted schemes sometimes fail. His was nearly wrecked by politics. He was saved by an incident as singular as it was effectual. During the American War everybody was a politician; he took sides with the Colonies; there was danger of political discussion engaging his attention, to the exclusion or detriment of his more important mental occupations. From this hazard he was preserved by the following incident.

A friend one day remarked to him, "Mr. Drew, more than once I have heard you quote that expression,—

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

You quote it as being true; but how are we to understand it?"

"I can give you," he replied, "an instance from my own experience. When I began business I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion, and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year, I had too much to do and to think about, to indulge my propensity for politics; but after getting a little ahead in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it. My shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbors' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time; and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I had lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing the street, put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, cried out, 'Shoemaker! shoemaker! work by night and run about by day!'"

"And did you," inquired his friend, "pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?"

"No, no! Had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself 'True, true! but you shall never have that to say of me

again.' I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect anything, I never shall. To me it was the voice of God; and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf. I ceased to venture on the restless sea of politics, or trouble myself about matters which did not concern me. The bliss of ignorance on political topics I often experienced in after life; the folly of being wise my early history shows."

Industry and economy had "broken the neck of his difficulties," and left him with some degree of leisure to pursue his ruling passion—the acquisition of knowledge. Possessed of the opportunity of improvement, he increased his efforts, and enlarged his plans of acquiring information. Fugitive thoughts—those first and best teachings of truth—were preserved with an avaricious care. Even while at work, he kept writing-materials at his side, to note the processes of his mind, and fix, beyond the possibility of forgetfulness, the outlines of arguments on such subjects as engaged his attention for the time. But he had not as yet fixed upon any plan of study. We shall see what determined his choice:—

"The sciences lay before me. I discovered charms in each, but was unable to embrace them all, and hesitated in making a selection. I had learned that

> 'One science only will one genius fit—
> So vast is art, so narrow human wit.'

At first I felt such an attachment to astronomy, that I resolved to confine my views to the study of that science; but I soon found myself too defective in arithmetic to make any proficiency. Modern history was my next object; but I quickly discovered that more books and time were necessary than I could either purchase or spare, and on this account history was abandoned. In the region of metaphysics I saw neither of the above impediments. It nevertheless appeared to be a thorny path; but I determined to enter, and accordingly began to tread it.

Poverty selected the field on which he was to win his triumphs. It was, indeed, a thorny path, hedged with difficulties. He entered it with a giant's energy. The immaterial world, with its empires of being, its unfathomable entities, endless organizations, mysterious laws, and chainless powers, was the world through which he was to roam with the freedom of a free-born citizen. The map of that world already existed in outline in his own intellectual and moral being.

In such a study the heaviest draft would be on his own mental organism. Reading filled his leisure; reflection occupied him while at work. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of abstracting his mind from surrounding objects, and fixing it, like a leech, upon whatever subject occupied his attention. His profoundest mental investigations were often carried on in the din of domestic affairs. His works, which have given his name to fame, were written, not in the solitude of the study, but amidst the hammering of heel-taps and cries of children. He had no study—no retirement. "I write," he said, "amid the cries and cradles of my children; and frequently, when I review what I have written, endeavor to cultivate 'the art to blot.'" During the day, he wrote down "the shreds and patches" of thought and argument; at night, he elaborated them into form and unity. "His usual seat, after closing the business of the day, was a low nursing chair beside the kitchen fire. Here, with the bellows on his knees for a desk, and the usual culinary and domestic matters in progress around him, his works, prior to 1805, were chiefly written."

The first production of Mr. Drew's pen was a defense of Christianity, in answer to what a celebrated Irish barrister, with singular felicity and force of language has called "that most abominable abomination of all abominable abominations, 'Tom Paine's Age of Reason.'" It was elicited by circumstances no less attractive in their nature than they proved to be beneficial to the spiritual interests of one of the parties. Amongst the friends drawn to Mr. Drew by his literary pursuits and the attractions of his expanding intellect, was a young gentleman, a surgeon, schooled in the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Hume. Confirmed in infidelity himself, he sought to shake the religious convictions of the pious and strong-minded, but humble shoemaker. They had frequently discussed abstruse questions of ethics; especially the nature of evidence, and the primary sources of moral principles. When

"Paine's Age of Reason" appeared, he procured it, and fortified himself with its objections against revelation; and assuming a bolder tone, commenced an undisguised attack on the Bible. Finding his own arguments ineffectual, he proffered the loan of the book, stipulating that he should read it attentively, and give his opinions with candor, after a careful inspection. During its perusal the various points of its attack on Christianity were brought under discussion. Mr. Drew made note of these conversations. Ere they closed, the surgeon began to waver in his confidence in the "Age of Reason;" and the ultimate result was that he transferred his doubts from the Bible to Paine, and died a humble believer in the truth of Christianity, and in cheerful hope of the immortality it brings to light. The notes of Mr. Drew were subsequently remodeled and offered to the public. Its appearance produced a powerful impression in behalf of religion, then most virulently assailed by the combined forces of French Atheism and English Deism. It placed its author upon commanding ground as a profound thinker and a skillful debater; and attracted to him a larger class of more distinguished and powerful friends. This first-born of his brain was published in 1799. It was followed in rapid succession by several other pamphlets: one a poem of six hundred lines, rich in thought, but too local in subject, and less fanciful than popular taste in "the art of poetry" required; the other was a defense of his Church against the attack of one in whom the qualities of author, magistrate, and clergyman were blended. His defense was as successful in refuting the assault, as it was, in the mildness and manliness of its spirit, in converting the assailant into a personal friend.

In 1802, Mr. Drew issued a larger work, a volume alone sufficient to stamp his fame. It was on the "Immortality and Immateriality of the Human Soul." It is a master-piece of profound thinking, acute reasoning, and logical accuracy. The English language boasts no superior work on the subject. It made a strong impression on the public mind, and attracted a large number of learned men to the obscure, but profound, metaphysician of St. Austell. The history of the volume furnishes an interesting page in the life of authorship. When finished, it was offered to a Cornish publisher for the sum of ten pounds. But he could not risk such an amount on the work of one "unknown to fame." It was then published by subscription, and the edition was exhausted long before the demand for it was supplied. Many years after this, Dr. Clarke said Mr. Drew was "a child in money-matters." The occasion before us justifies the remark. Afraid of the risk of a second edition, he sold the copyright to a British bookseller for twenty pounds, and thirty copies of the work. Before the expiration of the copyright, it had passed through four editions in England, two in America, and had been translated and published in France. The author survived the twenty-eight years of the copyright, and it became his property. He then gave it a final revision, and sold it for $1,250.

His "Essay on the Soul" was followed, in the course of a few years, by another work, not less abstruse: "The Identity and General Resurrection of the Human Body." His former work had surprised the critics of the day. This confounded them. They knew not what to think of the man; and they were afraid to adventure in a review, upon the vast and profound ocean of metaphysics, over which he sailed with the freedom of a rover, bearing a flag that held out a challenge to the world. The editors of several Reviews, as did also the publisher, courted a criticism of the work. But they could find no one able and willing to attempt it. At length one of them ventured to ask the author for a criticism on his own work, as the only person competent to do it justice. The request stirred his indignation. "Such things," was his reply, "may be among the tricks of trade, but I will never soil my fingers with them." But it went not without a notice: it was reviewed in two works.

The improvement of Mr. Drew's circumstances has been spoken of. He had not grown rich. The gain of *a little time* for mental pursuits, was all the wealth his literary labors had secured. His publications gave him fame as an author, and attracted friends, ardent and anxious to assist him, but they contributed very little to his release from the daily avocations of his shop. He was still poor; and, to gain daily bread for himself and his family, he was compelled to "stick to his last." Even at this period of his life, he concluded a letter to a distinguished antiquarian of

London, with the remark, "I am now writing on a piece of leather, and have no time to copy or correct." Yet, in reading his pages, while the mind is stretched to its utmost tension to compass the depth and elevation of his thoughts, it is almost impossible to realize that they were written on a piece of leather in the midst of his workmen, or in the chimney corner, with a bellows on his knee, and with one foot rocking a brawling child to sleep. It is, nevertheless, a fact, and adds new confirmation to the hackneyed remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction." As late as 1809, Professor Kidd, of Aberdeen, wrote to him as follows: "When I read your address, I admired your mind, and felt for your family; and from that moment began to revolve how I might profit merit emerging from hardships. I have at length conceived a way which will, in all likelihood, put you and your dear infants in independence." The plan of the professor was to induce Mr. Drew to enter the lists for a prize of twelve hundred pounds for an essay on "The Being and Attributes of God." He entered, but did not win, much to the sorrow of his kind-hearted adviser. But the work, in two volumes, was subsequently published, and augmented the fame of "The Metaphysical Shoemaker."

By the agency of his friend, Dr. Clarke, he was engaged to write for several Reviews, "receiving — guineas for every printed sheet." He also commenced lecturing to classes on grammar, history, geography, and astronomy. Several years were spent in these employments. They paved his way, and prepared him to enter a larger field of labor, on a more elevated platform of life.

In 1819, he was invited to Liverpool, to take the management of the Imperial Magazine, published by the Caxtons. He accepted it, and parted with his awl and ends. This was a new enterprise, both to the editor and the proprietor. But it succeeded to admiration. His own reputation attracted seven thousand patrons at the start. Whatever may have been the tastes of Mr. Drew as to dress, he had never been in circumstances that allowed of much attention to his personal appearance. The family of Dr. Clarke, who now resided near Liverpool, and who were warmly attached to him, set themselves to reform his costume, and polish his manners. An epigram of the doctor's comprises a full-length likeness of the figure he presented.

"Long was the man, and long was his hair,
And long was the coat which this long man did wear."

He was passive under the management of his young friends; and they did not pause until a manifest change in the outside man was effected. When he next visited St. Austell, he was congratulated upon his juvenile appearance. "These girls of the doctor's," he said, "and their acquaintances, have thus metamorphosed me." His residence at Liverpool was abridged by the burning of the Caxton establishment. The proprietors resolved to transfer their business to London; and they could not leave their able and popular editor behind them. He accordingly repaired to the metropolis. Here all the works issued from the Caxton press passed under his supervision. He augmented his own fame, and multiplied the number of his learned friends. Of his labors he says: "Besides the Magazine, I have, at this time, six different works in hand, either as author, compiler, or corrector. 'Tis plain, therefore, I do not want work; and while I have strength and health, I have no desire to lead a life of idleness; yet I am sometimes oppressed with unremitting exertion, and occasionally sigh for leisure which I cannot command." But leisure came not till the weary wheels of life stood still in 1833.

A Chinese proverb says, "Time and patience will change a mulberry leaf into a silk dress." They have wrought greater wonders than this in the intellectual and moral world. As illustrative of their power in any pursuit of life, how impressive are the incidents in the history of the poor shoemaker of St. Austell. Through their agency, vice, ignorance, and poverty were transmuted into virtue, knowledge, and independence;—a youth of idleness was followed by a manhood of industrious diligence, and an age dignified by success in the noblest aspirations that can swell the human breast.

Let not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.—*Locke.*

BRUIN AT COLLEGE.

ON a certain memorable day in 18—, a large hamper reached Oxford, per Great Western Railway, and was in due time delivered, according to its direction, at Christ-church, consigned to Francis Buckland, Esq., a gentleman well known in the university for his fondness for natural history. He opened the hamper, and the moment the lid was removed, out jumped a creature about the size of an English sheep-dog, covered with long shaggy hair, of a brownish color. This was a young bear, born on Mount Lebanon, in Syria, a few months before, who had now arrived, to receive his education at our learned university. The moment that he was released from his irksome attitude in the hamper, he made the most of his liberty, and the door of the room being open, he rushed off down the cloisters. Service was going on in the chapel, and, attracted by the pealing organ, or some other motive, he made at once for the chapel. Just as he arrived at the door, the stout verger happened to come thither from within, and the moment he saw the impish-looking creature that was running into his domain, he made a tremendous flourish with his silver wand, and, darting into the chapel, ensconced himself in a tall pew, the door of which he bolted. Tiglath Pileser (as the bear was now called) being scared by the wand, turned from the chapel, and scampered frantically about the large quadrangle, putting to flight the numerous parties of dogs who in those days made that spot their afternoon rendezvous. After a sharp chase, a gown was thrown over Tig, and he was with difficulty secured. During the struggle, he got one of the fingers of his new master into his mouth, and—did he bite it off? no, poor thing! but began vigorously sucking it, with that peculiar mumbling noise for which bears are remarkable. Thus was he led back to Mr. Buckland's rooms, walking all the way on his hind legs, and sucking the finger with all his might. A collar was put round his neck, and Tig became a prisoner. His good nature and amusing tricks soon made him a prime favorite with the under-graduates; a cap and gown were made, attired in which (to the great scandal of the dons) he accompanied his master to breakfasts and parties, where he contributed greatly to the amusement of the company, and partook of good things—his favorite viands being muffins and ices. He was in general of an amiable disposition, but subject to fits of rage, during which his violence was extreme; but a kind word and a finger to suck soon brought him round. He was most impatient of solitude, and would cry for hours when left alone, particularly if it was dark. It was this unfortunate propensity which brought him into especial disfavor with the Dean of Christ-church, whose Greek quantities and hours of rest were sadly disturbed by Tig's lamentations.

At the commencement of the long vacation, Tig, with the other members of the university, retired into the country; and was daily taken out for a walk round the village, to the great astonishment of the bumpkins. There was a little shop, kept by an old dame, who sold whip-cord, sugar-candy, and other matters; and here, on one occasion, Tig was treated to sugar-candy. Soon afterward he got loose, and at once made off for the shop, into which he burst, to the unutterable terror of the spectacled and high-capped old lady, who was knitting stockings behind the counter. The moment she saw his shaggy head and heard the appalling clatter of his chain, she rushed up stairs in a delirium of terror. When assistance arrived, the offender was discovered seated on the counter, helping himself most liberally to brown sugar; and it was with some difficulty, and after much resistance, that he was dragged away. When term recommenced, Tiglath Pileser returned to the university much altered in appearance, for, being of the family of silver bears of Syria, his coat had become almost white; he was much bigger and stronger, and his teeth had made their appearance, so that he was rather more difficult to manage: the only way to restrain him when in a rage was to hold him by the ears; but on one occasion, having lost his temper, he tore his cap and gown to pieces. About this time the British Association paid a visit to Oxford, and Tig was an object of much interest. The writer was present on several occasions when he was introduced to breakfast-parties of eminent savants, and much amusement was created by his tricks, albeit they were a little rough. In more than one instance, he made sad havoc with book-muslins and other fragile articles of female attire; on the whole, however, he conducted himself

with great propriety, especially at an evening meeting at Dr. Daubeny's, where he was much noticed, to his evident pleasure. However, the authorities at Christ-church, not being zoologists, had peculiar notions respecting bears; and at length, after numerous threats and pecuniary penalties, the fatal day arrived, and Tig's master was informed that either "he or the bear must leave Oxford the next morning." There was no resisting this, and poor dear Tig was accordingly put into a box—a much larger one than that in which he had arrived—and sent off to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. Here he was placed in a comfortable den by himself: but, alas! he missed the society to which he had been accustomed, the excitement of a college life, and the numerous charms by which the university was endeared to him; he refused his food; ran perpetually up and down his den in the vain hope to escape, and was one morning found dead, a victim to a broken heart.

THE LINNET AND HIS NEST.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

THERE was once upon a time, a linnet's nest in a quiet green lane—a lane very little frequented by travelers, where the only traffic was that of farmers, hinds, and plowmen, with now and then an old woman in a red cloak with a basket of eggs or butter, or a young lass with laughing eyes and freckled face, bedappled with the shadows of the fluttering leaves, gliding noiselessly along beneath the trees. The grass grew plentifully on the ground and almost concealed the deep ruts made by the passage of the hay-carts and harvest-wains, so that if you did not take heed to your steps you might find yourself let down a good deal lower in the world before you were aware of it. There were whitethorns and blackthorns, brambles, hazels, and alder-trees, thickly clustering together in the hedges on either side, together with young ashes, old pollards, and graceful birches. There was generally a company of donkeys, strolling leisurely about the lane, placid, well-conducted members of society, who, if they ever had any wild oats to sow, had sown them long ago, and were ready to make amends by devouring any quantity of oats, wild or cultivated, they could meet with in the course of their wanderings. There was a little brook of clear sparkling water which bubbled and babbled perpetually under the left bank, from one end of the lane to the other, and much farther in both directions than I can tell; and made music all night long, and all day too, though it could scarcely be heard then for the singing of the birds, who had it all pretty much their own way in the green lane, there being neither school-boys nor gunners in the neighborhood, to plunder their nests in summer or knock them on the head in winter.

As I said before, there was a linnet's nest in this lane, built in a darkling bush of whitethorn, in the very thickest part of the hedge just over the brook, where it ran rushing by between a couple of great stones, all green with the moss of perhaps a hundred years. The old birds that occupied this nest were a prudent couple, who had brought up several broods, some of which had been taken by the ruthless hand of the spoiler, and consigned to a lingering death through ill treatment; or, worse fate still, as some may think, to perpetual imprisonment within the iron bars of singing cages. Sorrow had taught them foresight, and they were cunning enough now to elude the ravages of the bird-nester by keeping out of his way.

They had now as fine a family around them as ever dwelt peaceably together in one nest. Dick, the eldest, was a forward kind of bird; he was the first to chip the shell and pop his little pate into the world, and before he was half an hour old had gobbled up a grub from his mother's bill half as big as his own head. He was always the first to open his mouth of a morning, kept it open the widest when anything in the eating way was going forward, and was the last to shut it at night. He was the first to get a coat to his back, and a crown to his poll, and the first to testify, to the immense gratification of his hard-working parents, the indisputable indications of a tail in perspective. The pleasant sunny days and weeks of early summer did a vast deal for Dick and his younger brothers and sisters. The whole domestic circle, with the exception of the parents, who lost flesh and feather through anxiety and hard work, throve and grew amazingly; and one fine morning, to the astonishment of all beholders, the saucy Dick leaped from the nest to a spray just

above it, and giving three chirps in honor of the event, flew to the top of the bush, and in a very loud strain proclaimed to all whom it might concern that he had set up in the world for himself. Neither of his parents was very sorry to get rid of him, for, to say the truth, the whole brood had grown so big of late, and had played such sad havoc with the nest, that repair was almost out of the question, and whether it could be put into a condition to qualify it for future service, was more than they knew.

But we must leave the old birds to bring up and turn forth their expensive family, and repair or rebuild the paternal dwelling as they best can; and follow and see what Master Dick is about, and how he is going to use the world and the world him. He got on bravely during the summer months; before he had left home a fortnight he could fly as well and as high as his own father. He had a natural taste for music too, and as sweet a pipe of his own as one would wish to hear. What with learning new tunes, filling himself to his heart's content with insects and green seeds, he led, for a bird, a merry life. Cold and wet weather he did not like so well: not that he cared for rain, he could shake that off easily enough; but it sent the flies to their hiding-places, and, with the exception of a stray worm or grub, reduced him altogether to a vegetable diet. He learned a very small amount of prudence and patience by slow degrees, and began to think much less of the figure he was born to cut in the world, when he found himself, as winter drew on, in company with sparrows, chaffinches, wagtails, tomtits, and other ignotables of small standing, waiting of a morning on the shiny side of a hedge for the sun to thaw the snow-covered bank that he might begin routing with the rest for the chance of a breakfast. More than once he had a narrow escape of his life, through Charley Fowler raking the aforesaid hedge with his gun—a ceremony which determined him to keep at a respectful distance if possible from any salutations of that sort in future.

The winter wore off, as winters will do, and before March had blown away all his breath, Dick had made acquaintance with another linnet, whom we shall call Dolly. He had tendered his bill, which Dolly had accepted.

"Now," said he to Dolly, "we'll show the old folks how to manage matters. I'm not going to build my house in a dwarfish bush, where we may sit day after day and see nothing. I like to look at the world, and see what's going on in it."

With that the young couple set off to Dick's native lane, and called upon the old couple, whom they found busy in refitting the old nest. While the old matron and the young bride sidled off together, Master Dick announced to his sire his intention of setting an example to the race of linnets by assuming a loftier position in society. "I cannot imagine any reason," said he, "why we linnets should shut ourselves in such dark holes as we all of us do, while the hoarse crow and the hooting owl take possession of the lofty trees, and look around far and wide upon the beauties and riches of nature. I am resolved to assert our equal right with them, and build my first nest in the top of yonder oak; that will be a noble residence—a right royal dwelling."

"Very fine, I dare say," replied the old bird; "but if your mate lays her eggs a-top of that oak, it's my notion they'll never be anything but eggs; but you can try, of course, if you like."

"That I certainly shall," said Dick; and with that, calling Dolly to bear a beak to the work, the couple commenced operations by laying the first stick in the highest fork of the topmost bough. The work went on merrily, both partners laboring incessantly at their airy throne, which was to be a model for their whole tribe. In a few days it was finished, and who so pleased as our young couple with their new house? They took possession with much fuss and ado, and twitted the old folks in the bush below as being without a particle of proper ambition.

The sun went down, and Dick and Dolly went up to roost in their lofty domicil. Dark night came on apace, and with the night a dismal storm of rain and wind and thunder: flash came the lightning! crash came the thunder! up and down, this side and that, rocked the young couple and their new nest, from which they momentarily expected to be pitched out. In spite of the admirable pent-house they made by overlapping the edge of the nest with their wings, the heavy bullets of rain beat through their feeble guard and wet their trembling toes. Already they began to doubt the prudence of the step they had

taken, and to wish their new house could by any possibility be removed to a quieter locality, when—crash! came another tremendous burst of thunder, and down they were borne to the ground, along with the branch upon which they had erected their dwelling, and which the lightning had rent away. They managed to escape without much damage beyond the fright, and fluttering into a dry and tranquil spot under the thickest hedge, got through the rest of the terrible night as well as they could.

Master Dick's consequence had completely departed before the dawn of morning. His ideas on the subject of building had undergone a thorough revolution, and he now professed himself as much alarmed at the presumption of his parents in having their nest six feet above the level of the ground, as he had been before disgusted with their want of spirit in building so low. "No, no," said he, "no more thunder storms about my head for me; self-preservation is the first law of nature; henceforth, like the lark—the lark is a wise bird—I build upon the ground. Come, Dolly, you know we have no time to lose; we have the whole work to do over again, and the sooner we begin the better."

So to work they went again upon the ground in the lane, under the shelving grass upon the brink of the brook. After a few days of industrious labor, another home was ready for their use, and they promised themselves much snug and comfortable enjoyment in a spot secure from the angry blasts of the tempest and the observation of man or beast. No sooner, however, was the work finished, and Dick had got into it to look around and realize his comfortable position, than up tramps old Jubbin, farmer Fallow's donkey, and nosing down to drink at the brook, claps his "forefoot" plump upon the middle of the nest, and crushes it to pulp in the mud at the bottom. Dick, astonished beyond measure, though narrowly escaping with his life, could not resist scolding the donkey; but the patient look of the ass was too much for Dick's displeasure, and there was nothing left for him but to select a third position, and to set about building a third house, the demand for which was now becoming urgent as the season was far advancing.

By this time Dick's opinion of his own superior sagacity was very considerably modified, and though more anxious than ever to see himself comfortably settled, he was in no hurry to make any further doubtful experiments. He called a council with Dolly, and they both agreed to go and consult the old couple, and take advice and follow it. Dick did not at first relish eating humble pie, but he liked the loss of his nests still less; so, with a deferential apology, he confessed his fault, and besought the old bird's counsel.

"Dick, Dick, avoid dangerous extremes," was the old bird's reply. "That's a piece of advice I bought myself by experience. I have great faith in the maxim, and I have acted upon it for some years, and though we have had our losses and bereavements, through fowlers' snares and mischievous birds'-nesters, I have reason to think we have been safer on the whole than we should have been in any other position. Take the advice that you ask. Make your nest in yonder clustering thorn, right opposite to ours, and I have no doubt you will find yourselves in the long run as comfortable and secure as it is the lot of linnets in general to be."

Dick did as he was advised to do; he set to work a third time with equal energy and perseverance, right in the center of the shady bush, and constructed a substantial nest, secure from the assaults of the storm and tempest, shaded from the heat of the summer sun, and out of all danger from the heedless hoofs of Jubbin or his companions. Here he lived in peace, and happiness, and harmony, sang sweetly to his mate, and took his share of the domestic duties and anxieties, always in a cheerful and melodious spirit; he found life a bounty and a blessing, and acknowledged it so to be in daily and hourly songs of thankfulness and joy. For many years the loving couple made the green lane vocal with their gentle music.

The moral of this little fable would seem to be that a middle station in life promises best for a continuous and tranquil enjoyment of its duties and delights. He who by any means finds himself elevated above the position which Providence and his own qualities fit him to occupy, cannot reasonably expect to retain it long or enjoy it thoroughly while he does retain it. There are storms and tempests, and dreadful thunder-claps, in the social as well as in the natural atmosphere, and

little men in high places, like linnets aloft, are apt to be hurled down, even below their just level, when these storms arise. On the other hand, if we have been born to a lowly lot, we should, while cherishing contentment, not sink tamely down without striving to improve it by every lawful means which God has given us; for too low an estate has its disadvantages as well as too high an one. Let every one find, as soon as possible, his due and proper place; and there, by the exercise of all praiseworthy activities, fit himself to rise in it, to improve it, and to make the path of duty what it is well adapted to be, the part of peaceful pleasure and progress.

IVORY AND ITS APPLICATIONS.

THE Chinese, from time immemorial, have been celebrated for their excellence in the fabrication of ornamental articles in ivory; and, strange to say, up to our own time, their productions are still unrivaled. European artists have never succeeded in cutting ivory after the manner of these people, nor, to all appearance, is it likely they ever will. Nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than the delicate lacework of a Chinese fan, or the elaborate carving of their miniature junks, chess-pieces, and concentric balls: their models of temples, pagodas, and other pieces of architecture are likewise skillfully constructed; and yet three thousand years ago such monuments of art were executed with the very same grace and fidelity.

Ivory was known to the Egyptians as an article both of use and ornament. They manufactured it into combs, rings, and a variety of similar things. The processions on the walls of their palaces and tombs would seem to indicate the fact of its having been obtained from India, and also from Ethiopia or Central Africa. There is every reason to believe also that the harder and more accessible ivory of the hippopotamus was extensively used by them. Colonel Hamilton Smith has seen a specimen of what appeared to be a sword-handle of ancient Egyptian workmanship, which has been recognized by dentists as belonging to this class of ivory.

Ivory was extensively used by the Jews. It is frequently spoken of in Scripture as being obtained from Tarshish—an indiscriminate term for various places in the lands of the Gentiles, but probably referring in this case to some part of India or Eastern Africa. Wardrobes were made of ivory, or at least inlaid with it; the splendid throne of Solomon was formed of this material, overlaid with gold. Ahab built an ivory palace; and beds or couches of the same material were common among the wealthy Israelites. The Phœnicians of Tyre—those merchant-princes of antiquity—were so profuse of this valuable article of their luxurious commerce as to provide ivory benches for the rowers of their galleys. Assyria—whose records and history are only now beginning to be unfolded—possessed magnificent articles of ivory. Mr. Layard, in his excavations at Nineveh, found "in the rubbish near the bottom of a chamber, several ivory ornaments upon which were traces of gilding: among them was the figure of a man in long robes, carrying in one hand the Egyptian *crux ansata*—part of a crouching sphinx—and flowers designed with great taste and elegance."

The Greeks—who were acquainted with it at least as early as the time of Homer—gradually introduced ivory as a material for sculpture. In certain forms of combination with gold, it gave origin to the art of *chryselephantine* sculpture, so called from the Greek primitives, gold and ivory. This art, which was perhaps more luxurious than tasteful, was introduced about six hundred years before the Christian era; and it was much admired for its singular beauty. It was not, however, till the days of Phidias that it attained to its full splendor. Two of the master-pieces of this sculptor—the colossal statues of Minerva in the Parthenon at Athens and the Olympian Jove in his temple—were formed of gold and ivory. The Minerva was forty feet high, and the Olympian Jupiter was one of the wonders of the world. In the latter of these, the exposed parts of the figure were of ivory, and the drapery of gold. It was seated on a throne elaborately formed of gold, ivory, and cedar-wood; it was adorned with precious stones; and in his hand the god sustained an emblematic figure of Victory, made of the same costly materials.

The Romans used ivory as a symbol of power; but they applied it practically to an infinite variety of purposes. Their kings and magistrates sat on ivory thrones of rich and elaborate construction—an idea received from the Etruscans. The curule

chairs of ivory and gold that belonged to the office of consul, together with the sceptres and other articles of similar description, were all of Etruscan origin. The *libri elephantis* were tablets of ivory, on which were registered the transactions of the senate and magistrates; the births, marriages, and deaths of the people; their rank, class, and occupation, with other things pertaining to the census. The Romans also applied this material to the manufacture of musical instruments, combs, couches, harnesses of horses, sword-hilts, girdles. They were acquainted with the arts of dyeing and incrusting ivory, and they also possessed some splendid specimens of chryselephantine statuary. Ancient writers, indeed, mention no fewer than one hundred statues of gold and ivory; but they furnish us with no particulars of the mode of executing these colossal monuments of art in a substance which could only be obtained in small pieces. A head, smaller than the usual size, a statue about eight inches in height, and a bas-relief, are the only specimens that exist in the present day.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the taste for ivory ornament became almost extinct. There were some periods, however, in the early part of mediæval history, when this material was not forgotten: when the caliphs of the East formed of it some of the beautiful ornaments of their palaces; when the Arabian alchemists subjected it to the crucible, and so produced the pigment ivory black; when a Danish knight killed an elephant in the holy wars, and established an order of knighthood which still exists; when Charlemagne, the Emperor of the West, had ivory ornaments of rare and curious carving.* It is, however, at a period subsequent to the return of the crusaders that we must date the commencement of a general revival of the taste in Europe. It would be interesting to trace the steps by which ivory regained its place in the arts and commerce of nations; but on this point we must not linger. From the Low Countries it spread to the far North. Its relations with art and beauty soon became widely recognized; the growing luxury of the Roman pontificate encouraged its applications; and toward the end of the fifteenth century it was extensively employed as an article of ornament and decoration in every country and court of Europe. The Portuguese were the first to revive a traffic with Africa which had been dormant for upward of one thousand years. It was originally confined to the immense stores of ivory which the natives had accumulated for the purposes of their superstition; but these soon became exhausted, and the inexorable demands of European commerce once more prompted the destruction of the mighty and docile inhabitant of the wilderness. Elephant-hunting became a trade; and a terrible havoc was commenced, which has been pursued down to the present time.

To attempt even to catalogue the extremely diversified uses to which ivory is applied, would of itself be no easy task. There is not perhaps in the whole commercial list an article possessed of wider relations. It is extensively consumed in the manufacture of handles to knives and forks, and cutlery of every description; combs of all kinds; brushes of every form and use; billiard-balls, chess-men, dice, dice-boxes; bracelets, necklaces, rings, brooches; slabs for miniature portraits, pocket-tablets, card-cases; paper-knives, shoeing-horns, large spoons and forks for salad; ornamental work-boxes, jewel-caskets, small inlaid tables; furniture for doors and cabinets; pianoforte and organ keys; stethescopes, lancet-cases, and surgical instruments; microscopes, lorgnettes, and philosophical instruments; thermometer scales, hydrometer scales, and mathematical instruments; snuff-boxes, cigar-cases, pipe-tubes; fans, flowers, fancy boxes; crucifixes, crosiers, and symbols of faith; idols, gods, and symbols of superstition; vases, urns, sarcophagi, and emblems of the dead; temples, pagodas; thrones, emblems of mythology; and, in short, there is hardly a purpose in the useful and ornamental arts to which ivory is, or has not been in some way extensively employed. At present, the ivory carvings of Dieppe are the finest in Europe; but the genius of the present age is utilitarian, and so are its applications of ivory. If we desire high art in the fabrication of this material, we must go back a few centuries, or be satisfied with the beautiful

* In the sacristy of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle is still preserved, among other relics of this great prince, an immense ivory hunting-horn; and "Charlemagne's chess-men," which still exist, form part of the collection of works of art at Cologne.

productions of China or Hindostan. We could scarcely give a more apt illustration of this truth than by pointing to the seat of honor set apart for Prince Albert in the closing scene of the Great Exhibition. Elevated on the crimson platform, and standing forth as an appropriate emblem of the artistic genius of the mighty collection, was observed the magnificent ivory throne presented to Her Majesty by the Rajah of Travancore!

From the great value of the material, the economical cutting of it up is of the last importance. Nothing is lost. The smallest fragments are of some value, have certain uses, and bear a corresponding price. Ivory dust, which is produced in large quantities, is a most valuable gelatine, and as such extensively employed by straw-hat makers. The greatest consumption of ivory is undoubtedly in connection with the cutlery trade. For these purposes alone about two hundred tons are annually used in Sheffield and Birmingham, and the ivory in nearly every instance is from India. The mode of manufacturing knife-handles is very simple and expeditious:—The teeth are first cut into slabs of the requisite thickness—then to the proper cross dimensions, by means of circular saws of different shapes. They are afterwards drilled with great accuracy by a machine; riveted to the blade; and finally smoothed and polished. We believe that this branch of industry alone gives employment to about five hundred persons in Sheffield. Combs are seldom made of any ivory but Indian. A large amount of ivory is consumed in the backs of hair-brushes; and this branch of the trade has recently undergone considerable improvements. The old method of making a tooth-brush, for example, was to face the bristles through the ivory, and then to glue, or otherwise fasten, an outside slab to the brush for the purpose of concealing the holes and wire-thread. This mode of manufacture has been improved on by a method of working the hair into the solid ivory; and brushes of this description are now the best in the market. Their chief excellence consists in their preserving their original white color to the last, which is a great desideratum. Billiard-balls constitute another considerable item of ivory consumption. They cost from 6s. to 12s. each; and the nicety of our ornamental turning produces balls not only of the most perfect spherical form, but accurately corresponding in size and weight even to a single grain.

The ivory miniature tablets so much in use, and which are so invaluable to the artist from the exquisitely delicate texture of the material, are now produced by means of a very beautiful and highly interesting chemical process. Phosphoric acid of the usual specific gravity renders ivory soft and nearly plastic. The plates are cut from the circumference of the tusk, somewhat after the manner of paring a cucumber, and then softened by means of the acid. When washed with water, pressed, and dried, the ivory regains its former consistency, and even its microscopic structure is not affected by the process. Plates thirty inches square have been formed in this way, and a great reduction in price has thus been effected. Painting on ivory, we may add, was practiced among the ancients.

Mr. M'Culloch and other statistical writers predict the speedy extinction of the elephant, from the enormous consumption of its teeth; and curious calculations of the number of these animals annually extirpated to supply the English market alone, are now getting somewhat popular. For example: "In 1827 the customs-duty on ivory (20s. per cwt.—since reduced to 1s.) amounted to £3257. The average weight of the elephant's tusk is sixty pounds; and therefore three thousand and forty elephants have been killed to supply this quantity of ivory." But these calculations are in many respects quite fallacious. In the first place, the average weight of our imported tusks is *not* sixty pounds: we have the authority of one of the first ivory-merchants in London for stating that twenty pounds will be a much closer approximation. This at once involves a threefold ratio of destruction. In place of three thousand and forty, we should have the terrible slaughter of nine thousand one hundred and twenty elephants for one year's consumption of ivory in England! This, however, is not the case. In these calculations the immense masses of fossil ivory are obviously overlooked, and the equally immense quantities of broken teeth which are disinterred from the deserts of Arabia, or the jungles of Central Africa. The truth is, we have good reason to know, that a very large proportion of the commercial supply of Europe is sustained from

the almost inexhaustible store of these descriptions of ivory.

Nevertheless, it is indisputable that the insatiable demands of modern commerce will inevitably lead to the ultimate extermination of this noble animal. His venerable career is ignominiously brought to an end merely for the sake of the two teeth he carries in his mouth; which are very likely destined to be cut into rings to assist the infant Anglo-Saxons in cutting *their* teeth, or partly made into jelly to satisfy the tastes and appetites of a London alderman. We cannot reasonably hope for a new suspension of the traffic: indeed, we can only look for its extension. The luxurious tastes of man are inimical to the existence of the elephant. From time immemorial, the war of extermination has existed. His rightful domain—in the plain or the wilderness, or amid the wild herbage of his native savannas—is at all points ruthlessly invaded. But the result is inevitable—it will come to an end; and some future generation of naturalists—those of them at least who are curious in Palæontology—will regard the remains of our cotemporary races of elephants with the same kind of astonishment with which we investigate the pre-historic evidences of the gigantic tapir or the mammoth.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

THAT age which gave to Germany Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and Herder, also produced a man who, although not destined to share the popularity of these great writers, will yet occupy an eminent place as a profound thinker. This man is Richter. In him we find represented, so to speak, the German character, full of mysterious fancies and profound conceptions, and striking contrasts of light and shade. To read and understand his works is no easy matter, and requires no small amount of attention and serious study. His writings overflow with the spirit of German life, of the boundless forests and solitary mountains, of sunny meadows and dark, silent streams. His writings are full of a spirit peculiar to himself—a strong and powerful nature, which throws aside the common artificial ornaments and the embellishments of conventionality. Jean Paul has a deep feeling for capricious fancies and daring touches, and few who have studied his writings will rise from them with any feelings but of pleasure and admiration. Richter was born at Wiensiedel in 1763. His father, a poor clergyman, died early, and his mother strained every energy to place her son in the Leipzig University. Having finished his studies, he returned home, and there, in a single room, while his mother sat at her spinning-wheel, or busied herself with her household duties, the future author of "Titan" sat at his desk, studied the works of antiquity, and collected, with indefatigable ardor, that comprehensive knowledge which he displays in his writings. To assist his mother in providing for their domestic wants, he gave lessons to several neighbors' children in his tender and paternal manner. This task, although severe, brought in but a small remuneration. Money was scarce in their household; and if by accident he was able to put aside some small amount to buy an Easter present for his mother, it was a time of unusual happiness to him.

As a relief from his scholastic duties and his unwearied labor, Jean Paul was accustomed to take long walks into the country, accompanied only by his dog. He observed and studied everything around him. Nature was a book which he was never wearied of perusing; she inspired him with a profound veneration. "Do you," he asks of himself, in one of his works, "enter this vast temple with a pure mind? Do you bring with you any evil passions into this garden, where the flowers blossom and the birds sing—any hatred into this glorious nature? Do you possess the calmness of the brook, where the works of the Creator are reflected as in a mirror? Ah! that my heart were as pure, as peaceful, as nature when just created by the hand of God!"

During the summer, Jean Paul often carried his books and his writings to a neighboring hill, and labored, surrounded by that nature whose images reflected themselves so vividly upon his mind—whose harmonies are so clearly echoed by his words. He contemplated nature as a poet, and described it as a philosopher. A blade of grass or the wing of a butterfly sufficed to awaken in him a spirit of scientific analysis, but at the same time a vein of gentle reveries. In studying nature with deep attention, he also studied the most hidden recesses of his own heart. He kept an exact journal of his feelings,

of the faults he discovered in himself, and wished to correct, and of the virtues he desired to acquire. In this journal we find the following:—"This morning I took out with me a writing-case, and wrote as I walked. I am delighted at having conquered two of my failings—my disposition to lose my temper in conversation, and to lose my cheerfulness when I have been plagued by dust or gnats. Nothing makes me more indifferent to the small annoyances of life than the consciousness of a moral amelioration."

Another time he says: "I picked up a withered rose-leaf, which the children were treading underfoot, on the floor of the church, and on this soiled and dusty leaf my imagination built up a world rejoicing in all the charms of summer. I thought of the day when some child held this flower in its hand, and watched the blue sky and the rolling clouds through the windows of the church, where the cold dome of the temple was inundated with light—where the shadows, here and there obscuring the arches, rivaled those which the fleeting clouds cast upon the meadows in their course. Father of kindness! thou hast everywhere scattered the germs of happiness—all things are endowed by thee with a glorious perfume!"

Although his existence was passed in almost entire solitude, it was not from sombre misanthropy. On the contrary, his heart was filled with charity and universal benevolence. He has been known to shed tears at the sight of a cripple, or a child in distress. Even the care of animals occupied part of his spare time. He usually had several favorite animals in his room; he kept canaries, which were accustomed to descend by a ladder, and hop among his papers.

In 1798 he married a young lady in Berlin, Camille Meyer. This marriage was full of happiness to him, and he mentions it several times with exquisite taste. He had two daughters and a son. At this time he had become generally known by several works, among which are "Levana, or Lessons on Education," and the "Campaner Thal." By his writings, as well as by his marriage, his worldly affairs were much benefited; but he was still the same simple and unassuming being, devoted to study and enjoying every innocent pleasure and recreation of life. Once only did he visit Berlin and Weimar, to see those men whose writings had so often roused his enthusiasm; but soon returned home, more full than ever of his poetic dreams.

We are indebted to his daughter for many pleasant details of his calm and peaceful domestic life. "In the morning he always came to our mother's room to wish us good morning. His dog gamboled around him, and his children clung to him, and when he retired tried to put their little feet into his slippers to retain him, or hanging to the skirts of his coat till he reached the door of his study, where only his dog had the privilege of following him. Occasionally we invaded the upper story, where he worked; we crept along the passage on our hands and feet, and knocked at his door till he let us in. Then he would take an old trumpet and fife from a box, on which we made a horrible noise while he continued his writing.

"In the evening he told us stories, or spoke to us of God, of other worlds, of our grandfather, and of many other subjects. When he commenced his stories we all endeavored to sit close to him. As his table, covered with papers, prevented our approaching him in front, we clambered over a large box to the back of his couch, where he lay full length, with his dog beside him, and when all were seated he began his stories.

"At meals he sat down to table merrily and listened attentively to all we had to tell him; sometimes he would arrange one of our stories in such a manner that the little narrator would be quite surprised at the effect. He never gave us direct lessons, but, notwithstanding, he was constantly instructing us."

Toward the end of his life, Jean Paul was afflicted with a sad infirmity; he became blind, but supported this misfortune with a pious resignation—his gayety even did not appear to be affected. The beauties of nature were treasured in his mind, and he regarded them through the eyes of memory. He still studied by having his favorite authors read aloud, and thought with greater calmness than ever.

On the 14th of November, 1820, he was confined to his bed. His wife brought him a garland of flowers, which had been sent to him. He passed his fingers over these flowers, and they seemed to revive his faculties. "Ah! my beautiful flowers," he said, "my dear flowers!" Then he fell into a tranquil sleep. His wife and

friends regarded him silently. His countenance had a calm expression, his brow seemed unclouded, but his wife's tears fell on his face without arousing him. Gradually his respiration became less regular; a slight spasm passed over his features, and the physician said, "He is dead." Thus passed from this world a man who was able to accord his actions to his thoughts; his life and the works he has left behind are abundant proof.

DOMESTIC TRAINING.

"Cheerily chirp, my pretty chicken."

A PARTICULARLY intimate friend of ours, who has tenderly reared sons and daughters through infanthood and childhood to men's and women's estate, during hours of leisure from more important avocations, takes much pleasure, and finds relaxation, in watching the weeks and months of chickenhood and howtowdihood; and we think that the circumstances which we are about to notice may be found of interest to *lady hen-wives* in general. Our particular friend aforesaid is an admirable manager of young chickens and young ducks. During last season she reared chickens and ducklings, the very sight of which, smoking on a festive board, would make an alderman's mouth water; and, out of upward of fourscore, only five have perished by the way from the egg-shell to the spit. The plan pursued by our friend was this: In spring, she set a clucking hen upon duck-eggs. A month's incubation brought the brood to light. As duckling after duckling made its advent, they were transferred from the hatching seat to a cosie, well-lined-with-flannel basket. By the way, this raises up the old query among naturalists, Is the bird that *lays* the egg, or the bird that *hatches* it, the mother of the offspring? When all the duck-eggs had yielded their increase, they were replaced by those of the hen; and when these had run their incubation period, the chicks, like their predecessors the ducklings, were transferred to a comfortable boarding basket, while the fecundite clucker was turned out of doors, to feed, and lay more eggs as the nucleus of a future generation. We have known our friend to supplement a seat of duck-eggs, thus keeping the zealous hatcher in a sedentary attitude for eleven weeks, at least—one gestative period spun out into three; or, to be plain, *three sede-runts for one*. We often wondered how our particular friend could so far trespass on the simplicity of chuckie. But she did it, reason or none.

We have once and again seen a family of thirty or forty disporting in the sunbeams, while the careful producer of them all was eating "that she might lay," and "laying that we might eat." At this present writing, we have just risen from discussing our share of a pair of as plump howtowdies as ever savored the surface of mahogany. How they were made to thrive, fatten, and arrive at gastronomic perfection, we reserve for a future crack with our fair, chicken-loving readers; meanwhile they may give full credit to all that we have told them, and must survive the flavor for a season.

One member of our friend's *gallican* family fell ill, when about three months old. The poor cheeper had caught a cold —or rather a cold had caught it—which paralyzed its lower extremities, and produced that common, fashionable, and deadly, if real—but only to be laughed at, if fancied—disease, bronchitis. It lay for three weeks in a state of pure "coma;" and its existence was kept up solely by the cramming of delicate nutriment down its throat, seasoned, occasionally, with cayenne pepper, and sometimes with a pinch of snuff, as our box beareth witness. The most revivifying application of all was ginger-wine diluted with water.

The whole of this large family arrived at a surprising degree of tameness. Often have we seen them all jostling one another to secure the snuggest nestling-place in our friend's lap; while the ducklings, who seemed to covet competition for the favored spot, but were winglessly conscious of their inability to gain it, clung like so many leeches round her feet.

The poor thing which forms the first subject of this notice, and which was named "Jabez-*a*,"—the chicken of sorrow,—although we have given her now the more "joyful" title of "Naomi," through persevering attention and care, completely recovered her health; and has become so much attached to her gentle physician, that neither temptation nor force can get her to go out of doors. She is a regular, self-installed, parlor-boarder; and cleanliness, by dint of attention, having become a fixed habit, the most fastidious need feel no apprehension of a

breach of good manners, although she should, as is her custom, perch upon their shoulder. A very good, and, all the better for being an old-fashioned, custom, confers upon us the right and privilege of sharing the dormitory of our particular friend; and, in virtue of this, we can speak to the fact that Jabez-*a* will, in the morning, perch on the foot-board of our four-poster, and often at daybreak serves us with notice of its being time to get up, by sundry peckings at our hair, or a rather ticklish survey of our proboscis. Our friend, from extreme delicacy of health, is unable to rise before breakfast. When the breakfast-tray is placed upon her bed, Jabez-*a* invariably comes to take her share of the repast. With lynx-eye, she watches the cutting the top off the egg, pounces upon it like a cat, hops with it out of reach, and comfortably discusses it. Upon other occasions, she will spring upon our friend's lap, and intercept the spoonful of pudding on its passage from the plate to the mouth. She appears to have lost all the sympathies of consanguinity, and utters a half-terrified sort of cry at the sight of her kindred hopping about the doors. We have a very small, high-bred spaniel of King Charles's breed, and it is amusing to see Fanny (so she is named) and Jabez-*a* chasing one another about the room, and gamboling like a pair of kittens; while Jabez-*a*'s favorite resting-place during the day is in Fanny's bosom, who fondles and protects her incongruous playmate as if it were her own whelp. We might enumerate many curious and striking "traits of character," exhibited by this "pretty chicken," but, as "too much of one thing is good for nothing," our readers must conceive of her that she does everything but speak; and in doing so, they will come but little short of the truth.

It has often struck us forcibly, that many of the lower class of animals possess more than mere instinct; and that, refer it to whatever order in the scale of reason one may, they are endowed with a reasoning power *sui generis*, and with a marvelous faculty of calculation. To illustrate this, we need not go to the menagerie or the dog-kennel, where evidence of it is to be found in abundance, but will return again to the hen-house, and narrate a very singular occurrence. We are possessed of a very diminutive white bantam hen, which, last season, hatched a small brood of chickens, from large fowl's eggs. Only one of the brood survived, and it, although only a child, was fully bigger than its parent. At the back of our dwelling-house, there is a court-yard, from which there is an outlet to the garden by a paved alley. About the center of this alley is the gutter-conduit to the main drain. One very rainy day, during the month of last July, the conduit got choked up with the refuse washed from the court-yard, and the alley was flooded to the depth of about three inches in the center, where the pavement had sunk a little, but was dry at each extremity. Happening to go into the garden, we detected bantie and her child scraping away among our seed-beds, and forthwith showed them out. On opening the door leading into the court-yard, the little lady-mother ran to the margin of the water above-described, and appeared to take a cool survey of it; although we imagine that, to little estimating great, it must have borne, in her eyes, the appearance of an ocean. Two or three seconds, however, sufficed for calculation. She uttered a cluck, different in its tone from any we remember to have heard, upon hearing which, her chicken, as big as herself, at least, leapt upon the mother's back, who, as if consciously proud of her valuable cargo, and with a vast deal of deliberation, cautiously entered the water, and with feeling steps waded through it. Having reached the opposite shore in safety, another cluck, as significant no doubt as the former, although equally novel to us, was taken as the signal for the chicken's springing off bantie's back in perfect security.

Before closing this very domestic sort of notice, and from our having introduced the little spaniel Fanny, as the playmate of Naomi, *quondam* Jabez-*a*, we must tell an anecdote or two about dogs, which came under our own observation, and which, we think, demonstrates that these friends and companions of man exhibit, like the little *tit* of a bantam, as much of reason and calculation as of instinct. The mother of little Fanny, who is still alive, although arrived at the patriarchal dog age of twelve years, was a valued and favorite attendant upon a dear daughter of ours, whom it pleased God to take from us by death. During her illness, which was a fatally short one, poor old Fanny never quitted the sick chamber; at one moment gazing, with almost speaking intelligence, on the

face of her dying mistress, and anon crouching on the bed, as if keeping watch over the precious child. When death had closed the melancholy scene, it was not without difficulty that Fanny could be removed from the room; and, after the key had been turned upon the chamber of death, she placed herself outside of the door, where she lay until the day of the funeral, refusing any nourishment, and giving indication that she had not wholly broken her heart for our irreparable loss only by an occasional low, melancholy howl. Once, during the few days that intervened between death and burial, we entered the apartment, to find, if possible, assuagement for our grief, by immediate contact with its beloved object. Fanny contrived to steal in after us, and, after leaping upon the bed where her mistress died, and finding it vacant—the remains having been placed on trestles—she espied the coffin, snuffed round about it for a few seconds, then leaped upon it, and coiled herself up on the center of the lid, as if fully aware of what was therein contained; and we, whom she had always hitherto regarded with high-toned brutish affection, got her removed only at the imminent risk of being lacerated in the attempt. When the funeral was over, it was truly pitiable to see the affectionate little animal wandering through the house in a fruitless search after what reason as well as instinct seemed to make her feel conscious was irrecoverably gone.

Few, or perhaps none of our readers may recollect an incident, which was noticed at the time by one of the daily journals, in reference to a terrier dog, the property of a friend of our own, now deceased. The dog, while rambling about the garden, saw a cat pounce upon and seize a sparrow. In an instant he sprang upon pussy, rescued the sparrow from her rapacious maw, and carried it safely home to his kennel. Its rough mouthing had disabled the poor bird from taking wing, but the dog and it became inseparable companions—feeding out of the same dish, and gradually contracting a tender intimacy. But one day the sparrow—luxuriating as we may suppose on its newly-found creature comforts, and getting too independent—strayed from its protector, and fell a prey to its old enemy. Pepper, the terrier, was disconsolate for his loss, and evidently mourned the absence of his strange companion, by refusing food for several days thereafter.

We must bring this rambling article to a close for the present, as we know there are those who abhor theoretical speculation, however much they may give practical demonstration, that there are worse things to be found in the world than reeking turkeys, plump, smothered-in-onions chickens, or, most conclusive of all, ducklings and green peas; and who are hard to be constrained to admit that, to many a man who wants a friend, a dog has proved "a faithful one." Before we conclude, however, we cannot forego mentioning a remarkable incident which may be of interest. A friend of ours had a bull-terrier dog, named Billy, who, for lack of *bulls* to bait, had to content himself with extirpating *rats*. Two years ago, Billy accompanied his master on a visit to a farmhouse. It so chanced, that, during the visit, the honest farmer had occasion to take down, for the threshing-mill, a two-year old stack of barley. Here, among the swarms of rats and mice, which had been carrying free-trade to its utmost limits at John Barleycorn's expense, Billy got an ample field for gratifying his natural predilections. The last sheaf had been forked into the cart, when a huge rat, which had, in all likelihood, been watching an opportunity of revenging upon Billy the slaughter of his brethren, emerged from a large hole at the foundation of the stack, and meeting him half-way, gave Billy "a Roland for his Oliver," by seizing him on the upper lip, and clinging with such pertinacity to that tender part, that Billy was utterly helpless. He, however, took but a very short time to form and execute a well-laid scheme. The rat's hole was distant from him about a yard, and, calculating that such a prospect of escape from retributive retaliation might tempt it to let go his nose, Billy moved to the mouth of the hole. True to Billy's calculations, when the rat got sight of the opening to its retreat, it quitted its hold, and made a sudden bolt for safety. Billy was too cunning and too quick to be so easily, albeit cleverly, done for. On the instant that the rat let go its hold, like lightning he griped it by the back, and, as much as to say, "Now, haven't I done him?" tossed it triumphantly into the air. Billy was here in better luck than his too eager class-fellows, who each took the wrong

side of the post, and, through the awkwardness of a coupling-chain, let their prey escape, amid snarling growls, and the soothing hope to soften their disappointment, "We'll see you again, and then,"—as so admirably depicted in that graphic painting of Alexander Forbes, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Any one who takes a pleasure in forming, so to speak, an acquaintanceship with domestic animals, in closely studying their habits and propensities, will freely admit, as was beautifully said by a great divine, that they "are not beneath the dignity of legislation; and must, we think, arrive at the conclusion that, while the great Creator has drawn a very wide and most unmistakable line of demarkation betwixt the faculties of his own image-work and all inferior creation, yet that still there are reasoning, calculating, and providing faculties among the brutes, which may well put to the blush many a spiritually-gifted brute among our own species, to apply to whom the lofty title of man were only to give him a nickname."

CHRISTIANITY IN POVERTY AND LOWLINESS, AND ON THE SICK BED.

BY NEANDER.

THE working of Christianity is not less seen in small than in great things. It needs no grand or public theater in order to display itself. It is the light that, wherever it may be, cannot remain hidden under the bushel. Indeed, what Christianity is, is best seen in this, that it fills with heavenly glory vessels despised or esteemed as nothing in the eyes of men —a glory which far outshines all earthly splendors; that it pours into them the powers of the world to come, beside which all the powers of the earth are nothing. In all ages, that which the apostle Paul so nobly expresses in 1 Cor. i, 27, 28, is evident in the operations of the gospel. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. And God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are."

A large portion of these operations of Christianity remains, indeed, hidden from the eyes of the greater portion of mankind, and cannot, therefore, find a place in the pages of history. So much the more unwise, therefore, is it to judge of the effect of Christianity in any age, by what floats on the surface; and so much the more important is it for the historian to search everywhere in the midst of the darkness for these scattered beams of light, and by the side of a man whom God set on so high a place, and to whom he intrusted so broad and manifold a sphere of activity as Gregory, Bishop of Rome, to introduce one who, in the meanest station of this world, in the neediest and most helpless condition, yet manifested the glory of the divine life.

We should know nothing of the life of this child of God, if the great bishop (Gregory) had, like the world, suffered himself to be so dazzled by appearances, as not to perceive the treasure in the earthen vessel. We will listen to the bishop himself, as he describes to us the life of this man.

"In the vault through which we enter the church of Clermont, lived a certain Servulus, whom many among you know, as I know him, poor in earthly goods, rich in God, worn out by a long illness; for, from his childhood until the end of his life, he lay paralyzed in all his limbs. Did I say he could not stand? He could not even raise himself so as to sit upright on his bed, he was never able to lift his hand to his mouth, nor even to turn from side to side. His mother and his brother were always with him to wait upon him, and what he received in alms he used to distribute to the poor. *He could not read; but he had bought himself a Bible*, and used to welcome all pious men, and *make them read to him from this Bible.* And thus, without reading, he was, nevertheless, able to become acquainted with the whole Bible. He sought, amidst his sufferings, constantly to thank God, and to spend day and night in praising him. When he felt the approach of death, he begged his visitors to stand up with him, and to sing Psalms with him, in expectation of his approaching end. And, dying as he was, he sang with them, when suddenly he ceased, and cried aloud: 'Hush, hear you not how the praises of God resound in heaven?' And while he turned the ear of his spirit to catch these praises

of God, his holy soul departed from his body."

Gregory appended to this narrative these words of exhortation to his Church: "Behold the end of him, who bore the sufferings of this life with resignation! But I beseech you, my dearest brethren, think what excuse shall we be able to offer at the day of judgment, who, although we have received goods and hands, are slothful in good works, whilst this poor man, who had not the use of his hands, could, nevertheless, fulfill the commandments of the Lord? Even if the Lord should not lead forth against us the Apostles, who drew hosts of believers into the kingdom by their preaching; the martyrs, who, pouring forth their blood, entered the heavenly country; what shall we say when we see this Servulus, whose limbs were paralyzed by sickness, without paralyzing him in the accomplishment of good works?"

Let us compare with this Servulus—whose life in that maimed and helpless body was not spent in vain; who did more for the glory of his God and the good of his brother-men, than others who lived in the splendor of the world, and in great activity—those noble Romans, of whom the younger Pliny speaks, who, in long and desperate sickness, with the stoic composure of the wise of this world, put an end to their lives with their own hands. We will not condemn the noble spirits to whom the grace of knowing the gospel was not vouchsafed. But in which of the two do we find the true dignity of man, that true elevation which is founded in humility, and, on that very account, can never be cast down or robbed of its crown?

MRS. FRY AND HER SLANDERER.

THE English Eclectic Review criticises, with merited severity, Mrs. Greer's "Quakerism; or, the Story of My Life,"—a work which has excited much attention, and been republished in this country. We give the following vindication of Mrs. Fry, whose fair fame is the precious property of the Christian world, and not merely of her own sect. We now proceed to investigate the charges against Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney—charges exhibiting the most degraded state of feeling that it has ever been our lot to expose, and to condemn.

Although we contend that no sect is answerable for the acts of individual members, yet, as society consists of individuals, and a sect of its members, and, more especially, as Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney were eminent and prominent members of the Society of Friends, we are inclined to admit, that the showing these two individuals to be deserving of general reprobation and contempt—the hurling them down from the pedestal on which mankind has placed them—must deeply affect the society to which they belonged, and even make a marked impression on the entire religious world. Our authoress evidently thinks the same. The prolonged preliminary chuckle with which the subject is introduced, shows us, that here, at least, she is making a fatal blow. But let us inquire—Do our readers know of whom we are speaking? If not, let us inform them that the late Mr. Gurney was an eminent banker in Norwich, so extensively known and respected, that ten thousand people are said to have attended his funeral, and that the late Bishop of Norwich preached a funeral sermon on that mournful occasion. In addition to his private virtues and liberality, (the latter was really on a gigantic scale,) he was highly distinguished as a theological writer; his Evidences of Christianity" being considered, among the members of all creeds, a masterpiece of inductive reasoning. That he was born a Quaker, and remained one throughout his useful life, is a fact none will dispute: but he was no sectarian; his view of Christianity was the most enlarged and liberal that it was possible to take; a fact proved beyond question, by the tribute of respect paid to his memory by the prelate to whom we have just alluded. Such is the portrait of Mr. Gurney, accepted by the world as faithful: but it is entirely ignored by Mrs. Greer: she represents him as gluttonous, fastidious, imperious, dishonest, and altogether one of the most insignificant and contemptible characters that the imagination can picture. He is first introduced upon the stage as wrangling with Irish hostlers, on the subject of horsing his own coach; the cause of dispute being this:—The "real gentry," by which term Mrs. Greer and party are intended, were stopping at an inn, when traveling in one of the grand carriages belonging to the Greer family. Their horses were put to, and they were on the point of starting, when

Mr. Gurney came up in his coach. It seems the landlord had but a pair of horses at command; so Mr. Gurney insisted on the hostler's taking out Mrs. Greer's horses, and putting them as leaders to the pair he had just hired. On this question the dispute arose, and, after raging through many pages, terminates, with poetical justice, in the "real gentry" retaining their own horses. Mr. Gurney was, at the time in question, traveling with Mrs. Fry; but the novelist has written no part for this distinguished lady in the stable farce; however, she soon makes her appearance on the stage. And now let Mrs. Greer speak for herself:—

"A few days after, these same Friends [i. e. Mrs. Fry, Miss Elizabeth Fry, and Mr. Gurney] arrived in our city, and lodged with my uncle. They arrived on the seventh-day afternoon. Their intended visit had been announced, and every preparation made, that the kindest hospitality could devise, to give them a cordial Irish welcome. My uncle was a widower, and, although his housekeeper was a clever young woman, and well skilled in the culinary department, still he felt greatly burdened with the honor which had been conferred upon him, in having to entertain these great Friends. At his request, my mother had been all over his house, to see that the accommodation provided for them was suitable. Beds of the softest down and sheets of the finest Irish linen, were prepared for them; and a double-bedded room for the two young men, whom they were in the habit of taking about to swell their train, and run of their messages. About seven o'clock that evening, we saw my uncle hastening up our lawn; and knowing, from his manner, that something had occurred to ruffle him, my mother went to meet him. 'O!' said he, 'what shall I do? after all, I have not got things right for the Friends, and I am come to thee to help me. They cannot drink anything but London porter, and Elizabeth has called for calf's-foot jelly. I sent to all the confectioners' shops, but there was none to be had; and Debby is kept running about waiting on them, so that she could not make it; and, besides that, the butchers have not got any calves' feet. I sent round to them all to try. Friend John says he is quite distressed on account of his sister, as she requires those things, and that they quite expected to have them at my house, which makes the disappointment greater to them now.'

"'Could thee get pigs' feet?' said my mother.

"'O, yes, in plenty.'

"'Well, then, send me two sets of them, and I'll make jelly; she will never know the difference. Thee shall have it by ten o'clock to-morrow, and I would advise thee to tell the young men, and they will manage the porter for thee.' . . . .

"It was nine o'clock before the pigs' feet came, and then we set to work to manufacture them into jelly. My mother sat up all night, and had her task accomplished by eight o'clock in the morning, when it was sent down in a large cut-glass dish; and she had, soon after, the pleasure of hearing that the English Friends said it was the nicest calf's-foot jelly they had ever tasted.

"This was now first day; the Friends were to dine with us at three o'clock, and to have a meeting at seven, to which the town's people were invited. A dozen of our acquaintances were invited to meet the Friends at dinner; and it fell to my lot to stay from the morning meeting, in order to attend to the needful arrangement of this repast, which was as choice and abundant as could be provided on so short a notice. My sister had brought us word, the night before, of the honor intended for us. The meeting was over at twelve, as usual; and at half-past two, up drove the well-known coach, with its important burden. The ladies were soon seated in the drawing-room, the gentlemen strolled into the garden, and the other guests dropped in one after another. Scarcely had the clock struck three, when Friend John said to my mother, 'Three, I think, is the hour for dinner; shall I ring the bell?' 'O! no,' she replied; 'some of our Friends have not yet arrived.' He sat down for about two minutes, and then began again, 'My sister will, I fear, be annoyed; she quite expected dinner would be ready at three o'clock. We English Friends are accustomed to be punctual to time.' 'Dinner is quite ready to be served,' said my mother; 'but we must wait a few minutes for the guests we invited to meet you.' 'Probably they will arrive,' he said, 'whilst dinner is being placed on the table. With thy permission I will ring for it.' And he rose and walked across the room, and rang the bell. The butler entered. 'Let

dinner be served,' he called out. The man looked amazed, but withdrew. I went down stairs to tell my sister how the matter stood. She countermanded the order; and, fearing that the Friends were hungry and suffering, called one of the 'train-young men,' and told him to hand them a glass of wine and a biscuit, to enable them to fast about ten minutes longer. 'Ah!' said he, 'there is not the slightest occasion; as soon as ever the meeting was over, they went home, and called for beefsteak and porter; they all three eat heartily of that, and jelly besides.' Whilst we were speaking, Friend John himself joined us in the dining-room. 'Really,' said he, 'I am annoyed. This want of punctuality is very trying. My sister's convenience is sadly disregarded.'

"Ellen at that moment saw the gentlemen we were waiting for, entering the gate; and, at a quarter after three, Friend John and his sister were satisfying the desires of the inner man with much apparent enjoyment. As soon as the cloth had been removed, and the wines and fruits laid on the table, the Friends dropped into the well-known ominous silence; and one after another preached a domestic sermon. Then they regaled on the dessert, and, when satisfied, requested to be shown to bedrooms, where they might 'take a lay,' to obviate any tendency to drowsiness in the evening meeting. The ladies were immediately accommodated; but we were somewhat surprised when the gentleman required the same for himself. His wants too were supplied, even to a nightcap, and a shawl to throw over his shoulders; but, ere he composed himself to sleep, he gave orders that tea and coffee should be ready for his sister at half-past five o'clock. It was made ready as he wished; and then the three resumed their seats on the sofas, gracefully arranging the pillows and stools, and the ample folds of their drab dresses and shawls, so as to form a pleasing *tableau vivant*. There they were served with tea and coffee; and again we had the satisfaction of thinking their appetites were not impaired. A plate of bread and butter, cut, as we thought, thin, being handed to the little Elizabeth, she helped herself rather superciliously, and then remarked, 'Ah! this may pass with me; but certainly it will not do with my sister.' One of the young people took the loaf to cut some thinner slices for the important lady; and, whilst doing so, Friend John, leaning forward, said, 'Dost thou not feel it a privilege to be permitted to cut bread for my sister?' We were all glad when the weary day was over; for though we fully appreciated the honor of having the company under our own roof, of these celebrated Friends, still our feelings had been tried, by the manner in which they had received our attentions."

This is the picture, as drawn by the novelist. The narrative is bald, disjointed, and inelegant; but this is a matter of small moment; the facts, if not positively and intentionally false, are so distorted and burlesqued, the additions and omissions are so important and so numerous, that no idea whatever is conveyed of the real facts of the case. It is the occasional custom of the ministers of the Society of Friends to visit distant parts of the country, or even foreign countries, under a conscientious belief that they are required to preach the gospel in those places. It is scarcely required of us to enter into a criticism on such a custom; its existence is all that we have now to deal with. Mrs. Fry, in company with her brother, the Mr. Gurney of whom we have just spoken, and her sister-in-law, Miss Elizabeth Fry, undertook such a journey, in the beginning of the year 1827, leaving London on the 4th of February. They landed at Dublin, and visited Armagh, Lisburne, Londonderry, Sligo, Galway, Limerick, and Cork, besides a great number of intervening places of less importance; all public institutions, as prisons, schools, and lunatic asylums, were assiduously visited; long and fatiguing interviews took place with all officials connected with such establishments; ladies' committees were formed in every part of the island, and their labors defined, and actually commenced, under the practiced eye of the philanthropic founder, who, from morning till night, labored in her Christian vocation. In addition to all this, she constantly held religious meetings, and frequently preached to the audience for an hour at a time. It seems wonderful, that one of such gentle nurture as Mrs. Fry—one who had enjoyed every luxury and every indulgence that could be devised, even from her very infancy—should have undertaken and accomplished the almost Herculean labors she was now daily engaged in. At last, nature gave way. Let us consult her

biographer, Mrs. Creswell, as to her state at this period. "She was becoming worn and over-fatigued, and every day added to the difficulty with which she accomplished the work allotted to it. Happily, they reached the hospitable dwelling of John Strangman, at Waterford, before her powers completely failed her. It was on Friday, the 12th of April, when she arrived there, and for more than a week she needed all the care and close nursing which she experienced; then she gradually began to rally, and they pursued their onerous work."—*Life of Elizabeth Fry*, vol. ii, p. 40. No one will entertain the slightest doubt of the truth of Mrs. Creswell's narrrative. Even the "lady" cannot impute the tortuosities of Quakerism to a member of the Church of England, who has not exhibited a single Quaker sympathy throughout the whole of her two bulky volumes. Mrs. Fry herself, in her private journal, has given the following touching account of herself at this period of her career:—

"The great numbers that followed us, almost wherever we went, was one of those things that I believe was too much for me. No one can tell, but those who have been brought into similar circumstances, what it is to feel as I did at such times; often weak and fagged in body, exhausted in mind, having things of importance to direct my attention to, and not less than a multitude around me, each expecting a word or some mark of attention. .... I felt completely sinking, hardly able to hold up my head, and by degrees became seriously ill. Fever came on, and ran very high, and I found myself in one of my distressing, faint states; indeed, a few hours were most conflicting; I never remember to have known a more painful time; tried without, distressed within, feeling such fears lest it should try the faith of others, my being thus stopped by illness, and lest my own faith should fail." —*Life of Elizabeth Fry*, vol. ii, p. 41.

We feel perfectly confident, that not one of our readers will hesitate to accept the statements of Mrs. Creswell and Mrs. Fry as plain, unvarnished truth; and how widely are they at variance with Mrs. Greer's gross and unmannerly burlesque of this visit to *her father's* house! Yes; Mr. Strangman, the pious, hospitable, generous, noble-hearted, and gentlemanly Mr. John Strangman, was the father of the "lady," Mrs. Greer; and, perhaps, no greater contrast could be conceived than the truly affectionate and tender care which the overworked and exhausted philanthropist received on the occasion of her visit to his house, and the rude, distorted caricature drawn of that visit by his degenerate daughter. The high fever, the illness, almost to the point of death, are entirely omitted; their introduction would have explained the requiring of calf's-foot jelly, the nocturnal manufacture of which, by the mistress herself, out of pig's feet, was too clever a fiction, and too excellent a joke, to be omitted. It fully accounts for the additional trouble which her visit was very likely to occasion—trouble of which the hosts were themselves proud; and the dwelling on which, after a lapse of twenty-four years, and when all the actors have long been resting in the silent tomb, is an instance of bad taste, of which we recollect no parallel. It will be of no avail for the authoress to attempt escape, by saying she alludes to some other visit of Mrs. Fry's to Waterford; the party which she has described were at Waterford but once. They were entertained at John Strangman's house; and Mrs. Greer, the authoress of "Quakerism," was then Sarah Strangman, and was residing with her father in that very house. Mrs. Fry came into that house in a state of utter prostration of strength, and was nursed with the utmost kindness, through a dangerous, but brief, illness. Were it needful, we would appeal to her family for the truth of what we are saying; but published documents, of unquestioned authority, like those we have cited, will be amply sufficient to satisfy our readers.

We do, however, take some comfort in the reflection, that it is utterly impossible that such palpably false statements can, for a moment, dim the fair fame of Mrs. Fry, or in any way affect the respectability or worth of the religious society to which she belonged, although the "lady" has the audacity to say that she has invoked a blessing on every page of the calumnious caricature.

THERE is in each man a somewhat that acquaints him with the nature and origin of all things, but will tell him nothing of the nature and origin of itself. He is ever obtaining sibylline leaves, but cannot get sight of the sibyl.

EVENING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Twilight lingers on the mountains,
Whispers low the evening gale,
Where the cooling water fountains
Bless the vale.
Softly, now, the night-bird, lone,
Chants her plaintive monotone.

To the broad blue heaven above us
Stars in myriad legions come,
Like the sainted ones who love us,
Beck'ning home:
And the eye, with rapt delight,
Takes in all the glorious sight.

Spirit melodies are filling
All the pure, ethereal air,
Indistinct, yet gently stilling
Every care.
In the silent, silent dell,
Hear that voiceless music swell.

Visions, dreams of beauty, floating
Dimly from a purer sphere,
Earthly splendor all unnoting—
Ah! how dear,
When the heart with grief is riven,
Are those blessed dreams of heaven.

Pleasantly the starlight falleth
Where the Thames' dark waters glide;
Hark! the weary boatman calleth
O'er the tide,
And the watcher, sad and lone,
Hails afar the welcome tone.

There are words of sacred greeting
Softly spoken o'er and o'er,
Blending with the heart's quick beating
Evermore.
Darkness settles on the hill,
And the wide, wide earth is still.

To the many, God hath given
Morning and the noontide bright;
But to me, the shades of even,
And the night.
Then my spirit soareth free,
Then the earth is bright to me.

Connecticut, *July*.

THE FATAL WORD.

A TALE OF HORRORS.

HOOD, in his work entitled "Up the Rhine," gives the following capital "take off" of modern "tales of horror:"—

"Thanks to the merry company at his cousin Rudolph's, it was midnight ere Peter Krauss, the little tailor of Bonn, set out on his road home. Now Peter was a tender-hearted man, who would not hurt a dog, much less a fellow-creature; but he had one master-failing, which at last brought him into a horrible scrape, and that was curiosity. Such was his itch for meddling and prying, that whatever business went forward, he was sure to look and listen with all his might. Let a word or two be pronounced in a corner, and you could fancy his ears pricking toward the sound, like the ears of a horse. Perhaps, if he had ever perused the tragical story of Blue Beard, he would have learned more prudence; but, unhappily, he never read fairy tales, nor indeed anything of the kind, except some of the old legends of the saints.

"Thus Peter Krauss, pipe in mouth, was trudging silently homeward, through the pleasant valley between Rœttchen and Poppelsdorf, when all at once he heard something that brought him to a full stop. Yes,—there certainly was a talking on the other side of the bushes; so giving loose to his propensity, he drew near, and listened the more eagerly as he recognized one of the voices as that of Ferdinand Wenzel, the wildest and wickedest of all the students at Bonn. The other voice he did not know, nor indeed had he ever heard one at all like it; its tone was deep and metallic, like the tolling of a great bell.

"'Ask, and it shall be granted, if within my compass.'

"Peter, trembling, peeped through the thick foliage at the last speaker, and to his unutterable horror, descried a dreadful figure, which could only belong to one fearful personage—the enemy of mankind. Krauss could nearly see his full face, which was ten thousand times uglier than that of Judas in the old paintings. The fiend was grinning, and dismally the moonlight gleamed on his huge hard cheek-bones, and thence downward to his mouth, where it gleamed awfully on his set teeth, which shone not with the bright bony whiteness of ivory, but with the flash of polished steel. Opposite to the Evil One, and as much at his ease as if he had only been in company with a bosom crony, sat the reckless, daring Ferdinand Wenzel, considering intently what infernal boon he had best demand. At last he seemed to have made up his mind;—Krauss pricked up his ears.

"'Give me,' said the wild student, 'the power of life and death over others.'

"'I can grant thee only the half,' said the fiend. 'I have power to shorten human life, but there is only one who may prolong it.'

"'Be it so,' said the student; 'only let

those whom I may doom die suddenly before my face.'

"'All the blessed saints and martyrs forbid!' prayed Krauss in his soul, at the same time crossing himself as fast as he could. 'In that case, I'm a dead man to a certainty! He will make away with all that is Philister—namely, with all that is good, or religious, or sober, or peaceable, or decent—in the whole city of Bonn!'

"In the mean time the Evil One seemed to deliberate, and at length told the wild student that he should have his wish. 'Listen, Ferdinand Wenzel! I will teach thee a mortal word, which if thou pronounce aloud to any human being, man, woman, or child, they shall drop down stone-dead, as by a stroke of apoplexy, at thy very feet.'

"'Enough,' said the wild student. 'Bravo!' and he waved his arms exultingly above his head. 'I am now one of the Fates. I hold the lives of my enemies in my hand. I am no more Ferdinand Wenzel, but Azrael, the Angel of Death. Come, the word—the mighty word!'

"We have said that the topmost failing of Peter Krauss was curiosity,—it was rather his besetting sin, and was now about to meet with its due punishment. Where other men would have shut their eyes, he opened them; where they would have stopped their ears, he put up a trumpet. O Peter, Peter! better hadst thou been born deaf as the adder, than have heard the three dreadful syllables that made up that tremendous WORD. But Peter was willful, and stretched out his neck like a crane's toward the sound, and as the fiend, at Wenzel's request, repeated the fatal spell nine times over, it was impressed on the listener's memory, never to be forgotten.

"'I have got it by heart,' said the wild student, 'and I know right well who shall hear it the first.'

"'Bravo!' said the voice that sounded like the toll of a death-bell.

"The hair, long as it was, rose erect on Krauss's devoted head; every lock felt alive, and crawling and writhing like a serpent. He considered himself the doomed man. Wenzel owed him money, and debtors are apt to get weary of their creditors. Yes, his days were numbered, like those of the pig at the butcher's door. Full of these terrible thoughts, he got away as hastily as he could, without making an alarm, and as soon as he dared, set off at a run toward his home. On he scampered, wishing that his very arms were legs, to help him go at a double rate. On, on, on, he galloped through Poppelsdorf, but without seeing it, like a blind horse that knows its way by instinct,—on, on; but at last he was compelled to halt, not for want of breath, for his lungs seemed locked up in his bosom; nor yet from fatigue, for his feet never felt the hard ground they bounded from; but because a party of students, linked arm-in-arm, occupied the whole breadth of the road. As soon as they heard footsteps behind them, they stopped, and recognizing the little tailor, began to jeer and banter him, and at length proceeded to push and hustle him about rather roughly. For some time he bore this rude treatment with patience, but in the end, even his good humor gave way, and turned to bitterness. 'Ay, young and strong as ye be,' thought he, 'I know that, my masters, which could stiffen your limbs and still your saucy tongues in a moment.' 'And why not pronounce the WORD then?' said something so like a whisper, that Krauss started, expecting to see the Fiend himself at his elbow. But it was only the evil suggestion of his own mind, which, with some difficulty, he subdued, till the Burschen, tired of the present amusement, let go of their victim, and joining in a jovial chorus, allowed the tormented tailor to resume his race. 'St. Remi be with me,' murmured the frightened man, 'and help me to restrain my tongue! O, that awful word, how nearly it slipped from me in my rage! I shall do a murder, I know I shall—I shall be cursed and branded like bloody Cain!' and he groaned and smote his forehead as he ran. In this mood he arrived at his own door, where he let himself in with his private key. It was late: his good wife, Trudchen, had retired to rest, and was in so sound a sleep that he forbore to awaken her. But that very sight, as she lay so still and so calm, only excited the most distressing fancies. 'One word,' thought he, 'three little syllables, would make that sleep eternal!' Shuddering throughout his frame, he undressed and crept into his own bed, which was beside the other—but, alas! not to rest. He dared not close his eyes, even for a wink. 'If I sleep,' thought he, 'I shall dream, and as people always dream of what is uppermost in their minds, and moreover,

as I am apt to talk in my sleep'—the mere idea of what might follow threw him into such an agony, that no opiate short of a fatal dose could have induced him to slumber for an instant. A miserable night he passed, now looking forward with terror, and then backward with self-reproach. A thousand times he cursed his fatal curiosity, that had brought him to such a pass. 'Fool, dolt, idiot, ass, long-eared ass that I was, to listen to what did not concern me, and to turn eaves-dropper to Satan! I am lost, body and soul! O that I had been born deaf and dumb! O that my dear mother, now in heaven,—O that my good nurse, now in Munich, had never taught me to speak! O that I had died in cutting my first teeth! That detestable word—if I could only get rid of it; but it is ever present in my mind, and in my mind's eye! in the dark it seemed written on the wall in letters of fire; and now the daylight comes, they have turned into letters of pitch-black!' Thus he tossed and tumbled all night in his bed, with suppressed moans, and groans, and sighings, and inward prayers, till it was time to rise. Then he got up, and opened his shop, and afterward sat down to breakfast; but he could not eat. If he tried to swallow, the accursed word seemed sticking at the bottom of his throat; sometimes it rose to the very tip of his tongue, and then to taste anything was quite out of the question. Life itself had lost its relish, like food with a diseased palate. Conjugal and parental love, which had been his greatest comforts, were now his uttermost torments. When he looked at his good Trudchen, it was with a shudder; and he dared not play with his own little Peterkin. 'If I open my lips to him,' thought the father, 'my child is dead—in the midst of some nursery nonsense, the WORD will slip out, for it keeps ringing in my ears like a bell.' In the mean time, his wife did not fail to notice his altered appearance; but it gave her little concern. The good Trudchen was very fat and very philosophic, which some people call phlegmatic, and she took the most violent troubles rather softly and quietly, as feather-beds receive cannon-balls. 'Tush,' said she, in her own bosom, 'he looks as if he had not rested well, but he will sleep all the better to-night; and as for his appetite, *that* will come-to in time.' But the contrast only served to aggravate the sufferings of poor Krauss. To see his wife, the partner of his fortune, the sharer of his heart, his other self, so calm, so cool, so placid, grated on his very soul. There was something even offensive in it, like a fine sunny day to the mourners, when there is a funeral in the house. His first impulse was to seek for sympathy, which generally implies making somebody else as miserable and unhappy as yourself; in fact, he was on the point of beginning the story to his wife, when one of those second thoughts, which are always the best, clapped a seal upon his lips. 'No, no,' he reflected, 'tell a woman a secret? why, she'll blab it to the very first of her leaky gossips that drops in.' In sheer despair, he resolved to bury himself over head and ears in his business, and accordingly hurried into his shop. But do whatever he would, his trouble still haunted him—he dreaded to see a customer walk in. 'I am liable,' said he, 'as all the world knows, to fits of absence, and if I do not say the awful WORD to somebody to his face, I shall perchance write it at the head of his bill.' In the midst of this soliloquy, the little door-bell rang, as the door was thrown violently open, and in stalked the abominable Wenzel!

"The devoted tailor turned as pale as marble, his teeth chattered, his knees knocked together till the knee-pans clattered like a pair of castanets, whilst his hair again rose erect, like the corn after the wind has passed over it. But for once his fears were mistaken; his unwelcome patron only came to order some new garments. 'Heaven help me!' thought the afflicted tradesman, 'he is too deep already in my books; and yet if I make the least shadow of an objection, I am a dead man.'

"After turning over all the goods in the shop, the wild student selected a mulberry-colored cloth, and then for the first time addressed himself to the proprietor. 'Hark-ye, Peter Krauss; they tell me thou art a most notable listener.'

"The tailor's blood ran cold in his veins, and he gasped for breath; beyond doubt, his eaves-dropping the night before had been discovered, if not known at the time, by the Evil One himself. He was on the point of dropping on his knees to beg his life, when the next speech re-assured him.

"'You will please, therefore, to listen most attentively to my instructions.'

"The trembling Peter breathed again, whilst his customer went into a minute

description of the frogs, and lace, and embroidery, with which the new garment was to be most elaborately and expensively trimmed. To all of which poor Krauss answered submissively, 'Yes,' and 'Yes, certainly,' in the plaintive tone of a well-whipped child. In the midst of this scene, two more students, inferior only to the first in bad repute, came swaggering into the shop, who, on the matter being referred to them, approved so highly of the mulberry-colored cloth, that Wenzel at once bespoke the whole piece. 'And now, Krauss,' said the wild student, drawing his victim a little aside, 'I have *one word* to say in your ear.' At so ominous a speech, the little tailor broke out all over in a cold dew; that 'one word' he guessed was his death-warrant; the ground he stood upon seemed opening under his feet like a grave. By a natural instinct he clapped both his hands to his ears; but they were almost instantly removed by the more vigorous arms of his enemy; he then, as a last resource, set up a sort of bull-like bellowing, in order to drown the dreaded sounds, but the noise was as promptly stifled by the thrusting of his own nightcap into his open mouth. 'Hist, thou listener,' said the wild student, in angry whisper, 'those two gentlemen yonder are my most intimate friends; you will give them credit for whatever they may choose to order, and I, Ferdinand Wenzel, will be answerable for the amount.'

"This was bad enough, but it might have been worse; and the little tailor was glad to assent, though he was now past speaking, and could only bow and bow again, with the tears in his eyes. Accordingly, his two new customers, thus powerfully recommended, began to select such articles as they thought proper, and gave ample directions for their making up. They then departed, Wenzel the last. 'Remember,' said he, significantly, holding up a warning finger, 'remember—or else'—'I know, I know,' murmured the terrified tailor, who felt as if relieved from an incubus, as the back of the wild student disappeared behind the closing door. But his grief soon returned. 'I'm lost,' he cried, in a doleful voice; 'the more I'm patronized, the more I'm undone! They never will, they never can pay me for it all. I'm a bankrupt—I must needs be a bankrupt—I'm a ruined man!' 'Who is ruined?' inquired the comfortable Trudchen, just entering in time to catch the last words. 'It's me,' said the sorrowful tailor. 'As how, Peter?' 'How? Trudchen!—here has been that dare-devil, Ferdinand Wenzel, and brought two other scape-graces almost as bad as himself; and, besides Heaven knows what else, he has ordered the whole piece of mulberry cloth.' 'He shall as soon have the mulberry-tree out of the garden,' said the quiet Trudchen. 'But he must have it,' said the husband, with great agitation.' 'But he shan't,' said the wife, quite collected. 'I tell thee, Trudchen, 'he *must*,' said the little tailor. 'Well, we shall see,' said the great tailoress, with the composed tone of a woman who felt sure of her own way.

"Here was a new dilemma. Poor Peter Krauss plainly foresaw his own catastrophe; but to be pushed on to it, post haste, by the wife of his bosom, the mother of his sole child, was more than he could bear. 'I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must* have it,' repeated the doomed man. 'You always try,' said the phlegmatic Trudchen, 'to have the last word.' 'And if I chose, I could make sure of it,' retorted the now angry Peter. 'Say the WORD to her at once,' said the old whisper, which the affrighted husband no longer doubted was a suggestion from Satan in person. He was cool—nay, cold—in a moment; and not daring to trust himself in his wife's presence, ran up to the little bed-chamber. The fat Trudchen stared awhile at this manœuvre; but as she reflected that persons who go up stairs, will, some time or other, come down again, she placidly resumed her knitting.

"'Wretch! miserable wretch that I am!' sighed the disconsolate tailor, throwing himself on the bed, with his face downwards. 'I have been within an ace of murdering my own dear wife, the mother of my precious Peterkin! O, St. Mark! St. Remi! what mortal sin have I committed, to draw upon me such a visitation? Me, too, who could never keep a secret in my life! Then, again, if I take a glass extra of good wine, it is sure to set my tongue running. O what hundreds, thousands, of deaths will lie at my door! I shall be a monster,—a vampyre! O! I shall run mad—and then my head will wander—and I shall pronounce *it* in my ravings! It is sure to come out! Cursed be the year, and the day, and the hour, and the minute, O Peter Krauss, that thou wast born!'

"'Alas!' (thus he continued,) 'the misfortune of a strong memory! The harder I try to forget it, the more it comes into my mind. If it had only been a long sentence—but a single word, that drops out like a loose tooth before one is aware. Ah, there is no being on my guard!' Having thus lamented, with many tears, by degrees he became more composed, and resolved to refresh his spirits by a walk in the open air. But the tyrannical idea still pursued him with its diabolical suggestions. For instance, he could not help saying to himself, as a passenger passed by, 'There's a tall swaggering fellow, but I could strike him stone-dead in an instant. One WORD from me, and that flaunting maiden is a corse.' Moreover, the very demon, curiosity, that first led him to his guilty knowledge, now began to tempt him to its abuse. 'I wonder,' thought he, 'if it be true, or only a juggle. Suppose I were to try it—just one syllable—on that soldier, or that miller, or on his dog!' But remorse soon followed. 'Wo is me! I must fly the faces of my kind! I must turn hermit,—or live like Roland on a bleak rock, beyond speech with man, woman, or child!' As he said this, he was run against by some one, blind with haste, whom he caught by the arm. It was the maid-servant of his old friend and neighbor, Hermann Liederbach. 'Let me go,' cried the breathless female, struggling to get free. 'I am running to fetch the doctor to my poor master, who has dropped down in a fit, if he is not dead.' 'That's very sudden,' said Peter, as if musing. 'O, like a gun!' answered the maiden; 'he was quite well and merry only the minute before, talking and laughing with that wild student, Ferdinand Wenzel.'

"Poor Krauss was ready to drop down himself. However, he contrived to get home, where he threw himself on his knees behind the counter, and hid his face among the bales of cloth. The horrid work was begun—but where would it end? Nor were his fears in vain. On a sudden his attention was excited by the trampling of numerous feet; and going to the shop-door, he saw a crowd following four men, who carried a dead body on a board. 'Hollo! what have you there?' shouted an opposite neighbor from his upper window. 'It's poor Stephen Asbeck,' answered several voices; 'he dropped down dead in the market-place whilst squabbling with one of the students.' Krauss stood rooted to the spot, till the whole procession passed by. 'It's dreadful work,' said Mrs. Krauss, just entering from the back parlor. 'What is?' asked the startled tailor, with all the tremor of a guilty man. 'To be cut off so suddenly in the prime of youth and beauty.' 'Beauty!' repeated Krauss, with a bewildered look, for in truth neither Liederbach nor Asbeck had any pretense to good looks. 'Yes, beauty,' replied Mrs. Krauss; 'but I forgot that the news came while you were absent. Poor Dorothy has died suddenly—the handsome girl who rejected that good-for-nothing Ferdinand Wenzel.' Krauss dropped into a chair as if shot. His fat wife wondered a little at such excessive emotion, but remembering that her husband was very tender-hearted, went quietly on with her knitting.

"Poor Peter's brain was spinning round. He who would not willingly hurt a dog, to be privy to, if not accomplice in, three such atrocious and deliberate murders! His first impulse was to discover the whole affair to the police; but who would believe so extraordinary a story? Where were his witnesses? Wenzel, of course, would confess nothing. Still his knowledge invested him with a very awful responsibility, and called upon him to put an end to the diabolical system. But how? Perhaps—and he shuddered at the thought—it was his dreadful duty to avert this wholesale assassination by the death of the assassin. As if to sanction the suggestion, even as it passed through the tailor's mind, the detestable Wenzel came into the shop to add some new item to his instructions. 'Have you heard the news?' asked the wild student carelessly; 'Death is wondrous busy in Bonn.' Krauss only answered with a mournful shake of the head. 'Poor dear Dorothy!' sighed Mrs. Krauss; 'so young, and so beautiful.' The wild student burst into a sneering laugh: 'There will be more yet,' said he; 'they will keep drop—drop—dropping, like over-ripe plums from the tree!'

"So fiendish an announcement was too much for even the milky nature of Peter Krauss. His resolution was taken on the spot. 'Wretch! Monster! Were-Wolf!' he said to himself, 'thou wert never of woman born. It can be no more sin to slay thee than the savage tiger! Yes—thou shalt hear the *word* of doom thyself!'

But the moment he attempted to utter it, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his throat seemed to collapse; and when he had regained the power of speech, the fatal word, that hitherto had never ceased ringing in his inward ear, had vanished completely from his memory! However, such an oblivion was in itself a blessing, as it removed any temptation to actual guilt; but, alas! no sooner had the wild student departed, than back came the hateful syllables, clear and distinct on the tablets of Krauss's mind, like a writing in sympathetic ink.

"As the vile Wenzel had predicted, the number of sudden deaths rapidly increased. One after another, the most respectable of the inhabitants fell down in the street, and were carried home. All Bonn was filled with lamentations and dismay. 'It's the plague,' said one. 'It's the black death,' cried another. Some advised a consultation of physicians; others proposed a penitential procession to the Kreutzberg.

"In the mean time the unfortunate tailor again took refuge in the bed-room, desperately closing his eyes, and stopping his ears, against the melancholy sights and sounds that were constantly occurring in the street. But the mortality had become too frightful for even the apathetic temper of the stout Trudchen, who for once, thrown into a state of violent agitation, felt the necessity of comfort and companionship. Accordingly she sought eagerly for her husband, who sitting, as we have said, with closed eyes and ears, was of course unconscious of her entrance. Besides, he was grieving aloud, and his wife bent over him to catch the words. 'Miserable mortals,' he groaned, 'miserable frail mortals that we are!—wretched candles,—blown out at a breath! Who would have thought that such a cause could produce such a calamity? Who could have dreamed it? To think that such a hearty man as poor Liederbach, or poor Asbeck, could be destroyed by a sound—nay, that half a town should perish through simply saying ——' and the unconscious Peter pronounced the fatal WORD. It had scarcely passed his lips when something fell so heavily as to shake the whole house, and hastily opening his eyes, he beheld the comely Trudchen, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his darling Peterkin, in the last death-quiver at his feet!

"The horrified Peter Krauss was stunned —stupefied—bewildered! With his eyes fixed on the victim of his fatal curiosity, he sat motionless in his chair. It was the shock of a moral earthquake, that shook his very soul to its foundations. He could neither think nor feel. His brain was burning hot, but his heart seemed turned to solid ice. It was long before he was even sensible of outward impressions; but at last he became aware of a continued tugging at the tail of his coat. A glance sufficed—it was little Peterkin. 'He will be the next!' shrieked the frantic father; and tossing his arms aloft, he threw himself down the stairs and rushed out of the house. At the top of his speed, as if pursued by the unrelenting Fiend, he raced through the streets and out of the gates, into the open country, where he kept running to and fro like a mad creature, tormented by the stings of conscience. Over rocks, among thickets, through water, he leaped and crashed, and struggled; his flesh was torn and bleeding, but he cared not—he wanted to die. At one time his course lay toward the Eifel, as if to end his misery in that scene of volcanic desolation, so similar to his own; but suddenly turning round, he scoured back to his native town, through the gates, along the streets, and dashing into the church of St. Remi, threw himself on his knees beside the confessional. The venerable father Ambrose was in the chair, and with infinite difficulty extracted the horrible story from the distracted man. When it was ended, the priest desired to know the awful WORD which acted with such tremendous energy. 'But, your reverence,' sobbed Krauss, with a thrill of natural horror, 'it kills those who but hear it pronounced.'

"'True, my son,' replied the aged priest, 'but all unholy spells lose their power within these sacred walls.'

"'But, your reverence—'

"'Peter Krauss!' said the priest, in a loud angry tone, 'I insist on it, if you hope for absolution.'

"'Then, if I must—'

"'Speak, my son, speak.'

"'I will.'

"'Now!'

"'Yes!'

"'Come.'

"'Ah!—'

"'What is it!'

"'Sancta Maria!'

"'The word! the word!'

"'POTZTAUSEND!' murmured Krauss, in a low tremulous voice, with a shudder throughout his frame, and a terrified look all round him. And lo! the ghostly father was a ghost indeed—the church of St. Remi had tumbled into fragments, and instead of the holy tapers, a few strange lights were gleaming mysteriously in the distance. 'Potztausend!' repeated Peter Krauss, giving himself a shake, and rubbing his eyes; 'but I've certainly been sleeping and dreaming on the wrong side of the town-gate!'"

DUFAVEL'S ADVENTURE IN THE WELL.

ONE morning, early in September 1836, as Dufavel, one of the laborers employed in sinking a well at a place near Lyons, in France, was about to descend in order to begin his work, one of his companions called out to him not to go down, as the ground was giving way, and threatened to fall in. Dufavel, however, did not profit by the warning, but exclaiming, "I shall have plenty of time to go down for my basket first," he entered the well, which was sixty-two feet in depth. When about half-way down, he heard some large stones falling; but he nevertheless continued his descent, and reached the bottom in safety. After placing two pieces of plank in his basket, he was preparing to reascend, when he suddenly heard a crashing sound above his head, and, looking up, he saw five of the side-supports of the well breaking at once. Greatly alarmed, he shouted for assistance as loudly as he was able; but the next moment a large mass of the sandy soil fell upon him, precluding the possibility of his escape. By a singular good fortune, the broken supports fell together in such a manner, that they formed a species of arch over his head, and prevented the sand from pouring down, which must have smothered him at once. To all appearances, however, he was separated from the rest of the world, and doomed to perish by suffocation or famine. He had a wife and child, who now came into his mind; and the thought of them made him feel still more bitterly his imprudent obstinacy in descending into the well, after being warned of the danger to which he was exposing himself.

But although Dufavel regretted the past and feared for the future, he did not give way to despair. Calm and self-possessed he raised his heart in prayer to God, and adopted every precaution in his power to prolong his life. His basket was fastened to the cord by which he had descended; and when his comrades above began to pull the rope, in the hope of drawing him to the surface, he observed that, in their vain efforts, they were causing his basket to strike against the broken planks above him in such a manner as to bring down stones and other things. He therefore cut the rope with his knife—which he had no sooner done, than it was drawn up by those at the top of the well; and, when his friends saw the rope so cut, they knew that he must be alive, and determined to make every exertion to save him.

The hole made by the passage of this rope through the sand that had fallen in, was of the greatest use to Dufavel: through it he received a supply of fresh air, and, after a while, his friends contrived to convey food to him, and even to speak to him. Of course he was in utter darkness; but he was enabled, in a curious manner, to keep a reckoning of time. A large fly was shut up with him, and kept him company all the time that he remained there. When he heard it buzzing about, he knew that it was day; and when the fly was silent, he knew that it was night. The fly boarded as well as lodged with him; he was as careful as he could be not to interrupt it while taking its share of his meal; when he touched it, it would fly away, buzzing as if offended, but soon return again. He often said afterwards, that the company of this fly had been a great consolation to him.

More skillful persons than the poor laborers of the village of Champvert were soon engaged in the attempt to liberate Dufavel. The municipal authorities of Lyons procured the assistance of a band of military miners, who, under the direction of experienced officers, began to form a subterranean passage for the purpose of relieving him. Prayers for his safety were daily offered up in the churches of Lyons, and the most intense interest prevailed; it was found necessary to erect a barricade, and station a guard of soldiers around the scene of the accident, to keep off the flocking crowd from the neighborhood, all eager to obtain news, and see what was being done.

The cavity at the bottom of the well,

over which the wooden rafters had so providentially formed a sort of roof, was at first about seven feet in height; but owing to the sand constantly running through, and pressing down the roof from above, by the third day the space became so small, that the poor man could no longer stand, or even sit upright, but was crushed upon the ground in a peculiarly painful manner, his legs doubled under him, and his head pressed on one side against his left shoulder. His arms, however, were free, and he used his knife to cut away such parts of the woodwork as particularly incommoded him, and to widen the hole the passage of the rope had made. Through this hole, by means of a small bottle, soup and wine were let down to him, and, after a few days, what was quite as important, a narrow bag to receive and bring to the surface the constantly accumulating sand, which must soon have smothered him, if this means of removing it had not been devised, and he had not had strength and energy for such a painful labor as the constantly filling and refilling the bag soon became. Of course, any *gressure* from above would have forced in the temporary roof, so that nothing could be attempted in the way of removing the mass of sand, &c., that had fallen in. They dared not to touch the surface above, but they contrived, by means of a tube, to speak to him. A cousin of his, himself a well-digger, was let down for this purpose. This man spoke to Dufavel, and assured him the miners were making progress, and would soon reach him: he inquired after his wife and child, and charged his cousin to tell her from him, to be of good cheer, and not lose heart. At this time he had been a week in the well.

Day succeeded day, and still the expectations of the miners were deceived. They worked night and day; but such was the treacherous nature of the soil, that neither pickax nor shovel could be used: the foremost miner worked upon his knees, inserting cautiously a flat piece of wood into the ground, and afterward gathering up with his hands, and passing to those behind him, the sand which he thus disturbed. On the twelfth day of his imprisonment, they calculated they were only twelve inches from him, and yet it took them two days longer before they were able to reach him. Every minute the ground was giving way, and it sometimes took them many hours to repair the damage that a single moment had produced. Besides, they felt it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution, when they approached Dufavel; for there was great reason to fear, whenever an opening was made, the mass of sand above his head would fall down and suffocate him. At length, about two o'clock in the morning of Friday, 16th September, they made a small opening into the well, just above his shoulders. The poor man shouted for joy, and was able with his knife to assist in extricating himself. He was carefully conveyed along the horizontal gallery, and wrapped in blankets before he was drawn up into the open air. Several medical men were in attendance, and one of them had him conveyed to his house, and put to bed.

We will not attempt to describe Dufavel's happy meeting with his wife, nor the tears of joy which he shed over his infant boy, who did not at first recognize him, muffled up as he was obliged to be to protect him from the cold, and his chin covered with a beard of more than a fortnight's growth. In the evening, he was so well, that Doctor Bienvenu consented to his being conveyed to his own home; and he was accordingly transported thither in a litter, attended by a great concourse of happy and thankful spectators.

WAR.

VOLTAIRE thus expresses himself on the subject of war:—"A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or be killed by the like number of their fellow-mortals, covered with turbans. By this strange procedure they want, at best, to decide whether a tract of land, to which none of them lays any claim, shall belong to a certain man whom they call sultan, or to another whom they call czar, neither of whom ever saw, or will see, the spot so furiously contended for; and very few of those creatures, who thus mutually butcher each other, ever beheld the animal for whom they cut each other's throats! From time immemorial this has been the way of mankind almost over all the earth. What an excess of madness is this! And how deservedly might a Superior Being crush to atoms this earthly ball, the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers"

THE WIDOWER'S GARLAND.

HERE rests a mother. But from her I turn,
And from her grave.—Behold! upon that ridge,
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,
Carries into the center of the vale
Its rocks and woods, the cottage where she dwelt;
And where yet dwells her faithful partner, left
(Full eight years past) the solitary prop
Of many helpless children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to a tale
Of sorrow and dejection; but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what my eyes
See daily in that happy family.
—Bright garland form they for the pensive brow
Of their undrooping father's widowhood,
Those six fair daughters, budding yet—not one,
Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower.
Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
That father was, and fill'd with anxious fear,
Now, by experience taught, he stands assured,
That God, who takes away, yet takes not half
Of what he seems to take; or gives it back
Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer;
He gives it—the boon produce of a soil
Which our endeavors have refused to till,
And hope hath never water'd. The abode,
Whose grateful owner can attest these truths,
Even were the object nearer to our sight,
Would seem in no distinction to surpass
The rudest habitations. Ye might think
That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or grown
Out of the living rock, to be adorn'd
By nature only; but, if thither led,
Ye would discover then a studious work
Of many fancies, prompting many hands.
Brought from the woods, the honeysuckle twines
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,
A plant no longer wild; the cultured rose
There blosoms, strong in health, and will be soon
Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
These ornaments, that fade not with the year,
A hardy girl continues to provide;
Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights,
Her father's prompt attendant, does for him
All that a boy could do, but with delight
More keen and prouder daring; yet hath she,
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
For her own flowers and favorite herbs—a space,
By sacred charter, holden for her use.
—These, and whatever else the garden bears
Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,
I freely gather; and my leisure draws
A not unfrequent pastime from the sight
Of the bees murmuring round their sheltered hives
In that inclosure; while the mountain rill,
That sparkling thrids the rocks, attunes his voice
To the pure course of human life which there
Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom
Of night is falling round my steps, then most
This dwelling charms me; often I stop short,
(Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth my sight
With prospect of the company within,
Laid open through the blazing window:—there
I see the eldest daughter at her wheel
Spinning amain, as if to overtake
The never-halting time; or, in her turn,
Teaching some novice of the sisterhood
That skill in this or other household work,
Which, from her father's honored hand, herself,
While she was yet a little-one, had learn'd.
Mild man! he is not gay, but they are gay;
And the whole house seems filled with gayety.

Art Intelligence.

Paganini.—The London Literary Gazette gives an extended review of the English translation of Fetis's "Biographical Notice" of Paganini, from which we glean some interesting items. He is stated to have received lessons from his father, from Servetto, a musician at Genoa, and from Giacomo Costa, director of music there; and at eight years of age to have written his first sonata; at nine he appeared in public. At twelve he was placed under Alexander Rolla of Parma: he also received lessons in harmony from Ghizetti. During this period, about six months, he is related to have unceasingly "occupied himself in discovering new effects on his instrument." Quitting Parma in 1797, Paganini made his first professional tour with his father to all the principal towns of Lombardy—spreading wonder and admiration as he went. At Parma an eminent painter and violin player of the name of Pasini, to test his powers, brought the lad a manuscript concerto, containing the most difficult passages, and believed to be insurmountable. He placed in Paganini's hands an excellent Straduari violin, adding, "This instrument shall be yours if you can play, in a masterly manner, this concerto at first sight." "If that is the case," said Paganini, "you may bid adieu to it;" and forthwith, by his exquisite performance of the piece, threw Pasini into raptures. In 1804, he, at twenty-one, began a new tour in Italy. At Lucca, he became director of music to the Princess Bacciochi, the sister of Napoleon. Here, on one occasion, he astonished the court by entering the salon with only two strings to his violin—the first and fourth. On these he played, to the perfect ravishment of his auditory, a duet expressive of jealousy and subsequent reconciliation between two lovers. After it was over, the Princess said to him, "You have performed impossibilities—would not a single string suffice for your talent?" Paganini, who himself narrates the incident, says, "I promised to make the attempt. Some weeks after I composed my military sonata, 'Napoleon,' which I performed on the 25th August, before a brilliant court. Its success far surpassed my expectations; my predilection for the G string dates from this period." Thus are at once disposed of all the received stories of his being compelled to adopt one string, by having worn out the others during an alleged imprisonment. He died at Nice, on the 27th May, 1840, at the age of fifty-six. His last hours are thus affectingly given by an Italian writer:—"On the last night of his existence he appeared unusually tranquil. He had slept little. When he awoke, he requested that the curtains of his bed should be drawn aside, to contemplate the moon, which was advancing calmly in the immensity of the pure heavens. While steadfastly gazing at the luminous orb he became drowsy, but the murmuring of the neighboring trees awakened in his breast that sweet agitation which is the reality of the beautiful. At this solemn hour he seemed desirous to return to nature all the soft sensations which he was then possessed of; stretching forth his hand toward his enchanted violin—to the faithful companion of his travels—to the magician which had robbed care of its stings—he sent to heaven, with its last sounds, the last sigh of a life which had been all melody." His property was estimated at upward of $400,000. He was, during the greater part of his life, a sufferer from something like cholera, which constantly reduced him to the lowest point. It was to this that his frequent causes of temporary withdrawal from before the public were owing; and which malevolence converted into "imprisonments" and all sorts of disgraces. Crimes of all kinds, murder not excepted, were attributed to him—all of which his biographer, who traces his whole life, shows to have been the sheerest inventions.

A statue of *Rembrandt* was inaugurated a short time ago with a great deal of pomp at Amsterdam, his native place. It is by M. Royer. The same sculptor is engaged in executing a statue of *Coster*, whom the Dutch assert to have been the real inventor of printing. It is to be erected at Harlem, where Coster was born.

The Stuttgard artists have disported themselves at a festival in honor of their poetical countrymen, *Schiller* and *Schwab*. Among the festivities was a concert, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to a colossal statue of Schwab, who is a prodigious favorite with the modern Wurtembergers.

Crawford, the American sculptor, has gone to Munich to superintend at the Royal Manufactory, the castings in bronze for Washington's monument at Richmond, in Virginia.

The Paris papers announce the death of *Cumberworth*, a sculptor of considerable promise. He was one of Pradier's pupils.

A letter, from Leipsic, in Norton's Gazette, says:—"Prof. *Lowell Mason* and his talented son have spent the winter in our musical city, and were very much feted and honored. Some of Mr. M.'s Letters to American Journals, on musical topics, have been given in our papers, with highly complimentary remarks."

The London Literary Gazette states that the *Viennese Artists*, following the example of their brethren in Rome, Dusseldorf, Munich, &c., have, for the last six years, been accustomed to meet together once a year for the double pur pose of holding a spring festival (Fruhjahrsfest) and paying a tribute of respect to the memory of their great master Albert Durer. The "Kunstler Maifahrt" of this year was celebrated on the "Kahlenberg," and was attended by almost all the artists of Vienna, and many of their friends and patrons. After the usual toast to the memory of Albert Durer, Herr Redl got up and reminded the assembly that *Raphael Donner*, a sculptor of world-wide celebrity, the Praxiteles of Austria, and their own fellow-townsman, had died on the 17th of February, 1741, in Vienna, from sheer want and starvation; and that a simple cross in the churchwall, with the inscription "Hier ruht Raphael Donner," (Here rests Raphael Donner,) was all the monument which his thankless country had erected to him. Great enthusiasm and

loud cries of "Donner hoch," followed Herr Redl's speech, and a subscription, headed by Count Thun, was immediately set on foot to erect a suitable monument to the Austrian sculptor.

Bronze Casting.—Robinson, the English Founder, has made some important improvements in Bronze Casting, by which works of great size and importance are moulded entire, instead of piecemeal as of old. The editor of the London Athenæum, who lately witnessed the process, remarks respecting it that "Every multiplication of the acts by which a work of Art is to be transferred from its original Art-language into another increases, it will be obvious, the risk of some sacrifice of the author's intentions or proportions:—so that Mr. Robinson's new method, by which a single act of translation is made to suffice, is at once a simplification and a most valuable improvement. The first experiment on a large scale was made with Mr. Behnes's Peel statue for the town of Leeds,—and the success was such as to establish the process for future great works. In the present case, the subject was the fine statue, upward of ten feet in height, which Mr. Baily has modeled for Sir Robert's native town, Bury, in Lancashire. Of old, the casting of large pieces, even when such works were divided, took place in pits dug to contain the mould,—and the legs and trunk would have received the burning stream which was to harden to immortality within them in upright posture. On the present occasion, a huge iron case, strongly bound and riveted, had been built on the surface of the floor, of dimensions to receive the full-length figure in a horizontal position. Close at hand glowed and roared the huge furnace in which the fusion of metals was, under the compelling power of a heat intensified into almost invisibility, for hours going on. When this process of fusion was accomplished, the mixed metal, to the weight of more than two tuns, was received into an iron caldron, and swung by machinery to the case which enshrined the mould. In the black sand that formed the roof of this case and of the mould there was one great vortex for the reception of the flaming material,—and from this, channels running in all directions to convey it horizontally to every part of the figure at once. Here the liquid flame was skimmed:—and after a few minutes of breathless pause—under the influence of strong excitement to ourselves, and of deep anxiety no doubt to those more immediately concerned—the final signal was given. The caldron was turned over at the mouth of the vortex by the machinery from which it swung,—and in thirty seconds by a stop-watch, the Bury 'Peel' was cast! The thing was like the creation of an enchantment. The workmen at once proceeded to the task of knocking away and uncovering; and the result is, a cast of surpassing beauty—almost perfect from the mould itself—and scarcely needing the chaser's hand."

Literary Record.

DOMESTIC.

Libraries at Washington.—The Washington correspondent of the Tribune complains of the composition of the Libraries in the National Capital. Of the Congressional Library, he speaks in the following significant terms:—"What has already been done toward replenishing the empty shelves of the Congressional Library, has been directed rather by booksellers, eager for lucre, than by a bibliograph, or a bibliophile, or any systematic intellect whatever. It shows clearly before one's eyes that these booksellers wished to get rid of costly works and editions, which for years had found no purchasers, and thus formed a dead capital in their shops. They have succeeded thus far; as we are told a well-known house from Boston, supported by influential men, discharges in this manner, upon the shelves of this Library, all its useless editions, and gets well paid for this bibliographical trash. By-and-by, booksellers from other cities will follow and share the spoils. Next will be the turn of some European houses. And thus very likely a great number of volumes will be scrambled together, but will there be a world of a real, higher intellectual life?" He speaks favorably of the Library of the *War Department*, which, though small, is systematically arranged. The collection at the Smithsonian Institution he reprobates as follows:—"In what is meant to be a library, one vainly looks for any idea whatever of system, or logic, or order. It is, or looks to be, a collection of books, made blindly, at random, and thrown in the same manner heedlessly into their places. In one word, this comparatively small collection is pre-eminently distinguished by the absence of any notion of co-ordination, and by utter ignorance of the first rules of bibliography." Perhaps this writer wrote under the influence of a little literary spleen; he was evidently in a grumbling mood; but we fear there is occasion for it. We are glad to add, however, that he compliments justly *Mr. Force's* collection, which comprises many precious historical documents. He says:—"The truly American and very complete collection of *Mr. Peter Force* makes an honorable exception. There at once you feel the breathing of an idea which inspired and directed in its formation. It is an enlightened, patriotic conception, and under its influence these shelves have been logically and systematically filled."

The New-York State Educational Convention, held at Syracuse, appointed, as we learn from the Albany Evening Journal, a Committee to draft a Code of School Laws, consisting of Wm. Tracy, of Utica, S. G. Andrews, of Rochester, C. T. Hulburd, of Stockholm, St. Lawrence County, James Jahonnet and C. B. Sedgwick, of Syracuse, J. W. Beekman, of New-York, and O. G. Steele, of Buffalo. Resolutions were adopted in favor

of a State Board of Education, with a State Superintendent, at the head of a department of the government, and Superintendents in Assembly Districts; also, that the towns raise a part of the tax for the support of schools; that the Normal School system be extended; liberal aid be given to Teachers' Institutes; and that the formation of union schools should be encouraged. The Code Committee were requested to publish their report as early as the first of November, and call another convention.

The name of *Geneva College*, at Geneva, N. Y., has been changed to "Hobart Free College," by the Legislature of the State. This change was in consequence of a grant from the Corporation of Trinity Church, New-York City, made to this college on condition that henceforth no charge should be made for *tuition*, or *rent of college-rooms*, to *any under-graduate student*, and that the college should take the name just mentioned, which is expressive at once of its new character, and of its obligation to its original founder.

The trustees of the College of New-Jersey, at their last meeting elected *Professor James C. Moffat*, now of Miami University, Ohio, to the Professorship of the Latin Language, vacated by the resignation of Professor Forsyth.

The funds of the *Smithsonian Institution* have been increased by $200,000 funded interest of the original capital.

Prof. C. S. Henry, of the N. Y. University, has resigned the Chair of Mental Philosophy in that Institution. *Prof. H. P. Tappan*, who preceded Prof. Henry in that position, has been appointed his successor.

Norton's Literary Gazette contradicts the statements of the Tribune's correspondent respecting the Congressional Library. It says:—"Having recently had the pleasure of visiting this Library, we are enabled to state, from personal observation, that the attack made through the columns of the Tribune, and by its regular correspondent, upon the selection of books lately added, is entirely undeserved; the books are well selected, of good editions, and, as we were enabled to learn from information afforded us by the gentlemanly Librarian, Mr. Meehan, they have been bought at fair prices, and are not 'the old stock of some bookseller, foisted on Government at a high price.'"

The American Antiquarian Society, whose *locale* is Worcester, Mass., is among the most reputable of American Historical or Archæological institutions. A pamphlet has recently been issued at Worcester, containing the proceedings of its last three meetings. We learn from the Boston "To-Day," that "the new library-building in Worcester, designed for the use of the Society, has been decided upon and begun,—the necessary funds for its erection being at the disposal of the Society; and it is under contract to be finished on the twenty-third of October next, although it will very probably not be thought advisable to urge forward the completion at so early a date. The cost of the building will be $15,400. It is to be a simple parallelogram, fifty feet in width, eighty in length, and forty-two feet high from the ground to the eaves. It is to be built in a tasteful and pleasing style; but the Society have very judiciously resolved not to sacrifice convenience and economy to so-called 'architectural' beauty. The interior will be arranged in such manner as to afford the requisite accommodations in a complete and ample manner; and the ornaments will be simple but graceful, and not wanting in any features that are appropriate to the style of the building. The recent additions to the library of this institution have been more than ordinarily numerous and valuable."

Rev. Dr. J. A. Alexander is preparing an exposition of the Pentateuch.

Professor Tappan has given us an addition to the numerous list of recent books of travel. Its title is "A Step from the New World to the Old."

William Ware's Lectures on the Genius and Works of Allston, are soon to appear from the Boston press.

Hawthorne.—The London Literary Gazette notices Hawthorne's Blithedale romance rather ambiguously. It says:—"Vanity of vanities is the moral of the tale, this being inscribed on the Blithedale Arcadia, as on all earthly scenes; but the philosophy of the author at the end of his experience does not reach much above the epicurean level of advocating present enjoyment, in the vain expectation of human amelioration or progress. Mr. Hawthorne is one of the most agreeable of transatlantic writers, both from the freshness of his style and the novelty of his subjects."

Dr. A. B. Snow, of Boston, has been appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Genesee College, Lima, N. Y.

A letter from *Prof. Robinson*, in the N. Y. Evangelist, shows him to be actively occupied with his Palestine researches.

Commencement at *Brown University* took place the 14th ult.; there were sixteen graduates. The Phi Beta Oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. Bethune. The discourse before the Society of Missionary Inquiry was delivered by Rev. Mr. Kirk. The additions to the library during the year have been one thousand one hundred and thirty-two volumes, nine hundred and thirty-two by purchase, and two hundred by donation; folios two hundred and eight, quartos one hundred and forty-two, octavos two hundred and sixty-eight, the others 12mos. and 16mos., making the whole number upward of twenty-four thousand volumes. The fund for the increase of the Library and Philosophical Apparatus is $25,000, and that "for the purpose of Education" is $181,000. Commencement next year will be on the first Wednesday in September.

The "To-Day" of Boston says:—"The Class which will graduate at *Harvard College* at the approaching Commencement is larger than any which has ever graduated at that institution. It numbers eighty-seven members. The Class of 1818, which has hitherto been the largest, numbered eighty. The Class of 1849 numbered seventy-eight. One hundred and five persons have been members of this Class of 1852, at various times, since its entrance into college four years ago. All of these are now living,—a circumstance, we believe, quite un-

precedented in so large a number. This was the Freshman Class when Mr. Sparks, the present President of the University, was inaugurated, and is consequently the first to graduate of those after being during the whole course under his administration."

Indiana Asbury University.—We learn from the *Western Christian Advocate*, that the commencement exercises of this institution were unusually interesting. "The examinations of the classes exhibited, on the part of the professors, scholarship and fidelity, and on the part of the students talent and industry. The Baccalaureate sermon of President Berry on the preceding Sabbath was a masterly effort, and his valedictory to the class, on commencement day, was surpassingly beautiful. The Trustees elected M. J. Fletcher to the new chair of English Language and Literature. They also elected S. A Lattimore Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, and Charles G. Downey Professor of Mathematics."

Rev. Dr. *Charles Collins* has been elected President of Dickinson College.

Provisions for education in *California* are being rapidly made. The Rev. Mr. Benson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, lately laid the foundation-stone of an academy at Stockton. At Santa Clara, the "University of the Pacific" was opened in May with good prospects. It begins with fifty-four students. Rev. Mr. Bannister has charge of it. A prosperous academy is under the care of Rev. Mr. Kimberlin, at St. Jose.

The Western Christian Advocate reports that Rev. Mr. French, agent, has secured the seventh thousand toward the ten thousand dollars necessary to endow the Biblical Professorship in the Ohio Wesleyan University. Another thousand appears to be on the way.

The Baptists of Connecticut are rousing to fresh zeal in the cause of education. Their literary institution at Suffield is about to be supplied with a third building of increased capacity, to accommodate its extending patronage.

Mr. Lewis Colby, N. Y., is about issuing a volume of poems from the pen of Mrs. Emily Chubbuck Judson, widow of the late Dr. Judson, the Baptist foreign missionary.

At the recent commencement of the *Rochester Theological Seminary*, July 15th, four young men offered their services as foreign missionaries of the Baptist Church.

The Journal and Messenger of the 16th ult., has six columns of the proceedings of the *Convention at Columbus*, respecting the removal of Granville College. The substance of the proceedings is embraced in this resolution: "*Resolved*, That in the judgment of this Convention the Trustees of the College ought to take, immediately, measures to remove said institution to [illegible] within the State as will command [illegible] and enlist the sympathies and [illegible] the churches." The annual ex[illegible] the College exceed by $1,000 the [illegible] property of the institution is [illegible] by $18,000.

[illegible] of *Harvard University*, for the year, shows three hundred and four undergraduates and three hundred and twenty-two in the law, medical, and divinity schools. In the regular course, the students are allowed to choose any two studies of the following: Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Spanish, German, Italian, and Hebrew. The other studies, such as Chemistry, Rhetoric, Physics, Philosophy, &c., all must prosecute.

The catalogue of the *Ohio Female College*, for the year closing July 16, has been sent us. It reports two hundred and one pupils. Prof. Wood, author of a text-book on Botany, and distinguished as a lecturer on Natural Science, together with his lady, have been added to the corps of instructors for the next session.

Monroe & Francis, printers and publishers, is the oldest firm in Boston. It was formed in 1800. These two gentlemen—one seventy years of age and the other seventy-two—have lately published a volume of upward of three hundred pages, the types for which were all set up with their own hands.

Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, of Exeter, Mass., has been appointed to the Professorship of Theology in Bowdoin College, Maine, vacant by the appointment of Professor Stowe to a professorship in Andover Seminary. Mr. H. has accepted the appointment.

At the late Commencement of the *University of North Carolina*, the honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Lieut. Matthew F. Maury, U. S. N., of the National Observatory, at Washington.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican announces the acceptance on the part of *Hon. Horace Mann*, of the Presidency of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on *Bishop Baker*, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the late Commencement of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn.

The late Bishop Hedding, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, left a legacy of $1,000 for the Methodist Biblical Institute (Theological Seminary) at Concord, N. H.

Dickinson College.—We learn from a letter in the Herald and Journal, that the late Commencement of Dickinson College was of great interest:—"According to custom, the Senior Class was examined four weeks ago, graded, and assigned parts for Commencement. Twenty-two were admitted to the Freshman Class from our own grammar-school. These, added to such as shall come on in the fall from other preparatory and classical schools, will give us a good number for the next year. On Sabbath evening President Peck preached a baccalaureate discourse to the graduating class. The theme was "God in Education," from the text, "I commend you to God," &c. It was a production full of strong thought and practical instruction. It is to be published. On Monday night, July 5th, occurred the annual exhibition of the Belles-Lettres Society, and on Tuesday night that of the Union Philosophical. The societies' libraries are large, increasing, tastefully fitted up, and open to all. Fourteen thousand five hundred volumes are accessible to every student. The Board of Trustees met on Wednes-

day morning; Charles Collins, D. D., of Emory and Henry College, Va., was unanimously elected President of Dickinson, to supply the place of Dr. J. T. Peck, whose resignation last year went into effect this. The last year of Dr. Peck's administration has been the most quiet, orderly, and prosperous of any ever enjoyed by the college. The endowment by cheap scholarships, is working well. Two agents in the Baltimore Conference, one in the Philadelphia, and one in the New Jersey Conference, are pushing it with vigor. Stock to be raised, two hundred thousand dollars, and the certificates transferable. The Commencement exercises were characterized by a virtue not usual in such performances, brevity. Bishop Waugh, Pres. Allen, of Girard, Drs. Durbin and M'Clintock, Dr. Baird, of the Smithsonian, and Prof. Crooks, of Philadelphia, showed by their presence that they had lost none of their original interest in the affairs of the college. A large number of ministers and laymen from each of the three patronizing Conferences, added the weight of their dignity and influence to the occasion. Messrs. H. Anderson, of Va., Thomas Chattle, of N. J., J. T. Carlisle, of Pa., George J. Conner, of Md., T. M. Carson, of Va., R. B. Dietrich, of Pa., C. P. Humrich, of Pa., U. Hobbs, of Md., W. T. Haller, of Md., T. S. Lyon, of Pa., C. B. Lore, of Del., J. G. Lynch, of Md., T. M. M'Ceney, of Md., J. McCarty, of Md., S. H. H. Peach, of Md., J. K. Peck, of N. Y., R. Pierce, of N. Y., T. Sherlock, of Pa., W. A. Snively, of Pa., J. B. Wilson, of Md., J. Weller, of Va., and F. Connelly, of last year's class, were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The class of 1849 was advanced to the degree of Master. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Bishop Osmon C. Baker."

Methodist Biblical Institute.—From a late report of this institution we learn that the school commenced operations with seven students, April 1st, 1847. Before the end of the year, the number increased to thirty, the next year to forty, the third to forty-eight, the fourth to fifty, and the present year the number has swelled to sixty-three. Since the opening of the school, one hundred and twenty-nine young men have become members of it. The following is the number from each of the Annual Conferences: from East Maine, six; Maine, twelve; New-Hampshire, sixteen; New-England, eighteen; Vermont, twelve; Troy, ten; Black River, nine; New-York East, five; New-York, four; Oneida, eight; East Genesee, two; Genesee, one; New-Jersey, three; Philadelphia, two; Baltimore, two; Erie, three; Ohio, one; Indiana, one; Nova Scotia, two; in all, one hundred and twenty-three. The young men connected with the institution are from nineteen Conferences, and the school, though the youngest, stands numerically among the first in the United States. Thirteen students, the present year, have united with Annual Conferences, five of whom are regular graduates. Three of the former members of the school are now on mission ground on the Pacific coast, viz.: Messrs. Briggs, Doane and Woodward. It is the intention of the Board of Trustees to so reduce the expenses of students as to bring the advantages of the institution within the reach of every enterprising young man, however limited may be his circumstances. There is no charge made for tuition, use of rooms or furniture, or for use of library. The only necessary expenses, therefore, are for board, books, and incidentals, altogether not amounting to more than *sixty dollars* per annum. Some of our students sustain themselves by supplying new congregations on the Sabbath with preaching, or by teaching during the winter, and a few sustain themselves by manual labor.

The Library has been considerably improved the past year. Some excellent friend, whose name is unknown, has recently paid $50 for its improvement. It has now about two thousand volumes.

The property of the institution consists, (1.) of the Seminary building and grounds, valued at $6,000 00
(2.) The new boarding-house, . 3,000 00
(3.) Furniture of students'-rooms and lecture-rooms, ... 500 00
(4.) Notes paying interest, . . 11,200 00
(5.) Donation by Rev. Bishop Hedding, ... 1,000 00
(6.) Bond and mortgage, executed by D. Drew, Esq., ... 5,586 00
(7.) Bank stock in Providence, R. I., ... 600 00
(8.) Pledge of N. H. Conf., with annual interest, ... 3,500 00
(9.) Pledge of N. E. Conf., with annual interest, ... 6,000 00
(10.) Pledge of Prov. Conf., with annual interest, ... 6,000 00

Whole amount . . $43,392 00

For the last two years the income of the institution has been nearly sufficient to meet the professors' salaries.

The Literary World reports that among the novelties Mr. Putnam has in preparation for autumn publishing, are, "A New-England Tale, by Miss Sedgwick;" "An American Farmer in England," second series; "Head's Apuleius;" "A new volume by Bayard Taylor;" "The Winter Garden, by Mrs. Kirkland;" "Experiences of a Yankee Stone-Cutter;" "A New Work on Japan;" "Layard's Further Researches;" "Thackeray's Miscellanies;" and "Transactions of the American Geographical Society."

Rev. Moses Crow and Prof. Wells have been elected to Professorships in the *Genesee College* at Lima, N. Y.

According to an abstract of the *Presbyterian Board* of Publication, during the year ending March 31, 1852, the Board have added to their catalogue twenty-seven new books—two of which are in the German language—of which they have printed sixty-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty copies; and thirty-three new tracts—one of which is in the French language—of which they have issued one hundred and fifteen thousand copies. They have also printed thirty thousand copies of the Family Almanac for 1852. The whole number of copies of new publications during the year is two hundred and twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty. This is seventy-three thousand copies more than the issues of the preceding year. Total number of copies of books and

tracts published during the year, eight hundred and eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty, being an increase of three hundred and eighty-eight thousand copies over the former year. They have also published from March, 1851, to April, 1852, twelve months, six hundred and seventy-six thousand copies of the Presbyterian Sabbath-School Visitor. Thirty-four thousand copies are now published semi-monthly. For the year the sales have amounted to $66,513 72, or more than $6,500 over the amount reported last year. The donations received for colportage and distribution have amounted to $17,996 89, including a legacy of $825 23, being an excess of $7,705 70 over last year. Total excess of receipts of both departments over last year, $14,219 42, including the legacy just specified. The grants of the year have been as follows: Sabbath-schools, seven hundred and sixty-nine volumes; ships of war, naval and military posts, three hundred and ninety-seven volumes; humane institutions, sixty-eight volumes; literary and theological institutions, two thousand two hundred and ten volumes; indigent ministers, one thousand two hundred and ninety-three volumes; feeble churches, one thousand three hundred and fifty-five volumes; individuals for gratuitous distribution, three hundred and sixty-six volumes; and also one hundred and seventy-five thousand one hundred and ninety pages of tracts, independent of the donations of tracts made by colporteurs.

"Life of Rev. *John Wesley Childs*, for twenty-three years an itinerant Methodist minister, by Rev. John Ellis Edwards," is the title of a new publication just issued by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Southern Baptist Publication Society.—The Society is engaged in the publication of denominational and other religious works. Its General Book Depository at Charleston is in successful operation, and sales amounting to $15,000 were made the past year, embracing seventeen thousand volumes of books.

Western College Society.—This society, through which the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations at the east aid their colleges in the west, is now rendering help to eight colleges in the Western States. The amount contributed, says the last annual report, by the Eastern and Middle States since the organization of the society, has not been less than $200,000, which has been given to institutions, collegiate and theological, scattered over the six States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri.

The wife of the late *Bishop Bascom*, in a late number of the Nashville and Louisville Christian Advocate, requests all persons who have anything in their possession relative to the life of the Bishop, to forward it to Dr. Henkle, his biographer, Nashville, Tenn.

Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, has published a letter to the venerable Dr. Dana, in which he dissents from Prof. Park's statement of the New England Theology, and treats his views as wide from the truth, and of dangerous tendency.

Rev. Dr. Perkins writes from Persia to the American Bible Society, that they have translated and printed the Old Testament as far as the One Hundredth Psalm, and are hastening the work as fast as practicable. The Nestorians are exceedingly anxious to get hold of the Old Testament.

Rev. J. E. Copp has become associate editor of the Memphis and Arkansas Christian Advocate.

Newton Theological Seminary.—The last Senior Class of this seminary included six young men. "A new project has recently been set on foot to raise the sum of $100,000 to endow the seminary, and of this sum nearly $50,000 has already been pledged. One gentleman has subscribed $6,500, two gentlemen $5,000, and two $3,000 each."

Shurtleff College, Ill.—Commencement, June 24. Graduated, three. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Robert Ryland, President of Richmond College, Va., and that of LL. D. on Hon. Lyman Trumbull, of Alton, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

The Northern Christian Advocate says that the friends of education in *Richmondville*, New-York, are erecting a large Boarding Academy, of sufficient capacity to accommodate three hundred students, to commence operations the first of November. The trustees have elected the Rev. J. L. G. M'Kown, of the Oneida Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, their Principal. The Institution is to be called the Richmondville Union Seminary.

Cleveland University, Ohio.—The second Annual Commencement of Cleveland University took place on Wednesday, June 30th. On Tuesday the Hesperian Literary Society had an oration by J. M. Hoyt, Esq., and a poem by Professor W. S. Blanchard. The graduates were eight in number.

Miami College, Ohio.—Commencement, June 24th. The number of students is greater than at any time since 1840. Graduates, sixteen. It conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. J. C. Lowrie, of New-York; Rev. W. F. Ferguson, President of M'Donough College, Illinois; Rev. Wm. H. Goold, of Edinburgh, Scotland; Rev. Patrick M'Menamy, of Edinburgh; and Rev. Samuel W. Fisher, of Cincinnati. Rev. D. A. Wallace, of Fall River, Mass., an accomplished scholar and late President of Muskingum College, was elected Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, in place of Prof. Th. J. Matthews. R. H. Bishop, Jr., was elected Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, in place of Prof. J. C. Moffat. Prof. Moffat will still continue connected with the University in the department of Æsthetics.

Indiana State University.—Prof. Lathrop, now of Wisconsin, but formerly of the Missouri University, was chosen to the Presidency in the place of Rev. Dr. Wylie, deceased; and Prof. Millegan, of Washington, Pa., Professor of Mathematics. The Board established a Normal department and an Agricultural department. An unsuccessful effort was made, in the Legislature, to abolish the University, and devote its funds to common-school purposes, as also another effort to convert it into a Normal school exclusively.

Episcopal Theological Seminary, Va.—The alumni of this institution have pledged themselves to add $15,000 to the permanent fund—making it in the whole, $75,000. This seminary has furnished two hundred and sixty-four ministers, from which all the foreign missionaries of the Church have been taken, besides fourteen domestic missionaries.

Jefferson College, Pa.—The college at Cannonsburgh has recently had $60,000 subscribed to the endowment fund.

Hamilton College.—Commencement, July 28th. The address before the Society of Christian Research, delivered by Rev. Dr. Vermilye, of N. Y. city. Rev. Henry Kendall, of East Bloomfield, of the class of 1840, addressed the alumni; an Address before the Literary Societies, by Rev. Dr. Mandeville, of Albany, and a Poem by Wm. Starke, Esq., of Troy.

Hobart Free College.—The college at Geneva, now called by this name, held its Commencement July 1st. Literary addresses by R. H. Dana, Esq., of Boston, and John N. Whiting, Esq., of Geneva.

Madison College, Pa.—The first Commencement of this institution since its revival under the Protestant Methodists was held June 30th. Graduates, eight; all but one from southern States. Honorary D. D. given to Rev. Robert B. Thomson, of Virginia, and Rev. E. Yeates Reese, of Baltimore.

William and Mary, Va.—At the Commencement, the degree of LL. D. was conferred on Judge George P. Scarburgh, and Dennis H. Mahan, Professor of Engineering at West Point.

Genesee College.—We learn from the circular of this institution that its faculty consists of Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D., President, Intellectual Philosophy and Belles Lettres; James L. Alverson, A. M., Professor of Pure and Mixed Mathematics; Rev. George Whitlock, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; Rev. James Douglas, A. M., Professor of Latin and Greek Languages and Literature; Lockwood Hoyt, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Latin and Greek Languages and Literature; William Wells, Ph. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature; Rev. Moses Crow, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Evidences of Christianity; ——— Professor of Law; Asa B. Snow, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology; ——— Professor of Biblical Literature.

This college is under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is projecting its plans with great energy, and promises to become one of the most commanding literary institutions of the denomination.

FOREIGN.

Authors and Politics.—The London papers seem quite zealous lately for the political promotion of men of genius. They named several of them for the representation of Finsbury in Parliament. Some good remarks on the subject have appeared in the London Sun. The writer says:—"For some time past I have had to notice suggestions from editors in our London papers that Macaulay, or Dickens, or Jerrold should be pressed to stand for Finsbury. I now find that Macaulay has gracefully declined to do so. The repentant men of Edinburgh should have the brilliant essayist and historian. He is worthy of them, and were it not for his history I should regret that they rejected him. History, however, he would not have written, had he remained in Parliament, for he said that absence from Parliamentary excitement was necessary for a man girding himself for a great literary work. Let the great historian's assertion be pondered by those who would thrust other literary men into Parliament, however inferior their position to his. Macaulay is not to be had. He goes to Edinburgh; and may he represent that place so long as he can wag his eloquent tongue! As to Dickens and Jerrold, it would be a national calamity to distract either of them from the literary labors they both so admirably discharge. They belong to the community, and it is to be hoped that the men of Finsbury have too much sound sense to drag either of them from his proper vocation. Is it supposed that their time is not fully occupied? Would any man make either of them less a writer that he may become a struggling and questionable member of Parliament, to say nothing of the chance of signal defeat at the hustings?"

Authors in Parliament.—Apropos to the subject of the preceding item, the London Athenæum contains an interesting article giving a detailed list of members of Parliament whom it calls "the representatives of the literary interest in the Legislature." It says:—"Mr. Disraeli has hereditary pretensions to lead the literary interest in the lower house, and I do not think that there could be any 'opposition' to his claim of being the first novelist at present in the House of Commons. The only other M. P. whom I can find avowedly contributing to the fiction interest is Mr. Grantley Berkeley, whose novel of 'Berkeley Castle,' and its consequences, might furnish a chapter to 'Curiosities of Literature.' Lord John Russell, as author of 'Don Carlos,' is the only dramatist in the Lower House, and he ranks also amongst essayists, biographers and historians, by his various publications. Lord Mahon and Col. Mure are at the head of the historical and critical M. P.'s; and I perceive the names of Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh, and Sir John Walsh, as authors of historical writings. Under the head of poets, I observe Lords Maidstone and John Manners, and Mr. Monkton Milnes. The 'travelers' are more numerously represented in the lower house of Parliament than most other departments of literature; among them are—Lords Jocelyn and Naas, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr. Urquhart, and Mr. Whiteside; and I think that Sir George Staunton and Mr. George Thompson may be classed with the travelers. In the department of 'political philosophy' I find Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. W. J. Fox, and Col. Thompson; Mr. Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. George Smythe, and Mr. Mackinnon, appear amongst the general essayists. Mr. Walter, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wakely may be ranked with the editorial interest; and I may add that Mr. Butt, the new M. P. for Harwich, besides being the reputed author of a three-volume novel, was for some years the editor of the

"Dublin University Magazine." The biographers are represented by Mr. Grattan, author of a five-volume work on his celebrated father. The pamphleteer department is represented by "legion;" and I pass it by, with the remark that Lord Overstone in the upper, and Mr. Cobden in the lower house, are at its head by the importance of the publication. Turning to the Lords, the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Thirlwall) is clearly at the head of the historians in that assembly—Lord Brougham of Political Philosophy and Belles-Lettres—and Lord Campbell of biographers. The novelists are represented by Lords Normanby and Londesborough. The 'editorial interest' of the peers is of a different kind from that in the lower house, and is represented by the Earl of Malmesbury, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lords Holland and Braybrooke. Lord St. Leonard's work on 'Powers' shows that he has other than ex-officio rights to be placed at the head of living English writers on law. The Duke of Argyle, by his treatise on the Church History of Scotland, has added to the literary works of the Campbells. The Marquis of Ormonde has published a richly illustrated narrative of a residence in Sicily. In Physical Sciences, the Earl of Rose, not merely as P. R. S., but by his accomplishments, distances all competition in either house. There is only one autobiographer in the legislature—Lord Cloncurry. The acted drama, since the removal of Mr. Sheil, Sir T. N. Talfourd, and Sir Bulwer Lytton from the lower house, has no other representative in the legislature than the Earl of Glengall. Lord Strangford represents the poets of the peers; and of the Belles-Lettres interest in the upper house, the Earls of Carlisle and Ellesmere are efficient supporters.

"In the interest of the Fine Arts we may rank 'Athenian Aberdeen,' and as a musical composer the Lords have Lord Westmoreland. A more original author neither house can boast of than the venerable writer of 'The Wellington Dispatches.' I have not by me, when I write, the means of ascertaining the bench of bishops ranking with the literary interest; but foremost among them, besides the Bishop of St. David's, (named *ante*,) are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of London and Oxford. I may add that the number of peers is only about two-thirds that of the lower house; but, on the other hand, the peers enjoy much more leisure."

In a later No. of the Athenæum another correspondent suggests some emendations in the list. He says:—"I am a little amused at some omissions in your note of to-day on 'Parliamentary Literati.' For example:—Did your writer not know that Lord John Russell, besides what is ascribed to him in the note, published about thirty years ago a novel? Moreover, Lord John has published various poems besides his tragedy of 'Carlos.' Mr. Monckton Milnes, though most known as a poet, is, I think, most respectably known for his prose essays—especially his 'One Tract More' on the Pusey controversies. Lord Carlisle has often figured as a *poet*—his very first distinction having been a prize poem at Oxford. I believe Lord Brougham, besides 'Political Philosophy and Belles Lettres,' has a fair claim to be numbered among the historians of Parliament. In your correspondent's list of the Episcopal authors how came to be ignored the Bishop of Exeter?—I venture to say the most copious of all existing Episcopal contributors to our controversial literature—and, I don't fear to add, by much the ablest. By some of his performances, indeed, he is entitled to rank with the historians of his bench."

Rupert and Fairfax Papers.—We referred in our July No. to the proposed sale at auction of the correspondence of Prince Rupert, &c. The sale has taken place. It lasted seven days, and brought, says the Athenæum, £1,159 2*s.*—exceeding the estimate of the best judges by more than £150. The prices in all instances were very good. Thus, the "Jew's eye" of the collection, the famous letter from Charles the First to Rupert after the surrender of Bristol, brought £32—and the Pass to cross the seas to the Prince, inclosed with it, £3 10*s.* The next great price given for a Charles the First's letter was for one from Oxford, (lot three hundred and seventy-two,) which sold for £8 10*s.* A letter of Lord Clarendon's, about the execution of Charles the First and the state of affairs in February, 1648–9, brought £7 10*s.* The eight letters from the Marquis of Montrose to the Prince brought prices varying from £4 to £6 10*s.*—in all, £41 18*s.* 6*d.* A letter of Prince Maurice to his brother Rupert—a rare autograph—realized £4 18*s.* The only letter in the sale in the handwriting of John Pym—one of the scarcest of the Commonwealth autographs—was thought to go cheap at £6 6*s.*; and a letter of Sir William Davenant's—the only letter known to exist of his—cheaper still at £3 5*s.* A letter of David Leslie's (Earl of Newark)—the only one that has occurred for sale for many years—brought £3 6*s.* A letter of Col. Hutchinson's sold for £4 4*s.*; and a letter of the heroic Countess of Derby (lot one hundred and ninety-nine) for £6. The average price of the Clarendon letters (all written when he was Sir Edward Hyde) was about 35*s.*, though the better letters sold for much larger sums. Before the Rupert "find"—for so coin-collectors would term the horde now sold—letters of Clarendon's were rare occurrences at auctions.

Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea has lately been published in Germany.

Seven translations of *Dickens's* Bleak House have been published in Germany.

The Leipsig correspondent of Norton's Literary Gazette says that *Mrs. Robinson* (wife of Prof. Robinson) has "become quite the literary heroine of the day in Germany; all her books which have been issued in America are in the course of publication in the German language; some of them have already made their appearance, and are much admired by the numerous friends of the authoress."

The English press advertises editions of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, Dr. Olin's Sermons, Brace's Hungary, and Curtis's "Lotos-Eating," the latter before its appearance in this country. American books are fast becoming staple in the English market.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer states that *D'Aubigne* has finished the fifth volume of his History of the Reformation, and that it is soon to be published.

Norton's Literary Gazette says:—*Mr. Grote* has already advanced a considerable way in the composition of the eleventh volume of his History of Greece. This volume is to appear by itself, and is to conduct the history of the several Grecian States on to that period at which their separate liberties were overborne by the Macedonian energies of Philip and Alexander.

Among the late literary announcements of *Paris* are the following interesting works:—

Bergeret (*Dr.*)—De l'Abus des Boissons alcoholiques. Ouvrage annote par le Docteur Alzaret-Dugat. In 18mo. *Bicchy* (*Armand*) — Saint Augustine; ou, l'Afrique au V. siecle. In 8vo. ——— Saint Louis; ou, la France au XIII. siecle. In 8vo. *Dictionnaire Universel* (*le.*)—Pantheon litteraire et encyclopedie illustree. Par Maurice de la Chatre; avec le concours de savants, d'artistes, et d'hommes de lettres. In 4to. de 2 feuilles; to be completed in from seventy-five to one hundred numbers, with wood-cuts. *Drame de '93* (*le.*)—Scenes de la vie revolutionnaire. Vols. 5, 6, 7, now complete. *Figuier* (*Louis.*)—Exposition et Histoire des principales Decouvertes scientifiques modernes. Tome 3. Grand in 18mo. *Fontanier* (*V.*)—Voyage dans l'Archipel Indien. In 8vo. *Garnier* (*Adolphe*)—Traite des Facultes de l'ame; contenant l'histoire des principales theories physiologiques. 3 vols. in 8vo. *Geruzez* (*E.*)—Histoire de la Litterature Francaise au moyen age, et aux temps modernes. In 8vo. *Krichna* et sa Doctrine. Dixieme Livre du Bhagavat Pourana. Traduit sur le manuscrit hindoui de Lalatch Kab, par Theodore Pavie. In 8vo. *Maistre* (*J. Comte de*)—Examen des differentes objections contre la Chronologie Biblique; suivie de leur refutation, a l'aide des decouvertes nouvelles faites dans les histoires de l'Orient, par le chevalier de Paravey. In 8vo. *Marounites* (*les,*) d'apres le manuscrit arabe du R. P. Azar. In 12mo. *Reuss* (*Edouard*)—Histoire de la Theologie Chretienne au Siecle Apostolique. 2 vols. in 8vo. *Souverains* et Princes regnants de l'Europe. Histoire de la Monarchie Europeenne au XIX. Siecle. Par une societe d'hommes politiques. In 4to. Twenty portraits engraved on steel, to be published in three parts. *Vaulabelle* (*Achille de*)—Chute de l'Empire. Histoire des deux restaurations, jusqu' a la chute de Charles X. Tome 6.

The *French Government* has made its usual munificent appropriations for art, literature, &c., notwithstanding the depressed state of its finances. We give the following examples:—$24,000 for subscriptions to new books; $36,000 for encouragement and relief to literary men and artists; $20,000 for the purchase of pictures and sculpture for the Louvre; $54,000 for encouragement to the fine arts; $27,500 for relief to artists, dramatic authors, musicians, and their widows; $185,400 to musicians; $86,500 to public libraries; $67,000 to the College de France, schools of eastern languages, &c.; $24,000 for publication of unpublished historical documents; $6,000 for learned societies; $13,000 for scientific journeys and missions; $151,000 for the preservation of historical monuments; $123,000 for Murillo's *Conception of the Virgin*. This is truly magnificent. When shall we see in our own government similar liberality? The reader will notice that the appropriation for Murillo's painting confirms the largest estimate given in our article of last month respecting that work.

A baronetcy has been conferred by the Queen of England on the Scottish historian, now Sir Charles Alison.

The London Gazette says, that during the summer there is to be a "*Studententag*" of the assembled northern universities, in Christiania. The proposition emanated from the students of Upsala, three hundred of whom have chartered a steamer for the voyage. Should the meeting turn out successful, it will probably be repeated annually.

Professor Liebig, after long hesitation, has finally decided to give up his Professorship at Giessen, in favor of a similar post at Munich.

Auguste Comte has issued the second volume of his *Politique Positive*, embracing Social Statics. A mere indication of its chapters will suggest its importance: 1st. General Theory of Religion, or the Positive Theory of Human Unity; 2d. Sociological Appreciation of the Human Problem, from whence the Positive Theory of Property; 3d. Positive Theory of the Family; 4th. The Positive Theory of the Social Organism; 5th. Positive Theory of Language; 6th. Positive Theory of Social Existence systematized by the Priesthood; 7th. Positive Theory of the General Limits of Variation of which Order is susceptible. The able but skeptical works of Comte are exciting great interest. The very best reviews of them, in this country, have appeared in the Methodist Quarterly, which is conducted with signal ability by Dr. M'Clintock. Comte addresses a letter to the Dr. in this volume.

M. Thiers arrived at Geneva lately. He intends passing the year at Clarens, finishing his "History of the Consulate and Empire." His family is to join him there. During the stay of M. Thiers at Turin, the Academy of Sciences held a special meeting in his honor, the ministers invited him to dine with them, and complimentary speeches were addressed to him at the Museum of Artillery.

French Papers.—While the French Government, as we have shown, maintains its usual generosity to art and the literary press, the political press is being crushed by insupportable restrictions. We learn from the London Gazette that "it (the government) has definitely determined on reducing very considerably the price of the official *Moniteur*, and on giving it all the features of an ordinary newspaper. This will be the last blow to the unfortunate press —not a single newspaper, perhaps, or at best very, very few, will be able to stand against such a terrible competition. The idea, however, of seeing all the newspapers in the land drop off, does not terrify the present rulers of France; on the contrary, it pleases them immensely. A periodical political press, however mutilated and shackled, still represents a cer-

tain degree of liberty, and, above all, it shows that the love of holy freedom is not totally extinguished in the hearts of the people, notwithstanding their present abject slavery. For so doing, newspapers are naturally hated by the despots; and the more they are vile, the more they hate them. *En attendant* the complete annihilation of the press, 'warnings' continue to shower on journals, especially in the provinces, like hail. After a 'warning' twice repeated, the government has the right to suppress any newspaper without any form of trial; and this is why it is so liberal with its *avertissements.*"

The following are among the most recent German and other continental publications announced in Europe. The French we give elsewhere:—

Lutterbeck (*Prof. Dr. J. A. B.*)—Die neutestamentlichen Lehrbegriffe; ein Handbuch f. alteste Dogmen-geschichte u. system. Exegese des neuen Testaments. *Noak* (*L.*)—Der Genius d. Christenthums; der Christus in der Weltgeschichte. *Pohl* (*Dr. E.*)—Die Melancholie, nach dem neuesten Standpunkte der Physiologie u. auf Grundlage klin. Beobachtungen. Lex. 8vo. *Rellstab* (*Lud.*)—Sommermarchen in Reisebildern aus Deutchland, Belgien, Frankreich, England u. Schottland, im J. 1851. 2 Thl., 8vo. *Rochau* (*A. L. v.*)—Italienisches Wanderbuch. 1850, 1851. 2 Bde., 8vo. *Schumann*, (*A.*)—Christus; oder, die Lehre des alten u. neuen Testamentes v. d. Person des Erlosers, biblisch-dogmatisch entwickelt. 1 Bd., gr. 8vo. *Schneidewin* (*F. W.*)—Die Sage vom Oedipus. Gr. 4to. *Thiersch* (*Dr. H. W. J.*)—Die Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche im Alterthum. 1 Theil, gr. 8vo. *Werner* (*Prof. Dr. K.*)—System der Christenlichen Ethik. 3er Theil, gr. 8vo. *Brukner* (*C. A. F.*)—Leben des M. Tullius Cicero. *Duflos* (*Prof. Dr. A.*)—Die Chemie in ihren Anwendung auf das Leben u. de Gewerbe. In 2 Thln. *Ennemoser* (*Dr. Jos.*)—Anleitung zur Mesmerischen Praxis. *Ewald* (*Prof. Dr. Heinr.*)—Geschichte des Volkes Israel, bis Christus. Gr. 8vo. *Gladish* (*Prof. Aug.*)—Die Religion u. die Philosophie in ihrer weltgeschichtlichen Entwickelung u. Stellung zu einander. Gr. 8vo.

Wesleyan University.—The Commencement is on the 4th inst., after we go to press; it will hereafter be noticed.

Religious Summary.

The General Summary of all the Wesleyan Missions, as given in the last Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, is as follows:—

Central or principal stations, called circuits, occupied by the society, in various parts of the world,	350
Chapels and other preaching-places in connexion with the above-mentioned central or principal stations, as far as ascertained,	3,092
Missionaries and Assistant Missionaries, including twenty-one Supernumeraries,	476
Other paid agents, as Catechists, Interpreters, Day-School Teachers, &c.,	782
Unpaid agents, as Sabbath-school Teachers, &c.,	8,477
Full and accredited Church-members, including Ireland, (increase, 3,843,)	108,078
On trial for Church-membership, as far as ascertained,	5,499
Scholars, deducting for those who attend *both* the day and Sabbath-schools,	79,841
Printing establishments,	8

The funds raised by the Free Church of Scotland the past year, for the four great objects of their association, amounted to more than $1,300,000.

The enthronization of *Dr. Cullen* as Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, took place on Tuesday, June 29, with great pomp, at the Church of the Conception, Dublin.

It appears certain that the *British Government* will rigidly enforce all the clauses of the Catholic Emancipation Act. The Government, through the chief Secretary, Mr. Walpole, have informed Dr. Newman that the recent proclamation referred to all practices contrary to the strict letter of the law. The Irish Roman Catholics declare they will not obey the law, and the priests who conform to its requirements have in several instances been insulted in the streets.

In *Greece* there has been a religious revolt, headed by a fanatic priest, caused by the recent understanding with the Patriarch of Constantinople for putting the Greek Church under his control.

Progress of Mormonism.—This enormous delusion seems to possess a remarkable spirit of propagandism. It has spread rapidly in this country and also in England. Elder Curtis E. Bolton, writing from Paris under date of June 14, speaks most encouragingly of his success. He is now holding public meetings, and in the last three weeks had baptized fifteen persons.

Elder Wm. Willis writes from Calcutta, May 2, that since last Christmas day his Indian brethren had increased from six to one hundred and fifty, and "if we," says he, "were to include children, we could show more than three hundred Indian saints of all sizes, colors, and languages, not to say a word about dress and undress." The statistics of the Mormons in India at that date were three elders, eight priests, nine teachers, eight deacons, and one hundred and twenty-two members.

The *German Reformed Messenger* denies that the Rev. A. Nevin and the Rev. C. M. Jamison, who have recently left the German Reformed Church, were influenced in taking that step, as was Dr. Berg, by the present attitude of that Church toward the Mercersburgh Theology.

The *New School Presbyterian Church* now comprises one hundred and forty thousand six hun-

dred and fifty communicants, being an increase of five hundred and seventy-six during the last year. The number of churches is sixteen hundred and two, ministers fifteen hundred and twenty-seven, licentiates one hundred and thirty.

The next *General Conference* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, meets in Columbus, Ga., May, 1854.

Rev. Peter Percival, of Ceylon, Rev. Mr. Henderson, of Cork, and Rev. Frederick Stevens, of Tralee, have recently withdrawn from the British Wesleyans. Mr. Percival has entered the National Church; the others have joined the Independents.

According to the official reports, six hundred and forty-eight persons renounced Catholicism and embraced Protestantism in *Silesia* last year. Of these six hundred and forty-eight persons, two hundred and ninety-six were adults, and the remainder had already been confirmed.

A paper has recently been printed in England giving the number of *Colonial Bishops*, with their salaries, and whence derived. The Bishop of Quebec has £1,990, which includes the salary to the bishop as rector of the parish; the Bishop of Toronto, £1,250; the Bishop of Montreal, £800; the Bishop of Nova Scotia, £550; the Bishop of Frederickton, £1,000; the Bishop of Newfoundland, £1,200; the Bishop of Rupert's Land, £700; the Bishop of Jamaica, £3,000; the Bishop of Barbadoes, £2,500; the Bishop of Antigua, £2,000; the Bishop of Guiana, £2,000; the Bishop of Sydney, £1,500; the Bishop of Melbourne, £333 6*s.* 8*d.*; the Bishop of Newcastle, a similar amount; the Bishop of Adelaide, £800; the Bishop of Tasmania, £800, and £200 for house allowance; the Bishop of New Zealand, £1,200; the Bishop of Cape Town, £800; the Bishop of Colombo, £2,000; the Bishop of Victoria, £1,000; and the Bishop of Gibraltar, £1,200. Some of the salaries are paid by the Imperial Parliament vote, some out of the colonial funds and Colonial Bishoprics Fund, the consolidated fund, and in two instances partly by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the salary of the Bishop of New Zealand (£1,200 a year) is made up by £600 voted by the Imperial Parliament and £600 by the Church Missionary Society to the Colonial Bishoprics Fund.

In the canton of *Ticino, Switzerland*, considerable religious agitation is going on. The Bishop of Como, having dismissed four priests of this canton, who had voted as members of the Grand Council in favor of a decree tending to secularize the clergy, the Council of State published a proclamation against the bishop, prohibiting all persons, under a penalty of from 100*fr.* to 10,000*fr.*, from aiding in the execution of the episcopal decree.

Bishop Henshaw, of the diocese of Rhode Island, expired at Frederick, Md., July 20. He was consecrated in St. John's Church, Providence, on the 11th of August, 1843.

In *New South Wales* the members of the Church of England number ninety-three thousand one hundred and thirty-seven; Presbyterians, eighteen thousand one hundred and fifty-six; Wesleyan Methodists, ten thousand and eight; Roman Catholics, fifty-six thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Somerset county, N. J., is the birth-place of twenty-eight ministers, now in the service of the Reformed Dutch Church. Five others became residents of the same during the period of early childhood. Four more are sons of parents themselves natives and residents of that county till near the nativity of their offspring; and, besides, she has furnished "honorable women not a few" to very many clergymen of other denominations.

The *Unitarians* of San Francisco have agreed to invite Rev. Mr. Harrington, of Mass., to preach for them one year for $6,000, and have raised $1,000 to pay his expenses out, with an agreement to pay his way back if he does not like.

The Old School Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has agreed to establish a mission in California, to labor among the Chinese, thousands of whom are emigrating from their own overflowing country to the shores of the Pacific, in quest of gold. Rev. W. Speer and lady go out as the first missionaries.

The Annual Conference of the *Primitive Methodist Connection* assembled in Sheffield, on Wednesday, June 2d, and after devotional exercises, proceeded to the discharge of its duties. The number of members was reported at one hundred and nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-four, and the increase for the year one thousand two hundred and three. The number of traveling preachers was reported at five hundred and sixty; of local preachers, nine thousand three hundred and fifty; of class-leaders, six thousand six hundred and thirty-two; of connectional chapels, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-three; of rented chapels and rooms, &c., three thousand five hundred and ninety-five; of Sabbath schools, one thousand four hundred and sixty-three; of scholars, one hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred and sixty-eight; and of gratuitous teachers, twenty-two thousand three hundred and ninety-eight. The number of deaths reported was one thousand four hundred and fifty-one. The funds of the connection were found in a sound and healthy state, and the connectional periodicals were very extensively circulated: eleven thousand five hundred of the sixpenny Monthly Magazine, and thirty-one thousand of the Juvenile penny one, are distributed over the British Isles and the foreign missionary stations; and the missions in England, Ireland, Scotland, the Channel Islands, South Australia, New South Wales, Victoria or Port Phillip, and New Zealand, were generally in a promising state.

The Southern Christian Advocate says:—"A lady of Charleston—Mrs. Kohno—a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has left upward of $90,000 to religious and charitable purposes, besides $70,000 in bequests to relatives, servants, and friends."

Bishop Soule visits the California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, early next autumn.

Southern Baptist Board of Domestic Missions.—Rev. T. S. Curtis has become secretary in place

of Rev. R. Holman, resigned. The Board has sixty-six missionaries, in fifteen States and Territories. The *Southern Baptist* says:—"The fact that four peculiarly *Roman Catholic* cities of the United States—Baltimore, Mobile, St. Louis, and New Orleans—as well as the States where this system has most power, are in the South, has turned the attention of the Board to this class of our population. The proposed plan of action is to seek out converts from Romanism, and employ them in preaching to their countrymen. It is greatly to be hoped that this plan will be carried out."

The *Presbyterian Board of Publication* have employed, during the past year, one hundred and forty-one colporteurs, in twenty-five different States.

The *American Bible Society* has recently shipped to Dr. Stevenson, the Assistant Book Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, one thousand copies of the New Testament, and five hundred Bibles, for gratuitous distribution.

The General Association of *Baptists in Virginia* met at Norfolk, June 4, Rev. James B. Taylor, moderator. Annual sermon by Rev. B. Manly. The report of the Board of Managers, (Home Missions,) reported:—"Twenty-seven missionaries had been commissioned during the year, who labored in twenty-eight towns and villages, and fifty-two counties. They preached two thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven sermons, baptized five hundred and fifty-one converts, constituted five new churches, organized fourteen Sunday schools, erected seven houses of worship, and are engaged in erecting six others, and distributed many religious books and Bibles. Contributions, $4,117. Eleven thousand persons had been baptized, and one-fourth of all the Baptist churches of the Church constituted by the missionaries of the Association since its organization. Ten thousand members had been added to the churches by baptism within the last two years. There are now connected with this denomination in Virginia over ninety thousand members." The Board asks for $10,000 this year, of which $4,000 was subscribed on the spot. The Education Society assist twelve young men, who are studying to prepare for the ministry. The agent of Richmond College reported that he had collected $58,500 of the $100,000 endowment, and that the trustees would commence operations as soon as $60,000 were obtained. This sum was made up at the meeting, and it is expected the whole $100,000 will be made up in a few months.

Systematic Benevolence. — There have been printed of Rev. Parsons Cooke's "Divine Law of Beneficence," fifty-five thousand; of Rev. Samuel Harris's "Zaccheus, or Scriptural Plan of Benevolence," forty-five thousand; of Rev. Mr. Lawrence's "Mission of the Church," thirty thousand; of Tract on "Religion and Beneficence," one hundred and eight thousand.

The San Francisco *Christian Observer* is de- ting several of its columns weekly to religious l useful matter in the Spanish language. Francisco contains fourteen Protestant egations, eleven organized churches, with rerage attendance of two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. There are four hundred and eighty-three Church members.

All They Asked!—In the early part of 1851, the American Sunday-School Union issued a stirring appeal to the liberality of the friends of the rising race in the United States, and asked for $50,000 for their aid. At the close of their fiscal year, they report the receipts of donations amounting to $50,038 49. It is not often that benevolent institutions receive *more* than they ask.

The *Presbyterian* furnishes the names of thirty-four ministers of the Presbyterian Church —Old School—who have died during the past year. The average age of twenty-eight, whose names are given, is fifty-seven years and nearly a half. One attained the age of eighty-four; one seventy-nine; two sixty; one eighty-five; and one ninety-six. Eight were doctors of divinity, two professors in theological seminaries, and three presidents of colleges.

Methodism in England.—The London *Watchman*, the organ of the Conference Methodists in England, says that the total net decrease in the year, from March, 1851, to March, 1852, is twenty thousand six hundred and sixteen; but that there are thirteen thousand one hundred and twelve persons on trial for membership, who have been admitted into society between last December and March, and it is probable that already nearly all of them are fully accredited members. In not less than thirteen districts, an increase of members appears for the last quarter, whilst in some others, and they too among the more large and influential, the decrease is very trifling. In view of this and other cheering intelligence, the Watchman says:—"With such data before us, we think we may with humble confidence draw the conclusion that not only has the downward tendency of our numerical returns been stayed, but also that the tide of spiritual prosperity is again beginning to flow."

Dr. Russell, of Maynooth College, in Ireland, made a public declaration that each student of the college had a Bible, and that a whole recess of their library was devoted to Biblical literature, which literature was the subject of their study during their five years' course. In answer to this statement of the Professor, Patrick O'Brien, a converted priest, answers to the effect that he was an alumnus of the college; and he declared, with all the solemnity of an oath, that during his six years' residence in that college, in course of education for the priesthood, he had no Bible in his possession; nor was he aware that any other student had one; nor was it a class-book in the divinity course, even in the dead language; and that as soon as he came to read the Bible he renounced Popery.

The General Conference of the *Mormons*, held in Great Salt Lake City, April 6th, unanimously made Brigham Young "President, Prophet, Seer, and Revelator," of the Church in all the earth, and gave him two counselors. A presiding bishop and five assistants were ordained, and sixty-seven priests. Missionaries were appointed also to Italy, Calcutta, and other foreign countries. The income of "the

Church" from tithes, in four years, has been $390,260.

The *Governor-General of India* alone costs the East India Company more, annually, than the expense of the whole missionary agency in the presidencies of Bengal and Agra. His salary is *twenty-four thousand pounds per annum*, and his allowance for traveling is *forty-five thousand pounds—sixty-nine thousand pounds;* while the whole expenditures of the *one hundred and fifty-nine* missionaries in the above presidencies are *sixty-eight thousand pounds.*

The *London Times* says that, in the immediate vicinity of Orchard-street, Portman-square, is a platform on which, from time to time, the Protestant Bible is committed to the flames.

The *U. S. frigate Independence*, which recently arrived at New-York, during her absence was the scene of a remarkable religious interest, and has returned with more than a hundred converts.

The *Presbyterian* publishes a letter, said to be from the pen of Dr. Junkin, of Washington, from which we ascertain these facts: — Gen. Scott is a Protestant Episcopalian, and worships at St. John's Church, in Washington. Mr. Graham is by birth and education a Presbyterian, though not a communicant of any Church, and as his lady is a member of the Baptist Church, he worships, part of the time at least, with that denomination. Gen. Pierce is by education a Congregationalist, though not a member of the Church. Mr. King is a Protestant Episcopalian in his preferences.

The *Missionary Magazine* for July, among other statistics of *Liberia*, states the inhabitants at three hundred thousand, among whom about seven thousand may be regarded as civilized. There are more than two thousand communicants in the Christian Churches, more than fifteen hundred children in Sabbath school, and twelve hundred in day schools. Communicants in the missions on the Gold Coast, about eleven thousand. Funds have been raised in the United States for education to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

The Wesleyan Times, London, reports the last Conference of the *Methodist New Connection*, and announces their number as follows: England, sixteen thousand five hundred and thirty-five; Ireland, eight hundred and twenty-one; Canada, four thousand and thirty-four: in all, twenty-one thousand three hundred and ninety. The net profits of the Book Room were announced to be £584, or $2,500, for the past year. The missions were found to be in a prosperous condition, and the funds were in advance of last year. The Conference deliberated on the best means of promoting a general revival of religion throughout the community, the Connectional officers were appointed, and the stations of the preachers were finally fixed.

The "*Society for the Propagation of the Faith,*" in France, has published its financial exhibit for the year 1851. Its receipts, which are some $48,229 more than those of the preceding year, are as follows:—

France	$397,460
North America	15,654
South America	5,861
Belgium	41,105
Great Britain	25,894
States of the Church	14,803
Spain	1,808
Greece	3,397
Sandwich Islands	280
Sardinia	45,555
The Sicilies	13,785
The Levant	927
Lombardy, &c.	11,307
Malta	2,879
Modena	3,667
Parma	1,693
Netherlands	16,883
Portugal	5,969
Prussia	35,947
Other German States	3,254
Switzerland	8,548
Tuscany	8,903

The Society distributed in the year 1851, among its various Missions, nearly $600,000, and still has in its treasury, after paying all its expenses, a reserve of $53,196.

The Missions in Europe received	$111,816
The Missions in Asia	203,035
The Missions in Africa	57,800
The Missions in America	149,736
The Missions in Oceanica	68,516

Scientific Items.

Smithsonian Institute. — Among our Literary Intelligence will be found some animadversions on the literary arrangements and provisions of the Smithsonian Institute, from a correspondent of the New York Tribune. The writer says of that establishment, generally— "I shall pass over the unrivaled bad taste of the building itself; but as yet fears may justly be entertained that the inward soul which is to animate these walls may be as misshaped, as cramped as the external body. I can only hope that I may prove mistaken, and that the spirit of the founder may be satisfied in some future time, that what he wished—the diffusion of useful knowledge—is really the result of this costly institution. As yet, it is difficult to say what is the fact about it. Aside from the large rooms, there is scarcely anything to be looked at, as an embryo of a great comprehensive scientific establishment. What is here already discloses rather a certain outsidedness and superficiality."

In a subsequent letter, the same writer repeats his attack, and gives some items of specific information, as follows:—"In the *Reading-room* is to be found *less* than the average number of well-known English and American periodicals taken in establishments of the like character. At all events, *less* than in the Boston Athenæum or the New-York Society Library. The selections comprise little more than the principal local

newspapers, some few of little name and influence from other places, some weeklies—as *The Home Journal*, *The Carpet Bag*, and the like—and one or two French and German publications. The *Physical Cabinet*, with all its apparatus, is not to be compared to that of any of the smallest and poorest Gymnasia in Germany or France. A few instruments for philosophical experiments, still fewer for mechanics, or a few for electro-magnetism, chemistry, optics, and acoustics, are all. In a word, it is a very poor collection, and most of the individual articles are the gifts of private individuals. And this is all in this department to serve for the *increase and diffusion of knowledge among men*. Two volumes of the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge* have been published. However interesting their contents may be—especially in that part relating to the celebrated pupil of Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston—I doubt whether, as a whole, they answer to the pompous announcement of them, and the rich and costly style of their publication. I am sure that, did the Directors possess minds of more elasticity, American pens might have furnished contributions far more worthy to be placed in the class of those *increasing human knowledge*. The Smithsonian Institution publishes a list of those foreign institutions with which it is in correspondence, and with which it exchanges publications. Their number is about two hundred and fifty. This has an amazing sound—still, to call things by their right names, it is merely a trap to catch gulls. Out of this great number, hardly one-fifth are really worthy of mention, or possess any consideration in the learned world, and these alone publish anything worthy of an exchange. This is known to all who are at all acquainted with such matters. The rest will never rise from their obscurity and nothingness. But the list astonishes and puzzles the public and the innocent Regents, and gives them a high idea of the activity of the directing mind. In plain terms, let me say, that presumption, fuss, and scientific onesidedness, prevail throughout the whole, as if human knowledge were limited in its range of topics, and must be confined to the natural and the more or less practical sciences."

We can hardly suppose that these repeated assaults on an institution of so much public importance, both to our national honor and the common cause of science, are without some just occasion; but we suspect, as intimated in our "Literary Intelligence," that the personal views, perhaps prejudices, of the writer, have something to do with them. The last sentence we give from him, and some following passages show that he is himself a stickler for the abstract sciences, and especially the speculative ones. The absence of these from the programme of the institution is the grievance which provokes him. Nothing, however, would be more preposterous than the introduction of these hypothetical and debateable sciences into the inquiries and publications of the institution. It must necessarily keep itself within quite definite limits if it would not have similar attacks multiplied on all sides. The arts and the material sciences constitute its appropriate domain.

Lieutenant Hunt, of the American Coast Survey, states that copper-plate engravings may be copied on stone. To quote his description:—"A copper-plate being duly engraved, it is inked, and an impression taken on transfer-paper. A good paper, which wetting does not expand, is needed, and a fatty coating is used in the process. The transfer-paper impression is laid on the smooth stone, and run through a press. It is then wetted, heated, and stripped off from the stone, leaving the ink and fat on its face. The heated fat is softly brushed away, leaving only the ink-lines. From this reversed impression on the stone, the printing is performed just as in ordinary lithography. A good transfer produces from three thousand to five thousand copies. Thus prints from a single copper-plate can be infinitely multiplied, the printing being, moreover, much cheaper than copper-plate."

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal reports the following account of a successful case of transfusion of blood in the human subject, performed in presence of the ablest surgeons of Paris. A woman was taken to the Hotel Dieu reduced by hemorrhage to the last stage of weakness, unable to speak, to open her eyes, or to draw back her tongue when put out. The basilic vein was opened, and the point of a syringe, warmed to the proper temperature, was introduced, charged with blood drawn from the same vein in the arm of one of the assistants. The quantity, a hundred and eighty grammes, was injected in two and a half minutes, after which the wound was dressed, and the patient placed in a comfortable position. Gradually, the beatings of the pulse rose from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and thirty-eight, and became firmer; the action of the heart increased in energy; the eyes opened with a look of intelligence; and the tongue could be advanced and withdrawn with facility, and regained its redness. On the following day, there was a little delirium, after which the pulse fell to ninety, the signs of vitality acquired strength, and at the end of a week the woman left the hospital restored to health. Cases of successful transfusion are so rare, that it is not surprising the one here recorded should have excited attention among physiologists.

A communication has been made to the Geological Society at Paris by *M. de Hauslab*, on a subject which has from time to time occupied the thoughts of those who study the *physique* of the planet on which we live—namely, the origin of the present state of our globe, and its crystal-like cleavage. After a few preliminary remarks about mountains, rocks, dikes, and their line of direction, he shows that the globe presents the form approximately of a great octahedron, (eight-sided figure;) and further, that the three axial planes which such a form necessitates, may be described by existing circles round the earth: the first being Himalaya and Chimborazo; starting from Cape Finisterre, passing to India, Borneo, the eastern range of Australia, New Zealand, across to South America, Caracas, the Azores, and so round to Finisterre. The second runs in the opposite direction; includes the Andes, Rocky Mountains, crosses Behring's Strait to Siberia, thence to the Altai, Hindostan, Madagascar, Cape Colony, and ending again at the Andes of Brazil. The third, which cuts the two former at right angles, proceeds from the Alps, traverses the

Mediterranean by Corsica and Sardinia to the mountains of Fezzan, through Central Africa to the Cape, on to Kerguelen's Land, Blue Mountains of Australia, Spitzbergen, Scandinavia, and completing itself in the Alps, from whence it started. These circles show the limits of the faces of the huge crystal, and may be divided into others, comprising forty-eight in the whole. The views thus set forth exhibit much ingenuity; and when we consider that metals crystallize in various forms, and native iron in the octahedral, there is much to be said in their favor. We shall probably not be long before hearing of another gold field; for Dr. Barth writes from the interior of Africa, that grains of the precious metal have been found in two rivers which flow into Lake Tchad, and that the mountains in the neighborhood abound with it. Should the first discovery be verified by further explorations, gold will be more abundant than it now promises to be, and Africa perhaps the richest source of supply. Apropos of this continent, a French traveler is about to prove from the results of a journey from the Cape toward the equator, that the Carthaginian discoveries had been pushed much farther toward the south than is commonly supposed.

M. Gruithuisen, one of the most distinguished astronomers of Germany, died lately, aged seventy-eight. He was for many years Professor of Astronomy in the University of Munich. In addition to his astronomical labors, he effected great improvements in telescopes and in surgical instruments. He was characterized alike by mechanical genius and scientific erudition.

The English papers announce the discovery of another new planet by Mr. Hind. Its position was on the borders of the constellations Aquila and Serpens, about 5° east of the star Tau in Ophiuchus. The newly-found planet, to use the words of Mr. Hind, "shines as a fine star of between the eighth and ninth magnitudes, and has a very steady yellow light. At moments it appeared to have a disk, but the night was not sufficiently favorable for high magnifiers. At 13h. 13m. 16s., mean time, its right ascension was 18h. 12m. 58.8s., and its north polar distance 98° 16′ 0.9″. The diurnal motion in R. A. is about 1m. 2s. toward the west, and in N. P. D. two or three minutes toward the south." Mr. Hind is now the great discoverer of planets—and were it the fashion to confer fortune-names he would infallibly be known as the Star Finder.

Book Notices.

By the politeness of Bangs, Brother & Co. we have received the "National Illustrated Library" edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, in four volumes. It is profusely illustrated with portraits of Johnson's cotemporaries, views of localities, and characteristic designs, engraved from authentic sources. Many of the cuts are exceedingly well done, and it may be said, as their highest commendation, that they enhance even the interest of Boswell's narrative—an interest never equaled before nor since in biography. This edition is decidedly the best for popular use which is now extant.

Cobbin's Domestic Bible, published by *Huestom*, 189 *Nassau-street, New-York*, is one of the best illustrated editions of the Scriptures ever issued in this country. It contains seven hundred wood cuts and steel maps, seventeen thousand critical and illustrative notes, thirteen thousand improved readings, one hundred and forty thousand marginal references, an excellent chronological order, by which the reader may follow continuously the narrative of both Testaments, a division by dates of chapters for morning and evening lessons, a good index, and a metrical arrangement of the poetical books. Sufficient is said, when we give this outline. Prices vary, according to the binding, from $7 50 to $10 50.

Mackay's "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions, and the Madness of Crowds," has been published, with numerous engravings, at the English "National Illustrated Library" establishment, 227 Strand, London. It is a work of marvelous interest, recording as it does the most anomalous facts in the history of delusions. The alchemists, magnetizers, modern prophecies, fortune-telling, the South Sea Bubble, with other notable "bubbles," and many similar exhibitions of fanaticism, are treated with much detail and most entertaining interest. The wood engravings, illustrating almost every page, are nearly all representations of real scenes and many of them strongly characterized portraits. This work is interesting not merely by its fascinating marvelousness, but for the real and abundant erudition with which it illustrates some of the most remarkable developments of human nature. *Bangs, Brother & Co.* are agents for it in this country.

Vestiges of Civilization is the title of an anonymous work on the "Ætiology" of history, religious, æsthetical, political, and philosophical. We have at present room for but three or four remarks upon it. It displays extraordinary intellectual energy and acumen; it presents a remarkable range of erudition, generally accurate, however fallaciously applied; it is thoroughly rationalistic, or even worse. The author is evidently a disciple of Comte, whose Positivism pervades the volume. It is withal too elaborate a work for popular reading. *Balliere, New-York.*

Numerous other books have been received; they will be noticed in our next.

Editorial Notes.

The Editor extends his hand with grateful welcome to an unexpectedly numerous company of subscribers. At "this present writing," hardly a week has passed since the appearance of our first number, yet the demand for the work, already on the books of the publishers, amounts to about six thousand, and every mail augments it. In our preliminary reckonings we hopefully calculated on ten thousand, as an encouraging number, for the close of the first year; we will not dissemble that we feel exceedingly complaisant in view of the more gratifying prospect before us.

We have already intimated some of the drawbacks which have beset our undertaking. For the convenience of beginning in July, as a suitable semi-annual period, we have had to work thus far not only in hot weather but in hot haste. Besides the mechanical and artistic preliminaries, most of which have claimed the editor's attention, he has been under the necessity of editing the first two numbers nearly simultaneously, and, before either of them was through, to begin the third. The foreign publications, too, upon which, from the plan of the work, he is so largely to depend, could not, of course, be immediately commanded; his three first issues must, of necessity, be dispatched without them; his only resource, as a substitute, being a batch of such works as he could seize and disembowel with unceremonious dispatch. We know it is easy, and as natural to reply that we should blame ourselves for such a necessity—but the reader must bear in mind, that we are but editor; and an editor standing between publishers and public, must not unfrequently (as the backwoodsmen tell us of Bruin, in winter quarters) lick his intellectual resources out of his paws. It is usually, we know, irrelevant and sometimes worse, to indulge in editorial apologies; but it is due not only to ourselves but to our patrons, who have so promptly rallied around us, that we should allow them this brief glance at the unavoidable circumstances which have delayed, and otherwise interfered with the publication. Meanwhile we have got along with tolerable good nature, notwithstanding these embarrassments; and we must solicit the same favorable disposition on the part of our readers, till we get fully "under way." Both our foreign and domestic resources will soon be regularly at our command, to the mutual satisfaction, we trust, of editor and reader.

We regret that in several very cordial references to this work, it has been directly or indirectly placed in competition or comparison with some of our predecessors. We have explicitly disclaimed any such pretensions. Our design, size, terms, all give us a distinct character. This publication has been provided to meet a specific want, particularly in the religious community which originated it: that want it can meet with adaptations which may render it acceptable to the general religious public. In its own peculiar field it need not fear, but may welcome the co-operation of other and more general works. Some of the latter are of established standing, and of extraordinary size and richness; with our different dimensions and pretensions, it would be as absurd in us to attempt to equal them, as it would be contemptible in them, with their established reputation and currency, to resort to any artifices of interference with us. Our own patronage will be, to a great extent, independent and specific; so far as we shall share the general market with our cotemporaries, it will be, we doubt not, without appreciable interference with them. Many who may be unable to meet the larger terms, which their larger expenditures justify, may find ours not inconvenient; this, however, will be no subtraction from their patronage. More on this subject hereafter.

While it shall be our aim to give a *popular* character to these pages, devoting them chiefly to articles which shall be especially adapted to general readers and the family circle, we shall endeavor to present in each number papers which may deserve the attention of the student or the literary man in his leisure, and, in due time, original discussions of leading public questions. There are obvious limits to which the general character of the work will restrict us in respect to the latter subjects; but, nevertheless, there are aspects of them, presented by the exigencies of the religious, the literary, or the social world, which may be legitimately examined within those limits.

Among our present articles, will be found one on the "Buried Palaces of Nineveh." In the Literary Record of our July No. we referred to Bonomi's recent work on the discoveries of Botta and Layard; the above article gives an outline from Bonomi of the history of these discoveries, and the Scripture illustrations afforded by them. The paper on the Rosicrucians will also be of interest to the literary reader. We give several scientific articles, among which are the Natural History of the Silk-worm, Ivory and its Applications, and the elegant essay on the Characteristics of Birds, from the pen of H. T. Tuckerman, Esq. The Defense of Mrs. Fry, from the London Eclectic, will interest the Christian reader, as it vindicates that rare lady from the abuse of a gossiping, but plausible book which has been reprinted in this country, and the misrepresentations of which, respecting the Gurney family, were of such an insidious character as to produce no slight impression. Our juvenile readers will find an article—The Linnet and its Nest—especially suited to their own tastes. The other papers form a somewhat numerous miscellany, which we hope will be found interesting to our readers generally.

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NEANDER.

JOHANN AUGUST WILHELM NEANDER was born of Jewish parents, on the 16th of January, 1789. Of the condition of his parents, we have only learned that they were very poor. He showed early indications of that deeply devout and meditative turn of mind which was so strongly developed in his after life; and it is said that his mother, who was a very pious Jewess, took great pains to implant devotional feelings in his young heart. The Johanneum of Hamburg at that time held a very high place among the classical schools of Germany, and it was here that Neander laid the foundation of his broad classical culture—especially of his knowledge of Plato, to whose writings he devoted himself, even at that early period, with the most ardent enthusiasm. The study of Plato formed the means of his transition from Judaism to Christianity; at all events,—as he himself has shown to be the case with many of the more spiritual and genial heathen souls in the early days of the Church,—"Plato was a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ." It was, however, by the perusal of Schleiermacher's *Reden über die Religion* (Discourses on Religion) that he was led to recognize Christ as the greatest and most glorious being that had appeared upon the earth; and, this truth once received, he went gradually on to a full apprehension and humble reception of the gospel. Of the

actual steps of his conversion, in an outward sense, we have but little knowledge; but his correspondence with Chamisso gives beautiful glimpses of the process of change that was going on in his feelings, as well as of the development of his half-poetical, half-philosophical mind.

In 1806 he went to Halle, and commenced in earnest his course of theological study, devoting himself first to the Bible and to the Fathers, especially the Alexandrine. "In these studies," says an esteemed correspondent, Professor Jacobi, who had a long personal intercourse with him, "he *lived over again*, as it were, in his own mind, the gradually unfolding development of the Church, as it passed from the Jews to the Gentiles; and found its earliest *science* in its connection with the Platonic Philosophy at Alexandria." How Neander obtained the means of pursuing his studies, we have not ascertained; but it is well known that at Halle he suffered from poverty. His privations and his excessive application finally broke down his health, and laid the foundation for the disease which accompanied him through his whole life. Driven from Halle by Napoleon's measures for the dissolution of the University, he proceeded to Göttingen, and completed his course of study there. Here, under the guidance of Planck, he turned his attention more particularly to the sources of Church history, and imbibed his earnest devotion to what was subsequently the great work of his life.

After completing his University course, he spent a short time in Hamburg, and then proceeded to Heidelberg, where, in 1811, he was admitted as *privat docent* in the University, and began his career as a teacher by a course of lectures on Church History. In the next year he made his first appearance as an author in his monograph on "Julian the Apostate;" in whose character and history Neander detected the agency of Platonism as *hostile* to Christianity, just as he had seen its influence in the Alexandrian theologians as *preparatory* to Christianity. The work was so strikingly conspicuous for piety and originality, as well as for a wide and genuine erudition, that it called the attention of the most eminent men* to the unknown author.

In the year 1813 Neander received a call from the Prussian government to the University of Berlin. The aim of the government was to draw to the new University the ablest teachers from all parts of Germany; and but a short time before, Schleiermacher and De Wette had accepted professorships.

We have before mentioned the effect of Schleiermacher's "Discourses on Religion" on the mind of Neander. At Halle he had again been brought under Schleiermacher's influence, and now, in entering upon his labors at Berlin, he stood to him in the relation of a colleague. That his mode of thinking, the current of his studies, and, in fact, his whole spiritual and intellectual life, were, to a certain extent, molded by that great man, there can be no doubt. He himself revered Schleiermacher, not merely as one of the instruments of his conversion from Judaism, but also as the herald of a new era in the ology; and over and over again in his works he acknowledges his obligations to him, vindicates certain of his views, and proclaims his *spirit* to be the genuine—the only genuine—spirit of theology.

Neander fulfilled the duties of his professorship in the University of Berlin without intermission until a few days before his death. The history of his outward life during this period is little else than a history of his labors in his lecture-room and in his study; but they were mighty labors—such as will carry his name down to the latest posterity. His studies at Berlin were pursued in the same channel as at Heidelberg; and in 1813 he published a monograph on "Bernard and his Times"—an 8vo. volume of 338 pages, especially noticeable for its treatment of the relations between Bernard and Abelard. At an early period he was impressed with the conviction that the great work of preparing a general Church History was a task assigned to him by Providence; and this conviction deepened with advancing years. All his studies, however widely extended, were made subservient to this grand end. In the mean time he wisely adopted the plan of publishing, in separate parts, the results of his investigations into the history of particular periods; and the monographs on Julian and Bernard were of this character. Of the same class was his "*Genetical Development of the Principal Gnostic Systems*," which appeared in 1818; and also, "*Chrysostom and his*

* E. g., Niebuhr, who commends it highly in his correspondence, vol. ii.

Times," (2 vols., 18mo.) In all these works he aimed, true to the spirit of his own religious convictions, to promote at once Christian *science* and Christian *life*. But in 1822, with a view to make Church history conducive to general Christian edification, as well as to develop his researches into the first centuries of the Church, he published "*Memorabilia from the History of Christianity and the Christian Life*," 3 vols., (3d edition, 2 vols., 1845–1846.) In 1824 appeared a small 8vo. volume containing a series of addresses delivered at several anniversaries of the Berlin Bible Society, the profits of which were devoted to the cause of missions. These, with other occasional addresses and essays, were republished, 8vo., 1829. In 1825 he published "*Antignosticus, Spirit of Tertullian*, and *Introduction to his Writings*," (8vo., pp. 525.) In the latter part of the same year he published the first volume of his great Church History, the immediate occasion of which was, as he tells us in the preface, the call of his publisher for a new edition of the monograph on Julian. He found that the work must be entirely remodeled in order to meet his views, and this suggested the plan of publishing this volume, treating the history of the first three centuries as the *beginning* of a general Church history; and his plan, fortunately, was so generously encouraged by his publisher that he at once carried it into execution. In 1828 he published a second installment, in three volumes, extending the history to the sixth century. In the mean time he was studying the history of the Apostolic Age, which should, in chronological order, have been the subject of the opening treatise; but he did not feel himself prepared to publish upon it until 1832, when he put forth the "*History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles*," which reached its fourth edition in 1847. Two additional volumes of the Church History appeared in 1834 and 1836; and in 1837, his "*Life of Jesus Christ, in its Historical Connection and Historical Development*," which has also run through four editions. The publication of this last great work was hastened by the necessity of some antidote to Strauss's Life of Christ. The Church History was going on in the mean time; and a volume appeared in 1841, and another in 1845, bringing the history down to the year 1294. Neander completed another volume in manuscript, up to the death of John Huss. Besides these larger works, he has written sketches, reviews, short biographical articles, &c.,—far too many to be enumerated here.

One would think these labors sufficient to occupy the life of any one man. But Neander the *author* is but half the name of Neander; during the preparation of all these works he was giving as much time, or more, to his duties as Professor of Theology. He lectured twice and even thrice a day; the range of his topics embracing not only Church History, but Dogmatics, Ethics, the History of Doctrines and of Ethics, and, most important of all, the Exegesis of the New Testament.

It is no exaggeration to say that no teacher of theology in Germany, since the days of the Reformation, has obtained so strong a hold upon the minds and the hearts of theological students as Neander. Their love for him amounted to a passion. This profound regard and reverence was doubtless due, to a considerable extent, to the grandeur and breadth of his intellect; but much of it—to the credit of the German students be it recorded—is to be ascribed to his fervent piety as a Christian, and to his genial simplicity as a man.

On this point we present our readers with an extended extract from the letter of our correspondent, Professor Jacobi, who, both as student and professor, has had the fullest opportunities of intimate intercourse with the great departed. Contrasting Schleiermacher with Neander, our friend proceeds: "It was Schleiermacher's special gift and delight to discover and combine principles, to survey scientific culture and discipline as a whole, and to demonstrate their organic unity. It was his eminent acuteness as a dialectician that gave rule to his method of developing the subjects which he treated. Precisely those departments, however, which to him were less adapted, namely, History and the Exegesis of the New Testament, found a most capable laborer in Neander, whose great talent it was, in Exegesis to perceive at once the *essential* features in the characters and events of Scripture, and, in History, to exhibit, with a fine and profound insight, the genetical development of ideas and occurrences. These two great men were thus, in a certain sense, complements of each other.

"What especially enchained the atten-

tion of Neander's students was the devotion of the entire man to the subject of discourse before him. He did not stand up merely to offer his own *reflections* upon objects that had once been—upon events that once happened; he rather *lived over* again the history in his own mind, and when he spoke, brought it all fresh and living before his auditors. In hearing him you felt, and could not help feeling, that the soul of the lecturer was in communion with those of the gifted spirits that had preceded him as laborers in the kingdom of God; and that, for his mind, they yet lived, and that no prejudice or prepossession hindered his fellowship with them. And so he impressed his hearers with the conviction that his utterances were given in the spirit of truth—never in the spirit of party. And while he unfolded History or Scripture in a strictly consecutive and logical manner, he always spoke with an unadorned, and often, therefore, with a more sublime simplicity. Everywhere, too, you saw and felt, amid the manifestations of a vast and comprehensive intellect, the movements of a tender and loving heart. In him there glowed that gentle fire that shone so purely and beautifully in the apostle John; and, with its mild light and warmth, it touched the hearts of those that heard him, winning them at once to him and to his Master. The uniform humility of his language and of his thoughts, his reverence and love for the things of God, often rising even to enthusiasm, and his personally rich Christian experience, gave an edifying character even to his scientific lectures; and, indeed, in his hands, the *practical* side of Christianity and of theology was inexpressibly attractive, and even touching. It was his constant effort to promote Christian life along with science; and this led him into earnest strifes not only against all perversions of true science, but also against every tendency hostile to the interests of pure Christianity. His *personal intercourse* with students was of a character greatly to increase his influence over them and their love for him. Half an hour of every day after dinner, and the whole of Saturday evening, were expressly reserved for conversation with the students. They gathered round him with the utmost freedom—and he sat in their center, as much a friend as a teacher. With the utmost patience he listened to their statements of difficulties—heard their questions, and solved their doubts. The intellectual crumbs which in those golden hours fell from Neander's table would make many a scholar rich.

"A student in want or suffering was sure of succor from his own purse, though his resources were very limited; and when this would not suffice, he was untiring in his efforts to interest others in their behalf. One or two incidents may be given out of many. A poor student, in ill health, was ordered to visit a watering-place. Neander was not able, at the time, to give him the necessary money; but he selected one of his most valuable books,—a splendid edition of Griesbach's New Testament,—fixed a price on it, and sold a number of tickets to the students, who drew lots for the book. The avails enabled the poor student to proceed upon his journey. I was myself," continues Jacobi, "witness of another case, in which he entreated a young man with affectionate urgency—I may even say imploringly—to accept from him a gift of money in an hour of need. Seeing that the young man's sense of independence was so strong as to humiliate him in view of receiving such relief, he reminded him, with touching delicacy, that it was 'more blessed to give than to receive,' and entreated him to accept the gift for *love's* sake. With no family of his own, Neander considered himself the father of young theologians; and never, since the time of Melancthon, his great spiritual forerunner, has a teacher in the universities of Germany so faithfully filled this relation. With all his simplicity of mind and feeling, he had a quick and intuitive perception of talent and of moral character; and his prognostications were generally realized in the subsequent history of his pupils. Humble in his estimate of himself, and regarding any peculiar talent which the lowliest mind might have as worthy of all respect as a 'gift of God,' he gladly afforded to every student the fullest opportunities of culture, and was cautious of setting arbitrary limits to the development of individual minds. And even when the religious life of any one was obscured by great faults, he remained true to him, and would not despond, so long as any germ of better things could be discerned. How many has he, by his long-enduring patience, finally led to the Saviour!

"Considering how much of his time Ne-

ander devoted to his students and friends, how much of it was occupied in public duties, and how carefully he prepared himself for his lectures, of which he gave two or three daily, one cannot but marvel at the multitude and compass of his writings, and wonder how he *could* find time to do so much. The secret lay partly in his personal habits and partly in the remarkable quickness of his mental activity. His domestic affairs were faithfully managed by his sister; and with them—indeed with what passes among so many for the ordinary business of life—he never troubled himself. He read and wrote with marvelous celerity: indeed, it may be said of him, as of Melancthon, that he read with his fingers' ends; for often, after apparently only turning over the leaves of a book, he showed an adequate knowledge of its contents. And his memory was so retentive that what he read—even to the names of persons, things, and places—remained fixed in his possession; so, too, he remembered the faces of persons with whom he had had but little intercourse. I remember a preacher—an honest, but not otherwise remarkable man—who visited Neander when a student, and was subsequently long separated from him. Twenty years after, on a visit to Berlin, he called on his early friend, and opened the conversation by expressing a doubt whether Neander remembered him. 'I remember you very well,' replied Neander, 'and I can tell you the subject of our conversation the first time you ever visited me.'"

It must be remembered, that amid all his herculean labors, Neander was, as we have before said, not only a man of feeble frame, but actually suffering most of his time from disease. For many years he was almost a total stranger to the feeling of health. None of the traces which a suffering body too often inflicts upon the mind—no morbidness of tone or feeling—could ever be detected in his lectures; his hearers, on the contrary, always received the impressions of a mind free from all distractions and restraints, devoting itself, full of healthful activity, to the cause of Christianity and science. So, too, instead of sickliness, his writings everywhere exhibit a free and genial susceptibility, a keen faculty of observation and reflection, and an ever fresh spirit of inquiry.

We cannot conclude these *memorabilia* without some allusion to Neander's remarkable and even eccentric peculiarities as a lecturer: and no description of ours can be better than the following sketch from the London Christian Reformer, to the general accuracy of which we can bear testimony from personal observation:—"His lecture-room was a curious sight to a bystander. He always used the largest hall in the building, that would hold about four hundred and fifty students; and, before the late political disturbances had emptied the Universities, it was frequently full. The seats are arranged so as to slope from every direction down toward a movable desk on a small platform, which stands against the longest wall of the room. The clock has struck; but the 'auditorium' is still filled with a wild hubbub of students, with their caps on, laughing and talking. All at once the door noiselessly opens, and a figure clad in a long cylindrical surtout, with a rag of white neckcloth carelessly twisted round a swarthy neck, glides to the desk with a somewhat fearful and helpless air. This is partly occasioned by the fact that his sight is far from good, partly that his shaggy black eyebrows prevent his seeing anything before him, except by an upward inclination of the head. He certainly does not look as if four hundred eager faces were upturned to catch his first word; but in a moment caps have been doffed, and all is order and attention. He lays his arm on the desk and his head on his arm; sways his body and the desk backward and forward, till the unaccustomed spectator momentarily expects him to crush the unfortunate youth who sits quietly writing beneath; seizes some stump of a quill which a provident student has placed for his accommodation, and, in the violence of the inspiration, tears and twists it to pieces, and pours out, in a harsh and loud voice, without a pause for three-quarters of an hour, a clear and connected history of the period under view. At first, the hearer is pained for him. He is subject to a disease of the stomach, which compels him to relieve himself while speaking by expectoration almost at the end of every sentence. He has no books to refer to, and his contortions are violent and odd, as those of the Pythian priestess on the tripod. Yet names, dates, facts, and even long quotations from the Fathers, come ever trippingly from his tongue; and after one lecture in such sort, the wonder is how either professor or student can go on for two

mortal hours in immediate succession; yet such was his practice even to the last."

The *personal piety* of Neander shines forth in all his writings, as it did in the daily tenor of his simple and blameless life. In his own religious convictions the fundamental doctrines of the sinfulness and corruption of human nature, and of justification by faith in Christ, were ever held fast; and through his faith in Christ, he enjoyed a humble, yet radiant and rejoicing spirit of godliness. He even considered the religion of the *heart* to be as essential to theological insight as to Christian life. "The theologian needs," says he, "a spiritual mind, a deep acquaintance with divine things; and he must study the Scriptures with his heart as well as with his head, unless he wishes his theology to be robbed of its salt by his criticism." A beautiful illustration of the feeling that was ever uppermost with him was afforded by his spontaneous expression, when, on his birthday, a few years ago, the students got up a sort of celebration in his honor. "They met in procession, and marched through the city by torch-light. The procession pausing opposite the windows of his house, he was addressed in a figurative, complimentary allusion to the greatness of the occasion. This incident affected him in a manner illustrative of the simplicity of his character. Stepping forward, he declared himself to be only a 'poor sinner,' exclaiming, in a voice trembling with emotion, and the tears trickling down his cheeks —as one of the fathers had done before him—'O, Divine Love, I have not loved thee strongly, deeply, warmly enough!'"

For some years before his death, Neander was almost blind. His historical studies, however, were pursued by the aid of students who read and wrote for him: and his fifteen lectures a week were still, amid his increasing infirmities, delivered at the University. A beautiful fruit of his labors in this period is to be found in the Practical Exposition of the Philippians, and of the Epistle of James, dictated in 1849. When we visited him at Berlin, in June, 1850, he was attending to all his University duties as usual; and he even spoke with confidence of the state of his health. But his frail and wasted frame gave sure indications of decay; and early in July the signs of approaching and serious illness were manifest. Licentiate Rauh, of the University of Berlin, has written an account of his last illness, from which we obtain the following facts:—The weather was trying and uncertain, and Neander had upon him the premonitory symptoms of approaching disease, but, hoping to overcome it, as he had often before, by the influence of his energetic will, he could not be persuaded to interrupt his lectures. On Monday, the 8th of July, however, his voice failed him at times—a thing which had never happened before. "He however forced himself to persevere to the end of the lecture; but could scarcely manage, even with the help of some of his students, to come down the steps of his chair, and went home completely worn out. A listener to his last lecture was so terror-struck with these sad signs, that he whispered to the person sitting next him, 'That is our Neander's last lecture.'"

In the afternoon, spite of increasing weakness, he dictated his Church History for three consecutive hours. At last, with reluctance, he yielded, and allowed his amanuensis to withdraw. The days following were full of weariness and pain; yet his only complaint was that he "could not work." His mind now began to wander. On the Saturday he imperatively commanded his servant to bring his clothes that he might rise. A student tried in vain to dissuade him, but his purpose was only altered by his sister saying to him, in an imploring tone, "Dear Augustus, remember what you said to me should I oppose the doctor's orders, 'It comes from God, and so we must cheerfully bow to it.'" "That is true," he said, his voice suddenly calmed, "it does come from God —all—and we are bound to thank him for it." A few hours after, a bath of wine enabled him to rise, and he was carried from the bedroom into his study. Here his dying hours were spent. Amid the fantasies which now vailed his clear and strong mind, he was busy with passages of Scripture expressing the goodness of God; and, imagining the amanuensis at his side, he dictated a few clear and connected passages in continuation of his Church History. Once he murmured, dreamingly, "I am weary—let us make ready to go home." After another dictation, he said, "I am weary; I will sleep now:" and as his friends laid him carefully on the bed, he said, in more than his usual tone of gentleness, "Good-night." He slept for four hours, and then slept in Jesus.

THE FORUM RESTORED.

THE PRIVATE LIFE AND PUBLIC SPLENDOR OF OLD ROME.

A WORK of unusual interest to popular readers is forthcoming from the press of Carlton & Phillips. It is a comprehensive view of the private and public life of both ancient and modern Rome, giving details as well as picturesque outlines, and affording a most entertaining insight into the domestic and social character of the "eternal city," while its public splendors are also exhibited with a distinctness and relief seldom met with in "History." The great defect of "great Histories" is the fact that they merge, or rather submerge, those details of life and character which most provoke the curiosity of the reader in vague generalities or the current of public events. Political strifes, revolutions, wars, have generally constituted the staple of history; the volume referred to uses chronological and political history only as a clew through the labyrinth of social and private life. It places you among the very actualities of the time described, and you live its very life.

And curiously interesting was that life in the old classic times. We propose to give some illustrations of it in both city and country, as also of the public magnificence of the period. Let us then transport ourselves during a leisure half-hour into the real life of old Rome. Let us go directly to, and into, one of her houses.

Compared with the residences of modern cities, the *Roman house* was deeper and lower, and covered a much greater area. The ground-floor was the principal part of the house, and the regular place of abode, though there was an upper story. It generally contained three divisions: the first consisting of the *vestibule*, (an open space receding from the street,) the *ostium*, the *atrium*, (the first saloon, and the common family room;) the second, called the *cavum ædium*, or heart of the house, in the center of which was an uncovered space, called the *impluvium*; and the third, the *peristyle*, surrounded by porticoes, and inclosing another and larger area, which had a fountain in it, and was planted with flowers and trees. These were the distinct parts belonging to the regular Roman house. The minor parts, that were built around these, varied with the taste and means of the owner.

The plan thus given, applies only to the gentleman's private mansion. There were, however, as in all modern cities, lodging-houses, called *insulæ*, built several stories in height, and rented by single persons, or families of limited means. Of them Juvenal humorously says, "that broken ware flung out from the upper stories would break one's head, or indent the pavement." The poet Martial describes himself as living up three flights of stairs. The house-rent usually paid annually by poor people, was 2,000 sestertii, (or $80,) a sestertius being worth about four cents. According

to Cicero, lodgings were let even at the high price of 30,000 sestertii—more than $1200.

An interesting custom of saluting a visitor by the word *salve*, or hail, traced in mosaic, on the threshold, is made known by some of the Pompeian houses—a fact which illustrates a statement of later writers, that the Romans were accustomed to have a bird placed just over the door, who had been taught to utter the same word of welcome.

Let us now enter the mansion, and acting on the proverb, that when in Rome we should do as the Romans do, let us take our observation at a late hour.

It is the third watch of the night, the last rays of the moon are fading from the Capitol and the adjacent temples, and excepting the heavy tread of the watchman on the broad pavement, or the quick step of some one hastening homewards, the mighty heart of the city seems hushed to repose.

Yet from a house in one of the finest streets some other sounds now break the

ROMAN HOUSE—INTERIOR.

general stillness. The massive door, creaking upon its hinges, is opened by the watchful porter, flashing thus upon the street a sudden glare of light from the *candelabra* within, burning in the *atrium*, and a freedman of lordly mien, followed by a slave, comes forth upon the pavement, looking out anxiously on all sides, and peering into the distance, as if for some one anxiously expected. The object of their solicitude is their lord, whose late stay has greatly disturbed their quietude, and brought them out of doors to look for his return.

They do not tarry long, for soon the hurried step of a man emerging from the shadow of a temple hard by, and nearing the vestibule where they stand, puts an end to their apprehensions. The cause of his delay is shown by his outward appearance. A festive robe of a bright-red color, his sandals fastened by thongs of the same dye, and a chaplet of myrtles and roses hanging from his left brow,—all declare his return from a late-kept banquet. He has supped at the imperial board, and afterward retired to a convivial circle of noble friends, where the wine-cup and familiar converse have winged away the hours of the night. Gladly welcomed by his servants, he enters his house, and preceded by the freedman, with a wax candle, he hastens through colonnades and saloons to his sleeping apartments. Here the slave in waiting receives his robe and sandals; and the *cubicularius*, after having drawn aside the elegant tapestried curtain, and smoothed again the purple coverlet that nearly conceals the ivory bedstead, leaves his master to repose. But now hours have fled, the earliest dawn has come, and ere yet the tops of the seven hills are tinged with the beams of the returning sun, *the mansion* is all life and activity. Troops of slaves, issuing from above and below, spread themselves over the apartments, and are soon intent, in their several ways, on cleaning the lordly residence. Let us then leave them to their work, and catch some glimpses, as we may, of *its splendid interior*.

Here is the *atrium*, paved with marble mosaic; its walls are adorned with paintings, and garland-crowned busts and shields. The interior court, and the *peristyle* beyond, are supported with columns of Tænarian and Numidian marble, and filled with furniture of the most costly description. The tables are worthy of particular notice, as on these the wealthy Romans spared no expense. The richest of the tables are made of the cedar of Mount Atlas; they consist of massive slabs, called *orbes*. They are circular

plates cut off from the body of the tree in its whole diameter, and near the roots, not only because the tree was the broadest there, but because the wood is of a speckled color. Here, the wood is like the dappled coat of a panther; there, the spots, more regular and close, imitate the tail of a peacock; while a third portion resembles the luxuriant and tangled leaves of parsley. The *orbes* rest on columns of ivory.

The *abaci*, or sideboards, are made of marble, and on them appear the gold and silver-plate, besides other valuables. The single *abacus* of the poor poet Codrus in Juvenal, boasted six pitchers, a little *cantharus*, and—the gem of the place—a small reclining statue of Chiron; but here glitter in the splendid saloons, not only genuine Murrhina vases, beakers and bowls composed of precious stones, and ingenious works in Alexandrian glass, but also a countless variety of vessels of gold and silver, more valuable for the beauty of the workmanship than the costliness of the material.

There, too, are curious objects of a hoary classical antiquity. There stands, for instance, a double cup of Priam, which he had inherited from Laomedon; and another, out of which old Nestor drank before the walls of Troy. Another was the gift of Dido to Æneas; and near it an immense bowl, which Theseus once hurled against the face of Eurytus; and, strangest of all, there is not wanting a veritable chip of "the good ship Argo," of golden-fleece memory.

But here is the study, an apartment far removed from the noisy din of the street, so that it cannot be penetrated by the creaking of the wains, the stimulating cry of the mule-driver, the clarions and dirge of the pompous funeral, or the brawlings of slaves, who hurry busily along. A lofty window pleasantly illuminates from above the moderate-sized apartment, the walls of which are adorned with elegant arabesques in light colors, and between them, on darker grounds, a troop of dancing figures sweeps along. There is a neat couch faced with tortoise-shell, and hung with Babylonian tapestry of various colors. It is not designed for self-indulgence, or even for rest, but serves the purpose of a modern study-table or desk. The noble Roman was accustomed to recline on the couch, supported on his left arm, and having his right knee drawn up higher than the other, in order to place on it his book or tablets. By the side of the *lectus*, *lectulus*, or couch, is the *scrinium*, a little case designed to hold books, letters, or other writings. It is made of wood, has a cylindrical form, as best adapted to that of the books, and is of a size adjusted to the number of rolls it is designed to hold.

A ROMAN IN HIS LIBRARY.

Immediately adjoining the study, is the library, full of precious treasures, acquired chiefly in Alexandria. Here, in presses of cedar-wood, placed round the walls, lie

the rolls, partly of parchment, and partly of the finest Egyptian *papyrus*, each provided with a label, on which is seen in bright letters, the name of the author, and the titles of his work. On the other side of the library is a larger room, where a number of learned slaves are occupied in transcribing, with nimble hand, the works of illustrious Greeks, and the more ancient Roman authors, both for the supply of the library, and of those friends to whom its proprietor may generously communicate its treasures. Others are engaged in giving the rolls the most agreeable exterior, glueing the separate strips of *papyrus* together, drawing the red lines which divided the different columns, and writing the title in the same color. Others are occupied in smoothing them with pumice-stone and blackening the edges; fastening ivory tops on the sticks round which the rolls are wrapped, and dyeing bright-red or yellow, the parchment which is to serve as a wrapper.

The dining-room, which we now enter, has in it the couch on which the family and guests recline at meals. Each one, in order to feed himself, lies on his breast, and stretches his hand toward the table; but when his hunger is satisfied, he turns on his left side, leaning on his elbow.

And here is the bed-room. The bedstead, made of costly wood, veneered with ivory, is high, and entered by means of steps. Its feet are of silver; the mattresses and pillows are filled with feathers; the counterpane is purple, and embroidered with beautiful figures in gold; the pillows are covered with magnificent tapestry.

But while we have lingered in these apartments, the morning hours have fled, and the vestibule is already thronged with humble visitors, who come to salute their patron, and solicit their share of the diurnal *sportula*, consisting either of a portion of food, or a trifling sum of money. Amidst the motley group which pressed in, all eager to salute their lord, were not only the poor, who needed his bounty, but young men of family, poets and idlers, glad of any chance to get into a house of distinction; and withal, a few real friends among the rest, attached to their patron by acts of kindness. But after the adventures of the last night, he is in no mood for a general levee, and, sending a slave with a cold apology, he dismisses the whole tribe; and will only be "at home" during the morning, in his dressing-room, to his particular friends.

Let us look for a moment on the *attiring* of such a noble. A slave approaches with the *tunica*; he is followed by two others bearing the *toga*, already folded in the approved fashion; while a fourth places the purple dress-shoes near the seat. An attendant first girds the under garment afresh, then throws over his master the upper *tunica*, taking particular care that the broad strip of purple woven into it may fall exactly across the center of the breast. He then hangs one end of the *toga* over the left shoulder, so as to fall far below the knee, and cover with its folds the whole of the arm down to the hand. The right arm remains at liberty, as the voluminous garment is passed at its broadest part under the arm, and then brought forward in front; the *umbo* being laid obliquely across the breast, so that the well-rounded *sinus* almost reached the knee, and the lower half ended at the middle of the shin-bone; whilst the remaining portion is once more thrown over the left shoulder, and hung down over the arm and back of the person in a mass of broad and regular folds. The attendant then reaches for his lord the polished hand-mirror, the thick silver plate of which reflects every image with perfect clearness. The noble casts but a single glance on it, allows his feet to be installed into the tall shoes, latched with fourfold thongs, and places on his fingers the rings he had taken off over night. He is now prepared to receive his friends, or to partake of his first meal.

In early times the *mode of living* in Rome was extremely simple. The common food of the people consisted then of a kind of porridge made of flour, and of fruit from the fields. In one of his pictures of this period, Juvenal mentions the toil-worn sons of the household coming home to the ample supper of *puls*, the porridge just referred to, smoking for them in huge vessels. Flesh was used very sparingly. Such was the mode of living down to about the time of Plautus.

So precious was wine considered in the time of the Sammites, that mere drops of it formed libations to the gods; and Mecenius, who killed his wife because she had drank some wine without his knowledge, was not censured. Other circumstances of the Romans corresponded with

their simplicity in food. The majority of the people dwelt in small cottages or huts, and slept on straw. The streets were not paved, but cleanliness pervaded the people as a dictate of their religion.

A great change took place subsequently, which is traced by Plautus to the sacrifices and public banquets; but ascribed by Livy to the wars in Asia. In describing the luxury introduced from thence, Livy mentions feasts prepared with great care and expense, the employment of private cooks, and the regularity of the culinary art. But the living of these times was far removed from extravagance. It did not refuse to mingle with the gruel and pulse of an earlier day some meats and delicacies, nor yet the mellow wines of Campania; but as yet there was no gross departure from simplicity and temperance.

The period of the empire, however, presents a life entirely different. Rome appeared as the conqueror of the world; and the unbounded increase of riches brought along with it all the refinements of luxury and vice. The same causes that had wrought a change in government, had given a new form and character to domestic life. There no longer existed the early facility of living, growing out of simple tastes and habits. Artificial wants and desires had come into being, a whole system of fashions was in full domination, and all who would be held in social consequence, must strive to adapt themselves to their new social conditions, and merge all other cares in anxious efforts to provide the means and secure the appearance of what was deemed a respectable existence.

The *jentaculum*, or breakfast, was not a regular meal, as the term would seem to indicate, nor does it appear to have been generally partaken of. It seems to have been taken at a very early hour in the morning. It consisted chiefly of bread, to which cheese and dried fruit were sometimes added.

The first *proper* meal was the *prandium*, or luncheon. Horace thus describes his usual course:—

"I sleep till ten; then take a walk, or choose
A book, perhaps, or trifle with the muse:
For cheerful exercise, and manly toil,
Anoint my body with the pliant oil;
And when the sun pours down his fiercest fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire,
I haste to bathe, and decently regale
My craving stomach with a *frugal meal*,
Enough to nourish nature for a day."

According to the same authority, fish was a requisition at the prandium; the choicest honey and wines were sometimes added.

The *cœna*, or dinner, was the principal meal. Of the Roman's first course, Horace says:—

"Around him lay whatever could excite,
With pungent force, the jaded appetite;
Rapes, lettuce, radishes, anchovy brine,
With skerrets, and the lees of Coan wine."

The second course, for which the first was a provocative, consisted of dishes in great variety. Among the luxuries may be mentioned the guinea-hen, the pheasant, and the thrush, which were held in higher repute than any other birds; the peacock, the duck, the woodcock, the flamingo, and the turtle. Still greater were the varieties of fish; but the turbot, the sturgeon, and the mullet, were the most esteemed. Of solid meat, the flesh of swine was deemed the most savory, especially the sucking-pig; but venison was in great repute. Condiments—as the *muria*, made from the tunny fish; the *garum sociorum*, made from the intestines of mackerel; and the *alec*, a sort of brine—were added to most of the dishes. Several kinds of *fungi* are mentioned, which either formed dishes of themselves, or were the garniture for others.

The third course was the dessert, which consisted of fruits, as dates, almonds, and dried grapes; and of sweetmeats and confections, as cheese-cakes, almond-cakes, and tarts.

In the times of Cicero, the usual hour for dinner was about three o'clock, which seems to have been observed by the higher classes long after the Augustan age. But probably a variety of hours prevailed in the different ranks of society. Horace and Mæcenas dined about sunset.

The dinner was set out in rooms answering to our dining-rooms. Among the rich these were fitted up with great magnificence. In the middle, there were three couches corresponding in shape to the square tables, as the long semi-circular couches did to the oval ones. The supper-room of Nero was constructed like a theater, with shifting scenes, which were changed at every course.

Isidore speaks of the ancient Romans as always sitting at their meals. The ladies sat at table long after the recumbent position had become common among

the men. But at a later date, the practice of the two sexes was the same.

After dinner, it was customary for the Romans, as it was for the Greeks, to have a *symposium*, in which they were joined by many who had not previously been present. The customs in the two nations connected with drinking, nearly coincided. They alike reclined on couches, and were crowned with garlands of flowers. There was a master of the revels, to whom all were subjected, who regulated the whole of the entertainment. Servants, generally young slaves, according to invariable usage, added water to the wine, and presented it to the company. The cups were carried round from right to left; the company usually drank to the health of one another; and they continued to do so as long as the master of the revels permitted. Music and dancing accompanied the *symposium*; riddles were proposed; games and amusements were introduced; and libations were poured out to the gods.

A scarcely credible degree of luxury prevailed in Rome, exceeded by that of no country or period in modern times. No ingenuity of invention was left unemployed, nor any prodigality of expense refused, in procuring the choicest and costliest dainties. Sometimes these were furnished, not for real use, but because they gave a dinner additional splendor. The Roman epicures, moreover, considered it a great object to eat the largest possible quantity of food, and hence they resorted to the most unnatural means of increasing their appetites. The golden saying, "We must eat to live, and not live to eat," was absolutely inverted at Rome. The scenes which too frequently transpired at such entertainments, find an appropriate description in the words of an inspired apostle: "The time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revelings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries." 1 Peter iv, 3.

Such was the Roman mansion, and one aspect of Roman life in the city. Let us pass now to the country villa.

The *country residence* of a Roman nobleman of wealth and taste may be thus described. The front, situated to the south-east, formed a roomy portico, resting on Corinthian pillars, before which extended a terrace planted with flowers, and divided by box-trees into small beds of various forms; while the declivity sloping gently down, bore figures skillfully cut out of the box-trees, of animals opposite to each other, as if prepared for attack, and then gradually became lost in the acanthus, which covered in its verdure the plain at its foot.

Behind the colonnade, after the fashion of the city houses, was an *atrium*, not splendidly, but tastefully adorned, the elegant pavement of which, formed to imitate lozenges, in green, white, and black stone, contrasted pleasantly with the red marble that covered the walls. From this was entered a small oval *peristyle*, an excellent resort in unfavorable weather; for the spaces between the pillars were closed up with large panes of the clearest talc, through which the eye discovered the pleasant verdure of the soft mossy carpet, which covered the open space in the center, and was rendered ever flourishing by the spray of the fountain.

Just behind this was the regular court of the house, of an equally agreeable aspect, in which stood a large marble basin, surrounded by all sorts of shrubs and dwarf-trees. On this court abutted a grand eating-hall, built beyond the whole line of the house, through the long windows of which, reaching like doors to the ground, a view was obtained toward the country in front, and on the sides into the gardens; while in the rear, a passage opened through to the *cavædium*, *peristyle*, *atrium*, and colonnade into the open air. This saloon was bordered on the right by different chambers, which, from their northerly aspect, presented a pleasant abode in the heat of summer, and more to the east lay the regular sitting and sleeping rooms.

The first were built outward semicircularly, in order to catch the beams of the morning light, and retain those of the midday sun. The internal arrangements were simple, but comfortable, and in perfect accordance with the green prospect around; for on the marble basement were painted branches, reaching inward as it were from the outside, and upon them colored birds, so skillfully executed that they appeared not to sit but to flutter. On the opposite side, which enjoyed the full warmth of the evening sun, were the bath-rooms, and the *sphæristerium*, adapted not merely to the game of ball, but nearly every description of corporeal ex-

ercise. Lastly, at both ends of the front colonnade, forming the entrance, rose turret-shaped buildings, in the different stories of which were small chambers, affording an extensive view of the smiling plains.

The villa attached to a large farm had two courts. At the entrance to the outer, was the abode of the *villicus*, who had charge of the whole farm except the cattle. Over the gateway was the room of the *procurator*, a kind of under-steward. The *villica*, or housekeeper, under whose orders the female slaves were employed in providing food and clothes for the family, had another room. The inferior slaves lodged in one great room, and the sick had a separate apartment. The lodgings of the freemen had a southern aspect. The inner court of the villa was occupied chiefly by the horses, cattle, and other live stock. Here also were the stables and stalls. Both the outer and inner court had chambers for the slaves, fronting the south. The place where culprits were kept in chains was underground, and lighted by several high and narrow windows.

The description given by Pliny of the garden attached to his Tusculan villa may serve for any *Roman garden*. In the front of the *porticus*, there was a *xystus*, or flat piece of ground, divided into flower-beds of different shapes by borders of box; and similar flower-beds were arranged in other parts. Some of these were raised so as to form terraces, and their sloping sides were planted with evergreens or creepers.

But the most striking features were lines of large trees, among which the plane-tree was conspicuous; walks formed by closely-clipped hedges of box, yew, cypress, and other evergreens; beds of acanthus, and rows of trees, especially of vines. These were interspersed with statues, pyramids, summer-houses, and fountains. The trunks of the trees, and the parts of buildings visible from the garden, were often covered with ivy. The Romans trained trees very fantastically, tying, twisting, and cutting them, as well as shrubs, into the figures of letters, ships, and animals. This custom was called the *ars topiaria*, and one of the higher class of slaves, named *topiarius*, was maintained for its practice.

The principal flowers known, were violets, roses, the crocus, the narcissus, the lily, the iris, the poppy, the gladiolus, and the amaranth. Conservatories and hot-houses are not mentioned till the Christian era. In every garden there was a space set apart for vegetables. Flowers and plants were often kept in the central space of the peristyle, on the roofs, and in the windows of the houses. So fond were the Romans of a garden, that they frequently painted their walls with trees, fountains, birds, and similar objects, especially where sufficient space for culture was wanting.

Places for exercise were attached to the Roman garden; for physical training was a primary feature in the genuine "classical education." This was taken gently, in an avenue shaded by trees, called the *gestatio*; the *hippodromus* was a place for running, or horse exercise. The latter was in the form of a circus, and it consisted of several paths divided by box-hedges, ornamented with topiary-work, and surrounded by trees of the larger kind.

Such then were some of the features of domestic life in Rome. Let us now accompany our author in a survey of some of its public, its architectural splendors. Many of these are doubtless familiar to the reader by vague descriptions, and also by pictorial views, and have been so from his childhood; but we may refresh both his memory and his eye by the reproduction of the grand old images from the fuller outlines of our author.

The greatest number, as well as the most considerable of the *Roman edifices*, were raised by the emperors, whose command of men and money was alike unbounded. It was the boast of Augustus, that he found the city brick, and left it marble; and for this there appears to have been substantial reason. His immediate successors, Tiberius and Caligula, were as little concerned to imitate the founder of the empire in improving the city, as in governing the state; but under Claudius some considerable works were completed. The name of Nero stands inseparably associated with that terrific conflagration, which, lasting for six days, left, of the fourteen regions into which the city was divided, only four entire. According to Tacitus, three were leveled with the ground, and in the remaining seven, there were but scanty relics, broken, and

half burned. The monuments of Grecian and Roman art, the trophies of the Punic and Gallic wars, the most celebrated temples and magnificent palaces, were now involved in one common destruction. Nero threw the whole blame of the catastrophe on the obscure sect of the Christians, against whom he instigated a bitter persecution; but it was believed that, being passionately fond of theatrical amusements, he originated it from a wish—monstrous indeed—to have a vivid representation of the burning of Troy. Soon after the conflagration, Nero set about rebuilding the city on an improved plan, with wider and more regular streets.

On that part of the site of the ruined city which lies between the Palatine and the Esquiline hills, a space which is more than a mile in breadth, Nero erected his celebrated "Golden House," the name of which was derived from the edifice being tiled with the precious metal. Its vast extent, its varied magnificence, and its highly-ornamented grounds, were such that, apart from the testimony of history, the whole account might be deemed fabulous.

The palace itself consisted of splendid edifices, like those of a city in miniature. It was decorated in the most gorgeous style; the marble sheathing of the walls being profusely decked with gold, with mother-of-pearl,—then deemed still more precious,—and with a profusion of the costliest stones. The ceilings and wood-work were inlaid with ivory and gold. The roof of the grand banqueting-hall had a rotative orrery, and from it as from an atmosphere there descended perfumed waters. The various wings of the edifice were united by galleries, each a mile in length. Within its inclosure were spacious fields, groves, orchards, and vineyards, together with artificial lakes, hills, and dense woods, all being encompassed by an ample portico.

The whole was designed by Severus and Celer, distinguished architects of that period; but the vastness of the plan prevented its completion during the life of [illegible]. The means, however, for carrying [illegible] purposes, were obtained by [illegible], extortion, and robbery. The provinces were plundered to such an extent as to bring the empire to the verge of dissolution; while the idle populace were fed and amused with their spoils. One of the first items of expenditure in the reign of Otho, was for the completion of the "Golden House," which, however, did not long continue entire, the memorial of Nero's tyranny and extravagance. It was in part destroyed by Vespasian, who commenced on its site the celebrated Colosseum.

Vespasian established a picture gallery in the Temple of Peace, and much employment must have been found for the artists of the period in the arch of Titus and the Colosseum. The last flourishing period of the arts was the reign of Hadrian, though the works of that age are less distinguished for sublimity than for neatness and finish. Roman art ultimately fell with the Western Empire, and of it there remains only a ruin.

THE PANTHEON.

Proceeding by the Corso toward the Tiber, and threading our way through narrow crowded streets, we emerge into the little Piazza del Rotonda, at the bottom of which stands the *Pantheon*. Familiar with the name and form of this venerable fabric from our youth, it cannot but be approached with emotions which no other memorial of Roman antiquity can awaken. The certainty that it is a genuine monument of the proudest period of the empire, when the science of architecture had reached perfection, exhibiting in this single edifice the combination of solid gran-

deur with the purest taste, increases largely the admiration of every lover of art.

The Pantheon was built, as has been already stated, by Agrippa, the son-in-law of the emperor Augustus, in his third consulate. It has been described as occupying part of his baths; and if the form without the portico be considered, it will be found exactly to resemble the caldarium of all such ancient structures. "The Abate Lazari," says a modern writer, "has done his utmost to prove this structure a bath, or, at least, not a temple; or if it were a temple, he would show that a temple does not always mean a religious edifice, but sometimes a tomb, and sometimes the mast of a ship, and that the Pantheon was a band of soldiers; however, as the Pantheon is neither the one nor the other of these three we need not embarrass ourselves with the name, which was a difficulty even in ancient times."

It is generally admitted that the Pantheon was not all built at the same time. It is most probable that the body of the edifice was erected during the commonwealth; and that the portico, with the embellishments, was added by Agrippa. This view is favored by the circumstance that the interior was decorated with Pentelican marble from Attica, while without, Carrara marble was employed, which was not used till some time after the other. The Pantheon was dedicated by Pope Boniface IV. to the Virgin Mary; and as he brought to it the remains of saints and martyrs from the different cemeteries, it was subsequently called the Church of Santa Maria and the martyrs.

The portico consists of sixteen Corinthian columns, and as many pilasters, which sustain a pediment and entablature of exquisite proportions. The tympanum was originally covered with the most beautiful sculpture of bronze gilt. The columns are forty-six feet in height, and the diameter just above the base is four feet ten inches; the shafts are formed of oriental granite, the base and capitals of white marble. The breadth of the interior is one hundred and fifty feet; and the height was originally the same, but the floor has been raised seven or eight feet.

The walls within are nineteen feet in thickness; in several niches hollowed out of them were placed statues of the richest materials. Six of these niches have been made into chapels, each decorated with two Corinthian columns, and two pilasters of beautiful variegated marble. Eight altars stand between the chapels. The wall of the edifice, to the height of the grand cornice, is in compartments, covered with various kinds of marble; the frieze is entirely of porphyry.

The symmetry and beauty of the dome have been universally admired, and to it are owing the dome of Santa Sophia at Constantinople, and that of St. Peter's. It is an exact hemisphere, and was originally covered with plates of silver, for which bronze was afterward substituted. These bronze plates were removed by Urban VIII., to form the pillars of the apostle's tomb in the Vatican, and also cannons. From the rough appearance of the brick exterior of the lower part, it seems to have been covered with marble, or hidden by contiguous buildings.

At the top of the dome is a central opening, about twenty-eight feet in diameter, for the purpose of lighting the interior, which has been effected with extraordinary skill. One spectator says:—"It not only lights the interior perfectly, but in the most charming and magical manner." Another describes this effect as greatly heightened if a shower wet the marble pavement laid down by Agrippa, and it be then viewed by night. The whole structure, though despoiled by the hands of the barbarian, forms one of the finest sights in Rome.

The *Colosseum* stands within the grounds once belonging to Nero's Golden Palace, which was demolished by order of Vespasian, as too sumptuous even for a Roman emperor; the site being at the termination of the Via Sacra, and between the Cælian, Esquiline, and Palatine Hills. It is believed that the idea of this building originated with Augustus, and that it was begun on his plans by Vespasian, A. D. 72. It was completed by Titus, in his eighth consulate, ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem, when the immense numbers of captives taken in the siege of that city were employed in the work.

At the opening of this vast edifice, games were instituted for a hundred days; several thousand ferocious animals were destroyed as a grand spectacle; the arena was suddenly filled with water, and numerous aquatic creatures were introduced, and made to engage in combat with each other. The exhibition concluded with a naval ac-

THE COLOSSEUM.

tion, representing a contest between the Corinthians and Corcyræans.

The form of the Colosseum is an ellipse, the greater diameter of which is six hundred and fifteen feet, the lesser five hundred and ten feet, and the external circumference about one thousand seven hundred and seventy feet. It was in height one hundred and sixty-four feet, and it was composed of three stories of arcades, one above the other; the lowermost, as being the most massive, adorned with Doric columns, the second with Ionic, the third with Corinthian, and, above all, was a pilaster of the last-mentioned order.

The four chief entrances were at the extremities of the two diameters; the others, through which the spectators passed to their respective seats, were numbered, and each person had a ticket corresponding with the number over one of the entrances which led to the place assigned him. The chief entrances served to introduce into the arena the machinery and the wild beasts. The arcades over them were ornamented with chariots having four horses, on marble pedestals, and those over the other entrances with statues.

This edifice contained one hundred and sixty stair-cases, which, with their passages, were contrived with such skill, that visitors, whether of the senatorial, equestrian, or plebeian order, proceeded without [illegible] to their appointed seats. The [illegible] concave of the interior contained [illegible] or eighty rows of marble seats, [illegible] one above another in the form of stairs, going round the whole of the building, and rising from the *podium*, or gallery, to its summit. The arena was surrounded by a wall, sixteen feet high, and eleven feet thick, surmounted with rails of iron, armed with spikes, and also strong rollers, which turned vertically, to prevent the escape of the hunted animals. On this wall, a gallery was formed, in which the senators, magistrates, and vestals sat; and from the middle of the gallery projected a balcony, from which the spectacles were viewed by the emperors. The wild animals were kept in cells under the arena, whence they were raised by machinery, through trap-doors.

Over the heads of the spectators was extended the *velarium*, or awning, to screen them from the sun, and, in some degree, from the rain. That light might be admitted, the arena was left uncovered. The velarium was formed of forty angular curtains, made of sail-cloth, which were supported by strong ropes, crossing the two diameters of the building, and by smaller ropes radiating from the center to the circumference, where they were attached to timbers covered with brass, and inserted in the cornice of the outer wall. The edges of each curtain had loops, through which the radiating ropes passed. They were also provided with appropriate tackle, for the purpose of expanding or contracting particular parts, as occasion required. Nothing seems to have been omitted that could add to the convenience or the luxury of the audience. There were rooms for

the refreshment of the visitors in every way, and the air, scented with aromatics, was constantly cooled by the fountains.

Conspicuous among the amusements of the amphitheater were the gladiatorial combats. Captives were first engaged in them; but afterward other persons were trained for such contests, either by private individuals, or by the state. When any display of combats was about to take place, it was notified by bills stating the number, and sometimes the names, of those who were to fight. In general, they fought in couples; and their arming, preliminary exercises, and serious onsets, were regulated by the sound of a trumpet. The scene that followed, when rightly regarded, can only be described as one of horror.

In consequence of long-continued devastations, not a single step is now remaining of all the stone seats which rose in regular succession from the arena; but the wall which surrounded it to prevent the escape of wild beasts is nearly entire. All is desolate within. The visitor may climb by means of broken stair-cases up a considerable height, and here he may form the best idea of the vastness of that labyrinth of ruins, in which he may almost be lost. If viewed by moonlight, when the shattered fragments of stone and the shrubs which grow upon them are seen at a distance, amidst alternations of light and shade, the mind receives such mingled impressions as probably no other prospect in the world could produce.

Allied to the gladiatorial spectacles exhibited at many of the Roman festivals, was the practice of compelling men called *Bestiarii* to fight with wild beasts in the circus. These persons were generally criminals, who were seldom allowed to have any means of defense against their brute antagonists. The barbarous practice was introduced at Rome by Tiberius, and was borrowed from the Carthaginians. So frequently were the early Christians thus exposed by succeeding emperors, that it seemed to be their peculiar fate. Tertullian says:—"If the Tiber overflowed its banks, if there were a famine or a plague, if there were a cold, dry, or scorching season, or if any public calamity happened, the universal cry of the populace was, *Christiani ad leones!*—'Away with the Christians to the lions!'" Turned into the arena without weapons, wild and infuriated beasts were let loose upon them, and their bodies were mangled and devoured. There were, however, some persons who fought with wild beasts for the sake of pay; while others entered the lists from a love of notoriety, which they never failed to acquire, and the honor which was the inevitable result of victory. They were trained in schools to the use of arms, and were provided with them, and thus the triumph was within their reach. Here we have an interesting illustration of the apostle's declaration, that he and his associates were "set forth last, as appointed unto death;" not like these persons who could thus insure the victory, but like those who at the close of the spectacle were compelled to engage with wild beasts without any means of defense, and whose death was therefore inevitable.

The *fora*, no doubt, surpassed in magnitude and splendor all the Roman edifices. That in the metropolis, called emphatically *the* Roman forum, was the most celebrated and frequented of all the public buildings. The cut at the head of our article will give some idea of its ancient splendor. It was here that the meetings of the senate and the people were held, and the genius of the orator was displayed. It occupied a noble site. It was situated between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, surrounded by the most splendid temples, triumphal arches, and columns in the city.

> "It was once,
> And long the center of their universe,
> The Forum—whence a mandate eagle-wing'd
> Went to the ends of the earth."

The temple of *Vesta*, the goddess of the hearth, and thus of domestic union, has been for ages the admiration of travelers; and the numerous bronze medals of it have made it better known, perhaps, than any other relic of Rome. This temple, to which the name of Vesta has been applied, from a very ancient tradition, corroborated by the form of the building, is not the famous temple of Vesta, erected by Numa, and mentioned by Horace, in connection with the inundations of the Tiber. That celebrated temple, in which the Palladium was preserved, was, undoubtedly, situated in the Roman Forum; and the building now contemplated is most probably one of those which were erected in accordance with the institutions of Numa, in each curia. It is generally referred to the time of the Antonines, though there is evidence that it existed in the time of Vespasian,

TEMPLE OF VESTA.

one of whose coins represents the temple in its existing form. It is probable that it was more than once built on its original plan. It is in the purest Greek style, consisting of a circular cella, surrounded by a peristyle, composed originally of twenty Corinthian columns, of which one only has been lost. The entablature has entirely disappeared, and the roof has been replaced by an ugly covering of red tiles. The ancient portion of the cella, and the columns, are of Parian marble.

CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT.

The *Aqueducts* were among the greatest wonders of the ancient capital. "If any one," says Pliny, "will diligently estimate the abundance of water supplied to the public baths, fountains, fish-ponds, artificial lakes for galley-fights, to pleasure-gardens, and to almost every private house in Rome, and will then consider the difficulties that were to be surmounted, and the distance from which these streams were brought, he will confess that nothing so wonderful as these aqueducts can be found in the whole world."

A modern traveler almost equals in enthusiasm the old Roman, when he says:—"I do not know anything more striking than these endless arches of Roman aqueducts, pursuing with great strides their irregular course over the desert; they suggest the idea of immensity, of durability, of simplicity, of boundless power, reckless of cost and labor, all for a useful purpose, and regardless of beauty. A river in mid-air, which had been flowing on ceaselessly for fifteen or eighteen hundred, or two thousand years, poured its cataracts into the streets and public squares of Rome, when she was mistress, and also when she was the slave, of nations; and quenched the thirst of Attila and Genseric, as it had before quenched that of Brutus and Cæsar, and as it has since quenched that of beggars and of popes. During those ages of desolation and darkness, when Rome had almost ceased to be a city, this artificial river ran to waste among the ruins, but now fills again the numerous and magnificent fountains of the modern city. Only three out of eleven of these ancient aqueducts remain entire, and in a state to conduct water. What then must have been the profusion of the supply in ancient Rome?"

Both within and without the walls of Rome, fragments of aqueducts may still be seen. Some are of stone, and others are of brick-work; but the former cannot be traced for any continuance. Sometimes three aqueducts are supported on one range of arches.

The *Triumphal Arches* of Rome were among its most interesting decorations.

The most elegant of them all, and, at the same time, the one of surpassing interest to the Christian spectator, is that erected to the emperor Titus, by the senate and people of the city, after the conquest of Judæa, and the destruction of Jerusalem. It is built of white marble, with fluted Composite columns, on each side of a single arch. As in the time of Pius VII. it had greatly suffered, it was skillfully and carefully restored. The front toward the forum is much more injured than the other, and only a part of the basement, and some of the columns, with the mutilated figures of Victory over the arch, have been preserved.

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

The sculptures of the frieze represent a succession of warriors leading oxen to sacrifice; on the keystone is the figure of a Roman warrior, nearly entire. The original inscription on the attic is finely cut, and shows by the use of the word *divo*, that it was erected after the death of Titus. The much-damaged basso-relievos on the inner sides of the arcade are highly interesting. On the one pier is represented the emperor crowned by Victory, in his triumphal car, drawn by four horses, which are conducted by a female figure representing the city of Rome. Lictors accompany the chariot, and citizens and soldiers swell the procession.

BEARING THE SPOILS OF THE TEMPLE.

On the other pier a procession is represented bearing the spoils of the temple at Jerusalem, among which appear the golden table, the candlestick having seven branches, and the silver trumpets, which perfectly agree with the description of Josephus, and are the only authentic figures of these memorable objects. The vault of the arch is richly ornamented with sunk panels and roses; in the center is a bas-relief representing the deification of Titus, and the tympans of the arch are enriched with beautiful figures of Fame.

Of great importance is this splendid monument. Of late years, infidelity, ever shifting its tactics, and driven from the holds which it had previously occupied, has endeavored with a gigantic and almost ludicrous folly to shake the evidences of Christianity, by representing its plainest historical statements as being mere allegories or myths. It is important therefore to observe how relics such as we have now described confirm in the strongest manner the events recorded in the pages of Scripture. Our Lord's solemn prophetic declarations as to the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion and captivity of its inhabitants, are found, as it were, engraved in stone; and the tribute originally paid to the fame of a heathen emperor, is made to illustrate and authenticate the testimony of revelation.

But we are prolonging this article too much; and yet we have hardly glanced at the architectural magnificence of this old capital of the world—baths, arches, palaces, and temples of the noblest workmanship remain unmentioned. We may return to the subject.

THE CHRISTIANITY REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

WE propose to describe in this paper what we deem the chief moral exigency of the times; and in a subsequent article to show, with less elaborateness than will necessarily be required in our present remarks, how Christianity can and must meet that exigency. We propound the subject with reference exclusively to its practical bearings. Substantive Christianity can admit no essential changes for the changes of "times and seasons;" nor can any substantive truth. We speak of the *philosophy* of an age, as if it were an essential product of that age, to be superseded by the development of a new phase of truth in a following period; and almost every age has, indeed, had its characteristic school of speculative science. Philosophy, however, has not been *truth*, for it has been self-contradictory. Its successive forms have been rather series of modes of inquiry after truth, than truth itself. The *mode*, not the truth, has been characteristic of its period.

Essential Christianity can know no other than incidental changes; nor can its historical basis admit of any important modifications. Chalmers did not err, in the fundamental importance which he attached to the historical assumptions of the system. Any important and clearly proved invalidity of historical Christianity, must invalidate the whole specific character of Christianity. Leigh Hunt once suggested to Shelley, in an Italian cathedral, that a feasible system of faith might be constructed of the ethics and simplest forms of Christianity, while its dogmas and the preternatural in its history could be rejected; the skeptic poet shook his head, and denied it. He saw at once that such a system could not be authoritative; that it would be but a return to natural religion—making philosophic theists of the learned, and virtual heathen of the masses. They are but shallow-headed thinkers who, rejecting the positive authority of dogmatic and historical Christianity, talk of new developments of the em,—transcendental abstractions of positive ideas, and such a generali- or rather etherealization, of its old injunctions as must render them her than plain actual

Let this be set down then as fully granted, without any qualifying recurrence in what we have further to say. Man's original uprightness, his fall, his redemption by the Divine Mediator, his personal moral renovation through that redemption, and his amenability to the future Judgment with its rewards and punishments,—this is summarily the divine truth, the Christian philosophy which can admit no essential change.

But this being granted, is not even this essential Christianity subject to external modifications? Does it not conform itself exteriorly to the characteristics of the times for good or for evil? And is it not one of its most important necessities that its defenders should comprehend what new adaptations the times demand of it? Down through all its ages,—"Apostolic," "Patristic," the "Dark Ages," the Reformation, Puritanism, Methodism,—it has borne, with varied fortunes, but always in safety, the light of its essential truth as above defined,—gleaming sometimes in the dark concealment of the catacombs as the Roman tomb-lamp, at others flickering on superb altars amidst meretricious pomps, at still others waving amidst darkness and delusions as a burning brand, and again gleaming genially as the household light of the people—"the candle on the candlestick which giveth light unto all that are in the house." What should it be now—what but the sun in mid-heavens?

And yet it cannot be denied that it is quite otherwise—that many of the tendencies of the times are ominously against it. The cultivated mind of the day is swerving away from it with an altogether novel, we were about to say an appalling celerity—not merely the speculative, but the scientific mind of the age. Its purely literary mind also, to which, notwithstanding its moral waywardness, religion has always been a source of inspiration and sentiment, follows headlong in the downward direction.

What is the expedient course for Christianity in such circumstances? Not to argue—we answer; not to reproduce her old miscalled "Apologies," or regird herself for the old polemic combats. Those battles can never be better fought than they have been; and the great old writers of our language in defense of Christianity, with Butler at their head, will not soon be superseded by abler men. We need now a different mode of defense.

It is a fact, however anomalous, that simultaneously with this skeptical mania of the learned world, science has been most abundantly pouring confirmatory light on Christianity. But before answering more specifically the question, let us examine more clearly the conditions of the alleged evil.

The cause of this declension from the faith is moral rather than intellectual, though it characterizes chiefly the intellectual classes. It is more a *sentiment* than a *conviction* against Christianity; and the latter must resort more to its moral than its learned resources, for the means of self-protection.

The growing unbelief of which we speak is thus described by a sensible writer: "With respect to the large mass of civilized communities, there can be no doubt that the Christian Church has lost the direction and censorship of both the private life and the public conduct of men. * * The science, the philosophy, the social organization, and the social passions of modern times are for the most part adverse to Christianity; yet we refuse to avail ourselves of the advantages which are turned against us, and refuse to change our tactics and strategy, when the enemy by a skillful change of front has turned our flank, and is marching unopposed as a conqueror over our domain. * * We perceive the universal spirit of resistance to all authority, resulting in anarchy; the substitution of petty aims in life for sentiments of duty; the degradation of all science into the mere instrument of pecuniary advancement, and the concomitant decline of science itself. The individual judgment is warped, betrayed, excited and blinded by the materialistic, sensual, pleasure-seeking, money-craving, debasing tendencies of the age in which we live. * * Dr. Chalmers says:—'As things stand at present, our creeds and confessions have become effete, and the Bible a dead letter; and that orthodoxy, which was at one time our glory, by withering into the inert and lifeless, is now the shame and reproach of all our Churches.' * * Comte's Positive Philosophy is the last word of modern infidelity—its highest, most complete, and philosophic expression; it is the most undiluted development of the material, money-seeking, selfish, and self-sufficient tendencies of the late centuries. A disposition to reject all restraint, to acknowledge no authority but individual passion or interest, to recognize the *summum bonum* in individual gratifications, to bow to no sovereign but human reason, and to adore human intellect with a base and beggarly worship, as corrupting as it is blind, has become the main characteristic of this nineteenth century, and has matured in anarchy, revolution, and social distress, its fatal fruits."*

These passages, too strongly expressed perhaps, indicate not only the character, but the source of our modern and fast-spreading infidelity.

It results from the *engrossing materialistic dispositions* of the age. The unbelief of no other period has resembled it. Under the old philosophers Pyrrhonism existed, but not extensively; the minds that swerved from the existing religions tended toward a better faith, rather than to the negation of faith. Socrates approached the didactic truth of Christianity; Plato approached near to its spiritualism, and the Church has ever and anon, especially in its periods of resuscitation, recurred to his philosophy as one of her best resources; Plutarch's spirit, and his ideas also, approximate so nearly to Christianity that we can hardly persuade ourselves that he did not hear its early teachers. During the middle ages infidelity scarcely had an indication except in the speculations of the Jew, Spinoza, or the rationalistic tendencies of Abelard. The whole mind of Christendom bowed before the altar with almost as absolute a faith in things invisible as in things visible. The individual aberrations from the common faith were the result rather of personal idiosyncrasies than any general tendency. The revival of learning liberated the spirit of inquiry, but that spirit took as yet no decidedly infidel direction; it only threw off the adventitious and oppressive errors which had accumulated upon the truth and upon the souls of men, during ages of superstition—it returned to the old and pure faith, and its legitimate authorities.

Meanwhile, however, almost simultaneously, the enterprise of Europe, no longer absorbed in the religious wars of the Crusades and abandoning the semi-

* Articles on Comte's Philosophy, Methodist Quarterly Review, 1852—papers of no small ability.

religious pursuits of "chivalry," took a new direction. Navigation, the exploration of the globe, the discovery of the New World,—these introduced a new moral as well as civil epoch into history. Materialistic interests were henceforth destined to dominate through the world, and characterize the new developments of civilization. Colonization, commerce, the practical arts as subservient to the material amelioration of the race, the development and organization of the natural sciences—almost all of them of modern date—the detachment of religion more and more from its old relations to the State,—these—all of them most salutary steps of progress in themselves—have nevertheless been abused to a deteriorating, a most visibly deteriorating influence on the religious temper of Christendom, sensualizing, materializing it; creating everywhere a demand for what is palpably rather than what is morally appreciable; leading to doubt respecting whatever is not attended with sensible evidence, and to a presumptuous dependence on physical rather than moral progress for the improvement of man.

The degenerate temper thus engendered first revolts from the personal claims of Christianity chiefly, though not avowedly, because of their spiritual purity and rigor; next, it questions the preternatural assumptions of the system, especially what is preternatural in its historical claims, and thus strikes away the very basis of the structure; farther still does it go—admitting the ethical system of Christianity, (because, as we said in a former number, it absolutely cannot deny it*)—glorifying it even, but with a diluted sentimentalism which dissolves out of it its real force, this new skepticism would separate the spirit of Christianity from the substance of truth and the strict form of conduct in which alone it has been able to subsist for any time, or with any vigor. The next and almost inevitable step of the progression, or rather of the retrogression, is theism; then comes the denial of a personal God, pantheism; and at last the denial of all spiritualism whatever—even of the Divine existence in any form—and the avowal of sheer materialism, as in the new and spreading school of Comte.

In fine, this latest development of the civilized world, directing its energies so thoroughly toward material ends, is giving it a new moral phase—leading the learned to a downright materialistic skepticism, and the masses to an all-absorbing worldliness, the very temper of which is profound though vague disregard and discredit of the Christian faith.

Some of the writers on the subject may have shown too much alarm, but it cannot be denied that the evil is of no doubtful character. We see its earliest evidences in the condition of Protestantism on the continent of Europe. Rationalism may be said, with little qualification, to be universal in the Protestant states of the continent; and it is little better, in many cases not as good, as Rousseau's Savoyard Vicar's Confession. Humboldt is said to be exemplary in his respect for the Protestantism of his country; but his recent great work—*Cosmos*—is a stupendous monument of the scientific and literary materialism of the age. It is a tower of Babel without a God in it—not even an idol god. No infidel perhaps ever sent forth a work on nature so utterly Godless—so destitute of allusion even, to the great First Cause. He is not, we suppose, a thorough skeptic; but, alas! it is not now fashionable in the learned world to recognize God—that would be an irrelevancy there, however appropriate in the church or the closet.

The learned men of the Catholic states share this Protestant skepticism. The French *savants* and *litterateurs* are noted for it. Even Lamartine, with his interest for the moral salvation of the people, is evidently in theory a disciple of Rousseau. "His religious feeling," says Dumas, "is unquestionable, but not his religious faith." The infection has within a few years reached England, and is now breaking out among her literary men with the virulence of a pestilence. Sterling, of whom we have lately spoken more fully, was a living and dying example of it; Carlyle has now openly become its representative; the Westminster Review, with renewed ability, has become its organ; the Prospective Review is not far from the same track; Bailey, Leigh Hunt, Morrell, Mill, and Millman himself are examples of its influence; Harriet Martineau and her coterie are examples of its extreme result.

Its prevalence in our own country is becoming more and more alarming. It is

* See introduction to this Magazine, on Peri-Literature.

to be feared that most of our younger literary minds have lost their faith in Christianity. Emerson, Parker, Thoureau, Henry James, are the representatives of a numerous and constantly increasing class. Margaret Fuller's memoirs lift the vail of many a mind's history in our very midst. The book which we recently noticed—"Vestiges of Civilization"—one of the strongest examples of intellect which has come from the American press, avowedly takes its stand on the boldest position of Comte's materialistic "Positivism."

The popular influence of this new form of infidelity is quite extensive in the old world, but it is likely to be more so here. From Germany come continually to our shores hordes of the people who, if we may judge from their American newspapers, are quite fallen from even German rationalism. In France, socialism, in its popular reception, is identified with religious unbelief, and France is transferring to our shores her socialist masses. Our own people, especially the youthful and cultivated mind of the country, is far more inquisitive, and far more under the materialistic influences we have noted; and it cannot be doubted that there is a widening revolt among such from the faith of our fathers. It has been our lot recently to be temporarily located amidst a circle of intelligent and ingenuous young men, who, full of generous aspirations and of sympathy for all physical and intellectual improvements of the people, have, nevertheless, to a great extent, outgrown their respect for anything preternatural in Christianity, and, while practicing blamelessly its social morality, have practically abandoned its ordinances and forms of worship. We have reason to know that they are but an example of an increasing tendency all through the land; in some places connected with new and preposterous "reforms," and even with ridiculous delusions, but substantially the same infidelity.

All attempts to counteract this tendency by extreme efforts in the opposite direction have failed. The "Procession of the coat of Treves," which a century ago would have excited not much hostile remark in Europe, has led in our day to the revolt of tens of thousands of Catholics, not to Protestantism but to Rationalism. Puseyism, after the most diligent endeavors, is now dying of sheer impotency. Its design, the restoration of the Anglican Church to some obsolete ideas and forms, has been a failure, though not without pernicious effects. The practical sense, the materialism of the age, has gone too far for such nonsense.

If the reader will not tire, we will probe further the subject. Let us comprehend the evil, if we would answer justly the practical question respecting its remedy.

This infidel spirit of the times, then, arising from the materialistic tendencies of our modern life, is not only revealing itself by a vague hostility to religion in the popular mind, and a direct hostility to it in the literature of the day, but it has within a few years been nullifying the old forms of speculative opinion in Europe, and taking itself a scientific form—one which is the more plausible, perhaps, and more in harmony with cotemporary predilections than any other which has ever appeared in the arena of speculation.

The speculative systems of the Germans which, from Kant to Hegel, have passed through so many transformations of spiritualism, pantheism, and sensualism, are ceasing to be. Accustomed as we are to consider Germany the land, *par excellence*, of philosophical studies, the fact of the general declension of such studies there has hardly yet become known, even to the learned of other countries. For some ten or twelve years, however, a change in this respect, entitled to be called a revolution, has been in progress. German thinkers declare the fact, and ascribe it to the new materialistic epoch which, as we have shown, is intervening throughout Christendom, and, according to the Germans, not only debasing philosophy, but all abstract studies. A Berlin correspondent of the New-York Tribune devotes a long and very able letter to the subject.* He speaks of the "catastrophe of philosophy," and affirms that "philosophy, on which more than twenty centuries have now labored, has undergone the same catastrophe which has befallen constitutionalism;" that "philosophy, to which the Germans for the last eighty years have been devoted with their best powers, has collapsed;" that "the invasive power with which philosophy subjugated the separate sciences, moral as well as physical, to herself, has

* Tribune, July 27, 1852.

been completely destroyed;" that "the reveries of stupid German professors, who still rejoice in the phrase of 'the legitimate influence of philosophy on the moral and physical sciences,' have become as childish and obsolete as the rodomontades of the present Bonapartean journals in Paris, which talk as if the 'Great Nation' still existed, which was bound to care for all Europe, and from which Europe waited orders, and expected the solution of the most vital problems;" that "the catastrophe of metaphysics is undeniable," and that "philosophical literature may be regarded as completely closed up—brought to an end."

"The universities,"—continues this writer,—"the universities, which formerly engaged all educated men with the struggles of their development, no longer attract general attention, and are now only preparatory seminaries for a special office. They still have their philosophical teachers, but not one of them has produced so much as a single new thought. While formerly, in the middle ages, the separation of the spiritual and secular order favored the exclusive occupation with science, and in the last century an interest in the destructive metaphysical systems was cherished by the aristocracy of all Europe, and even by the reigning princes, the universal necessity, from which only some few capitalists are free, the struggle with daily misery, and the toil for the passing moment, have well nigh destroyed all inclination for general and comprehensive studies. While in the middle ages thousands from the whole west thronged the most renowned universities and teachers—Abelard, for instance, often had ten thousand hearers—the number now frequenting the German universities diminishes every year, and is exclusively confined to those who are obliged to qualify themselves for civil office, by attending certain courses of lectures. In the middle ages, the historical flowering-time of metaphysics, an eminence in the scholastic philosophy either gave a certain guarantee of power, so long as it was in the hands of the spiritual, that is, the scholastically educated order, or when the two orders contended

[illegible]cy, the secular seeking emancipation from the Papacy and founding its [illegible] thirteenth century, meta[illegible] a valid claim to the [illegible] the two contending parties. But what can now be expected by a philosopher in the university? An empty lecture-room, when he wishes to present anything but what the hearers need for their civil examination. In the middle ages, metaphysics held the sovereignty of the world—a sovereignty which the Greek philosophers sought in vain to reach, and the ideal of which they sketched in their ambitious image of philosophers on the throne,—the philosophical teachers in universities now-a-days have no longer an idea to which the world is willing to give its attention. The man who has now attained the importance which in the middle ages belonged to the metaphysician, is the engineer. All the philosophers of Europe put together cannot dream of attaining any portion of the renown which has been won, for instance, by Paxton, the designer of the Crystal Palace, with a fortunate throw of the dice. The engineer, who conducts the erection of industrial establishments on new and effective principles, who improves the chemical laboratory of a manufactory, who conquers difficulties in the way of constructing a bridge on a bold plan, or laying out the line of a railroad on a large scale,—he is the man whom the people now make use of, and to whom they yield their confidence. The people now wish to bring nature into complete subjection to themselves—but they cannot be helped in this by any philosopher with his system of nature. They wish, in order to come nearer together, to conquer time and space—but they have no longer any taste for listening to the disputes of philosophers on the abstract idea of time and space.

"And the governments? They tolerate the teachers of the old metaphysics only at the universities, just as an old ruin is tolerated at the side of a new establishment, so long as there is as yet no time for its removal.

"Europe has entirely turned its back upon metaphysics—the foundation of metaphysics has been forever destroyed by the German critical philosophy—no man will henceforth establish a metaphysical system, that is to say, one which will take any place in the history of cultivation,—quite as little as any one will be capable of composing a symphony after Beethoven, that is, an actual symphony of profound character, and of artistic value,

—quite as little as any one can erect a church in Gothic style which will compare with the ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages—or quite as little as any one can create a statue which shall equal the sculpture of antiquity."

We do not repine at this downfall of the speculative chairs of the German universities. The Devil sat in them with supremacy, and long enough. But we regret the manner of their fall, and the indication which it presents. We regret that it results from the materialistic tendency which we have affirmed—" the toil for the passing moment, which has well nigh destroyed all inclination for general and comprehensive studies," and which, in our own country even, is threatening collegiate education with modifications that must stultify it down from all classic elevation and vigor to practical arts of money-getting—an education not for the development of intellect and character, but of practical dexterity.

While the Germans have thus supposed that the " catastrophe" of all speculative philosophy had come, the very tendency of the times, which was destroying their old schools, itself took, in France, a philosophic form, and we have there the materialism of the day scientifically expressed in Comte's Positive Philosophy. The whole reptile brood, begotten in the muddy bog of German thought, has been swallowed down by the new monster—

> " Engender'd in the vale of slime,
> Huge Python—"

Allusion has already been made to this philosophic form of modern infidelity, and we have hardly space here to enter fully into an exposition of it. We may remark, however, that Comte sees, in the history of the human mind, three stages of development, three philosophical epochs: the first is Theological—the earliest form of thought, when men are simple and credulous, and refer all phenomena to divine agency; the second is Metaphysical—when the spirit of inquiry finds out " intermediate links of causation," and the limitless range of conjecture and hypothesis is entered; the third is the Positive stage, in which nothing is admissible but what is capable of positive appreciation and has direct relation to man. Comte throws away all theology, all metaphysics, considered as sciences. He denies a personal God; he " repudiates all religious belief, and substitutes the adoration of a typical humanity for all forms of divine worship." Material nature, and its relations or laws, with the social and political relations of men placed amidst and parts of that nature, he considers the only appropriate subjects of philosophic inquiry. It will be perceived at once how congenial with the material and infidel predilections of the times is this philosophy. It is their legitimate product, and indicates how profound and pervading is their power.

The system is not only thus in strict analogy with the times, but it is sustained by signal ability on the part of its founder. His opponents, as well as his adherents, pronounce Comte *the* great man of the learned world: some hesitate not to rank him with Bacon, and to ascribe to him a "*nova instauratio.*" The best critique he has found in this country,* pronounces him next to Bacon, among modern philosophers, and remarks that "whatever may be thought of him in comparison with the founder of modern science—and he himself pretends to no equality—he is certainly entitled to rank with, if not above, Hobbes, Descartes, and Leibnitz—perhaps we might add Kant. We admit him to be second only to Bacon and Aristotle among the mighty intellects of all time: had he as rigidly incorporated religious faith into his system, as he has strictly excluded it; had he shown its indissoluble connexion and perfect harmony with all knowledge, scientific or other, instead of endeavoring to show, which he has not succeeded in doing, its absolute antagonism to science, we should then have hailed in him one greater than Bacon, for he would have infallibly furnished the solution required for the intellectual and social difficulties of the times." Sir David Brewster, Mill, Whewell, and other competent judges, acknowledge his vast erudition and commanding powers.

We have thus traced the peculiar form of the irreligion of these times—" the last word of infidelity," as a critic already quoted has called it,—showing its origin, its relations to the literature and the popular mind of the day, and the formidable scientific character which it has assumed.

Before dismissing the subject, two characteristics of this infectious unbelief should be noticed—as it owes to them much of its insidious influence.

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* Methodist Quarterly Review, January, 1852.

It acknowledges, as we have said, the ethics of Christianity, and is remarkably laudatory of the character of Christ and of the spirit of his teachings. It differs in this respect from the old Voltarian skepticism. It owns no blasphemy; it would appear even to be scrupulously cautious against all moral impurity; and its advocates are usually found to be, not only intelligent, but upright men. Its great danger is that it presents so many plausible temptations to such men. It is, in fine, Antichrist simulating the spirit of Christ.

Secondly, unlike the old European infidelity, it is not destructive in its spirit, but incessantly proposes positive forms of amelioration and organization. It abounds in plans of practical philanthropy; it is bestirring itself to provide, though often by whimsical measures, occupation, education, &c., for the poorer classes. It, in fine, not only simulates the spirit of Christianity, but is endeavoring to imitate, and to distance if possible, its practical benevolence.

Having thus viewed, though in mere outline, what we consider the chief moral exigency of the times, we shall, in a future article, endeavor to show that Christianity is fully adequate to meet it, and how it should meet it.

LORD FRANCIS JEFFREY.

THE unresting hand of Death, lifting ever and anon some waning human light from the obscure elevation of a cottage-window to the world-wide conspicuousness of a star, furnishes abundant and interesting themes for the journalist. But it is often his sad fate—at least, it is our own—to see such topics pass across the disk of the public mind, and vanish, ere he can overtake them, into the limbo of things "stale, flat, and unprofitable." We are determined not to be thus eluded for the future; and we seize upon the illustrious name above written, after most of our weekly and monthly brethren have dismissed it, in the conviction that the Life and Letters of Lord Jeffrey contain more of interest and beauty than a hundred reviews can exhaust.

The outer life of Francis Jeffrey is soon told. He was born on the 23d of October, 1773. His parents then occupied a flat of No. 7 Charles-street, George-urgh. His father was a deputy clerk of the Supreme Court—his mother, a farmer's daughter. Francis was the third of five children. He went first to a school "in the abyss of Bailie Fyfe's close." At the age of eight, he was promoted to the famous High School of Edinburgh, where he learned Latin under Mr. Fraser, who, "from three successive classes, of four years each, had the singular good fortune to turn out Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham." Dr. Adam "added some Greek to the Latin," and, what was far better, delighting "in the detection and encouragement of every appearance of youthful talent and goodness," taught Jeffrey, as he had taught Scott, "the value of the knowledge hitherto considered only as a burdensome task." In the winter of 1786–7, he was one day "standing on the High-street, staring at a man whose appearance struck him; a person standing at a shop-door tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'Aye, laddie! ye may well look at that man!—That's Robert Burns!'" It was Jeffrey's first and last look at the poet—an incident worth recording in the barest record of a life. At fourteen years of age, Jeffrey went to Glasgow College, remaining two sessions, and attending only the Greek, Logic, and Moral Philosophy classes. Leaving Glasgow in May, 1789, he remained at home, attending a course of law lectures, till September, 1791, when he went to Oxford, and was entered at Queen's College. He returned to Edinburgh in June, 1792, to definitively prepare for the profession of a Scottish advocate. He married, in November, 1801, a portionless daughter of his second cousin, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Professor of Church History at St. Andrew's. In March of the following year, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the post of "reporter" to the Court of Sessions. The same summer, he projected, in company with Sydney Smith, Horner, and Brougham, the "Edinburgh Review," the first number of which appeared in November, 1802. With the second number he assumed the editorship. In May, 1804, he lost one of his two sisters, and in August of the following year, his childless wife. In August, 1806, he made that visit to London of which the miserable rencounter with Moore was an episode. In the summer of 1813 he crossed the Atlantic, in order to marry Miss Wilkes, a grand-niece

of the famous tribune, with whom he had become acquainted while she was visiting some friends in Edinburgh. In the autumn of 1815 the restoration of peace gave him an opportunity of gratifying his old desire to visit the Continent. In 1820, his literary honors were crowned by his election to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow College. In June, 1829, his professional eminence was recognized in his appointment as Dean of the Faculty of Edinburgh; and he therefore resigned the editorship of the "Review," as incompatible with that position. On the long-deferred accession of the Whigs to power, he was made Lord-Advocate, and sat in Parliament successively for the Forfarshire burghs, Malton, and Edinburgh; the first and second, though Malton was a nomination borough, costing $50,000. In 1834, he was raised to the Scottish bench. On the 26th of January, 1850, in his seventy-seventh year, he died.

These few briefly-recorded incidents are the bones of a public and private life intensely interesting. Lord Cockburn has not written as a literary artist; but he has not failed—he could not well fail—to produce the narrative of an animating career and the portraiture of a beautiful character. We trace through his pages the development of the tiny, timid child, trembling at the footstep of the unknown, dreaded master, and weeping at the loss of a first place in his class—the "little black creature" haranguing his college fellows against the election of Adam Smith to the Lord Rectorship—the homesick youth, distraught with sorrow at the solitude of Oxford, but panting with the thirst of fame, and despairing of reaching it but by poems so mediocre that his friendly editor suppresses their remains—the briefless advocate, consumed with impatience to earn his bread, projecting books that never saw the light, suing in vain for employment to London editors and bibliopoles, turning his aching eyes to India for means of livelihood, yet venturing to marry on a hundred a year, and exhausting his patrimony in the furniture of a top story—refused an appointment that would have worn out his days in an obscure clerkship, having offended his only patron by political heresy, conspiring with half a dozen aspirants, mostly poor as himself, to start a quarterly magazine—lifted, in a few months, to a dazzling elevation of intellectual renown and to the enjoyment of comparative affluence—abased to the dust, a year or two later, by the blows that shivered his household gods, more cherished than the idols of intellect or ambition—slowly finding consolation in the exercise of mental energies, and the renewal of heart ties—rejoicing in the attainment, successively, of the highest honors of the literary and forensic vocations, the just rewards of political service, and the constant delights of a charming home and godlike friendships—sinking quietly into the vale of years, and dying at an age beyond threescore and ten, in the midst of as much of happiness as earth could afford. It is only on one or two points of this picture that we can dwell.

Of the establishment and early history of the "Edinburgh Review," we had hoped to have learned even more than Lord Cockburn tells us, or, rather, permits Jeffrey to tell. Sydney Smith's account of the affair is well known. "One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat, in Buccleuch-place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review. This was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the 'Edinburgh Review.'"* This version, however, is more dramatic than accurate. Smith was confessedly the first to "propose that we should set up a Review;" but the proposition was one to be anxiously debated in a committee of ways and means, rather than to be voted by acclamation. Constable, "though the most spirited of publishers," seems to have been reluctant to embark in an enterprise of which he must bear the pecuniary risk. When determined on and announced, the appearance of the first number was delayed three months. The confederates were themselves timid, and the laughing Sydney by far the most so, "making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back approaches or by different lanes." Smith was not the formally appointed editor of even the first number. The writers met, "as many as could be got to attend," at the printing-office, corrected their proofs, and criticised each other's articles. The extraordinary success of

* Preface to Sydney Smith's collected Works.

the "Review" put an end to this unmethodical and profitless management. After the first three numbers, Constable was told, in a letter from Smith, who had gone South, that he should give an editor £50 for each number, and allow the writers ten guineas a sheet. That the bookseller readily agreed, is the best evidence that can be given to this generation of the sensation which these young unknown penmen had effected. Jeffrey was at once appointed editor, at which Horner, then at the Chancery-bar, records that he is glad, and "that few know the genius of that little man." This same Horner, in common with his fellow-contributors, was already a cause of harass to his old comate and chief. For contributions to the third, fourth, and subsequent numbers, we find the anxious editor dunning and entreating him. An article on Malthus, the Chancery barrister had had two years under hand. At length, Jeffrey writes :—

"The cry is still for copy. We must publish, it seems, by the 15th of July, to attain the object for which we went back to the 18th; and they wish, if possible, to set the press agoing in the course of ten days from this time. Now, my most trusted and perfidious Horner, I earnestly conjure you to think how necessary it is for you to set instantly about Malthus. Shut yourself up within your double doors; commit the doctor* for one eight days to his destiny; and cease to perplex yourself with 'what the Dutch intend, and what the French;' let the blue stockings of Miss —— be gartered by some idler hand; resist, if possible, the seductions of Mrs. Smith, and the tender prattlings of Saba; think only of the task which you have undertaken, and endeavor to work out your liberation in as short a time as possible. I do think it of consequence that we should begin, if possible, with this article, both because it is more important, and more impatiently expected than any other, and because I really do not know of any other that I have a right to demand, or the power of getting ready so soon, &c."

Such are the toils of literature, such the temptations to idleness, even in that fresh, vigorous season, when labor—*once fairly begun*—is a delight, and the urgings of *res angusta domi* join with the wooings of ambition!

* Addington.

For this onerous labor, what preparation had Jeffrey made? For the effect which his first stroke produced, where was the adequate cause? The reply is a lesson to the idle dreamer, who, infected with the vain conceit of genius, excuses his indolence by the apparently untrained efforts of his fancied exemplars. "If there be anything valuable in the history of his progress," says Jeffrey's biographer, "it seems to me to consist chiefly in the example of meritorious labor, which his case exhibits to young men, even of the highest talent. If he had chosen to be idle, no youth would have had a stronger temptation, or a better excuse for that habit; because his natural vigor made it easy for him to accomplish far more than his prescribed tasks, respectably, without much trouble, and with the additional applause of doing them off-hand. But his early passion for distinction was never separated from the conviction that in order to attain it he must work for it. Accordingly, from his boyhood, he was not only a diligent, but a systematic student." At Glasgow, he seems to have commenced the habit of not only taking copious notes of every lecture he heard and every book he read, but to have expanded them by the record of his reflections. From that he advanced to translation and theme-writing. The essays that remain and are specified, are on such subjects as still engage the pens and tongues of tyros, but display a very unusual acuteness, fullness of thought, command of language, and continuity of purpose. Some of these productions occupy fifty, seventy, or a hundred folio pages, in a small crabbed handwriting; and the whole would certainly fill many printed volumes. Their most instructive and remarkable characteristic has yet to be mentioned—"Nearly the whole of his prose writings are of a critical character; and this inclination toward analysis and appreciation was so strong, that almost every one of his compositions closes with a criticism upon himself." A letter written at fifteen years of age to Dr. Adam, is marvelous for its display of natural juvenility and advanced self-culture. He apologizes to his old master for his "uninvited intrusion," by the information that for some weeks he has been "impelled to the deed by the impulse of some internal agent;" and that this impulse he has tracked, after "a weary way," to "some emotion

in the powers of the will rather than of the intellect." The burden of his epistle, and the only apparent object of his writing, is expressed in this Johnsonian sentence:—

"When I recollect the mass of instruction I have received from your care—when I consider the excellent principles it was calculated to convey—when I contemplate the perspicuous, attentive, and dispassionate mode of conveyance—and when I experience the advantages and benefits of all these, I cannot refrain the gratification of a finer feeling, in the acknowledgment of my obligations. I am sufficiently sensible that these are hackneyed and cant phrases; but as they express the sentiments of my soul, I think they must be tolerated."

It is possible, however, to attribute too much to even well-directed industry. No expenditure of lapidary skill can put the deep mirroring luster of the diamond upon the dull, soulless pebble; nor will the self-consuming ardor of a Pollok kindle within him the genius of a Milton. Jeffrey was naturally endowed with qualities favorable to the writing faculty. The poetry and polish of his style—to which far more than to their critical acumen his writings owe their popularity—expressed the warmth of his admiration for physical loveliness, and his keen sensibility to the domestic affections. The love of country scenery was in him almost as passionate and tender as in Shelley. The hard-headed lawyer and critic could appropriate, with the omission of a word,* the invocation of "Alastor"—

"Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!"

His filial love to "our great mother" grew with the expansion of his intellect, and intensified with his pursuits. His youthful tours afoot through Wales and the Highlands were repeated at every opportunity through life. He would turn with impatience from the drawing-room of London, to pace beneath the oaks of Kensington; and describes, with a gusto that must have solaced Wordsworth, a view of sunrise from Wesminster-bridge. But it was rather—according to his own theory of beauty—for its associations, than its sensuous charms, that he loved the picturesque. Among his youthful compositions is one on this subject, and evidently the germ of his celebrated treatise in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." In an imaginary dialogue, he exclaims—

"See that little dim distant light, which shines like a setting star on the horizon; is there anything in the whole circle and series of objects with which we are surrounded on every side that pleases and affects you more than its soft and tranquil light—than the long line of trembling fire with which it has crossed the lake at the bottom of the cliff under which it burns? And what is it that yields this simple object so high a power of pleasing, but that secret and mysterious association by which it represents to us the calmness and rustic simplicity of the inhabitants of that cottage; by which we are transported within its walls, and made to see and to observe the whole economy and occupation of the household."

About the same time, he wrote, in the true spirit of a student of the "humanities:"—"All that regards man is interesting to me. Everything which explains his character and his contradictions; every investigation that promises to illustrate the phenomena which he unfolds, I pursue and explore with insatiable eagerness and affection." It was in thus searching into his own heart, that he found the source of mastery over his fellows. He made his pages glow with the warmth of the fire that burnt within his bosom, and men caught the contagion of his earnestness, while they were pleased with the play of his fancy. From this "dear, retired, adored, little window" of his top flat, he looked upon the chequered surface of society—upon the vanity and oppression that is done under the sun, upon the labor wrought and the rest enjoyed—then turned within, to the woman who had taken him, poor and obscure, for the love and pride he had excited—and wove the whole into the work of the hour, the paper on poetry, history, or politics, that lay before him; for such a soul will utter *itself* on whatever called to speak. No wonder that the new magazine, thus written, electrified the whole reading public of that generation, annihilated the venal or partisan scribblers that lived on the timid disgust of honest men, and constituted a new epoch in the literary history of Britain. We have not at hand the numbers of the "Review" for 1805–6, but we have not the least doubt that upon its pages is distinctly visible the

* "Ocean" is the rejected word.

shadow of that dark, deep cloud which then overspread the house in Buccleuch-place. The man who went "sobbing along the empty streets" from the death-bed of a sister, angry with the rising sun and singing birds, and more than willing to put off life and follow her who never looked so lovely as now that "she lay still, still and calm, with her bright eyes half closed, and her red lips half open"—he could not but write them with pathos and the eloquence of grief, though his theme were of the hardest secularity. Still less was it possible he should not challenge the world to put on sackcloth with him, when the hope of fatherhood was suddenly dashed into the deep despair of the widower. The readers of the "Edinburgh" may have never heard of its editor's bereavement, but they must have been inoculated with the tenderness of the man who wrote thus to his brother:—

"My dear John,—I am at this moment of all men the most miserable and disconsolate. It is just a week to-day since my sweet Kitty died in my arms, and left me without joy, or hope, or comfort, in this world. Her health had been long very delicate, and during this summer rather more disordered than usual; but we fancied she was with child, and rather looked forward to her complete restoration. She was finally seized with the most excruciating headaches, which ended in an effusion of water on the brain, and sunk her into a lamentable stupor, which terminated in death. It is impossible for me to describe to you the feeling of lonely and hopeless misery with which I have since been oppressed. I doated upon her, I believe, more than man ever did on a woman before; and, after four years of marriage, was more tenderly attached to her than on the day which made her mine. I took no interest in anything which had not some reference to her, and had no enjoyment away from her, except in thinking what I should have to tell or to show her on my return; and I have never returned to her, after a half-day's absence, without feeling my heart throb and my eye brighten, with all the ardor and anxiety of a youthful passion. All the exertions I ever made in the world, were for her sake entirely. You know how indolent I was by nature, and how regardless of reputation and fortune. But it was a delight to me to lay these things at the feet of my darling, and to invest her with some portion of the distinction she deserved, and to increase the pride and the vanity she felt for her husband, by accumulating these public tests of his merit. She had so lively a relish for life, too, and so unquenchable and unbroken a hope in the midst of protracted illness and languor, that the stroke which cut it off forever appears equally cruel and unnatural. Though familiar with sickness, she seemed to have nothing to do with death. . . . I have the consolation to think that the short time she passed with me was as happy as love and hope could make it. In spite of her precarious health, she has often assured me that she was the happiest of women, and would not change her condition with any human creature. Indeed, we lived in a delightful progress of everything that could contribute to our felicity. Everything was opening and brightening before us. Our circumstances, our society, were rapidly improving, our understandings were expanding, and even our love and confidence in each other increasing from day to day. Now, I have no interest in anything, and no object or motive for being in the world. . . . O, my dear John, my heart is very cold and heavy, and my prospect of life every way gloomy and deplorable. I had long been accustomed to place all my notions of happiness in domestic life; and I had found it there, so pure, perfect, and entire, that I can never look for it anywhere else, or hope for it in any other form. Heaven protect you from the agony it has imposed upon me! Write me soon to say that you are happy, and that you and your Susan will love me. My heart is shut at this time to everything but sorrow, but I think it must soon open to affection."

We will add, for the sake of the many who may be feeling all this, though they cannot say it, that the shrinking heart did "open to affection." The strong man who thus moaned out his agony, found mercy from the Power whose protection he invoked without avail for his brother, called to the same suffering two or three years later. The hand of God raised up the stricken child of earth, led him back to wholesome labor, and rebuilt for the maturity and decline of his days, the tabernacle that was rent from above him in the proud flush of manhood. Jeffrey lived to write this:—

TO A GRANDCHILD.

"*Craigcrook*, 21st June, 1847.

"A high day! and a holiday! the longest and brightest of the year! the very middle day of the summer—and the very day when Maggie first opened her sweet eyes on the light! Bless you ever, my darling, and bonny bairn. You have now blossomed beside us for six pleasant years, and been all that time the light of our eyes, and the love of our hearts,—at first the cause of some tender fears from your weakness and delicacy—then of some little provocation, from your too great love, as we thought, of your own will and amusement—but now only of love and admiration for your gentle obedience to your parents, and your sweet yielding to the wishes of your younger sister and brother. God bless and keep you then forever, my delightful and ever-improving child, and make you not only gay and happy, as an angel without sin and sorrow, but meek and mild, like that heavenly Child who was once sent down to earth for our example."

Such, then, was the man Jeffrey—of the critic and the publicist we can but briefly speak. He has himself admirably distinguished between the literary and political vocations, in a letter to Mr. Empson, touching Macaulay's reasons for preferring the former. "A great poet, or great original writer," he says, "is above all other glory. But who would give much for such a glory as Gibbon's? Besides, I believe it is in the inward glow and pride of consciously influencing the great destinies of mankind, much more than in the sense of personal reputation, that the delight of either poet or statesman chiefly consists." And this double glory he might claim for himself. It is but a limited world that is ruled or affected by his canons of taste—and that world has almost unanimously confirmed his judgments, while it accepts his confessions of severity and petulance. But the great social and political worlds—the immortal interests of freedom, industry, education—extend, as they enlarge their ever-widening circles, the glory of the man who helped to break up the immobility of ages and overcome the resistance of leagued obstructives. Jeffrey was among the chief of those who did this. He stood, at his start in life, so near the foot of the ladder of preferment, that it would have been easy to have risen upon the first round, and then, forgetting all he had seen and felt below, never looked back till he reached the top. Talent was eminently marketable in those days. A sign of adhesion to things as they were, would have secured him sinecures and promotions. He had many temptations to such a course, besides that pricking thorn of necessity that sometimes made him think, "I could sell myself to the minister or to the devil." A father's hopes and prejudices were shocked and disappointed at every indication of the son's adhesion to the hated revolutionaries—and only he who has been in such a case knows how strong is that temptation to silence or falsehood. He had seen Moir transported and Harry Erskine degraded for their reforming zeal. He had heard it declared, in so many words, from the bench before which he was training to plead, that the British constitution was a faultless one; and that he who touched it even with the profession of a desire to amend, must expect the penalties of a destroyer. The constitution thus eulogized and defended, consisted, so far as Scotland was concerned, in a constituency of about two thousand, returning forty-five members, absolutely and without exception in the hands of the ministry of the day; permitted Great Britain to be dragged into a war that had doubled the annual taxation within ten years, and was loading posterity with debt; while none could complain without danger of prison and death. Happily, Jeffrey's sense of the absurdity and wickedness of all this was stronger than his filial piety, or his ambition, or his wants. He gave himself to the people's—though not then the popular—cause. Rejecting, erroneously, as we think, the radical reform schemes of that day as unreasonable and extreme, he espoused the principles and policy of the then Whigs with all the wealth of his intellect and the ardor of his soul. His "Review" was faithful to the original design of a political organ, when abstinence from politics would have continued to it undisputed literary eminence. Lord Cockburn is right in saying, "Whoever exults in the dropping away of so many fetters, and in the improvement of so many parts of our economy, and in the general elevation of the public mind, must connect all these with the energy and intelligence of this journal. There is scarcely one abuse that has been overthrown which,

supported as every one was, might not have still survived, nor a right principle that has been adopted which might not have been dangerously delayed, had it not been for the well-timed vigor and ability of this 'Review.'" The originators and controllers of so mighty a power for good, have raised for themselves a monument more imposing and durable than any which admiration for genius and gratitude for public services can prompt or purchase; and on that monument must stand distinctly and permanently graven, the name of Francis Jeffrey.

We think we hear it asked—and the question is but the echo of our own heart—was there no *religious* aspect to the man thus eulogistically pictured? Has the biographer nothing to say of his friend's faith and hope toward the invisible and the eternal? Does the reviewer forget how this mighty "power for good" railed at missions and other forms of Christian earnestness? Ah, no! the biographer is silent, or nearly so, on these great matters; and the reviewer does not forget. We must confess there is nothing in these volumes to indicate that Jeffrey was a religious man, in the higher acceptation of that term, or that he had what is called an evangelical creed. But we have learned that a man can cast out devils only in the power of Christ, though he use not that adjuration; and that nothing is more unchristian than to refuse the Christian name to those who would wear it. In the old man of Craigcrook, we think we see some traces of likeness to that "heavenly Child" whom he commends as an example to his little Maggie; and when he breathes the prayer that he may yet know Arnold, whom he never saw in the flesh, we can but answer to the pious wish, "Amen!"

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTTE:

The famous Hymn[o] composed by Martin Luther on his way to Augsburgh, A. D. 1530; and "sung during the Diet, in all the churches of Saxony."—(Vid. *Merle D'Aubigne on the Reformation.*)

A Strong Tower is THE LORD our God,
To shelter and defend us;
Our shield his arm, our sword his rod,
Against our foes befriend us:
That Ancient Enemy—
His gathering powers we see,
His terrors, and his toils;
Yet victory, with its spoils,
Not earth, but Heaven, shall send us!

Though, wrestling with the wrath of hell,
No might of man avail us,
Our Captain is IMMANUEL,
And angel-comrades hail us!
Still challenge ye His name?
"CHRIST, in the flesh who came,"—
"THE LORD, the Lord of Hosts!"
Our cause his succor boasts;
And God shall never fail us!

Though earth by peopling fiends be trod,
Embattled all, yet hidden,—
And though their proud usurping god
O'er thrones and shrines have stridden,—
Nay! let them stand reveal'd,
And darken all the field,—
We fear not; fall they must!
THE WORD, wherein we trust,
Their triumph hath forbidden.

While mighty Truth with us remains,
Hell's arts shall move us never;
Nor parting friendships, honors, gains,
Our love from Jesus sever:
They leave us, when they part—
With him—a peaceful heart;
And when from dust we rise,
Death yields us, as *he* dies,
The crown of life forever!

[o] This translation is in the peculiar metre of the original.

A WORD IN SEASON.

ONE day as Felix Neff was walking in a street in the city of Lausanne, he saw at a distance a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder before looking in his face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned; Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went his way. About three or four years after, a person came to Neff, and accosted him, saying, he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognize the man, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied: "Have you forgotten an unknown person whose shoulder you touched in a street in Lausanne, and asked him, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I: your question led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul." This proves what apparently small means may be blessed of God for the conversion of sinners, and how many opportunities for doing good we are continually letting slip, and which thus pass irrecoverably beyond our reach. One of the questions which every Christian should propose to himself on setting out on a journey is: "What opportunities shall I have to do good?" And one of the points on which he should examine himself on his return is, "What opportunities have I lost?"—*James.*

INSECT WINGS.

ANIMALS possess the power of feeling, and of effecting certain movements, by the exercise of a muscular apparatus with which their bodies are furnished. They are distinguished from the organizations of the vegetable kingdom by the presence of these attributes. Every one is aware, that when the child sees some strange and unknown object he is observing start suddenly into motion, he will exclaim: "It is alive!" By this exclamation, he means to express his conviction that the object is endowed with *animal* life. Power of voluntary and independent motion and animal organization are associated together, as inseparable and essentially connected ideas, by even the earliest experience in the economy and ways of nature.

The animal faculty of voluntary motion, in almost every case, confers upon the creature the ability to transfer its body from place to place. In some animals, the weight of the body is sustained by immersion in a fluid as dense as itself. It is then carried about with very little expenditure of effort, either by the waving action of vibratile cilia scattered over its external surface, or by the oar-like movement of certain portions of its frame especially adapted to the purpose. In other animals the weight of the body rests directly upon the ground, and has, therefore, to be lifted from place to place by more powerful mechanical contrivances.

In the lowest forms of air-living animals, the body rests upon the ground by numerous points of support; and when it moves, is wriggled along piecemeal, one portion being pushed forward while the rest remains stationary. The mode of progression which the little earthworm adopts, is a familiar illustration of this style of proceeding. In the higher forms of air-living animals, a freer and more commodious kind of movement is provided for. The body itself is raised up from the ground upon pointed columns, which are made to act as levers as well as props. Observe, for instance, the tiger-beetle, as it runs swiftly over the uneven surface of the path in search of its dinner, with its eager antennæ thrust out in advance. Those six long and slender legs that bear up the body of the insect, and still keep advancing in regular alternate order, are steadied and worked by cords laid along on the hollows and grooves of their own substance. While some of them uphold the weight of the superincumbent body, the rest are thrown forward, as fresh and more advanced points of support on to which it may be pulled. The running of the insect is a very ingenious and beautiful adaptation of the principles of mechanism to the purposes of life.

But in the insect organization, a still more surprising display of mechanical skill is made. A comparatively heavy body is not only carried rapidly and conveniently along the surface of the ground, it is also raised entirely up from it at pleasure, and transported through lengthened distances, while resting upon nothing but the thin transparent air. From the top of the central piece—technically termed thoracic—of the insect's body, from which the legs descend, two or more membraneous sails arise, which are able to beat the air by repeated strokes, and to make it, consequently, uphold their own weight, as well as that of the burden connected with them. These lifting and sustaining sails are the insect's wings.

The wings of the insect are, however, of a nature altogether different from the apparently analogous organs which the bird uses in flight. The wings of the bird are merely altered fore-legs. Lift up the front extremities of a quadruped, keep them asunder at their origins by bony props, fit them with freer motions and stronger muscles, and cover them with feathers, and they become wings in every essential particular. In the insect, however, the case is altogether different. The wings are not altered legs; they are superadded to the legs. The insect has its fore-legs as well as its wings. The legs all descend from the under surface of the thoracic piece, while the wings arise from its upper surface. As the wings are flapping above during flight, the unchanged legs are dangling below, in full complement. The wings are, therefore, independent and additional organs. They have no relation whatever to limbs, properly so called. But there are some other portions of the animal economy with which they do connect themselves, both by structure and function. The reader will hardly guess what those wing-allied organs are.

There is a little fly, called the May-fly, which usually makes its appearance in the

month of August, and which visits the districts watered by the Seine and the Marne in such abundance, that the fishermen of these rivers believe it is showered down from heaven, and accordingly call its living clouds, manna. Reaumur once saw the May-flies descend in this region like thick snow-flakes, and so fast, that the step on which he stood by the river's bank was covered by a layer four inches thick in a few minutes. The insect itself is very beautiful: it has four delicate, yellowish, lace-like wings, freckled with brown spots, and three singular hair-like projections hanging out beyond its tail. It never touches food during its mature life, but leads a short and joyous existence. It dances over the surface of the water for three or four hours, dropping its eggs as it flits, and then disappears forever. Myriads come forth about the hour of eight in the evening; but by ten or eleven o'clock not a single straggler can be found alive.

From the egg which the parent May-fly drops into the water, a six-legged grub is very soon hatched. This grub proceeds forthwith to excavate for himself a home in the soft bank of the river, below the surface of the water, and there remains for two long years, feeding upon the decaying matters of the mould. During this aquatic residence, the little creature finds it necessary to breathe; and that he may do so comfortably, notwithstanding his habits of seclusion, and his constant immersion in fluid, he pushes out from his shoulders and back a series of delicate little leaf-like plates. A branch of one of the air-tubes of his body enters into each of these plates, and spreads out into its substance. The plates are, in fact, gills—that is, respiratory organs, fitted for breathing beneath the water. The little fellow may be seen to wave them backward and forward with incessant motion, as he churns up the fluid, to get out of it the vital air which it contains.

When the grub of the May-fly has completed his two years of probation, he comes out from his subterranean and subaqueous den, and rises to the surface of the stream. By means of his flapping and then somewhat enlarged gills, he half leaps and half flies to the nearest rush or sedge he can perceive, and clings fast to it by means of his legs. He then, by a clever twist of his little body, splits open his old fishy skin, and slowly draws himself out, head, and body, and legs; and, last of all, from some of those leafy gills he pulls a delicate crumpled-up membrane, which soon dries and expands, and becomes lace-netted and brown-fretted. The membrane which was shut up in the gills of the aquatic creature, was really the rudiment of its now perfected wings.

The wings of the insect are then a sort of external lungs, articulated with the body by means of a movable joint, and made to subserve the purposes of flight. Each wing is formed of a flattened bladder, extended from the general skin of the body. The sides of this bladder are pressed closely together, and would be in absolute contact but for a series of branching rigid tubes that are spread out in the intervening cavity. These tubes are air-vessels; their interiors are lined with elastic, spirally-rolled threads, that serve to keep the channels constantly open; and through these open channels the vital atmosphere rushes with every movement of the membraneous organ. The wing of the May-fly flapping in the air is a respiratory organ, of as much importance to the well-being of the creature in its way, as the gill-plate of its grub prototype is when vibrating under the water. But the wing of the insect is not the only respiratory organ: its entire body is one vast respiratory system, of which the wings are offsets. The spirally-lined air-vessels run everywhere, and branch out everywhere. The insect, in fact, circulates air instead of blood. As the prick of the finest needle draws blood from the flesh of the backboned creature, it draws air from the flesh of the insect. Who will longer wonder, then, that the insect is so light? It is aërial in its inner nature. Its arterial system is filled with the ethereal atmosphere, as the more stolid creature's is with heavy blood.

If the reader has ever closely watched a large fly or bee, he will have noticed that it has none of the respiratory movements that are so familiar to him in the bodies of quadrupeds and birds. There is none of that heaving of the chest, and out-and-in movement of the sides, which constitute the visible phenomena of breathing. In the insect's economy, no air enters by the usual inlet of the mouth. It all goes in by means of small air-mouths placed along the sides of the body, and exclusively appropriated to its reception. Squeezing the throat will not choke an insect. In order to do this effectually, the sides of

the body, where the air-mouths are, must be smeared with oil.

In the vertebrated animals, the blood is driven through branching tubes to receptacles of air placed within the chest; the air-channels terminate in blood extremities, and the blood-vessels cover these as a net-work. The mechanical act of respiration merely serves to change the air contained within the air-receptacles. In the insects, this entire process is reversed: the air is carried by branching tubes to receptacles of blood scattered throughout the body; the blood-channels terminate in blood-extremities, and a capillary net-work of air-vessels is spread over these. Now, in the vertebrated creature, the chest is merely the grand air-receptacle into which the blood is sent to be aërated; while in the insect, the chest contains but its own proportional share of the great air-system. In the latter case, therefore, there is a great deal of available space, which would have been, under other circumstances, filled with the respiratory apparatus, but is now left free to be otherwise employed. The thoracic cavity of the insect serves as a stowage for the bulky and powerful muscles that are required to give energy to the legs and wings. The portion of the body that is almost exclusively respiratory in other animals, becomes almost as exclusively motor in insects. It holds in its interior the chief portions of the cords by which the moving levers and membranes are worked, and its outer surface is adorned by those levers and membranes themselves. Both the legs and wings of the insect are attached to the thoracic segment of its body.

The extraordinary powers of flight which insects possess are due to the conjoined influences of the two conditions that have been named—the lightness of their air-filled bodies, and the strength of their chest-packed muscles. Where light air is circulated instead of heavy blood, great vascularity serves only to make existence more ethereal. Plethora probably takes the insect nearer to the skies, instead of dragging it toward the dust. The hawk-moth, with its burly body, may often be seen hovering gracefully, on quivering wings, over some favorite flower, as if it were hung there on cords, while it rifles it of its store of accumulated sweets by means of its long unfolded tongue. The common house-fly makes six hundred strokes every second in its ordinary flight, and gets through five feet of space by means of them; but when alarmed, it can increase the velocity of its wing-strokes some five or six fold, and move through thirty-five feet in the second. Kirby believed, that if the house-fly were made equal to the horse in size, and had its muscular power increased in the same proportion, it would be able to traverse the globe with the rapidity of lightning. The dragon-fly often remains on the wing in pursuit of its prey for hours at a stretch, and yet will sometimes baffle the swallow by its speed, although that bird is calculated to be able to move at the rate of a mile in a minute. But the dexterity of this insect is even more surprising than its swiftness, for it is able to do what no bird can: it is able to stop instantaneously in the midst of its most rapid course, and change the direction of its flight, going sideways or backward, without altering the position of its body.

As a general rule, insect wings that are intended for employment in flight are transparent membranes, with the course of the air-tubes marked out upon them as opaque nervures. These air-tubes, it will be remembered, are lined by spires of dense cartilage; and hence it is that they become nervures so well adapted to act like tent-lines in keeping the expanded membranes stretched. In the dragon-flies, the nervures are minutely netted for the sake of increased strength; in the bees, the nervures are simply parallel. Most insects have two pairs of these transparent membraneous wings; but in such as burrow, one pair is converted into a dense leather-like case, under which the other pair are folded away. In the flies, only one pair of wings can be found at all, the other pair being changed into two little club-shaped bodies, called balancers.

Butterflies and moths are the only insects that fly by means of opaque wings; but in their case the opacity is apparent rather than real, for it is caused by the presence of a very beautiful layer of colored scales spread evenly over the outer surface of the membranes. When these scales are brushed off, membraneous wings of the ordinary transparent character are disclosed. The scales are attached to the membrane by little stems, like the quill-ends of feathers, and they are arranged in overlapping rows. The variegated colors

and patterns of the insects are entirely due to them. If the wings of a butterfly be pressed upon a surface of card-board covered with gum-water to the extent of their own outlines, and be left there until the gum-water is dry, the outer layer of scales may be rubbed off with a handkerchief, and the double membranes and intervening nervures may be picked away piecemeal with a needle's point, and there will remain upon the card a most beautiful representation of the other surface of the wings, its scales being all preserved by the gum in their natural positions. If the outlines of the wings be carefully penciled first, and the gum-water be then delicately and evenly brushed on, just as far as the outlines, a perfect and durable fac-simile, in all the original variety of color and marking, is procured, which needs only to have the form of the body sketched in, to make it a very pretty and accurate delineation of the insect.

GHOST STORIES.

WE gave in our last number a laughable travesty of preternatural horror stories from Hood's "Up the Rhine." Many a dream has passed for the reality of a supernatural apparition. Ghost stories, however, are often founded upon sensible evidence; yet there are facts on record, which show how exceedingly illusive even such evidence may be, under special circumstances. Curzon, in his very interesting work on "The Monasteries of the Levant," gives a ludicrous example. He was in search of old manuscripts in Egypt; the following is his story:—The carpenter related to me the history of the ruined Coptic monastery; and I found that its library was still in existence. It was carefully concealed from the Mohammedans, as a sacred treasure; and my friend the carpenter was the guardian of the volumes belonging to his fallen church. After some persuasion he agreed, in consideration of my being a Christian, to let me see them; but he said I must go to the place where they were concealed at night, in order that no one might follow our steps: and he further stipulated that none of the Mohammedan servants should accompany us, but that I should go alone with him. I agreed to all this; and on the appointed night, I sallied forth with the carpenter after dark. There were not many stars visible, and we had only just light enough to see our way across the plain of Thebes, or rather among the low hills and narrow valleys above the plain, which are so entirely honeycombed with ancient tombs and mummy pits, that they resemble a rabbit warren on a large scale. Skulls and bones were strewed on our path; and often at the mouths of tombs the night wind would raise up fragments of the bandages which the sacrilegious hand of the Frankish spoilers of the dead had torn from the bodies of the Egyptian mummies in search of the scarabæi, amulets, and ornaments which are found upon the breast of the deceased subjects of the Pharaohs.

Away we went stumbling over ruins, and escaping narrowly the fate of those who descend into the tomb before their time. Sometimes we heard a howl, which the carpenter said came from a hyena, prowling like ourselves among the graves, though on a very different errand. We kept on our way, by many a dark ruin and yawning cave, breaking our shins against the falling stones until I was almost tired of the journey, which in the darkness seemed interminable; nor had I any idea where the carpenter was leading me. At last, after a fatiguing walk, we descended suddenly into a place something like a gravel pit, one side of which was closed by the perpendicular face of a low cliff, in which a doorway half filled up with rubbish betokened the existence of an ancient tomb. By the side of this doorway sat a little boy, whom I discovered by the light of the moon, which had just risen, to be the carpenter's son, an intelligent lad, who often came to pay me a visit in company with his father. It was here that the Coptic manuscripts were concealed, and it was a spot well chosen for the purpose; for although I thought I had wandered about the Necropolis of Thebes in every direction, I had never stumbled upon this place before, neither could I ever find it afterward, although I rode in that direction several times.

I now produced from my pocket three candles, which the carpenter had desired me to bring—one for him, one for his son, and one for myself. Having lit them, we entered into the doorway of the tomb, and passing through a short passage, found ourselves in a great sepulchral hall. The earth and sand which had been blown into the entrance formed an inclined plane,

sloping downward to another door sculptured with hieroglyphics, through which we passed into a second chamber, on the other side of which was a third doorway, leading into a magnificent subterranean hall, divided into three aisles by four square columns, two on each side.

The Coptic manuscripts, of which I was in search, were lying upon the steps of the altar, except one, larger than the rest, which was placed upon the altar itself. They were about eight or nine in number, all brown and musty-looking books, written on cotton paper, or charta bombycina—a material in use in very early times. Having found these ancient books, we proceeded to examine their contents; and to accomplish this at our ease, we stuck the candles on the ground, and the carpenter and I sat down before them, while his son brought us the volumes from the steps of the altar, one by one.

The first which came to hand was a dusty quarto, smelling of incense, and well spotted with yellow wax, with all its leaves dogs-eared or worn round with constant use: this was a manuscript of the lesser festivals. Another appeared to be of the same kind; a third was also a book for the Church service. We puzzled over the next two or three, which seemed to be martyrologies, or lives of the saints; but while we were poring over them, we thought we heard a noise. "O father of hammers," said I to the carpenter, "I think I heard a noise: what could it be?—I thought I heard something move." "Did you, hawaja?" (O merchant!) said the carpenter; "it must have been my son moving the books—for what else could there be here? No one knows of this tomb or of the holy manuscripts which it contains. Surely there can be nothing here to make a noise, for are we not here alone, a hundred feet under the earth, in a place where no one comes? It is nothing; certainly it is nothing:"—and so saying, he lifted up one of the candles and peered about in the darkness; but as there was nothing to be seen, and all was silent as the grave, he sat down again, and at our leisure we completed our examination of all the books which lay upon the steps.

They proved to be all Church books—liturgies for different seasons, or homilies; and not historical, nor of any particular interest, either from their age or subject. There now remained only the great book upon the altar, a ponderous quarto, bound either in brown leather or wooden boards; and this the carpenter's son with difficulty lifted from its place, and laid it down before us on the ground: but as he did so, we heard the noise again. The carpenter and I looked at each other: he turned pale—perhaps I did so too; and we looked over our shoulders in a sort of anxious, nervous kind of way, expecting to see something—we did not know what. However, we saw nothing; and, feeling a little ashamed, I again settled myself before the three candle ends, and opened the book, which was written in large black characters of unusual size. As I bent over the huge volume, to see what it was about, suddenly there arose a sound somewhere in the cavern, but from whence it came I could not comprehend; it seemed all round us at the same moment. There was no room for doubt now: it was a fearful howling, like the roar of a hundred wild beasts. The carpenter looked aghast: the tall and grisly figures of the Egyptian gods seemed to stare at us from the walls. I thought of Cornelius Agrippa, and felt a gentle perspiration coming on which would have betokened a favorable crisis in a fever. Suddenly the dreadful roar ceased, and as its echoes died away in the tomb, we felt considerably relieved, and were beginning to try and put a good face upon the matter, when, to our unutterable horror, it began again, and waxed louder and louder, as if legions of infernal spirits were let loose upon us. We could stand this no longer: the carpenter and I jumped up from the ground, and his son in his terror stumbled over the great Coptic manuscript, and fell upon the candles, which were all put out in a moment; his screams were now added to the uproar which resounded in the cave: seeing the twinkling of a star through the vista of the two outer chambers, we all set off as hard as we could run, our feelings of alarm being increased to desperation when we perceived that something was chasing us in the darkness, while the roar seemed to increase every moment. How we did tear along! The Devil take the hindmost seemed about to be literally fulfilled; and we raised stifling clouds of dust, as we scrambled up the steep slope which led to the outer door. "So then," thought I, "the stories of gins, and ghouls, and goblins, that I have read of and never

believed, must be true after all, and in this city of the dead it has been our evil lot to fall upon a haunted tomb!"

Breathless and bewildered, the carpenter and I bolted out of this infernal place into the open air, mightily relieved at our escape from the darkness and the terrors of the subterranean vaults. We had not been out a moment, and had by no means collected our ideas, before our alarm was again excited to its utmost pitch.

The Evil One came forth in bodily shape, and stood revealed to our eyes distinctly in the pale light of the moon.

Suppose now the affrighted traveler and his credulous attendants had escaped with good speed, as they certainly felt disposed to do, and had never met with any further explanation of the case, what a capital and conclusive ghost story would this have been! Has the reader met with any more so? But behold the solution of the terrible mystery:—

While we were gazing upon the appearance, the carpenter's son, whom we had quite forgotten in our hurry, came creeping out of the doorway of the tomb upon his hands and knees.

"Why, father!" said he, after a moment's silence, "if that is not old Fatima's donkey, which has been lost these two days! It is lucky that we have found it, for it must have wandered into this tomb, and it might have been starved if we had not met with it to-night."

The carpenter looked rather ashamed of the adventure; and as for myself, though I was glad that nothing worse had come of it, I took comfort in the reflection that I was not the first person who had been alarmed by the proceedings of an ass.

I have related the history of this adventure because I think that, on some foundation like this, many well-accredited ghost stories may have been founded. Numerous legends and traditions, which appear to be supernatural or miraculous, and the truth of which has been attested and sworn to by credible witnesses, have doubtless arisen out of facts which actually did occur, but of which some essential particulars have been either concealed, or had escaped notice; and thus many marvelous histories have gone abroad, which are so well attested, that although common sense forbids their being believed, they cannot be proved to be false. In this case, if the donkey had not fortunately come out and shown himself, I should certainly have returned to Europe half impressed with the belief that something supernatural had occurred, which was in some mysterious manner connected with the opening of the magic volume which we had taken from the altar in the tomb. The echoes of the subterranean cave so altered the sound of the donkey's bray, that I never should have discovered that these fearful sounds had so undignified an origin; a story never loses by telling, and with a little gradual exaggeration it would soon have become one of the best accredited supernatural histories in the country.

The well-known story of the old woman of Berkeley has been read with wonder and dread for at least four hundred years: it is to be found in early manuscripts: it is related by Olaus Magnus, and is to be seen illustrated by a woodcut, both in the German and Latin editions of the "Nuremberg Chronicle," which was printed in the year 1493. There is no variation in the legend, which is circumstantially the same in all these books. Without doubt it was partly founded upon fact, or, as in the case of the story of the Theban tomb, some circumstances have been omitted which make all the difference; and a natural though perhaps extraordinary occurrence has been handed down for centuries, as a fearful instance of the power of the Evil One in this world over those who have given themselves up to the practice of tremendous crimes.

There are many supernatural stories, which we are certain cannot by any possibility be true, but which nevertheless are as well attested, and apparently as fully proved, as any facts in the most veracious history. Under circumstances of alarm or temporary hallucination people frequently believe that they have had supernatural visitations. Even the tricks of conjurers, which have been witnessed by a hundred persons at a time, are totally incomprehensible to the uninitiated; and in the middle ages, when these practices were resorted to for religious or political ends, it is more than probable that many occurrences which were supposed to be supernatural might have been explained, if all the circumstances connected with them had been fairly and openly detailed by an impartial witness.

Nervous disease, especially when affect-

ing the head, often produces astonishing optic illusions. Nicolai, a German publisher, and a member of the Royal Society of Berlin, records his own experience of the effects of congestion of the brain, in the following manner:—

In the first two months of the year 1791, (says he,) I was much affected in my mind by several incidents of a very disagreeable nature, and on the 24th of February a circumstance occurred which irritated me extremely. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, my wife and another person came to console me; I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief, when suddenly I observed, at the distance of ten paces from me, a figure—the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She saw nothing, but being much alarmed, endeavored to compose me, and sent for the physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm; and, as I was extremely exhausted, I soon afterward fell into a troubled kind of slumber, which lasted for half an hour. The vision was ascribed to the great agitation of mind in which I had been, and it was supposed I should have nothing more to apprehend from that cause; but the violent affection having put my nerves into some unnatural state, from this arose further consequences, which require a more detailed description.

In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened; a circumstance which, as may be easily conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went, therefore, to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither, also, the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished; but it was always the same standing figure. A little after six o'clock, several stalking figures also appeared; but they had no connection with the standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so soon entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it, in order, if possible, to avoid them; and that this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion just begins.

At length I became more composed, with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition; but though I had used very excellent medicines, and found myself in other respects perfectly well, yet the apparitions did not diminish, but, on the contrary, rather increased in number, and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner.

After I had recovered from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be, what they really were, the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavored, as much as possible, to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me. I observed these phantoms with great accuracy, and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view to discover some law in the association of ideas, by which exactly these or other figures might present themselves to the imagination. Sometimes I thought I had made a discovery, especially in the latter period of my visions; but, on the whole, I could trace no connection which the various figures that thus appeared and disappeared to my sight had, either with my state of mind, or with my employment, and the other thoughts which engaged my attention. After frequent accurate observations on the subject, having fairly proved and maturely considered it, I could form no other conclusion on the cause and consequence of such apparitions, than that, when the nervous system is weak, and at the same time too much excited, or rather deranged, similar figures may appear, in such a manner as if they were actually seen and heard; for these visions, in my case, were not the consequence of any known law of reason, of the imagination, or of the otherwise usual association of ideas; and such also is the case with other men, as far as we can reason from the few examples we know.

The origin of the individual pictures which present themselves to us, must undoubtedly be sought for in the structure of that organization by which we think; but this will always remain no less inexplicable to us, than the origin of those powers by which consciousness and fancy are made to exist.

The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day; but several other figures showed themselves afterward very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew: mostly, however, of persons I did not know; and among those known to me, were the semblance of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former: and I made the observation, that acquaintances with whom I daily conversed never appeared to me as phantasms; it was always such as were at a distance.

When these apparitions had continued some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterward endeavored, at my own pleasure, to call forth phantoms of several acquaintance, whom I for that reason represented to my imagination in the most lively manner; but in vain. For, however accurately I pictured to my mind the figures of such persons, I never once could succeed in my desire of seeing them *externally*; though I had some short time before seen them as phantoms, and they had perhaps afterward unexpectedly presented themselves to me in the same manner. The phantasms appeared to me in every case involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally, like the phenomena in nature, though they certainly had their origin internally; and, at the same time, I was always able to distinguish with the greatest precision phantasms from phenomena. Indeed, I never once erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well, when it only appeared to me that the door was opened and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened and any person came in.

It is also to be noted, that these figures appeared to me at all times, under the most different circumstances, equally distinct and clear. Whether I was alone or in company, by broad daylight equally as in the night-time, in my own as well as in my neighbor's house; yet when I was at another person's house they were less frequent, and when I walked the public streets they very seldom appeared. When I shut my eyes, sometimes the figures disappeared, sometimes they remained, even after I had closed my eyes. If they vanished in the former case, on opening my eyes again the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

I sometimes conversed with my physician and my wife, concerning the phantasms which at the time hovered around me; for in general the forms appeared oftener in motion than at rest. They did not always continue present—they frequently left me altogether, and again appeared for a shorter or longer space of time, singly or more at once; but, in general, several appeared together. For the most part, I saw human figures of both sexes; they commonly passed to and fro as if they had no connection with each other, like people at a fair, where all is bustle; sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw amongst them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds: these figures all appeared to me in their natural size, as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds of colors of clothes. But I think, however, that the colors were somewhat paler than they are in nature.

None of the figures had any distinguishing characteristic; they were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive: most of them were ordinary appearances—some were even agreeable.

On the whole, the longer I continued in this state, the more did the number of phantasms increase, and the apparitions become more frequent. About four weeks afterward, I began to hear them speak: sometimes the phantasms spoke with one another, but for the most part they addressed themselves to me: those speeches were in general short, and never contained anything disagreeable. Intelligent and respected friends often appeared to me, who endeavored to console me in my grief, which still left deep traces in my mind. This speaking I heard most frequently when I was alone; though I sometimes heard it in company, intermixed with the conversation of real persons; frequently in single phrases only, but sometimes even in connected discourse.

Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health, both in body and mind, and had become so very familiar with these phantasms, that at last they did not excite the least disagreeable emotion, but, on the contrary, afforded me frequent subjects for amusement and mirth; yet, as the disorder sensibly increased, and the figures appeared to me for whole days together, and even during the night, if I happened to awake, I

had recourse to several medicines, and was at last again obliged to have recourse to the application of leeches.

This was performed on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the surgeon; but during the operation the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast one on another: this continued till half-past four o'clock, exactly the time when the digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move more slowly; soon afterward the colors became gradually paler, and every seven minutes they lost more and more of their intensity, without any alteration in the distinct figure of the apparitions. At about half-past six o'clock, all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little, yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct; by degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had often formerly been the case. The figures did not move off, neither did they vanish—which also had usually happened on other occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately into air; of some, even whole pieces remained for a length of time, which also by degrees were lost to the eye. At about eight o'clock, there did not remain a vestige of any of them, and I never since experienced any appearance of the same kind. Twice or thrice since that time, I have felt a propensity, if I may be so allowed to express myself, of a sensation, as if I saw something, which in a moment again was gone. I was even surprised by this sensation whilst writing the present account, having, in order to render it more accurate, perused the papers of 1791, and recalled to my memory all the circumstances of that time. So little are we sometimes, even in the greatest composure of mind, masters of our imagination.

These remarkable facts furnish a strong refutation of ghost stories, even where sensible evidence is affirmed for them. The morbid excitability of the optic nerve which affected Nicolai may often exist with less exasperation; its illusive paroxysms may be but occasional and very brief. A single and momentary instance, in this extreme form, may occur in the course of a long life. It may take a different aspect, recalling some familiar face, perhaps of the departed, or some casual but frightful impression. Thus suddenly and momentarily arresting the attention, it may pass for an actual apparition, binding in painful delusion, and for life, the horror-struck imagination. The progress of knowledge throws a beneficent light upon the dreary wastes of superstition by showing the morbid origin of its fantasies, and thus dispelling its shadowy images.

SOCRATES.*

SOCRATES IN THE MIDST OF THE ATHENIAN CROWD.

ALL other teachers, both before and afterward, "either took money for their lessons, or at least gave them apart from the multitude in a private house to special pupils, with admissions or rejections at their own pleasure." The *Academus*-grove of Plato, the *Garden* of Epicurus, the *Porch* or cloister of Zeno, the *Lyceum* or sanctuary, with the *Peripatetic* shades of Aristotle, all indicate the prevailing practice. The philosophy of Socrates alone was in every sense the philosophy of the market-place. Very rarely he might be found under the shade of the palm-tree, or the caverned rocks of the Ilissus, enjoying the grassy slope of its banks, and the little pools of water that collect in the corners of its torrent-bed, and the white and purple flowers of its agnus-castus shrubs. But, ordinarily, whether in the city, in the dusty road between the Long Walls, or in the busy mart of Piræus, his place was among men, and with man, in every vocation of life, living not for himself, but for them, rejecting all pay, contented in poverty. Whatever could be added to the singularity of this spectacle, was added by the singularity of his outward appearance. What that appearance was has been already indicated. Amid the gay life, the beautiful forms, the brilliant colors, of an Athenian multitude and an Athenian street, the repulsive features, the unwieldy figure, the naked feet, the rough, thread-bare attire of the philosopher, must have excited every sentiment of astonishment and ridicule which strong contrast can produce. And if to this we add the occasional trance, the eye fixed on vacancy, the total abstraction from outward things,—or, again, the mo-

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mentary outbursts of violent temper,—or, lastly, (what we are told at times actually took place,) the sudden irruptions of his wife Xanthippe to carry off her eccentric husband to his forsaken home,—we shall not wonder at the universal celebrity which he acquired, even irrespectively of his great powers or of his peculiar objects. Every one knows the attention which an unusual diction, or even an unusual dress, secures for a teacher so soon as he has once secured a hearing. A Quaker at court, or a Latter-day prophet, speaking in the language of Mr. Carlyle, has, other things considered, a better chance of being listened to than a man in ordinary costume and of ordinary address. And such, in an eminent degree, was Socrates. It was (so his disciples described it) as if one of the marble satyrs which sat in grotesque attitudes with pipe or flute in the sculptors' shops at Athens, had left his seat of stone, and walked into the plane-tree avenue of the gymnastic colonnade. Gradually the crowd gathered round him. At first he spoke of the tanners, and the smiths, and the drovers, who were plying their trades about him; and they shouted with laughter as he poured forth his homely jokes. But soon the magic charm of his voice made itself felt. The peculiar sweetness of its tone had an effect which even the thunder of Pericles failed to produce. The laughter ceased; the crowd thickened; the gay youth whom nothing else could tame stood transfixed and awe-struck in his presence; there was a solemn thrill in his words, such as his hearers could compare to nothing but the mysterious sensation produced by the clash of drum and cymbal in the worship of the great mother of the gods; the head swam; the heart leaped at the sound; tears rushed from the eyes; and they felt that, unless they tore themselves away from that fascinated circle, they should sit down at his feet and grow old in listening to the marvelous music of this second Marsyas.

But the excitement occasioned by his appearance was increased tenfold by the purpose which he had set before him, when, to use the expressive comparison of his pupils, he cast away his rough satyr's skin, and disclosed the divine image which that rude exterior had covered. The object to which he thus devoted himself was to convince men of all classes, but especially the most distinguished, that they had the "conceit of knowledge without the reality."

DEATH OF SOCRATES.

It would be tempting to enlarge on the closing scene which Plato has invested with such immortal glory: on the affecting farewell to the judges; on the long thirty days which passed in prison before the execution of the verdict; on the playful equanimity and unabated interest in his habitual objects of life, amid the uncontrolable emotions of his companions, after they knew of the return of the sacred ship, whose absence had up to that moment suspended his fate; on the gathering in of that solemn evening, when the fading of the sunset hues on the tops of the Athenian hills was the signal that the last hour was at hand; on the entrance of the fatal hemlock; the immovable countenance; the firm hand; the wonted "scowl" of stern defiance at the executioner; the burst of frantic lamentation from all his friends, as with his habitual "ease and cheerfulness" he drained the cup to its dregs; then the solemn silence enjoined by himself; the pacing to and fro; the cold palsy of the hemlock creeping from the extremities to the heart; and the gradual torpor ending in death. But we must forbear. It is a story which, having been once told, can never be repeated; and in this case, more especially, it would be almost an insult to our readers to enter into details on which Mr. Grote has modestly declined to dwell, as if unwilling to trust himself to the handling of so great a subject. It is enough to be reminded of some of those little incidents which so strikingly illustrate the general character of Socrates, and which in Mr. Grote's narrative are for the first time fully brought out in this connection: how to the end his ruling passion, strong in death, suggested to him the consolation, as natural to him as it seems strange to us, that when in the world beyond the grave he should, as he hoped, encounter the heroes of the Trojan war, he should then "pursue with them the business of mutual cross-examination, and debate on ethical progress and perfection;" how he confidently (but, as the event proved, mistakingly) believed that his removal would be the signal "for numerous apostles putting forth with increased energy that process of interrogatory test and spur to which he had devoted

his life, and which was doubtless to him far dearer and more sacred than his life;" how his escape from prison was only prevented hy his own decided refusal to become a "party in any breach of the law,—a resolution which we should expect as a matter of course after the line he had taken in his defense;" how deliberately, and with matter-of-fact precision, he satisfied himself with the result of the verdict, by reflecting that the divine voice of his earlier years had "never manifested itself once to him during the whole day of his trial—neither when he came thither at first, nor at any one point during his whole discourse;" how his "strong religious persuasions were attested by his last words addressed to his friend immediately before he passed into a state of insensibility,"—"Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius—discharge the debt, and by no means forget it."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE REALITY OF THE GOSPEL HISTORY.

Of those comparisons which have again and again been instituted between the life and death of the Athenian sage, and that divine life and death which admits of no equal or parallel, it has indeed been truly said, "If Christ were no more than a Socrates, then a Socrates he was not." To compare is, in such a case, to misconceive relations which are, in fact, incommensurable. Still we cannot wonder that such comparisons should have been suggested; and, if viewed aright, there are few more remarkable illustrations of the reality of the gospel history, than the light which, by way of contrast or likeness, is thrown upon it by the highest example of Greek antiquity. It is instructive to observe that there alone—on no lower level before or since—in that climax and crisis of the human development of ancient times, is to be found the only career which, at however remote a distance, suggests, whether to friends or enemies, any real illustration of the One Life, which is the turning-point of the history of the whole world. When we contemplate the contented poverty, the self-devotion, the publicity, of the career of Socrates, we feel that we can understand better than before the outward aspect, at least, of that Sacred Presence which moved on the busy shores of the Sea of Galilee, and in the streets and courts of Jerusalem. When we read the last conversations of the prisoner in the Athenian dungeon, our thoughts almost insensibly rise to the parting discourses in the upper chamber at Jerusalem; and we remember with gratitude and reverential awe the uncertainty—the wavering—the dark future of the philosophic speculations, when contrasted with the unbroken repose and confidence which pervades every word of the divine assurances. Or (to turn to another side) when we are perplexed by the difficulty of reconciling the narrative of the three first evangelists with the altered tone of the fourth, it is at least a step toward the solution of that difficulty to remember that there is here a parallel diversity of narrative, which, so far from destroying the historical truth of the whole representation, has rather confirmed it. The Socrates of Xenophon is widely different from the Socrates of Plato; and yet no one has been tempted by that diversity to doubt the substantial identity—the true character—much less the historical existence—of the master whom they both profess to describe. Nor when we think of the total silence of Josephus, or of other cotemporary writers, respecting the events which we now regard as the greatest in the history of mankind, is it altogether irrelevant to reflect that, for the whole thirty years which Thucydides comprises in his work, Socrates was not only living, but acting a more public part, and, for all the future history of Greece, an incomparably more important part, than any other Athenian citizen; and yet that so able and so thoughtful an observer as Thucydides has never once noticed him, directly or indirectly. There is no stronger proof of the weakness of the argument from omission, especially in the case of ancient history, which, unlike our own, contained within its range of vision no more than was immediately before it for the moment.

If we descend from this higher ground to those lower but still lofty regions of Christian history, to which perhaps Mr. Grote's language more naturally and irresistibly leads us, the illustrations supplied by the life of Socrates are still more apposite and instructive. When we are reminded of the "apostolic" self-devotion of Socrates, a new light seems to break on the character and career of him from whose life that expression is especially derived; and the glowing language in

which Mr. Grote describes the energy and the enthusiasm of the Athenian missionary enables us to realize with greater force than ever "the pureness, and knowledge, and love unfeigned," of the missionary of a far higher cause, who stood and argued in the very market-place where Socrates had conversed four hundred and fifty years before, and was, like him, accused of being "a vain babbler," and "a setter-forth of strange gods." And even in minute detail there is nothing which more forcibly illustrates some of the passages of the apostle's life than the corresponding features in the career of the philosopher.

We have reminded our readers of this juxtaposition, because there is no passage in history which more happily illustrates the position which was taken up against the Christian apostles and missionaries of the first and second centuries,—a position which has not unfrequently been overlooked or misapprehended. "Christianity," as has been well remarked, "shared the common lot of every great moral change which has ever taken place in human society, by containing among its supporters men who were morally the extreme opposites of each other." No careful reader of the epistles can fail to perceive the constant struggle which the apostles had to maintain, not only against the Jew and the Heathen external to the Christian society, but against the wild and licentious heresies which took shelter within it. The same confusion which had taken place in the Athenian mind in the case of Socrates and Alcibiades, took place in the first century of the Christian era with regard to the apostles and the heresiarchs of the Christian Church. St. Paul and Hymenæus were to all outward appearance on the same side, both equally bent on revolutionizing the existing order of civil society. As Aristophanes could not distinguish between the licentious arguments of the wilder class of sophists and the elevating and inspiring philosophy of Socrates, so Tacitus could not distinguish between the anarchists whom St. Paul and St. Peter were laboring to repress, and the pure morality and faith which they were laboring to propagate. He regarded them both as belonging to "an execrable race," "hateful for their abominable crimes;" and as the Greek poet could see nothing but an atheist in Socrates, so the Roman historian would have joined in the cry, "Away with the atheists," which was raised against the first Christians. In each case the next generation judged more wisely and more justly. Socrates was in the age of Plato and Aristotle more fully appreciated; and the gross mistake which Tacitus had made with regard to Christianity in the reign of Nero, we learn from the milder tone of the younger Pliny to have passed away in the reign of Trajan. But the warnings are not less instructive for every age; and it is because the two cases, amid infinite diversity, tend to explain each other, that we have thus ventured to bring them together.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE—ITS NEW SITE AND NEW USES.

AS the British Government decided against retaining the Crystal Palace in its original site, two parties immediately came to the rescue of the fairy structure, both equally unwilling that the palace, with its social blessings and its real interests for the million, should disappear forever; and Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the contractors and owners of the building, declared themselves open to treat for the purchase and removal of the materials. The one party was represented by Sir Joseph Paxton, the Dukes of Devonshire and Argyll, the Earl of Carlisle, and other members of the aristocracy; and another by Mr. Fuller, one of the Executive Committee of the late Exhibition, on behalf of several large capitalists. As is not uncommon in these cases, capital prevailed against nobility, and the $350,000 purchase-money was paid by Mr. Fuller to the contractors, the Brighton Railway Company being understood to be the principal speculators.

As soon as the purchase of the building was completed, Mr. Fuller wrote to Sir Joseph Paxton, asking him what post in the new undertaking he would like to hold; and to the Duke of Devonshire, proposing to buy a portion of His Grace's estates at Chiswick. At first, Sir Joseph declined to accept an appointment, as he hoped that the building—the scene of his triumph—might yet be retained; and the duke, after mature deliberation, signified his unwillingness to part with any of his land at Chiswick: so that, however desirable the situation, all idea of

erecting the palace at that spot was abandoned. There was no lack, however, of places, from which to choose; for in answer to their advertisements the committee received no fewer than seventeen offers of land. Among these were two from Wimbledon, (Cottenham-park and Wimbledon-park,) accompanied by very liberal conditions; one from Colney Hatch, equally favorable; one from Woolwich, one from Kensington, and one from Paddington. The owner of the land at Kensington, a place called Portobello farm, tendered at the modest price of $5,000 an acre; and the Bishop of London, who owns the ground at Paddington, was equally modest in his offer, at $500 an acre annual rental. The directors, laboring then under an *embarras de richesses*, sent out Mr. Fuller on an exploratory tour through all the offered sites; and that gentleman sent in a report, placing Chiswick as No. 1, Wimbledon as No. 2, and Sydenham as No. 3, in eligibility for the purpose intended. The Duke of Devonshire's decision, of course, threw Chiswick out of calculation, although some modification in His Grace's views has since been intimated; other reasons weighed against Wimbledon; and ultimately the spirited exertions and liberal offers of co-operation on the part of the Brighton Company turned the scale in favor of Sydenham, after a rather sharp struggle with the South-Western Company, who offered the directors $50,000 a year for five years, and a large proportion of the fares afterward in perpetuity, if they would place the building on the South-Western line. The terms by which the Brighton Company have secured the prize are, an arrangement by which the visitors to the Crystal Palace will be able to start from four metropolitan stations, viz., Vauxhall, Waterloo-road, London-bridge, and New-cross, at three-fourths of the usual fares, until the shareholders in that undertaking receive six per cent. on their investment—the arrangement commencing from the 15th of May in the present year—and a proportionally liberal arrangement after the happy six per cent. consummation shall have been attained. The railway company have, moreover, agreed to construct a line of rail which shall communicate with the other lines, and carry the passengers quite into the palace.

The exact spot chosen is far away from the dust and smoke of London, and has for its base the line of rails lying between the Sydenham and Anneley stations, stretching over about two hundred and eighty acres of fine park-like land, to Dulwich Wood, impinging at the corner on the village of Norwood. The lower portion, about one hundred and eighteen acres, has been purchased from Mr. Lawrie, and the upper comprehends the ancient manor-house and grounds called Penge Place, once the property of the St. John family, but recently in the occupation of Mr. Leo Schuster, a German merchant, by whom the old Elizabethan mansion was restored, after designs by Mr. Blore. The new Crystal Palace will stand on the highest portion of these grounds, from which, on sunny days, the present building in Hyde-park may be seen, and by a singular coincidence will be placed in the center of what was once the famous Penge Wood, the ancient pleasure resort of the good citizens of London, as may be seen by reference to "Hone's Everyday Book," in which the sports of Penge Wood are duly chronicled.

The ground is at present covered with a dense plantation, much of which must, of course, submit to the ax to make room for the new building; but the handsomest trees will be preserved, and continue to flourish under glass, after the manner of our old friends, the elms, in the transept at Hyde-park.

The construction of the new building has been intrusted to the able hands of Messrs. Fox and Henderson. It will be considerably larger than the present building, and will contain great improvements in form and structure; for instance, the roofing throughout will be concave, it having been found that, besides its more elegant appearance, the transept in Hyde-park was more perfectly impervious to rain. The arrangements with regard to the plants and flowers will be confided to Sir Joseph Paxton; Mr. Owen Jones will superintend the entire decorations; and Digby Wyatt will take office as Director of Works; while Mr. James Fuller and Mr. Scott Russell will bring their knowledge of the late Exhibition to bear on the people's new palace, aided by Mr. George Grove, whose experience in the working of the Royal Commission, and his connection with the Society of Arts, will tend to the harmonious carrying out of all business arrangements.

With regard to the nature of the amusements promised, there appears to be some degree of uncertainty; time, however, and circumstances will determine these. The plan of a garden and conservatory, in which will be shown all the plants of the tropics,—the stately palm and the embowering banyan, each surrounded by its brethren of the forest,—will be fully carried out under the superintendence of Sir Joseph Paxton; while periodical shows of flowers will tend to give a novel direction to this part of the scheme. In various situations within the building will be placed groups of statuary and single figures, and the different orders of architecture, instructively serialized, will be used in the ornamentation of the park-like grounds surrounding the palace. A great novelty is said to be in contemplation in the shape of numerous fountains, after the manner, though not in imitation, of those at Versailles. Though many have expressed doubts as to the practicability of this part of the plan, it must be remembered that the modern improvements in steam, and the better knowledge of hydraulics possessed by the scientific men of the present day, offer immense advantages as compared with vertical pressure, the only agency adopted to raise water in the fountains at Versailles; besides which, when it is considered that the engineering operations will be conducted by Messrs. Brunel and Robert Stephenson, and that no scarcity of water can arise, as the mains of the Lambeth Waterworks run close to the park palings, no fear of the success of this part of the plan need be felt. It is proposed also to admit within the new Crystal Palace a classified series of machines, which will be worked by steam-power, so that various processes in manufactures may be exhibited—not as they were in the old building, where the same class of objects was repeated again and again, but arranged with a view to the education of the eye, and the familiarization of the minds of the people with mechanical operations. Thus "the lesson taught in Hyde-park, where the cotton entered in the berry and emerged in the bale of goods, where linen rags were passed through the paper-mill and issued in broad sheets of instructive literature, will be repeated in the People's Palace, where every great victory of machinery will find its enduring record and safe depository."

Beside these, the sciences of geology, mineralogy, and botany, will be illustrated on a far greater scale than has been hitherto attempted; and the student will thus have an opportunity of pursuing his favorite science amid the charms of the country, undisturbed by the changes of the seasons. It would be impossible at this early stage of the undertaking to go sufficiently into detail with regard to these subjects, but it is understood that an instructive and attractive novelty will be offered in a collection of figures of the people and costumes of all nations. These will, it is understood, represent the hundred and twenty varieties of the human race, carefully prepared according to the classification of Mr. Pritchard, and other eminent ethnologists. Each figure will be placed in a characteristic attitude and situation—the Indian in his hunting-ground, the Kafir amid his thorny bushes, the Hindoo amid the graceful palms of his country, the Russian amid his snows, and so on through every stage of civilization; and there is little doubt that a knowledge of the appearance and dress of various nations and tribes is highly important,—the more especially as the tendency of the present age is to blend races together, and to make the Parisian tailor the grand arbiter of costume. Then, again, foreign nations will be invited to send over, as they did to the Great Exhibition, specimens of their arts and manufactures; and inventors and patentees will be allowed to exhibit the fruits of their talent or genius free of all charge, and under the most perfect guarantees of safety. Music of the best kind will constantly form part of the day's entertainment; and though all kinds of refreshments, not intoxicating, will be sold at cheap rates within the building, "the amusements of the tea-garden and the dancing-saloon will be strictly prohibited." From this brief enumeration, our readers will perceive what the proprietors of the Crystal Palace propose for their delectation; and we think we may conscientiously say that we believe all their promises will be rigidly carried out. We understand that the Government, though they could not consent to give any money toward the purchase of the building in Hyde-park, have the best wishes toward its successor in Penge Wood. It is even proposed to open the People's Palace on

Sundays; and Lord John Russell—who is always with the progress party, no matter how he may disappoint his friends sometimes—has given it as his opinion that the accessibility of the multitude to a place like this is promised to be, will not only be a great improvement to their habit of frequenting public-houses on the Lord's day, but that it may be made to subserve for higher and more enduring purposes.

"As regards the prospect of a large influx of visitors," says the prospectus of the Company, "some of the statistical facts connected with the Great Exhibition are most instructive. During the period of twenty-four weeks for which that Exhibition was open, it was visited by upward of six million persons; or, on the average, by upward of two hundred and fifty thousand per week; and the receipts exceeded $2,000,000, leaving a net profit of $1,000,000, after defraying the whole expense of the Exhibition, including the cost of the building. On three consecutive shilling days, the number of visitors exceeded one hundred thousand, and the receipts $25,000 per day." From this it is pretty clear that the Crystal Palace will be a commercial success; let us also hope that it will be a moral and educational one as well.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Its Success—Students—Its Finances—Its Prospects — Its Faculty — Alumni — Commencement.

FOUNDED in 1831, this institution has already sent forth twenty classes of graduates from its halls. In the midst of pecuniary difficulties, the administration of invalid presidents, and frequent interregnums, it has accomplished the work, and doubtless *all* the work, the Church which sustains it had for it to do. Since it came into being, colleges have sprung up in every section of the denominational field to which it pertains. Nearly every State in the Union, outside of New-England, has one or more institutions, under Methodist direction, of collegiate grade. Notwithstanding this rivalry, and diversion of patronage, the University has steadily held its own. This will be evident from the following tabular view of the results of its labors:—

FIRST TEN YEARS.			SECOND TEN YEARS.		
Class.	Graduates.	Preachers.	Class.	Graduates.	Preachers.
1833	6	4	1843	16	5
1834	8	5	1844	17	4
1835	12	3	1845	21	8
1836	16	4	1846	34	10
1837	15	7	1847	23	6
1838	25	11	1848	22	6
1839	27	9	1849	31	10
1840	22	12	1850	19	5
1841	31	14	1851	23	
1842	33	8	1852	23	
Total,	195	77	Total,	229	54

From this it appears that the whole number of graduates, including those of the recent Commencement, is four hundred and twenty-four, of whom, allowing to the last two classes an ordinary average, full one-third are devoted to the Christian ministry. Of these a majority, probably two-thirds, are active laborers in the ministerial field, while many—now confined by the necessities of the Church to posts of instruction in literary institutions—will ultimately swell the ranks of those regularly engaged in proclaiming the gospel of the Son of God. The present classes are as full as usual, and everything up to this moment indicates the steady permanent prosperity of the institution. The annual graduations, which we have taken pains to place before our readers, show that the college has never been subject to violent fluctuations. We say it is doing well; because, as we believe, it is doing annually, and regularly, and without any marked variations from the average standard, the collegiate work demanded by the territory on which it relies for patronage.

Its finances are gradually assuming a similar basis of permanency and prosperity. Its treasury has never been flush; it has never been hopelessly empty. If the issue of unsuccessful schemes of fund-raising has brought it to the borders of bankruptcy, a thousand liberal hands have been stretched out for its relief, and, with the present economical outlay, its income and expenditures travel hand in hand. Financially, the college is doing well; its growth is that of slow, yet constant accretion. Taking the first twenty years of its history as the basis of calculation, it is easy to predict the period of new buildings, increased libraries, cabinets and ap-

paratus, beautified grounds, enlarged faculties, and lengthening catalogues of students and alumni.

Colleges are the growth of ages. If each generation would add but a single pile as a monument to its existence and enterprise, a century would exhibit commendable progress in the erection of edifices. Should the benevolence of the present generation be repeated by its successors, at the age of Harvard, or some two hundred years hence, the Wesleyan might exhibit a formidable array of red sandstone barracks, whitewashed pilasters, and towerless chapels; as imposing, doubtless, as Yale's range of crumbling brick-built piles. *Perhaps* the munificence of living lovers of the Church and education, may yet convert some corner of Chatham into a structure or two, or college, built in the style of the thirteenth, or some one of its fellow architectural centuries. The same quarries that have recently contributed, gratuitously, if we are rightly informed, the materials for a magnificent Romish temple on Middletown soil, might easily make a similar donation for a Protestant College there, and then Protestant funds *might* be found to secure its erection. The day will come when this will be done. We need not foam because of the delay.

Of the existing Faculty it is needless to speak. They are able *men*, if not brilliant orators. They will educate *youth*, if they do not convulse conferences. *Augustus W. Smith*, its recently-elected head, has been nearly thirty years in the educational field. In the van of the battle he has maintained his post, while his compeers have fallen or forsaken the conflict. Identified with the Wesleyan from the beginning, every class has passed under his hands; and it is safe to say that he has left his mark on every graduate, man by man, of the entire number. If the University is properly sustained from *without*, it cannot fail to do its regular work, under his efficient administration, *within*.

The associated alumni of the college are rapidly becoming numerous and influential. Their annual gatherings increase in interest. Their opinions and advice have come to have weight, but need not be taken without some grains of abatement. In many respects, the alumni of a college will form a fitter estimate of any institution in Christendom than their own Alma Mater. They come to college in their teens and verdancy, looking up, except in cases of early blossoming vanity, to everything. Superior classes are objects of respect, Professors are venerable, the "Prex" is an overshadowing presence, and even the very walls partake of the odor of science and sanctity. Growth destroys these illusions. Grown-up sons fancy that the sire is becoming superannuated. Grown-up daughters come rapidly to the conclusion—"that mother is a good woman," but not overstocked with wit or current intelligence. Grown-up graduates career with similar facility from respect and deference to the borders of contempt. Youth and native veneration taught them to regard their instructors as sublimely superior. Time and study, world-work and expansion of intellect and influence have placed them on a democratic level with, or in positions of insolent superiority to, those whom they once regarded with unqualified veneration. They are Fisks and Olins themselves—at least in their own estimate—and regard the institution they once thought an Oxford or a Cambridge, as a clever high-school for the "boys" they see smoking and flourishing ratans on the college campus; and forget that to beardless striplings—pardon the epithet—mustachioed sophomores, these same old officers are as learned, as wise, as venerable as those in days of yore.

The late Commencement was a gratifying festival, exhibiting the usual amount and variety of talent in the graduating class. The interest of the occasion would have been enhanced by the selection of a dozen of the best speakers, and the abridgment of the exercises at the church to a single morning session. *Daniel Curry*, of the class of 1837, received the doctorate,—a degree which ought to belong to yet a few more veterans of those early days. There are names in the first classes that left the college, by whom the honor has been nobly earned, and by whom it would be worthily worn. Meanwhile, may all due regard from God and man fall to the lot of the numerous and rapidly multiplying progeny of the beloved "*Wesleyan*," and the kindred children of kindred institutions.

AVARICE and ambition are more discontented for what they have not, than contented with what they have.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MR. PERUGINO POTTS.

EXTRACTED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE ITALIAN JOURNAL OF MR. P. P.

BENTLEY'S Miscellany (London) gives the following ludicrous illustrations of Italian hypocrisy and religious imposture. The simplicity of the artist's characters, so *naively* self-exemplified, adds infinitely to the humor of his story, and is worthy of Le Sage.

"*December 7th*, 18—.—I have just been one week in Rome, and have determined to keep a journal. Most men in my situation would proceed to execute such a resolution as this, by writing about the antiquities of the 'Eternal City:' I shall do nothing of the sort; I shall write about a much more interesting subject—myself.

"I may be wrong, but my impression is that, as an historical painter, my biography will be written some of these days: personal particulars of me will then be wanted. I have great faith in the affectionate remembrance of any surviving friends I may leave behind me; but, upon the whole, I would rather provide these particulars myself. My future biographer shall have P. P., sketched by P. P. I paint my own pictures; why should I not paint my own character? The commencement of a new journal offers the opportunity of doing this—let me take it!

"I was destined to be an artist from my cradle; my father was a great connoisseur, and a great collector of pictures; he christened me 'Perugino,' after the name of his favorite master, left me five hundred a-year, and told me with his last breath to be Potts, R. A., or perish in the attempt. I determined to obey him; but, though I have hitherto signally failed in becoming an R. A., I have not the slightest intention even of so much as *beginning* to perish, in compliance with the alternative suggested to me by my late lamented parent. Let the Royal Academy perish first! I mean to exist for the express purpose of testifying against that miserably managed institution as long as I possibly can.

"This may be thought strong language; I will justify it by facts. For seven years I have vainly sought a place at the annual exhibition—for six years has modest genius knocked for admission at the door of the Royal Academy, and invariably the answer of the Royal Academicians has been, 'not at home!' The first year I painted 'the Smothering of the Princes in the Tower,'—muscular murderers, flabby children, florid coloring; quite in the Rubens' style—turned out! The second year I tried the devotional and severe, 'the Wise and Foolish Virgins;' ten angular women, with a landscape background, painted from the anti-perspective point of view—turned out! The third year I changed to the sentimental and pathetic; it was Sterne's 'Maria,' this time, with her goat;—Maria was crying, the goat was crying, Sterne himself (in the background) was crying, with his face buried in a white cambric pocket-handkerchief, wet through with tears—turned out! The fourth year I gave up figures, and threw my whole soul into landscape—classical landscape. I sent in a picture of three ruined columns, five pine trees, a lake, a temple, distant mountains, and a gorgeous sunset, the whole enlivened by a dance of nymphs in Roman togas, in front of the ruined columns, to be sold for the ludicrously small price of fifty guineas—turned out! The fifth year I resolved to turn mercenary in self-defense; and, abandoning high art, to take to portraiture. I produced a 'portrait of a lady,' (she was a professional model, who sat at a shilling an hour—but no matter;) I depicted her captivatingly clothed in white satin, and grinning serenely; in the background appeared a red curtain, gorgeously bound books on a round table, and thunder-storm clouds—turned out! The sixth year, I humbly resigned myself to circumstances, and sank at once to 'still life,' represented on the smallest possible scale. A modest canvas, six inches long by four inches broad, containing striking likenesses of a pot of water, a pipe and a plate of bread and cheese, and touchingly entitled, 'The Laborer's best Friends,' was my last modest offering; and this—even this—the poor artist's one little ewe lamb of a picture, was—turned out! The seventh year was the year when I started in disgust to seek nobler fields for pictorial ambition in the regions of Italian Art! The seventh year has brought me to Rome—here I am!—I, Perugino Potts! vowed to grapple with Raphael and Michael Angelo on their own ground! Grand idea!

"Personally (when I have my high-heeled boots on) I stand five feet three inches high. Let me at once acknowl-

edge—for I have no concealments from posterity—that I am outwardly what is termed a little man. I have nothing great about me, but my intellect; I am of the light-complexioned order of handsome men, and have hitherto discovered nothing that I can conscientiously blame in my temper and general disposition. The fire of artistic ambition that burns within me, shoots upward with a lambent glow—in a word, I am a good-humored man of genius. This is much to say, but I could add yet more; were I not unhappily writing with an Italian pen on Italian paper.

"8*th*.—Intended to proceed with my interesting autobiographical particulars, but was suddenly stopped at the very outset by an idea for a new picture. Subject:—The primitive Father Polycarp, writing his epistles; to be treated in the sublime style of Michael Angelo's prophets, on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. Polycarp to be several sizes larger than life, and well developed about the beard and muscles.

"9*th*.—Made inquiries for a good model, and found the very man I wanted. When I entered his humble abode, he was preparing his breakfast; the meal was characterized by a primitive simplicity and a strong smell. He first pulled out his stiletto-knife, and cut off a large crust of bread: the outside of this crust he rubbed with garlic till it shone like a walnut-wood table in an English farm-house; the inside he saturated with oil and vinegar. By the time he had done that, the whole crust looked like a cold poultice in a polished calf-leather saucer. He ate this remarkable compound with voracious enjoyment, while I looked at him. I found him rather a difficult man to estimate in a physiognomical point of view; nothing was to be seen of his face but two goggle eyes and a hook nose, peering out of a forest of hair—such hair! just the iron-gray sort of thing I wanted. Such a beard! the most devotional I ever saw. I engaged him on the spot, and jocosely christened him Polycarp the Second, in allusion to the character he was to represent on my canvas.

"10*th*.—Polycarp the Second came to sit; he was polite and talkative. I asked about his history. His answer tended to show that he had been ill-used and misunderstood by everybody from his very cradle. His father, his mother, his relations, the priests, the police, the high populace and the low populace, throughout every degree—they had all maltreated, persecuted, falsely accused, and unrelentingly pursued Polycarp the Second. He attributed this miserable state of things partly to the invincible piety and honesty of his character, which, of course, exposed him to the malice of the world; and partly to his strong and disinterested attachment to the English nation, which lowered him in the eyes of his prejudiced countrymen. He wept as he said this—his beard became a disconsolate beard with the tears that trickled down it. Excellent-hearted Polycarp! I sympathize with him already in spite of the garlic.

"11*th*.—Another sitting from my worthy model. The colossal figure is, by this time, (so rapid a workman am I!) entirely sketched in. My physical exertions are tremendous. My canvas is fourteen feet high; and Polycarp reaches from top to bottom. I can only pursue my labor by incessantly getting up and down a pair of steps; by condemning myself heroically to a sort of pictorial treadmill. Already, however, I have tasted the compensating sweets of triumph. My model is in raptures with my design; he was so profoundly affected that he cried over it, just as he cried over his own history. What taste these Italians naturally possess! What impressibility! What untaught sympathies with genius! How delightfully different their disposition from the matter-of-fact English character! How stolid is a British Royal Academician, compared to Polycarp the Second!

"12*th*.—Model again. Crying again. Previous history again. Raptures again. I wish he would not smell quite so strong of garlic. Sent him on an errand to buy me lamp-black and flake-white: I mean to lay it on rather thick when I come to Polycarp's beard. Gave him the money to pay for the paint—about fourpence English. The honest creature showed himself worthy of my confidence, by bringing me back one halfpenny of change with the colors. Poor Polycarp! Poor persecuted, lost sheep! the malicious world has singed the wool off your innocent back: be it mine to see it grow again under the British artist's fostering care!

"13*th*, 14*th*, 15*th*, 16*th*.—Too much occupied to make regular entries in my journal. I must have been up and down several miles of steps, during my four days' labor on my fourteen feet of canvas. The

quantity of paint I am obliged to use is so enormous that it quite overpowers all Polycarp's garlic. I feel fatigued, especially in the calves of my legs; but with such a design as I am producing to cheer me on, and with such a model as I have got, to appreciate my genius and run my errands, fatigue itself becomes an enjoyment. Physically as well as intellectually, I feel the Samson of High Art!

"17*th*.—Horror! humiliation! disenchantment! despair!—Polycarp the Second is off with my watch, chain, and purse containing Roman money to the amount of five pounds English. I feel the most forlorn, deluded, miserable creature under the canopy of heaven! I have been the dupe of a hypocritical, whimpering scoundrel! The scent of his garlic still floats aggravatingly on the atmosphere of my studio, outraging my nose and my feelings together. But I can write no more on this disastrous day: I must either go mad, or go to dinner immediately. Let me embrace the latter alternative, while it is still within my power. Away! away to forget myself in the national Roman dish of kid's flesh and pistachio nuts!

"18*th*.—The national Roman dish has disagreed with me: I sit bilious before my fourteen canvas feet of thickly-painted but still unfinished Polycarp. This is an opportunity for relating the history of my discomfiture. It happened thus:—Powerfully as my legs are made, they gave way under me on the morning of the 17th, after I had been three hours engaged in incessantly getting up the steps to put hairs on Polycarp's beard, and incessantly getting down again to go to the other end of the room and look at the effect of them. I told my perfidious model that he might take a rest, and set him the example by taking a rest myself. Overpowered by weariness, and the pressure of ideas, I fell asleep—unaccountably and barbarously fell asleep in my chair—before my own picture. The toil-worn British artist innocently reposed; and the whimpering Italian took advantage of his slumbers! The bearded creature must have coolly taken my chain off my neck, my watch out of my waistcoat, my purse out of my pocket, while I was asleep. When I awoke it was dusk: I yawned loudly—no notice taken of it: I called out more loudly—no answer: I struck a light—no chain, no watch, no purse, no Polycarp. After a moment of bewilderment and horror, I rushed to the traitor's dwelling. The people of the house knew nothing about him, except that he was not at home. I proclaimed my wrongs furiously to the rest of the lodgers. Another bearded man among them threatened me with assassination if I did not immediately hold my tongue:—I held it. The bearded man's mother recommended me to go home, (ominously swinging a saucepan full of dirty water toward me, while she spoke:)—I took her advice. When I am in a den of thieves, I do not find the courageous part of my character so fully developed as I could wish.

"19*th*.—Sought redress and restitution from the police. They appeared to consider my application first as a joke, and then as an insult. Could they not catch Polycarp the Second? (I asked.) Yes; they might possibly catch him in process of time. Then, why not set about his capture at once?—in the sacred name of justice, why not? Because it was of no use: he must have sold the watch and chain, and spent the money by this time. Besides, suppose him caught, it would be inconvenient to punish him, for the prisons were all full—there was no room for him anywhere. I was an Englishman, therefore rich, and therefore able to put up with my loss. Surely I had better go away, and not make a fuss about the business in bad Italian. Shade of Brutus! can this be Roman justice?

"20*th*.—A visit from a brother artist—a German who chirps his national songs all day, paints in the severe style, and lives on an income of forty pounds a year. This esteemed fellow-laborer gave me some advice, on hearing of my disaster. He assured me that I should get no assistance from the police without bribing them handsomely to do their work. Supposing they really took decisive steps, after that, it was more than probable that Polycarp, or some of his friends, would put me out of their way in the night, by the stiletto. I had better not move in the matter, if I valued either my pocket or my life. 'This,' said the German student, lighting his pipe, 'this, O Anglo-Saxon brother, is not thy fatherland. At Rome, the mind-and-body-comforting virtues they practice not—they grant no justice, and they quaff no beer.'

"21*st*.—After mature consideration, arrived at the conclusion that I had better leave Rome. To go on with my picture,

after what has happened, is impossible. The train of thought in which it originated, is broken up forever. Moreover, envious fellow-students are already beginning to make a joke of my disaster; and, for aught I know to the contrary, Polycarp the Second may be lying in wait for my life, every night, at the corner of the street. Pursued by ridicule, and threatened by assassination, no course is left me but dignified retreat. Rome, farewell! Romans! one more master-spirit that dwelt among ye has now been outraged and proscribed! CORIOLANUS—POTTS.

"22*d*.—Early in the morning, took my canvas off the stretcher, rolled it up, and deposited it in the studio of my friend, the German artist. He promises to complete my design, as soon as he can afford paint enough to cover so colossal a canvas. I wrung his hand in silence, and left him my lampblack, as a stock-in-trade of colors to begin with. Half an hour afterward I was on the road to Florence.

"26*th*.—Took lodgings of a noble landlady—a marchioness. Dreamt all night of Polycarp the Second. (Is this a warning that I am to see that miscreant again?)

"*January* 1*st*.—I mark this day's entry with red ink. The new year has begun for me with one of the most astounding adventures that ever happened to anybody—Baron Munchausen included. Let me note it down in these pages. I had just begun this morning to make a sketch for a sibyl picture, when the marchioness called at my studio.

"'Industrious little man,' said she, with an air of jocular authority, 'put on your hat, and come out with me.'

"Of course, I obeyed directly. We were going to the nunnery church of Santa So-and-so, (I am afraid of being prosecuted for libel if I write the real name,) to see the live object of the last new miracle, which had set all Florence in an uproar of astonishment and admiration. This object was a poor man who had been miraculously restored from blindness, by praying to a certain statue of the Madonna. He had only pursued his devotions for two days, when he was 'cured in an instant.' Besides gaining his sight, he gained a great deal of money, subscribed for him by the devout rich. He was exhibited every day in the church; and it was the great sight of Florence to go and see him.

"Well, we got to the church. Such a scene inside! Crowds of people; soldiers in full uniform to keep order; the organ thundering sublimely; the choir singing hosannas; clouds of incense floating through the church; devotees, some kneeling, some prostrate on their faces, wherever they could find room—all the magnificence of the magnificent Roman Catholic worship, was displayed before us in its grandest festival garb. My companion was right: this was a sight worth seeing indeed.

"The marchioness being a person of some weight, both in respect of physical formation and social standing, made her way victoriously through the crowd, dragging me after her in triumph. At the inner extremity of the church we saw the wonder-working statue of the Madonna, raised on high, and profusely decorated with the jewels presented to it by the faithful. To get a view of the man on whom the miracle had been wrought was, however, by no means easy. He was closely surrounded by a circle of gazers five deep. Ere long, however, the indomitable marchioness contrived to force her way and mine through every obstacle. We reached the front row; I looked eagerly under a tall man's elbow, and saw—

"Portentous powers of scoundrelism and hypocrisy! It was—yes! there was no mistaking him—it was POLYCARP THE SECOND!!!

"I never really knew what it was to doubt my own eyes before; and yet there was no doubt here. There, kneeling beneath the statue of the Madonna, in an elegant pose of adoration, was my wide-awake model, changed to the hero of the most fashionable miracle of the day. The tears were trickling over his beard, exactly as they trickled in my studio; I just detected the smell of garlic faintly predominant over the smell of incense, as I used to detect it at Rome. My sham model had turned sham blindman to all Florence, sham miracle-subject to a convent of illustrious nuns. He had reached the sublime *acme* of rascality at a single stride.

"The shock of my first recognition of him deprived me of my presence of mind. I forgot where I was, forgot all the people present, and unconsciously uttered aloud our national English ejaculation of astonishment, 'Hullo!' The spectators in my neighborhood all turned round upon me immediately. A priest among the num-

ber beckoned to a soldier standing near, and said, 'Remove the British heretic.' This was rather too violent a proceeding to be patiently borne. I was determined to serve the cause of truth, and avenge myself on Polycarp the Second at the same time.

"'Sir,' said I to the priest, 'before I am taken away, I should like to speak in private to the lady abbess of this convent.'

"'Remove the heretic!' reiterated the furious bigot.

"'Remove the heretic!' echoed the indignant congregation.

"'If you *do* remove me,' I continued resolutely, 'without first granting what I ask, I will publicly proclaim, before you can get me out at the door of the church, a certain fact which you would give the best jewel on that statue up there to keep concealed. Will you let me see the abbess, or will you not?'

"My naturally limpid and benevolent eye must have flashed lightnings of wrath as I spoke, my usually calm and mellow voice must have sounded like a clarion of defiance; for the priest suddenly changed his tactics. He signed to the soldier to let me go.

"'The Englishman is mad, and must be managed by persuasion, not force,' said the wily churchman to the congregation.

"'He is not mad—he is only a genius,' exclaimed my gigantic and generous marchioness, taking my part.

"'Leave him to me, and hold your peace, all of you,' said the priest, taking my arm, and leading me out of the crowd.

"He showed me into a little room behind the body of the church, shut the door carefully, and turning fiercely on me, said:

"'Now, you fanatic of an Englishman, what do you want?'

"'Bigot of an Italian!' I answered, in a rage, 'I want to prove your miracle-man there to be a thief and impostor. I know him. He was no more blind, when he came to Florence, than I am.'

"The priest turned ghastly with rage, and opened his mouth to speak again, when, by a second door at the other end of the room, in came the abbess herself.

"She tried at first the same plan as the priest. I never saw a fiercer, leaner, sharper old woman in my life. But bullying me would not do. I knew I was right, and stuck manfully to my point. After stating the whole of the great Polycarp robbery case, I wound up brilliantly by announcing my intention of sending to Rome for witnesses who could prove the identity of *my* thief of a model, and *their* sham of a miracle-man, beyond the possibility of refutation. This threat conquered; the abbess got frightened in real earnest, and came to terms; or, in other words, began to humbug me on the spot.

"In the course of my life I have known a great many wily old women. The tart-seller at school was a wily old woman; a maternal aunt of mine, who wheedled my father out of a special legacy, was a wily old woman; the laundress I employed in London was a wily old woman; the marchioness I now lodge with is a wily old woman; but the abbess was wilier than all four put together. She flattered and cringed, lamented and shed tears, prayed *for* me and *to* me, all in a breath. Even the magnificent depths of humbug displayed by Polycarp the Second, looked shallow and transparent by contrast with the unfathomable profundities of artifice exhibited by the lady abbess.

"Of course, the petitions that the abbess now poured on me in torrents were all directed toward the one object of getting me to hold my tongue forever on the subject of Signor Polycarp's assumed blindness. Of course, her defense of the miracle-exhibition going on in her church was, that she and the whole nunnery (officiating priests included) had been imposed on by the vagabond stranger who had come to them from Rome. Whether this was true or not, I really cannot say. I had a faint consciousness all the time the abbess was speaking that she was making a fool of me; and yet, for the life of me, I could not help believing some of the things she said; I could not refrain from helplessly granting her all that she asked. In return for this docility on my part, she gratefully promised that Polycarp should be ignominiously turned out of the church, without receiving a single farthing of the sums collected for him, which happened to be still remaining in the convent cash-box. Thus avenged on my pickpocket-model, I felt satisfied. This done, the pious old lady gave me her blessing; the priest followed on the same side;' and I left them writing down my name, to be prayed for among the convent list of personages of high rank, who were all to be benefited by the abbess's interest with Heaven!

HUMOROUS LITERATURE—ITS HISTORY.

THE English Review contains a very brilliant paper on Dickens and Thackeray, from which we extract the following passages:—

Avoid "foolish talking and jesting," says the apostle, "which are not convenient;" and the inspired preacher hath taught us, "sorrow is better than laughter." Nevertheless, there is "a time to weep, *and* a time to laugh." "To the pure all things are pure." The jesting of the heathen world was profane and unclean; to Christian ears "it was altogether abominable." Even like sinful were its "banquetings" and "revelings," though our blessed Lord scrupled not to prefigure the rejoicings in heaven over "one sinner that repenteth" by earthly feasting, dancing, and merriment. Though the world be nothing out of him, yet in him it may be much to us; and the Christian rule is to cultivate, innocently and freely, "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, and lovely." Now laughter, in itself, is innocent; in childhood, it is often "lovely." Inconsistency and imperfection, the consequences of sin, are undoubtedly the sources of the ludicrous. In heaven there can be nothing incongruous, nothing out of place, nothing, therefore, it should seem, provocative of laughter: for it is the imperfect realization of the mind's ideal which alone appears absurd; as where great pretensions are combined with small performances, or good intentions with silly and inadequate deeds. The laughter of childhood might be supposed derivable from another source; it seems to well forth from an inexhaustible fountain of enjoyment; the pure overflowings of delight, which take this channel of expression; and yet childhood, even, is liable to those perceptions of the ludicrous which arise from manifest incongruities. But, if an habitually grave, or indeed any elder person, contort the features and make wry "faces," in playing with a child, that child will almost invariably fall into ecstasies of laughter; or, if the nurse, or "papa," or "mamma," pretends to be afraid and runs away from a little one, bursts of glad merriment will surely be elicited. Nay, it is oddity, and incongruity with the quietude of other things, which makes the very infant clap its hands and crow when the silver bells are made to sound before it.

Many other familiar instances of the influence exercised by incongruity over childhood might be enumerated; but we think we have said enough to prove our point. Certain it is, however, that if the mirth of very early years is sometimes the mere ebullition of animal spirits unconnected with any perception of the ludicrous, the laughter of maturity is almost invariably, if not invariably, prompted by imperfection of some kind, which is the concomitant of evil, and might therefore seem, in one sense, more worthy of tears than merriment. Puns, "jeux de mot," and that entire class of sayings which pertain to the category of wit, are rarely provocative of hearty laughter. It is humor which stirs the inner man to mirth. We may smile at Ben Johnson, but Shakspeare makes us "roar." Sometimes, however, humor may blend with wit, even in a pun, through the incongruous collocation of things really most dissimilar and inimical to one another therein conveyed; such as the coupling of quakerlike gravity with, say, a lady's hat and feathers. But the truth is, that, in such cases, we generally find the humor ourselves which is provocative of laughter: we fancy, for instance, almost unconsciously, what the grave Quaker's feelings might be at finding himself subjected to such comparison, and the thought of his sadness makes us laugh. However, incongruity will be found in all such cases to lie at the root of the matter, if we *do* laugh; and incongruity is but a form and expression of imperfection.

But is it right to laugh? Should we not rather cry? We reply—not as we are constituted for existence in this world. If the sight and presence of the imperfect could only move us to tears, or at least to grief, we should be so possessed with an unfathomable and boundless sorrow, that it would be practically impossible for us to "rejoice in the Lord always." Were we enabled to realize, and that continually, the amount of sin and suffering which exists upon this earth, nay, were we compelled so to do, by the organization of our being, we could never know a moment's peace; we must be always plunged in the abyss of wo. Under such circumstances, the business of life would come utterly to an end, arts and sciences would be annihilated, and the human race itself would

soon vanish from the face of this habitable globe. And this fact, implying the indispensable need of relaxation, and happiness, in some degree, for the bare duration of humanity, supplies a sufficient answer to cavilers like poor Leigh Hunt, who tells us that all Christians, professing to believe in future torments, are either hypocrites or brutes; as their hearts and minds should be exclusively possessed with pity for their fellow-creatures, and their whole lives devoted to intercessory prayers for the doomed. It is true, that the loving and faithful Christian *needs* not to urge the insufficiency of human nature as his plea for pursuing rational happiness; for he knows that his God is just and merciful as he is great, and feels that whatever he has willed must, in some sense, be for the best, and that doubt or distrust on his part would be impious and practically atheistic; but it is no less true, that from the requirements of his nature, even under the direct influence of Heaven, all his feelings and perceptions are finite and liable to change. Light and shade are requisite for a world like this; even heaven knows gradations of glory; and the All-Infinite alone, promoting and realizing all, enjoys absolute and boundless perfection.

But we may be waxing too grave "for the nonce." Let us be suffered to assume, then, that "there is a time to laugh," even for the righteous man; that the incongruous and imperfect may excite his mirth; that even that higher order of ridicule, which is animated by a sense of right and a love of goodness, may be permitted to him, while a tenant of this mortal sphere. And therefore do we rejoice, as Christians and as Englishmen, in the creations of our living humorists, and conceive it our special duty, as Churchmen, to proclaim, that true humor may be hallowed by the love of God.

It may seem the stranger to question the compatibility of Christianity with humor, when we reflect, that we have comparatively few records of its existence under the domination of Paganism. Though it has long been the fashion to talk loosely of Aristophanic humor, we think that Aristophanic wit and fun would be the more fitting meed for praise. Without entering on another series of definitions, just at present, lest we should tire our readers out, or possess them with the idea that we only allowed ourselves to laugh by rule, and limited all perceptions of the ludicrous by arithmetical or geometrical proportions, let us content ourselves with the suggestion, that the highest humor in our eyes must not be far remote from pathos; must at least be drawn from an intimate sympathy with the nobler cravings as well as the failings of humanity. Now basely negative humor, critical and corrosive—a species of vinegar distilled from wine on the lees, or the produce of sound sense, narrowed, distorted, and more or less falsified by ill-nature—cannot challenge much of our admiration, and certainly never commands our laughter; though it may not be without a use of its own, if nothing better can be obtained; and such, mainly, is the Aristophanic produce. Direct satire, and more especially political satire, deals much with wit, and may deal with fun also, but makes little use of humor. It very rarely bids us laugh. He who loves God and man, supposing him to be possessed of equally sound sense and fertile imagination with the misanthropic thinker, must needs be a far higher humorist. Man must sympathize with man, to be able to expose his weaknesses with success. Hate and scorn are repellants; they interpose a barrier; they bring darkness in their train. Love is the great teacher, to lay bare the mysteries of humanity; the guide, to traverse its depth and height, and measure its circumference; the plummet, to sound its abyss; and the living sunshine, to explore its every crevice and bring its darkness into day. Of this love, Aristophanes had not much, and Terence and Plautus had little more. Nor was this strange. There was comparatively little to endear the human race to the Pagan moralist: he saw its vices and its follies; but he knew not that for the last and lowest of its slaves a divine Saviour should expire.

With the growth of Christianity the principle of love extended its benignant influence; soon, indeed, corruption manifested itself, and Gnosticism poisoned some of the life-springs of devotion. The great principle that "to the pure all things are pure," quoted at the commencement of these remarks, was trampled under foot of man; the beautiful was condemned as unholy. Men could not forbid the stars to shine, nor the flowers to bud in spring, nor the glorious rainbow to span the sky; but they could and did forbid any mental

response to all these glories. A myriad dewdrops might glitter like diamonds every morn in the rays of the rising sun, but not one pearl of wit or humor was allowed to drop from Christian lips, lest the grace of the baptized man should be desecrated by common earthly joys. How this fearful error waxed and developed itself into the corruption of social life in Christian lands, and the severance of a redeemed world from its Redeemer, need not be narrated here. But Gnosticism and Gnostic asceticism was not the soil for humor, save one of a cold, and harsh, and bitter nature, of which "Jerome" and others have left us more than sufficient samples.

Even in the middle ages, humor, as far as it had any existence, was negative and hard-hearted. It showed itself, no doubt, here and there, in the famous "Reynard," that stern protest against hypocrisy and superstition; but humor in the highest sense was almost an incompatibility with the then existing state of society. Freedom is its essential element; and who possessed this when brute force reigned supreme, save where the influence of a corrupt, but Christian Church, interposed to shield the helpless from overweening tyranny? The monks can alone be said to have enjoyed freedom, literary and social, such as might be consistent with the creation of humoristic works; and what a freedom was this! that of a bird in its cage; or, in the case of nobler and higher spirits, of a falcon in its coop, of a lion taken in the snares! If other men were chained by hourly need to the struggle for life, for existence; they, the monks, were like men, freed indeed from such fetters, but shrouded 'neath dreary cowls and robes of iron sackcloth, that checked their breath, and bound them to abide as statues upon one spot forever. Monkish humor! What *should* it be, but bitter, harsh, and stern? Or else, where good-natured, small and weak, confined in sympathies, narrow in range, devoid of purpose? A pleasant chuckling over a little pious fraud for holy ends; a satisfactory conviction of the universal depravity of the human race, justifying an occasional lapse, to be atoned for by some subsequent penance; a quiet Latin joke at the expense of a rival community: these, and such as these, are ingredients for the caldron of humoristic harmlessness in monkery. We will not describe the process of the more venomous decoction. However, the only works of the middle ages possessing, or professing any humor, *did* proceed from monks; and *they* are few indeed. The jesters were, no doubt, shrewd fellows; and happy should we be to make the acquaintance of some of them, in this present age and life, especially if dowered with the moral excellences which distinguish "Shakspeare's" fools, of whom perchance anon. But "the jesters" dealt not much in vellum or parchment, and have left us few scraps of their handiwork. With the Reformation, or rather with that outpouring of intellectual energy which preceded and hastened it, humor first assumed its adequate position in literature. Rabelais led the way. We cannot say that this author is a great favorite of ours: he has geniality, too, and occasional largeness of heart; but exaggeration of delivery mars all. That order of wit, which the Americans have appropriated to themselves, and which consists in a monstrous and grotesque amplification of fact, is perhaps the easiest attainable, and has certainly little to recommend it to esteem. Still, there is a gigantic "*bonhommie*" about Gargantua and the other heroes of this strange work, which is nearly akin to true humor, and must always command our tribute of esteem. Of course, we can only think with disgust of the unnecessary ordure which Rabelais has heaped around his own pedestal, and in which he has sunk well-nigh up to the chin. Berni, Pulci, and other Italians, had indicated the possession of high humoristic qualities in their mock heroics; and Ariosto himself, though more distinguished for romantic fancy, was not devoid of a humorous vein. A pleasing "*bonhommie*" might also be discovered in some of Boccaccio's stories. Nevertheless, the first great masterpiece of humor destined to electrify the world, was the "Don Quixote" of Spain. It was mainly negative indeed: but that which exposes imperfection and would correct it, must in some sort be negative; and "Don Quixote" teaches us to love human nature in the person of the unfortunate knight-errant, whose endeavors, however misdirected, were not the less genuine and true-hearted.

But it is not our present purpose to trace the progress of humor from clime to clime, and age to age. Suffice it to profess that our own national literature may claim a proud preëminence in this, as in

so many other spheres. It is probable, that the stores of Europe united would not be found sufficient to counterbalance her humoristic treasury. Spain may quote Cervantes; France, Le Sage, Molière, Beaumarchais, perhaps Montaigne; Germany, Lessing, Wieland, and Jean Paul; Italy, her mock-heroics. As for Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, we profess our ignorance. Strange to say, we, though Quarterly Reviewers, are positively not omniscient; not even though, under Providence, we indite our sentences in that royal style, which is the prerogative of the monarch and the anonymous *criticling*. Yet let us not belie ourselves; we know Andersen the Dane, and Frederica Bremer the Swede, and we have further read some Russian works of fiction, in German versions of them, which certainly appeared anything but humorous. We can affirm as much of those Polish and Hungarian works, with which it has been our fortune to become acquainted, in more familiar tongues. In fine, we believe that these, and other lands unnamed, would add little to the store of the world's humorous creations, were one language common to all men, and they indited in the same. And now, we can oppose Shakspeare to Cervantes, Molière, Wieland; and O! how far greater he than that or any other earthly triad! How did he read the very heart of humanity, and how has he made it beat palpably before us in his immortal works! How has he blended the sweetest sympathy with human virtues, with the keenest sense of the shortcomings of the best! His fools, as was before suggested, are rarely mere things for mirth; but living, breathing fellow-creatures, whom we learn to love, and pity, and regard. Let us think of the noble-hearted companion to the poor discrowned Lear, ever ready with a forced laugh and a biting jest, to divert the maddening soul of his master from the contemplation of his inhuman wrongs; who knew Cordelia, and loved her, and had no doubt been fully estimated by her: "Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away;" or let us remember the shrewd and somewhat artificial "Touchstone," who yet follows his mistress into banishment, and cheers her spirit with his quirks and his oddities: "I care not for my spirit, if my legs were not weary;" or the sentimental "Feste;" or even the marvelous good-tempered, long-suffering "Dromios." But it matters little to what class of humorous characters we turn our attention in the works of the bard of Avon; grotesque barbarism in Caliban, self-satisfied shallow silliness in Trinculo, common-place sensuality in Stephano, shrewd and yet good-hearted half-wittedness in Launce, vague and frothy pomposity in Shallow, imbecility in Slender, talkative laxity in Mrs. Quickly, all are hit off to the life; some by a few rapid strokes; others in finished portraits, and with lines drawn close and fine; and without ever degenerating into that mere embodiment of humors at which Ben Jonson aimed, and of which Sir Walter Scott has given us an example in Sir Percy Shafton; though he, no doubt, has added various individualizing traits, which raise his knight above the artificial creatures whom rare old "Ben" employs for his machinery. After Shakspeare, then, we scarcely feel entitled to enumerate Ben Jonson, though we enjoy his exquisite masques, and own the able wit which distinguishes his comedies. But wit is not humor. Bobadil is not a living creature as Pistol is, that noisy swaggerer, Pistol; and yet Bobadil is one of Ben Jonson's nearest approaches to a humorous character; his *most* successful is that of Justice Clement, who embodies an admirable idea, very imperfectly developed—that of a remarkably kind-hearted old man, who cannot hurt a mouse, but is always, in theory and in the first instance, for the strict letter of the law, and its immediate execution on all offenders, and endeavors to hide his real mildness under the vail of extreme severity of bearing. Beaumont and Fletcher have much wit; mainly wit of an offensive and odious nature, uttered at the expense of goodness and virtue; but we should declare humor to be utterly unknown to them, were it not for the one character of "Bessus," in which they have perhaps transcended "Pistol," showing us a combination of real meanness and excessive smallness of nature, with vanity and pomposity which is infinitely amusing, at least in the earlier scenes of the play, where *he* is introduced; the latter are exaggerated and disagreeable. "Beaumont and Fletcher" never knew when they had given enough of anything; being alike deficient in taste and principle, they went on, as they fancied, heaping up effects,

until they sacrificed the very semblance of reality; not knowing or remembering that even sunshine itself, too fierce or too continuous, becomes a curse, not a blessing, and impoverishes what it would enrich. In fact, their want of common sense is a remarkable instance of the union of folly with wickedness in those who might be wise, if they loved and lived for God and man. Dryden and Pope, too, though both possessing stores of wit, are deficient in true humor; and so is even Swift, much as his "Gulliver" delights us. But Sterne, on the other hand, Lawrence Sterne, with all the drawbacks which may justly be alleged against him, was the true master of humors, as "Corporal Trim" and his master will bear record to the end of time; and Fielding, despite undeniable coarseness, which would make us shrink from recommending his general perusal in these days, has, more especially in "Joseph Andrews," sounded the depths and shoals of humoristic comedy; and Goldsmith, too, in the delightful and inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield," has given us that exquisite combination of quiet cheerfulness and sweetness with strong good sense, which prompts at once to tears and laughter, the most delightful of all combinations. We cannot say much for Farquhar, Congreve, Wycherley, Mrs. Centlivre, &c.: wit they all possess in abundance, and sometimes humor too; but it is sadly "marred in the delivery," and can "profit little." Sheridan, too, has more of wit than humor, and cannot be commended as a moralist. We have omitted Smollett from our list, for, as a whole, he pleases us not; and though Butler, Prior, and Steele have claims on men's regard, we stay not to enforce them. But for Addison a special word of recognition must be reserved, whose delightful "Sir Roger" has been so long the theme of admiration, and whose peculiar genius has inspired one modern, but true-hearted American, Washington Irving, to efforts which have perchance surpassed the *chef d'œuvres* of his master.

DESCRIPTION OF A SIBERIAN SHAMAN.

THE writer from whom we transcribe the following description of a Shaman, is treating of somnambulous ecstasy, and quotes, as instances of it, the conjurers or wizards of Lapland and of Samoyede, and the Shamans of Siberia, who bring themselves into this singular state by artificial means, such as whirling round of the body, especially of the head, accompanied by stunning cries, songs, and music. "The condition," says our author, "into which the Shaman brings himself is much more extraordinary than that of the Lapland seer or the Samoyede enchanter: it resembles more what we might imagine the state of an ancient Pythoness, being a kind of convulsive delirium, during which he utters dark and oracular sentences, and remarkable clear seeing, or prophetic sight, takes place." An interesting account of these Shamans is given by a companion of Wrangel, in his expedition to the North Pole, contained in a letter written by Mr. Matinschkin to a friend at Petersburgh, dated December, 1829.

This gentleman, after wandering all day by the banks of the Siberian river, Tabalog, sought shelter from the snow (which was beginning to fall, though only the month of August) in a place, where he found assembled a great many persons around a Shaman, who was just on the point of commencing his incantations.

By means of one of the company, to whom Mr. M. had lately shown a trifling kindness, and by the promise of some brandy and tobacco, our traveler was permitted to remain and witness the proceedings.

"In the center of the place a bright fire blazed, around which a circle was marked out by black sheepskins, on which, in slow and measured steps, the Shaman moved round, repeating at the same time, half aloud, the forms of his incantation. His long, black, bristly hair, covered almost completely his red and swollen face, while from under the shaggy eyebrows gleamed a pair of blood-shot eyes. His dress was a long Talar, composed of the skins of animals, and hung from top to bottom with amulets, rhymes, chains, shells, and pieces of iron and copper. In his right hand he held a charm-drum in the shape of a tambourin, likewise ornamented with shells. In his left hand was an unbent bow.

"By degrees the flame of the fire became extinguished, leaving only the glowing embers, which threw a dim mystic sort of light around. The Shaman threw himself down on the ground, and, after remaining motionless for about five minutes, broke out into a melancholy wail, the sound of which was as if it came from

different voices. The fire was again kindled, and shot up into a high flame. The Shaman then sprang up, placed one end of the bow on the ground, rested his forehead on the other, and still holding the bow in his hand, he began to whirl around it, first slowly, and then rapidly. This whirling continued until the very sight of it made me giddy, when suddenly he stood still, and commenced making all manner of figures in the air with his hand without exhibiting the slightest symptom of giddiness. He then seized his drum, and, in a sort of inspiration, played what seemed to me a sort of melody, while he quickened or slackened his pace, and moved and contracted his body with inconceivable rapidity. The motion of the head was especially striking—it whirled around with a velocity resembling a ball on a string.

"During these operations the Shaman took, now and then, a mouthful of brandy and a whiff of tobacco, which, at a sign given by him, was handed to him by some one of the bystanders. This and the other operations must at length have stupefied him, for he fell suddenly down, and remained rigid and seemingly lifeless. Two of the spectators then approached, with large knives in their hands, which they began to whet on each other close to his head. This seemed to bring him again to himself; he renewed his strange wailings, and moved his body slowly and convulsively. The persons who had the knives in their hands, raised him up, and placed him in an erect posture. His countenance was horrid to look at; the eyes were as if starting from their sockets, and seemed to project out from the head, while his face was crimson all over. He appeared perfectly unconscious, and, except a slight tremor of the body, he remained for some minutes without a sign of life.

"He then awoke from his stupor apparently, and supported himself by his right hand on his bow, while, with the left, he swung the drum rapidly around his head with a whirring noise, and then suddenly let it fall, which, I was informed, was the sign that he was now fully inspired, and ready to be questioned. I approached him, as he stood motionless before me, without token of life either in eye or countenance, while neither my questions nor his answers (which were given instantly, without one moment's reflection) changed in the slightest degree the immobility of his features. Several of his answers were very remarkable; others so obscure, that none of the interpreters were able to give me them in Russian. When the curiosity of all had been satisfied, the Shaman again fell into convulsions, accompanied with internal spasms, lying thus on the ground for about a quarter of an hour." The demons, it would appear, took a much shorter time to effect their exit than their entrance, as, for the latter, four hours had been necessary. Besides their usual mode of departing—by the chimney—the traveler saw the door opened by the spectators to let them out that way if they preferred it.

"At length, all was finished; the Shaman arose with marks of astonishment in his countenance, like a man awakend out of a deep sleep, finding himself in the midst of a large assembly. Mr. M. asked him to explain some of his dark sayings; but the Shaman only looked at him with a questioning expression of countenance, as if he knew nothing of what had happened, and shook his head at each interrogatory, being utterly oblivious of what had passed, or of what he had said."

Our author is of opinion that the religious ceremonies of the Dervishes of the present day had, in their origin, the same end in view as the demon-conjurations of the Siberian Shaman, namely, that of inducing a somnambulous cataleptic state; but that now, the former not carrying out their whirling and other stupefying operations to the same extent as was once done, these ceremonies have become mere senseless and unmeaning rites, the Dervishes themselves being now ignorant of the purpose meant to be accomplished by their singular religious services. Three, however, out of the thirty-two orders into which the Dervishes are divided,—the Meldeve, the Bedive, and the Rufai,—still practice the whirling to a much greater extent than any of the others; their movements accompanied by a barbarous kind of music, and various other ceremonies, while they call out in a voice of increasing loudness, "Allah! Hu!" until, breathless and exhausted, like the Shaman, they fall into a state of utter insensibility. After a few more absurd practices, they are then blessed by their chief, "Sheik Ulislam," as he is sometimes called, (meaning Chief of the True Believers,) and speedily recover.

THE LOST CHILD FOUND.

"HARK!" said the Baron of Lucowiza to his lady, "the report of the artillery is getting nearer. If at last it should come here"—

"Let us be prepared for the worst," replied the resolute, high-spirited woman. "What has happened to others, may happen to us; and what others have endured we also may endure; and if others are brought low, we are not too good to escape similar misfortunes. But God is powerful enough to deliver us, if it seems meet to his wisdom; and let us pray to him, not only to spare us, but to give us resigned hearts that will put unbounded confidence in him, and unconditionally repose on his faithful, fatherly care."

It was evening. The cannonading had ceased, and the din of war seemed withdrawn to another quarter. They ventured to retire to rest, for they had kept anxious watch on several preceding nights. But at midnight the inhabitants of the village were startled out of their sleep by the discharge of artillery; and, before they had left their beds, part of the village was in flames, which were carried by a violent east wind from one thatched roof to another. The fire had broke out in the neighborhood of the castle, it soon caught the outbuildings; and, when the Baron woke out of his sleep, he could not tell whether his rest had been broken by the noise of cannon, or by the flames which glared upon his chamber windows. While putting on a few clothes, the danger became so great that he could not hope to do more than escape with his life from the burning castle.

"Have you got the child?" cried the Baroness to the nurse, whom she saw running out of the house.

"Yes, I have it," she answered; "only make haste."

The parents hurried through the garden-walks after the maid; but she was soon out of sight, and, though they called after her, the sound of their voices was lost amidst the report of musketry, the cries of distress, and the crash of falling buildings. Urged forward by the fugitives from the village, they hastened to the adjacent wood for safety, and strained every nerve to get beyond the reach of the cannon, and the tumult of war. The nurse, they thought, could have taken no other way, and would be found again in the morning. Day came, as it surely will, after the longest and most troubled night. They had left the wood behind them, and had reached the clear open country. Here and there might be seen a little band of fugitives; some with a bundle, small or large, on their backs; others with only a scanty supply of clothing which they had hastily put on. O how earnestly and inquisitively did the afflicted parents cast their eyes around after their lost child! They hastened breathless from one group to another, in order to find their precious treasure with the nurse; and every moment the quickness of their pulse and the anguish of their hearts increased, as each inquiry in succession ended in disappointment. They did not give up all hope hastily: that a mother's heart could not do; but its feeble props broke down one after another, so that at last it entirely sunk and was lost. In the nearest villages all their inquiries were fruitless; and they could not go back, for war and all its horrors were every moment coming nearer: they were forced to go forward, and, in doing so, probably went farther from the direction their servant had taken; but no choice was left. We must now leave them, commending them to that Almighty Comforter, who is "rich in mercy to all that call upon him," while we return to Lucowiza.

On what a slender thread, to human eyes, often hangs a human life! That infant in the ark of bulrushes, on the banks of the Nile—to how many accidents was he exposed! and yet to what a glorious career was he destined! That little child, who alone of all his family was forgotten when the house was on fire, and then was suddenly rescued from the flames, and became a distinguished and successful laborer in the service of Christ—on what a mere hair did his life hang! But along with these fine threads and hairs are interwoven other invisible ones, of heavenly texture and divinely strong. Holy angels are employed in protecting and rescuing those little ones on whose service they are sent forth; and hence it comes to pass that their lives are so often preserved in the most wonderful manner, over whom the Keeper of Israel and his hosts hold watch. You have noticed the incidents I have told you, but how they came about you cannot even guess; listen, then, while I proceed.

A mile from Lucowiza, farther inland,

lies a village, the name of which I do not know; but would the name of a Bohemian village signify to you? This village also had been visited by the calamities of war: part of it was burnt; the houses that were left standing had been plundered, and the fields around lay desolate. Unfortunately it was just harvest-time, the corn was cut, the sheaves were standing bound in the fields; but, ere the reapers had time to fetch them home, another reaper came, who, with an invisible sickle, cut down the reapers themselves, and many more besides. I need not tell you his name, but you will perhaps be reminded of the words of the psalmist, "In the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

The hostile bands came rushing on; and where yesterday dwelt peace, prosperity, and hope, was to be seen to-day the grim form of desolation, which the few who survived beheld with terror and dismay. On the following morning, when the black cloud of war had rolled over the borders, a countryman, whose cottage had escaped the flames, went out into his cornfields to see whether he could find a sheaf or two to carry home. A few were still standing; but, looking between them, he saw, to his great astonishment, what he had neither sought for nor expected—a child about two years old fast asleep. It seemed as if an angel had laid it there; for such a happy smile played over the features of the little sleeper that you might imagine it was dreaming Jacob's dream over again. The good countryman could not take his eyes off that little smiling face; he was unwilling to wake it, but at last it awoke of itself. Now, indeed, as you might expect, the happy smile was gone, for the child no longer saw an angel, but a strange unknown old man; over its head was the wide-spread blue vault of the sky, and near it, instead of the white pillow of its cradle, the rough ground, with long stubble and a few sheaves. It called for its mother and Theresa; and when neither of them appeared, a little cloud began to gather on its brow, and the drops trickled down its rosy cheeks. The man took it up in his arms, stroking and soothing it as well as he knew how; then, leaving the sheaves for which he had come thither, carried the child home. On the way, a doubt arose in his mind whether his wife would feel as kindly towards the little one as he did himself: but "No," he said, "it has long been a source of sorrow to her that we have had no more children since those whose bed death has made in the churchyard; she will be glad to have our loss made up in this way." And so it proved. The news that some sheaves still remained gave her joy; but she was more rejoiced at the living present that God's hand had bestowed; and, when the good woman fetched from their back garden a handful of strawberries, the cloud on the little weeper's brow soon dispersed; and, though it often called for father, mother, and Theresa, yet by degrees it became attached to its foster-parents, who with tender love sought to make up the loss of its home to the best of their power. How the child came among the sheaves,—whether its faithful nurse had been shot, and her forlorn little charge had wandered by itself into the corn fields; or by what other means it was brought there,—they could not tell. The inhabitants of Lucowiza had left the place, and the greater part of them never returned.

The seven years' war had just begun, and, of course, for some time, the communication between one place and another was rendered very difficult, and often quite impracticable. It is true that, as soon as the Baron of Lucowiza had found a resting-place in a neighboring country, he sent a trusty messenger, with orders to search the place and country all round, if perchance some trace might be found of the lost child; but, when the man reached the borders of Saxony, he fell ill of typhus fever, and died in the hospital of a small town, without having fulfilled his errand. The child itself was too young to give any information; it only knew that it was called Theodore. Theodore's foster-parents were not originally poor—they once possessed beautiful fields and meadows; but their cattle had been taken away, their house had been plundered, the fruits of their fields destroyed, and their barns contained no provisions for the winter. It cost them much trouble to procure a few cattle again, and even to get daily bread; for, though they would gladly have sold part of their land in order to get some money, they could find no purchaser in these troublous times. Yet they did not let the little one want for anything. If they had only a single morsel,

they would cheerfully go supperless to bed, rather than that their foster-child should suffer hunger. The little creature throve fast; and the love that was bestowed upon him was not wasted: he soon gave signs of such grateful attachment, and was so attentive and obedient, that they were often ready to imagine that the child was really their own, and never for a moment repented having taken it in.

Six years long they had nourished and protected the stranger child, and tended it with heartfelt parental love, when they were both taken off by an epidemic, which was one of the many sad consequences of the war. The disease, even in an early stage of it, deprived the sufferers of their senses. Theodore, who was only eight years old, knew not what to do, and called in a poor neighbor, a widow, who, as no medical man was at hand, did what she could, according to the best of her knowledge; but she was as little able as the weeping child, to render efficient aid. At last a physician came, as there were several other people ill in the village; but he saw at once that it was too late to save them. A few days more, and the poor boy was standing by the side of two corpses.

Then followed the funeral, and the division of the property among the relations of the deceased. One took the house, another the arable land, a third the pasture land, a fourth the movable goods, but no one was eager to take the orphan. He had already been a thorn in their eyes; for they were afraid that he had been adopted by the man and his wife, and would deprive them of the inheritance. Fortunately, the good people had two Bibles—one in their house, the other in their hearts—and out of both they had conscientiously and diligently instructed their foster child; and in so doing, had bequeathed him a treasure, which formed no part of the property to be divided, and to which the greedy heirs could make no claim, even had they been disposed. Now, in this hour of difficulty, he recollected the expression, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Psa. xxvii, 10. This was his staff when about to leave his present home—the staff of his right hand, when he was forced to grasp a beggar's staff with the other.

By this time the war was over; but its effects were still severely felt by the inhabitants of the country. The cornfields were lying waste; the dwelling-houses, for the greater part, were pillaged or burnt; and on all sides the greatest distress prevailed. For a whole twelvemonth Theodore was obliged to wander about as a poor beggar-boy. He went from place to place, and sought for shelter; but everywhere he was repulsed, for he could not tell his birth-place. Even the police could not lay hold of him and send him back to his parish, for no one knew where it was situated. Here and there he met with kind people, who gave him some broken victuals; but more frequently he was obliged to content himself with a piece of dry bread. His lodging for the night was commonly a hovel on some hay, or a woodhouse; and, in winter, perhaps a warm stable, unless he was allowed to lie on a bench in the kitchen. His clothes, which soon were worn to rags, would now and then be replaced by a torn jacket, or a patched pair of trowsers, big enough for a youth of eighteen; so that he looked in them for all the world like a scarecrow. The luxury of an ordinary pair of shoes he had long been a stranger to: in summer he went barefoot; in winter he wrapped his feet in old rags, and stuck them in large shoes, which some charitable people had given him. Yet he never wanted bread, and, strictly speaking, did not suffer hunger; for it was not easy to withhold relief from such a good-looking, cleanly, modest boy. He took care to wash himself every morning at a spring, and to comb out his long black hair; he kept his clothes as clean and as tidy as possible. When he was taken into a house for the night, the first thing he asked for was a Bible; or, if one was not at hand, for some good book, in which he read the whole of the evening, sometimes aloud, if it were wished. Had not the people with whom he became acquainted in this way been generally of the poorer class, he would soon have found regular employment; but by the rich and wealthy he was not allowed to come across the threshold, so that they had no means of becoming acquainted with his good qualities. At last, after wandering about for a long while, he found a poor family who gave him shelter, and with whom he shared the victuals that had been given him in the course of the day, and of which he had always some left in the evening.

He took his daily round about the village where these poor folks lived, but went no greater distance than would allow of his coming back at night to his bed, which was only a sack of straw.

One evening, however, long after harvest-time, when the open ground, with the starry ceiling above it, no longer served for a bed-chamber, poor Theodore loitered too long on his way home; he could not see the path through the dark forest, nor the glimmer of the village lights. He hastened on and on, walked all night anxiously through forest and field: sometimes he fancied that he was in a well-known district, and then again was quite bewildered. As his anxiety increased, he quickened his pace. That beautiful Psalm, the twenty-third, came into his mind: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "Ah!" said he to himself, "how true that is! That is a better staff than the beggar's; and as long as I have it why should I fear?" Immediately all the anxiety of his heart vanished, and he resolved to go on quietly and leisurely, till the Good Shepherd, of whom he had been thinking, should show him a way. Upon this he soon came to a beaten footpath, and went on with comfort; for he said, "This must surely bring me to some place. On the left something glimmers through the trees; it is certainly a light; there must be a house, perhaps a village, where I can find a bed." With these thoughts he went in the direction of the light, and left the path which possibly might be from a village, instead of leading to one. For a long time he could see the light distinctly; then it vanished again behind the trees. But, on turning in another direction, the light was entirely gone; probably it was lost behind a hill. He now went on at haphazard toward the quarter in which he believed that he at first saw the light, till morning dawn arose behind him, and, very soon after, the first rays of a September sun gilded the tops of the fir-trees. He came out of the forest on an open height. And what golden bird is that which seems to float aloft in the air? Is it not a weather-cock? and underneath is a golden cross on the lofty tower of a cathedral? It is even so. Yes! the boy stands at last in sight of a city, miles distant from his last home—and yet it is in the right way. For the first time in his life Theodore beheld a city, and that a large one. He enters the streets, he feels as if in a new world. There are magnificent mansions, large churches, splendid shops, gentlemen and ladies neatly dressed; and, strange to say, amidst it all there are beggar-boys like himself! How is it possible (he thought) that in such a beautiful rich city there can be any poor people! But as he was looking at these boys, with their touzled hair and dirty faces, he recollected that he had not washed himself that morning. From the high ground where he first caught sight of the city, he had noticed that a broad river flowed through it; so he went to wash himself in it. His clothes consisted at this time of a large black jacket, which had been a frock-coat before the skirts were cut off; a pair of old patched trowsers of Manchester manufacture, which had belonged to a brewer's drayman; blue stockings, and a pair of cast-off women's shoes. He had no shirt, nor any covering for his head. But his thick black hair, which he now combed out neatly, hung in glossy locks on his shoulders, and, if his white skin had not been tanned by the sun, he might have been taken for a gipsy with a Circassian-formed head. But what cared he just then for either Circassian or gipsy! He was as hungry as both together; and went from one street to another, in the hopes that one or other of those finely-dressed people would give him something to eat. But, this hope failing, he ventured at last to ask for a loaf at a baker's, where he saw many in a window, but was roughly refused. "How is this?" thought he; "is it a custom in this city never to relieve a beggar? Then I would rather go back again to my village, for a villager has never refused me a piece of bread! Yet how do the beggar-boys live, whom I see here in the market-place, if nobody gives them anything? Perhaps I went to the wrong door." He went, accordingly, to another house, and asked the people who lived on the ground-floor for a morsel of bread, as he had eaten nothing since the evening before. As they did not know he had been walking all night, they thought he was imposing upon them, and showed him the door. Theodore was almost driven out of his senses by such inhumanity,

but resolved to make one more attempt, and if that failed, to seek out his former home, the beggar's lodging and the bed of straw. But it just struck him that he had a piece of money in his pocket, which a tradesman passing by had given him, and he thought, "Now I need not want; I can buy some bread." Unfortunately the coin was a foreign one, and the baker would not take it; but, as he saw the lad was hungry, he gave him a piece of bread. On the other side of the street was a handsome house, with a court in front. Theodore crossed over, sat down on the pavement, and ate the bread, with thankfulness: while he was musing on the relief afforded him by the twenty-third Psalm during his wanderings in the night, he was overcome by drowsiness, and in a few minutes was in a deep sleep.

It was about the hour when the gentry were accustomed to take their morning airing. A carriage drove up to the mansion in front of which Theodore was lying. A gentleman alighted from it, with a lady in mourning. They could not help noticing the lad, for he was lying not far from the door; and, having once seen him, they could not take their eyes off, but gazed at him with deep attention. It was not owing so much to the strange attire in which he was clad, or his long black hair which touched the pavement; but over his features might be again seen that sweet gentle smile which played upon them when he lay, a little one, as we have described, in the cornfield. Perhaps he saw again, in a dream, the angels ascending and descending on Jacob's ladder. The sorrowful eye of the lady was fixed on the sleeping youth, and could not withdraw itself. Soon, also, the gentleman became equally interested. "How is this?" he said to his wife, "would not our Theodore, if he were still alive, be about the size of this lad?" But the female—O holy, mother's love, who can fathom thee!—only that Being who gave thee the eye that instantaneously saw the image of her own lost boy, with the liveliest distinctness, embodied before her in that sleeping beggar-boy!

When Theodore awoke, and could use
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is longed for; and this could only be obtained by inquiries on the spot. They resolved, therefore, to set out for Lucowiza the next morning. Meanwhile, Theodore was brought into the house, and suitably clothed; yet he could not, all at once, adapt himself to his altered circumstances. On waking the next morning he said: "Mother, to-day is a fine one for me; no rain, no snow, no storm; capital begging-weather this!" "My poor child!" replied his mother, while her tears flowed apace, "there is now an end of thy begging. I have mourned for thee ever since we lost thee, and constantly dressed in black. To-day I shall put on white, and from this hour thy life of toil is at an end; but thy begging-wallet, which thou broughtest home so empty, we will keep as a memorial, that thou mayest continue humble and grateful to the Good Shepherd, who has guarded his wandering sheep, and brought it back uninjured to the fold."

Next day they traveled all together to Lucowiza, which its former proprietor had long before sold. Some of the former inhabitants had fixed themselves on the same spot again; but no one could give any account of the lost child. From Lucowiza they proceeded to the village where Theodore had passed six happy years. The poor widow, whom I mentioned before, was still living, and was delighted to see the boy once more. From her his parents learned enough to satisfy them that Theodore was their son.

Book Auctions.—Book auctions were by no means common during the seventeenth century. They became fashionable at its close, and the death of Dr. Francis Bernard, who was an eminent physician, made them important. His library was sold in 1698, and produced no less a sum than $8,000. Upon this occasion, a well-known collector of books being recognized in the crowd which attended the sale, was appealed to by the auctioneer, "*Arch*" Millington, as he was called, who remarked that there was an important observation written in the volume he was about to sell, in Dr. Bernard's own hand. The consequence of this intimation produced a spirit of rivalry among the bidders; but when the book was knocked down at a high price, the purchaser read, to his astonishment—"*I have perused this book, and it is not worth a farthing!*"

THE ECCENTRIC NATURALIST.

"WHAT an odd-looking fellow!" said I to myself, as, while walking by the river, I observed a man landing from a boat, with what I thought a bundle of dried clover on his back. "How the boatmen stare at him! Sure he must be an original." He ascended with a rapid step, and, approaching me, asked if I could point out the house in which Mr. Audubon resided. "Why, I am the man," said I, "and will gladly lead you to my dwelling."

The traveler rubbed his hands together with delight, and, drawing a letter from his pocket, handed it to me without any remark. I broke the seal, and read as follows:—"My dear Audubon, I send you an odd fish, which you may prove to be undescribed, and hope you will do so in your next letter. Believe me always your friend, B."

With all the simplicity of a backwoodsman I asked the bearer where the odd fish was, when M. de T. (for, kind reader, the individual in my presence was none else than that renowned naturalist) smiled, rubbed his hands, and, with the greatest good humor, said: "I am that odd fish, I presume, Mr. Audubon." I felt confounded, and blushed, but contrived to stammer out an apology.

We soon reached the house, when I presented my learned guest to my family, and was ordering a servant to go to the boat for M. de T.'s luggage, when he told me he had none but what he brought on his back. He then loosened the pack of weeds which had first drawn my attention. The ladies were a little surprised, but I checked their critical glances; for the moment the naturalist pulled off his shoes, and while engaged in drawing his stockings, not up, but down, in order to cover the holes about the heels, he told us, in the gayest mood imaginable, that he had walked a great distance, and had only taken a passage on board the *ark* to be put on this shore, and that he was sorry his apparel had suffered so much from his late journey. Clean clothes were offered, but he would not accept them; and it was with evident reluctance that he performed the lavations usual on such occasions, before he sat down to dinner.

At table, however, his agreeable conversation made us all forget his singular appearance; and, indeed, it was only as we strolled in the garden that his attire struck me as exceedingly remarkable: a long loose coat of yellow nankeen, much the worse for the many rubs it had got in its time, and stained all over with the juice of plants, hung loosely about him like a sack; a waistcoat of the same, with enormous pockets, and buttoned up to the chin, reached below over a pair of tight pantaloons, the lower parts of which were buttoned down to the ankle; his beard was as long as I have known my own to be during some of my peregrinations, and his lank black hair hung loosely over his shoulders; his forehead was so broad and prominent, that any tyro in phrenology would instantly have pronounced it the residence of a mind of strong powers; his word impressed an assurance of rigid truth, and, as he directed the conversation to the study of the natural sciences, I listened to him with as much delight as Telemachus could have listened to Mentor. He had come to visit me, he said, expressly for the purpose of seeing my drawings, having been told that my representations of birds were accompanied with those of shrubs and plants, and he was desirous of knowing whether I might chance to have in my collection any with which he was unacquainted. I observed some degree of impatience in his request to be allowed to see what I had. We returned to the house, when I opened my portfolios, and laid them before him.

He chanced to turn over the drawing of a plant quite new to him. After inspecting it closely he shook his head, and told me no such plant existed in nature; for, kind reader, M. de T., although a highly scientific man, was suspicious to a fault, and believed such plants only to exist as he had himself seen, or such as, having been discovered of old, had, according to Father Malebranche's expression, acquired a "venerable beard." I told my guest that the plant was common in the immediate neighborhood, and that I should show it him on the morrow. "And why to-morrow, Mr. Audubon? let us go now." We did so, and on reaching the bank of the river, I pointed to the plant. M. de T. I thought had gone mad; he plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me in his arms, and exultingly told me that he had got not merely a new species, but a new genus. When we returned

home the naturalist opened the bundle which he had brought on his back, and took out a journal, rendered waterproof by a leather case, together with a small parcel of linen, examined the new plant, and wrote its description. The examination of my drawings then went on. You would be pleased, kind reader, with his criticisms, which were of the greatest advantage to me, for, being well acquainted with books, as well as with nature, he was well fitted to give me advice. It was summer, and the heat was so great that the windows were all open. The light of the candles attracted many insects, among which was observed a large species of scarabæus. I caught one, and, aware of his inclination to believe only what he should himself see, I showed him the insect, and assured him it was so strong that it could crawl on the table with the candlestick on its back. "I should like to see the experiment made, Mr. Audubon," he replied. It was accordingly made, and the insect moved about, dragging its burden, so as to make the candlestick change its position, as if by magic, until, coming upon the edge of the table, it dropped upon the floor, took to wing, and made its escape.

When it waxed late I showed him to the apartment intended for him during his stay, and endeavored to render him comfortable, leaving him writing materials in abundance. I was indeed heartily glad to have a naturalist under my roof. We had all retired to rest; every person, I imagined, in deep slumber save myself, when, of a sudden, I heard a great uproar in the naturalist's room. I got up, reached the place in a few moments, and opened the door, when, to my astonishment, I saw my guest running about the room naked, holding the handle of my favorite violin, the body of which he had battered to pieces against the walls, in attempting to kill the bats which had entered by the open window, probably attracted by the insects flying around his candle. I stood amazed, but he continued jumping and running round and round, until he was fairly exhausted, when he begged me to procure one of the animals for him, as he felt convinced they belonged to "a new species." Although I was convinced of the contrary, I took up the bow of my demolished cremona, and administering a smart tap to each of the bats, as it came soon got specimens enough. The war ended, I again bade him good-night, but could not help observing the state of the room; it was strewed with plants, which it would seem he had arranged into groups, but which were now scattered about in confusion. "Never mind, Mr. Audubon," quoth the eccentric naturalist, "never mind, I'll soon arrange them again. I have the bats; and that's enough!"

Several days passed, during which we followed our several occupations: M. de T. searched the woods for plants, and I for birds. He also followed the margin of the Ohio, and picked up many shells, which he greatly extolled. With us, I told him, they were gathered into heaps, to be converted into lime. "Lime! Mr. Audubon,—why they are worth a guinea a-piece in any part of Europe." M. de T. remained with us for three weeks, and collected multitudes of plants, shells, bats, and fishes. We were perfectly reconciled to his oddities, and finding him a most agreeable and intelligent companion, hoped that his sojourn might be of long duration. But, one evening, when tea was prepared, and we expected him to join the family, he was nowhere to be found. His grasses, and other valuables, were all removed from his room. The night was spent in searching for him in the neighborhood. No eccentric naturalist could be discovered. Whether he had perished in a swamp, or had been devoured by a bear or a garfish, or had taken to his heels, were matters of conjecture: nor was it until some weeks after, that a letter from him, thanking us for our attention, assured me of his safety.

How to Subdue Man.—In the course of a book just published, and which is entitled the *Reveries of an Old Maid*, we are told that the weapons to subdue man are not to be found in the library, but in the kitchen! "The weakest part of the alligator is his stomach. Man is an alligator. Let the young wife fascinate her husband with the teapot! Let her, so to speak, only bring him into habits of intoxication with that sweet charmer, and make honeysuckles clamber up his chair-back and grow about the legs of his table—let the hearthrug be a bed of heart's-ease for the feet in slippers, and the wickedness of the natural enemy must die within him." What excellent wives some of these old maids who write books would make!

PALM LEAVES.

SELECT ORIENTAL TALES.

II. ALMET'S VISION.

AS Almet, who watched the lamp at the grave of the Prophet, stood at the eastern door of the Temple, and prayed, he saw a man clad in costly robes, and attended by many followers, approach toward him. Almet went forth to meet the Stranger, and inquired if he sought him. "Almet," answered he, "thou seest before thee a man who is rendered miserable by the gifts of fortune. All my wishes are fulfilled; I have the enjoyment of all earthly blessings in my grasp; and yet I am not happy. I lament the time past, because it passed unenjoyed; I have no hope for the future, because I know no real blessedness; yet I tremble at the thought of death. To pass away like the foam on the waves—to slumber beneath the vail of darkness—these are pictures before which my heart fails me. If thou, amongst the treasures of wisdom, canst find advice which will bring contentment and peace, let me participate in it: for this am I come."

Almet listened to the complaint of the Stranger with an expression of sympathy and sorrow; but his countenance soon regained its tranquillity. He lifted up his hands toward heaven, and said, "The Prophet hath instructed me in this matter; thou shalt learn his wisdom from my mouth.

"I sat one day, as the sun was going down, alone and thoughtfully in the porch of the Temple, and gazed down the streets of the city, in which an innumerable company of pilgrims, of all degrees and nations, moved up and down, like the waves of the great sea. As I marked the anxiety with which the rich strove one against another, and the patient industry with which the poor bore heavy burdens, my heart was oppressed within me. 'Poor mortals,' I exclaimed, 'why are ye thus hurried? Ye seek happiness, but who among you find it? Can the glitter of precious stones satisfy the mind? Or, are your eyes blinded, that ye strive so unvariedly after deceitful brightness, which at each step recedes from your grasp? Which are happiest, the rich or the poor? In what enjoyment, in what pleasure, is contentment to be found? All is a dream! all is deception! Neither wisdom nor riches bring happiness: we are the sport of our desires, which drive us hither and thither, until the great sea of destruction overwhelms us!'

"Thus said I to myself, and sighed; then I felt a strange hand touch me, and the streets of the holy city disappeared from my sight. I stood on the top of a high rock, and saw beside me a youth in white clothing; I was amazed at the brightness of his appearance, and closed my eyes with awe.

"'Almet,' said he, 'I am Assoran, the messenger of instruction. It is known to me that thou hast dedicated thy life to wisdom and calm contemplation, that thus thou mightest warn thy brethren against the way of error; but now thou hast thyself erred, therefore look up, attend, and become wise!'

"I lifted up my eyes, and saw a lovely meadow; it was beautiful as the garden of Paradise, but of small compass. Through the midst of it ran a green path, which, toward the west, was lost in a desert waste, over the outside boundary of which there lay a thick darkness, and hid it from view. Trees of every kind, bearing blossoms and fruit, overshadowed this path, and birds sang merrily among the branches. Beautiful flowers sprang up all around, and filled the air with their sweetness. On one side flowed a clear stream, gently murmuring over golden sand, which glittered through the rippled water; on the opposite side, rivulets, grottoes, and waterfalls, enlivened the scene, and were crowned by a gentle acclivity, which, however, did not conceal the boundary of the little field.

"As my eyes dwelt with delight on this enchanting scene, I saw a man, richly attired, slowly and thoughtfully pacing along the path. His eyes were bent on the ground, his arms folded across his breast, and his face full of distrust and sorrow. A numerous train followed him, and appeared ready at the least sign to fulfill his commands. One gathered for him the finest fruit; another offered him a golden cup: but he ate and drank as though he heeded it not. The most beautiful fruit, which he had eagerly taken in his hand, he would throw away with indifference, having scarcely touched it with his lips. He laid himself down near the streams and waterfalls, as though he

would listen to their gentle murmurs and to the song of the birds: but here also he found no rest. He threw himself now on one side, now on the other; then arose, and pursued his way with his former discontented deportment. At times, he would start, as if in alarm or pain; and when his eyes rested on the desert which lay before him, then would he totter back some steps, and try to return; but an unseen power led him, against his will, still nearer to the desert.

"'What may this vision mean?' I spoke, and turned to the Angel. He replied: 'The book of nature lies open before you; look on, and learn wisdom.'

"I turned again, and saw a narrow valley, between bare and savage rocks; neither grass nor herb grew in its sandy waste. The sun's rays descended with burning heat upon the rocks, and the only stream which flowed from their sides soon disappeared in the hot sand. Except a few wild deer, which were leaping over the rocks, no living thing was visible in this desert; but toward the west, this wilderness lost itself in a fruitful country, full of trees, fields, and houses. My eye returned to the burning valley, and I saw a half-clad man, bearing on his back a slaughtered deer, climbing with difficulty the rocky heights. The sharp stones wounded his hands and feet, yet he heeded them not, but diligently ascended until he reached a cave, before which stood, awaiting him, a woman and four children. When the little ones saw the man, they called to him, stretched out their arms, and ran to the edge of the rock to meet him; they jumped joyously about him, and led him with shouts of delight to the cave, where he threw down his prey, and sat to rest with them in the shade. His face was thin and sun-burnt, but its expression was kind and peaceful. He laughed with his children as they wiped his hot brow with their little hands, and he seemed to forget in their joy how hard his toil had been. At times he gazed with quiet pleasure on the cheerful view which lay before him in the distance; he also pointed it out to the children as the abode of joy and peace. Still I did not perceive anything in his deportment which could lead me to believe that the beautiful prospect made him less contented with his rocky cave.

"I gazed on, and rejoiced in the appearance of this man, who was happy in that barren desert. Then the Angel said to me: 'Observe, Almet, what thou hast seen. Contentment and Hope are daughters of Love. He who works not for the well-being of others, will never be happy himself. In the midst of superfluity misery will assail him. Thus thou hast seen the idle one in the field of pleasure: he did nothing for others; he lived for himself alone, and held as slaves those who worked for him—therefore he could experience no pleasure. He heard not the song of the birds, he saw not the beauty of the flowers, he felt not the balmy air which surrounded him. He looked with dread upon the dark desert which lay beyond him, because he felt his own uselessness and nothingness. For how could he believe that his self-seeking and self-love would obtain for him any future reward? Must he not learn from that justice whose law is written in the human heart, that good deeds alone are rewarded, and await a stern judgment?

"'This poor man, on the contrary, works for his wife and children. The love which dwells in his heart makes him strong and of good courage. He bears his burden with cheerfulness; for the joy of his loved ones is reward enough for him. The love which produces self-sacrifice for others, feels their worth: it hopes for a just recompense, and all that it hopes for itself it desires likewise for them; therefore it is that this poor man looks contentedly forward to the prospect which lies before him, without allowing the trials of his present situation, in which those he loves participate, to disturb his serenity. Thus has Eternal Wisdom placed true happiness in man's own hands. The idle and self-willed, who live only to indulge pride and self-gratification, will never escape unrest and despair: whilst, on the other hand, to the self-denying man, to the good father, his children, and his people, joy will not be wanting, and they will look forward without doubtfulness to a better future.'

"Whilst the heavenly messenger thus spoke, the vision disappeared from before my eyes; I awoke, and found myself alone in the porch of the Temple. The sun had gone down; the inhabitants of the city rested from their toil. I returned into the Temple by the light of the holy lamp, and thought over the vision which had passed before me.

"Thus, my son," said Almet to the

Stranger, "the Prophet instructed me in wisdom, not for my own advantage only, but also for thine. Thou hast, hitherto, lived only for thyself, and for thine own gratification; on that account thou hast found no real happiness. Thou hast had no hope in the future, because conscience, the unsparing judge, told thee thy deeds deserved no reward. Let not this lesson of the Prophet be lost to thee, like the rain which falls upon a barren rock; but go and practice what thou hast been taught. Become a father to thine own, and to thy people; clothe the naked with thy herds; feed the hungry from thy fields; be a friend to those who are oppressed by wrong; love mankind, and work their good. Thus shalt thou find contentment and hope; for never was the true heart of a loving father saddened by the melancholy belief that he and his are only as the foam upon the waves of the sea."

Almet, his face glowing with benevolence, returned into the Temple, and the Stranger went on his way in peace.

ANCIENT CORONATION CEREMONIES.

MOST of the ancient ceremonies observed at the coronation banquets of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet services were revived by James the Second at his coronation. The lords who claimed the office of sewers that day, went to the dresser of the kitchen to receive the dishes. The master of the horse officiated as serjeant of the silver scullery, and went in person to the kitchen bar to take assay of the king's meat, which was thus performed: having called for a dish of meat, he wiped the bottom of the dish, and also the cover, within and without; tasted it, covered it, and caused it to be conveyed to the royal table; and, attended by a procession of all the great officers of the household, including the earl-marshal, with his rod, the great high-steward, with his white staff, the lord high constable, with his constable staff, rode up the hall on horseback, preceding the first course. Thirty-two dishes of hot meat were brought up by the knights of the bath, barcheaded, followed by a supply of other dishes by private gentlemen. Then the lord of the manor of Addington had the satisfaction of placing the mess of dillegrout before their majesties, and was afterward knighted for his pains.—*Agnes Strickland.*

FIGARO'S SHOPS.

BEFORE returning to our hotel we stopped at a barber's shop to get shaved. According to legendary report and general belief, this was the identical one occupied by the immortal Figaro of Beaumarchais, Mozart, and Rossini. Such being its associations, who could resist the temptation to pop into it? The barber we found to be a young and skillful artist in his profession, who gave us a most excellent shave, and that, too, without the aid of a brush. An earthenware bowl, with a rim about four or five inches in width, one side of which was scooped out sufficiently to adapt itself to the form of the neck, was filled with warm water, and then placed beneath my chin. With a piece of soap in his hand, this modern Figaro commenced rubbing and washing my face in such a vigorous manner, that in a few moments my features were completely covered with a white and creamy lather. I was almost suffocated, and could scarcely breathe without imbibing some portion of the soapy mass. A single stroke of the keen-edged razor, however, afforded me instant relief. One side of my face was as beardless as that of an infant; another stroke, and the other side of my phiz was as naked as its fellow. A face-bath of eau de cologne ensued, and I rose from my seat a lighter and (as persons say who have just passed through some severe ordeal) I trust a better man!

Commend me to the barbers of Seville. They are a happy and harmless race, and the most delicate managers of the razor in the universe. They are well versed in all the gossip of the town, and are remarkable for their loquacity and good nature. Almost any matter of local intelligence you may be sure to obtain from your barber, whose acquaintance, therefore, is well worthy of being cultivated. The highest class of Spanish Figaros are but little below the medical professors in social rank. They are licensed to use the lancet and apply leeches, these being operations which the doctors almost invariably decline to perform. As for myself, I would as soon consent to be bled by one of these fellows as by a more solemn practitioner, though, as a general rule, I should prefer keeping my blood within my own body.—*Warren's Empire of Morocco.*

ICELAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.

MADAM PFEIFFER, the celebrated German female traveler, who has circuited the globe alone, gives the following account of the Icelanders:—

During my travels in Iceland I had naturally many opportunities of becoming familiarly acquainted with the manners and habits of its people. I must confess that I was disposed to form a high opinion of the peasantry. I had read in the histories of the country that the inhabitants of this island had wandered from enlightened lands, whose science and civilization they had carried with them to the bleak shores of their new home; and from the stress laid by the earlier travelers upon the simple and friendly manners of the people, and their truly patriarchal mode of life, as well as from the well-known facts that every peasant in Iceland can read and write, and that no hut is without the Bible, and generally possesses other works of a religious character, I was naturally inclined to regard the nation as one of the most refined and intellectual in Europe. These advantages seemed to be sufficiently secured by the solitary lives of the Icelanders, the poverty of their soil, and their slight intercourse with foreigners. They have no large towns to furnish opportunities for extravagance and display, or offer temptations to crime. Strangers rarely find their way to the island, whose rude climate, sterility, and remote situation, present so many obstacles to the traveler, while its sublime and peculiar scenery does not compensate for the want of those advantages which generally draw the crowd.

I believed, therefore, that I should find Iceland, as far as its population was concerned, a perfect Arcadia; and rejoiced in my inmost soul at the thought of being an eye-witness to the primitive and pastoral state of things which prevailed there. When I first landed I was so overjoyed that I could have pressed every person I met to my heart; but alas! the scales soon fell from my eyes, and everything struck me in a very different light.

The want of courtesy and unfriendliness of the so-called "better classes," I have already alluded to. Of them I soon lost my preconceived good opinion; and I next turned my attention to the working people about Reikjavick. The proverb which says, "*point d'argent, point de Suisse*," may be applied with equal propriety to the people of this country. Never was there a truer word than "no money, no Icelander."

It was hardly known, for instance, that a stranger had arrived than I was assailed by a crowd of persons offering for sale the commonest kind of specimens, such as can be found anywhere; for which a high price was always asked. At first I bought a great many of them from pure compassion, or to get rid of my pursuers, and generally threw them away again immediately; but I was soon compelled to stop making purchases, or I should have been besieged at all hours by a throng of every age and sex. It was not with their wish to earn money by such an easy process that I found so much fault, but the effrontery with which they tried to impose upon me by exacting the highest price. For a beetle, that could be picked up under any stone, they would ask five kreuzers, C. M., (four cents,—*Tr.*;) the same for a snail, when thousands were lying about the coasts; and for a common bird's egg, ten or twelve kreuzers, (eight or ten cents,—*Tr.*) It is true they would often take off two-thirds of the price, if they found I refused to buy; but this did not raise them much in my estimation, or go to prove that they were more than usually honest. The baker, at whose house I lived, mentioned to me a striking instance of the national covetousness. He had hired a poor day-laborer to spread a coat of tar over his house. In the midst of his work the man had a chance to do another job, and without considering it worth while to ascertain if it were convenient for the baker to spare him for a few days, he went off, and did not return for a week to finish what he had begun, this conduct being all the more inexcusable as Mr. Bernhöft was in the habit of supplying his children twice a week with bread, and often gave them butter too.

I had the good fortune to experience something of the same nature myself. Mr. Knudson had engaged a guide for me, and one of my excursions was to begin in a few days, when the Stiftsamtmann, wishing to make a journey at the same time, sent for my conductor, who immediately agreed to accompany him, in the expectation of rather higher wages. He did not even take the trouble to come and

make his excuses to me, but merely sent me word the day before I intended to set off, that he was sick and could not go with me. I could relate innumerable instances of the same kind, which are by no means creditable to the Icelanders.

But I still allowed myself to think that I should meet with greater simplicity and uprightness in the more remote regions I was about to visit, and looked forward with great satisfaction to my journey into the interior of the island. Here I found much that was praiseworthy, it is true, but, sad to relate! the dark side of the picture was also very conspicuous, and I am compelled to acknowledge that the Iceland peasantry, upon the whole, are far from being worthy to be held up as models.

The most pre-eminent of their good qualities is their trustworthiness. I could leave my things lying about anywhere, for hours at a time, and never missed the least trifle. They never touched anything that belonged to me themselves, nor suffered their children to do so. On this point they are so conscientious that when a countryman comes from a distance, and wishes to enter a hut, he will not fail to knock at the door even if it be open. If no one says "come in," he goes off again without offering to intrude. It would be perfectly safe to sleep here without either bar or bolt.

Crimes are of such rare occurrence in the country that the building erected for a jail at Reikjavick, has long been converted into a residence for the Stiftsamtmann, (or governor.) Small misdemeanors are punished at once either at the capital or wherever the Sysselmann may happen to be sitting. Great criminals are sent to Copenhagen to be tried and punished there.

As for the information possessed by the Icelanders, I was struck with astonishment to find, that almost without an exception, they could read and write; though the latter accomplishment is rather more uncommon among the female sex, than with the men. These last, as well as the boys, often write firm, good hands. Books I found wherever I went, at least the Bible; and often poems and tales, some of which are in the Danish tongue.

Their understandings are generally very good. When I unrolled my map they would look at it intelligently, and apparently form a tolerably correct idea of its use. Their acquirements are all the more surprising when it is remembered that every father of a family instructs his own children as well as the orphans of his neighborhood. This takes place during the long winters, which last eight months of the year, and are consequently quite sufficient for the purposes of education.

There is but one school in the island, at Bessestadt, (which was removed in 1846 to Reikjavick.) Boys only are received at this establishment who can read and write. They can go through a course of preparatory instructions for the priesthood or the bar; but those who choose the latter profession, as well as the future physicians, apothecaries, or Sysselmanns, must finish their studies in Copenhagen.

In addition to the theological course, geometry, geography, and history are also taught at this institution, as well as several languages, such as Latin, and Danish; and since the year 1846, also French and German.

The principal occupation of the Iceland peasantry consists in the fisheries, which are conducted with the greatest activity during the months of February, March, and April. The people from the interior then crowd the harbors and enter into a bargain with the dwellers on the coast, who are the fishermen proper, to help them for a share of the profits. The fisheries are also carried on at other seasons, but generally by the coast population. During the months of July and August many of the latter go in their turn to the inland country, and lend their services during the haying time, for which they are paid in butter, wool, and salted lamb. Others resort to the mountains and gather the Iceland moss, which they use as a decoction, mixed with milk; or they sometimes grind it to meal and make unraised cakes with it, which serve them in lieu of bread. The labors of the female sex consist in preparing the fish for drying, smoking, or salting; in attending to the cattle, in knitting, and collecting moss. Both men and women knit during the winter season.

The hospitality for which the Icelanders are so celebrated has been greatly overrated in my opinion, as I do not consider them entitled to much credit on that score. It is true that the priests and peasants will readily receive any traveler from Europe, and entertain him to the best of their abilities. But they are well aware that neither adventurers nor beggars are

likely to intrude upon them, and feel pretty sure that they will be well paid for their trouble. The compensation I offered on such occasions was always received, without the least hesitation, by peasant and priest; though I must mention, to the credit of the latter, that I found them universally obliging and disposed to be of use; they always appeared perfectly contented with my presents, and their demands, when I employed their horses on any of my excursions, were very moderate. Not so with the peasants, whose charges were exorbitant in those parts of the country where a traveler is rarely seen. For ferrying me across a river they usually asked twenty or thirty kreuzers, (from sixteen to twenty-four cents,—*Tr.*,) and then only myself and the guide were rowed over in a skiff; our horses were obliged to swim. The guide who accompanied me to Hecla demanded five florins and twenty kreuzers, and seemed to be conferring a great favor upon me at that. He knew that I had no choice, and I was not likely to turn back for such a cause.

From all these facts it must be admitted that the Iceland character is not remarkably disinterested, and that the people here know just as well how to take advantage of the traveler as the landlords and servants on the Continent.

One great passion of the Icelanders is drinking; they would be much better off if they were only a little less partial to brandy, and rather more industrious. But it is horrible to think what deep root this vice has taken here. Not only on Sundays, but often during the week, I met with countrymen so drunk that I could not understand how they managed to keep their seats on horseback; but, thank Heaven! I did not see a single woman in that condition.

Snuff-taking is another of their master-passions, and this habit seems to have as great a charm for them as smoking has with us. They also chew incessantly. Their manner of taking snuff is so peculiar that I must be forgiven for describing it. Most of the peasants, and even many of the priests, have no boxes, but they make use instead of a piece of bone, turned in the shape of a little powder-horn; and when ey wish to indulge themselves in a ich, they throw back their heads, and tting the point of the horn to their nostril, shake out the snuff; and these genuine sons of nature are so little fastidious that they frequently exchange horns from nose to nose, without considering it at all necessary to wipe or cleanse them in any way.

Upon the whole, I doubt if the Icelanders can claim to be much in advance of the Greenlanders, Esquimaux, or Laplanders, in point of cleanliness. I am sure the stomachs of my gentle readers would be turned were I to relate half of what took place directly under my eyes while I was in that country, and I should lay myself open to the charge of deliberate exaggeration, besides; but I defy the most powerful imagination to conceive anything in the way of filth and disgusting practices, which I have not witnessed in an Iceland household.

In addition to these unenviable characteristics, they are extraordinarily lazy. There are many extensive meadow-lands, at a little distance from the coast, completely covered with bog, which can only be crossed with the greatest caution, and for which the people are more in fault than the soil. A few ditches would drain the fields, and excellent grass would spring up in abundance; for it is well proved that such will grow in Iceland, as the little eminences which rise above the swamps are luxuriously overgrown with forage, herbs, and wild clover. I also saw many places where the earth seemed of an excellent quality, and others where it was mixed with sand.

In this northern region, the principal occupation is breeding cattle, particularly in the interior, where some of the farmers own three or four hundred sheep, ten or fifteen cows, and a dozen horses. Not many are in such flourishing circumstances, it is true; but, as a general thing, they are better off than the miserable population of the coast, who have to contend with an indifferent soil, and are, moreover, almost entirely engaged in the fisheries.

Before I take my leave of Iceland, I must relate a wonderful circumstance which I heard from a great many different quarters, and which is received as the truth not only by the country people, but by those who are considered the well-informed classes of the community.

It is affirmed that the inland and inhospitable regions of this island are not, as is

generally supposed, uninhabited, but that a singular race resides there, who are acquainted with all the pathways among these barren wastes. They are savages, who hold no intercourse with their countrymen, excepting in the month of July, when they present themselves for a day at one of the harbors, where they lay in a store of the various necessaries of life, for which they always pay in ready money. This is no sooner done than they suddenly vanish, and no one can tell where they are gone. Nobody knows them; they never bring their wives and children with them, and never answer any questions which are put to them about their residence or their mode of life. Their speech is said to be somewhat more difficult to understand than that of the other inhabitants of Iceland. A gentleman, for whom I have too much regard to mention his name, once expressed a wish in my presence, that he had twenty or twenty-five armed men at his command, when he would soon follow up this mysterious people to their secret recesses.

Those who profess to have seen them, maintain that they are taller and larger than the other Icelanders, that their horses are shod with horn, and that they have a great deal of money in their possession, which can only have been obtained by unfair means. But when I inquired who had ever been robbed by them, and when and where any such event had occurred, no one could tell; and as I doubt if a single individual could make a comfortable living in Iceland by rapine, much less do I believe that it would furnish the necessary support for a whole tribe.

THE NEW TROWSERS—CHINESE PATIENCE.

DUMAS, in his "Pictures of Travel in the South of France," relates an amusing example of the patience and minuteness of Chinese workmen. He visits the Museum of M. Grasset, at La Charité.

We went, he says, through four or five rooms successively, which were filled with curious objects, the majority of which had been procured for M. Grasset by one of his friends, a learned and brave sea-captain, who had sailed round the world, I don't know how many times, and who had arrived from China about a fortnight or three weeks previously, bringing with him a most singular example, not of the intellect, but of the patience of the worshipers of the Great Dragon.

Among the different pairs of trowsers which the captain had made for him before leaving Paris, there was one which was considered a master-piece: it was one of those miracles which sometimes issue from the establishments of Humann or Vaudeau, and which envelop the boots, indicate the calf, abolish the knee, mark the thigh, and deny the existence of corporation. Accordingly, thanks to the predilection which the owner entertained for them, the trowsers, after having flourished along the coast, at the Cape of Good Hope, and the Isle of France, arrived at Canton, nearly worn out. Nevertheless, owing to that fashionable cut which nothing, not even the fact of being new, can supply the place of, they still looked very well, when the sailor, who served as the captain's valet, let fall half the oil contained in a lamp which he was cleaning on to the middle of the thigh of the unfortunate pair.

In spite of his philosophy, this blow had such an effect upon the captain, that he had not quite recovered from it when one of his Canton associates came as usual to smoke a pipe with him. He found him in such a state of vexation that he feared some great misfortune must have happened to him, and accordingly he inquired what had taken place to alter his habitual good humor. The captain showed him the unfortunate trowsers, which he had now thrown aside:—"There!" said he, "just look! The very pair you were complimenting me on yesterday!"

The friend took the trowsers, and turned them about with the most annoying calmness. When he was quite convinced that they could not be worn again, he observed:—

"Well, you must have another pair made."

"Another pair made!" answered the captain. "And who's to make another pair—some of your Chinese fellows?"

"Certainly, some of my Chinese fellows!" returned the friend with imperturbable coolness.

"Yes; and get a sack sent to me, made in their regular style!" continued the captain, shrugging his shoulders.

"They won't make you a sack," said the other; "but if you only give them

their model upon which you want them made, they will turn you out a pair of trowsers that Vaudeau would n't know from his own."

"Really?" said the captain.

"Upon honor," assured the friend.

"Well, I have heard hundreds of times of the fidelity of the Chinese imitation."

"And all that you have heard upon the subject has been less than the truth."

"You make me anxious to try them!"

"Do try, especially as it won't cost you much. How much did you pay for those trowsers?"

"Fifty-five or sixty francs,—I don't quite remember."

"Well, you can see what they 're capable of doing here for fifteen."

"And what tailor must I take them to?"

"The first you come to. Mine, if you like; he lives at the gate."

The captain rolls his trowsers under his arm, follows his friend, and arrives at the tailor's.

"Now," said his friend, "explain what you want, and I will translate your words to him."

The captain did not want twice speaking to. He spread out the trowsers, pointed out their cut, and ended by saying that he wanted a pair exactly like them. The friend translated the order, and laid great stress on the directions.

"Very well," said the tailor, "in three days the gentleman shall have what he wants."

"What does he say?" asked the captain impatiently.

"He says you shall have what you desire in three days."

"Three days! That 's a long time," says the captain.

The friend translated the captain's remark to the Chinese, who looked at the trowsers again, shook his head, and said a few words in reply to the interpreter.

"Well?" asked the captain.

"He says there 's a great deal of work to do, and that three days are not too long in order to have it properly done."

"Well, three days, then; but don't let him break his word."

"O as for that there is no fear. In three days, at the exact time, he 'll be at your house." And the two friends went away, repeating their directions to the artist for the last time.

Three days afterward, as the captain and his friend were smoking their pipes, the domestic opened the door, and announced the tailor.

"O, indeed," said the captain. "Well, let us see if he is as skillful as he is punctual."

"There they are," said the tailor.

"Let 's try them," said the captain, as he took the trowsers from the hands of the tailor, and put them on; and, in order to be certain that they fitted well, told the tailor to draw up the blinds.

"Why, they fit wonderfully," said the friend.

"I should think so," said the captain: "he has given me my old pair. But where are the others, you stupid?" he exclaimed to the Chinese.

The friend translated the remark to the tailor, who gave the other pair with a triumphant look.

The captain changed the trowsers.

"Well, I must be mad!" said the captain. "This pair now seems to be mine. Where can the new ones be?"

The friend expressed the captain's doubts to the tailor, who held out the trowsers on which he had just finished operating.

"Well, here is the new pair," said the friend.

"No! can't you see they are the old ones?" replied the captain. "Why, there 's the spot of grease!"

"And there 's one on the pair you have on as well!"

"What fool's wit can this be?"

The friend turned to the Chinese, questioned him, and, upon hearing his reply, burst into a shout of laughter.

"Well?" said the captain.

"Well," said the friend, "what did you order from this good man?"

"I ordered a pair of trowsers."

"Like your own?"

"Yes; like my own."

"Well, he has made them so like that you can't tell the difference—that 's all. But he tells me that his greatest trouble has been to wear them out, and spot them in exactly the same places; and that he must charge you five francs extra, because he failed with two pair before coming to a satisfactory result; now, however, he defies you to distinguish one pair from the other. You must allow that that 's well worth twenty francs."

"Indeed it is," replied the captain, as he drew a Napoleon from his pocket, and gave it to the Chinese.

The Chinese thanked him, and asked for the captain's custom as long as he remained in Canton, although, he added, if he always had such difficult work given him there would be nothing gained by it.

From that day the captain could never tell one pair of trowsers from the other, so much were they alike. He brought them both back to France as specimens of Chinese industry.

ARAGO ON THE SUN.

IN the Annuaire of the *Bureau des Longitudes*, recently published in Paris, appears a paper by the distinguished astronomer Arago — "On the Observations which have made known the Physical Constitution of the Sun and of different Stars; and an Inquiry into the Conjectures of the Ancient Philosophers, and of the Positive Ideas of Modern Astronomers on the Place that the Sun ought to occupy among the Prodigious Number of Stars which stud the Firmament"—in which all that appertains to the subject is so ably condensed, as to afford material for a popular summary, which we purpose to convey in the present article. The eclipse of the sun of July, 1851, by enabling observers to repeat former observations and test their accuracy, furnished some of the results which serve to complete the paper in question, and which may be considered as settled, owing to the improvements continually taking place in the construction of instruments. Although astronomy is the exactest of sciences, its problems are not yet all fully solved; and for the determination of some of these, observers have to wait for years—in certain instances, for a century or more, until all the circumstances combine for a favorable observation. From the days of the Epicurean philosopher, who, judging from appearances, declared the sun to be no more than a foot in diameter, to those of living calculators, who give to the orb a diameter of eight hundred and eighty-three thousand miles, there has been a marvelous advance. In these dimensions, we have a sphere one million four hundred thousand times larger than the earth. "Numbers so enormous," says M. Arago, "not being often employed in ordinary life, and giving us no very precise idea of the magnitudes which they imply, I recall here a remark that will convey a better understanding of the immensity of the solar volume. If we imagine the center of the sun to coincide with that of the earth, its surface would not only reach the region in which the moon revolves, but would extend nearly as far again beyond." By the transit of Venus in 1769, it was demonstrated that the sun is ninety-five million miles from the earth; and yet, distant as it is, its physical constitution has been determined; and the history of the successive steps by which this proof has been arrived at, forms one of the most interesting chapters in the progress of science.

It was in 1611 that Fabricius, a Dutch astronomer, first observed spots on the eastern edge of the sun, which passed slowly across the disk to the western edge, and disappeared after a certain number of days. This phenomenon having been often noted subsequently, the conclusion drawn therefrom is, that the sun is a spherical body, having a movement of rotation about its center, of which the duration is equal to twenty-five days and a half. These dark spots, irregular and variable, but well defined on their edge, are sometimes of considerable dimensions. Some have been seen whose size was five times that of the earth. They are generally surrounded by an aureola known as the *penumbra*, and sensibly less luminous than the other portions of the orb. From this penumbra, first observed by Galileo, many apparently singular deductions have been made: namely, "The sun is a dark body, surrounded at a certain distance by an atmosphere which may be compared to that of the earth, when the latter is charged with a continuous stratum of opaque and reflecting clouds. To this first atmosphere succeeds a second, luminous in itself, called the *photosphere*. This photosphere, more or less remote from the inner cloudy atmosphere, would determine by its outline the visible limits of the orb. According to this hypothesis, there would be spots on the sun every time that there occurred in the two concentric atmospheres such corresponding clear spaces as would allow of our seeing the dark central body uncovered."

This hypothesis is considered by the most competent judges to render a very satisfactory account of the facts. But it

has not been universally adopted. Some writers of authority have lately represented the spots as scoriæ floating on a liquid surface, and ejected from solar volcanoes, of which the burning mountains of the earth convey but a feeble idea. Hence observations become necessary as to the nature of the incandescent matter of the sun; and when we remember the immense distance of that body, such an attempt may well appear to be one of temerity.

The progress of optical science, however, has given us the means of determining this apparently insoluble question. It is well known that physicists are enabled at present to distinguish two kinds of light —natural light and polarized light. A ray of the former exhibits the same properties on any part of its form; not so the latter. A polarized ray is said to have sides, and the different sides have different properties, as demonstrated by many interesting phenomena. Strange as it may seem, these rays thus described as having sides, could pass through the eye of a needle by hundreds of thousands without disturbing each other. Availing themselves, therefore, of the assistance of polarized light, and an instrument named the polariscope, or polarizing telescope, observers obtain a double image of the sun, both alike, and both white; but on reflecting this image on water, or a glass mirror, the rays become polarized—the two images are no longer alike or white, but are intensely colored, while their form remains unchanged. If one is red, the other is green, or yellow and violet, always producing what are called the complementary colors. With this instrument, it becomes possible to tell the difference between natural and polarized light.

Another point for consideration is, that for a long time it was supposed, that the light emanating from any incandescent body always came to the eye as natural light, if in its passage it had not been reflected or refracted. But experiment by the polariscope showed, that the ray departing from the surface at an angle sufficiently small was polarized; while at the same time it was demonstrated that the light emitted by any gaseous body in flame—that of street-lamps, for instance—is always in the natural state, whatever be its angle of emission. From these remarks, some idea will be formed of the process necessary to prove whether the substance which renders the sun visible is solid, liquid, or gaseous. On looking at the sun in the polariscope, the image, as before observed, is seen to be purely white—a proof that the medium through which the luminous substance is made visible to us is gaseous. If it were liquid, the light would be colored; and as regards solidity, that is out of the question—the rapid change of spots proves that the outer envelop of the sun is not solid. On whatever day of the year we examine, the light is always white. Thus, these experiments remove the theory out of the region of simple hypothesis, and give certainty to our conclusions respecting the photosphere.

Here an example occurs of the aids and confirmations which science may derive from apparently trivial circumstances. Complaint was made at a large warehouse at Paris, that the gas-fitters had thrown the light on the goods from the narrow, and not from the broad side of the flame. Experiments were instituted, which proved that the amount of light was the same whether emitted from the broad or narrow surface. It was shown also, that a gaseous substance in flame appears more luminous when seen obliquely than perpendicularly—which explains what are known as *faculæ* and *lucules*, being those parts of the solar disk that show themselves brighter than other portions of the surface. These are due to the presence of clouds in the solar atmosphere; the inclined portions of the clouds appearing brightest to the spectator. The notion, that there were thousands on thousands of points distinguishing themselves from the rest by a greater accumulation of luminous matter, is thus disposed of.

Still, there remained something more to be determined. The existence of the photosphere being proved, the question arose — was there nothing beyond? or did it end abruptly? and this could only be determined at the period of a total eclipse, at the very moment when, the obscuration of the sun being greatest, our atmosphere ceases to be illuminated. Hence the interest felt in an eclipse of the sun of late years.

In July, 1842, at a total eclipse of the sun visible in several parts of the continent, the astronomers noticed, just as the sun was hidden by the moon, certain objects, in the form of rose-colored protuberances,

about two or three minutes high, astronomically speaking, projected from the surface of the moon. These appearances were variously explained: some supposed them to be lunar mountains; others saw in them effects of refraction or diffraction: but no precise explanation could be given; and mere guesses cannot be accepted as science. Others, again, thought them to be mountains in the sun, the summits stretching beyond the photosphere; but at the most moderate calculation, their height would have been about sixty thousand miles—an elevation which, as is said, the solar attraction would render impossible. Another hypothesis was, that they were clouds floating in a solar, gaseous atmosphere.

M. Arago considers the last as the true explanation: it remained the great point to be proved. If it could be ascertained that these red protuberances were not in actual contact with the moon, the demonstration would be complete. Speculation was busy, but nothing could be done in the way of verification until another eclipse took place. There was one in August, 1850, total to the Sandwich Islands, at which, under direction of the French commandant at Tahiti, observations were made, the result being that the red prominences were seen to be separated by a fine line from the moon's circumference. Here was an important datum. It was confirmed by the observations of July, 1851, by observers of different nations at different localities, who saw that the colored peaks were detached from the moon; thus proving that they are not lunar mountains.

If it be further ascertained that these luminous phenomena are not produced by the inflexion of rays passing over the asperities of the moon's disk, and that they have a real existence, then there will be a new atmosphere to add to those which already surround the sun; for clouds cannot support themselves in empty space.

We come next to that part of the subject which treats of the true place of the sun in the universe. In the year 448 B. C., Archelaüs, the last of the Ionian philosophers, without having made any measurements, taught that the sun was a star, but only somewhat larger than the others. Now, the nearest fixed star is two hundred and six thousand times farther from us than the sun: two hundred and six thousand times ninety-five millions of miles—a sum beyond all our habits of thought. The light from the star *Alpha* of the Centaur is three years in its passage to the earth, traveling at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second; and there are eighty-six thousand four hundred seconds in a day, and three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. Astounding facts! If the sun, therefore, were removed to the distance of *a Centauri*, its broad disk, which takes a considerable time in its majestic rising and setting above and below the horizon, would have no sensible dimensions, even in the most powerful telescopes; and its light would not exceed that of stars of the third magnitude—facts which throw the guess of Archelaüs into discredit. If our place in the material universe is thus made to appear very subordinate, we may remember, as M. Arago observes, that man owes the knowledge of it entirely to his own resources, and "thereby has raised himself to the most eminent rank in the world of ideas. Indeed, astronomical investigations might not improperly excuse a little vanity on our part."

Among the stars, Sirius is the brightest; but twenty thousand millions of such stars would be required to transmit to the earth a light equal to that of the sun. And if it were difficult to ascertain the nature and quality of the sun, it would appear to be still more so to determine these points with regard to the stars; for the reason that the rays, coming from all parts of their disk, at once are intermingled, and of necessity produce white. This difficulty did not exist in similar investigations on the sun, because its disk is so large, that the rays from any one part of it may be examined while the others are excluded. Under these circumstances, further proof might seem to be hopeless; but advantage was taken of the fact, that there are certain stars which are sometimes light, sometimes dark, either from having a movement of rotation on their own axis, or because they are occasionally eclipsed by a non-luminous satellite revolving around them. It is clear, that while the light is waxing or waning, it comes from a part only of the star's disk; consequently, the neutralization of rays, which takes place when they depart from the whole surface at once, cannot then occur; and from the observations on the portion of light thus

transmitted, and which is found to remain white under all its phases, we are entitled to conclude, in M. Arago's words, that "our sun is a star, and that its physical constitution is identical with that of the millions of stars strewn in the firmament."

TRUE HISTORY OF THE ROUND TABLE.

CONSPICUOUSLY upon the interior eastern wall of the County Hall, at Winchester, England, hangs the celebrated Painted Table of King Arthur, the true history of which has long been a *quæstio vexata* with antiquaries. However, when the Archæological Institute met in the time-honored city of Winchester, one of the leading members of that Association read a very interesting inquiry into this very popular object of antiquity. This paper, from the pen of Mr. Edward Smirke, has been printed in the proceedings of the Institute; and our purpose is to present to the reader Mr. Smirke's ingenious conjectures and conclusions, divested of certain minute and literal evidence, the omission of which will not affect a reply to the popular question—"What is King Arthur's Round Table?"

It appears that, in 1788, Dr. Milner published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* some papers on the antiquities of Winchester, containing a statement that the celebrated Round Table was shown to Charles V. at Winchester, in 1522, when it was for the *last* time newly painted; and that it had been reported to be the genuine table of Arthur as early as the twelfth century, having been seen by John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, in 1137.

Subsequently, Dr. Milner corrected this statement by altering the date of 1137 to 1539; also by adding that the table was for the *first* time painted on the occasion of the Emperor's visit, and that the present one was probably the work of King Stephen. Mr. Smirke correctively adds that the Bishop assigns no date to his visit, but merely informs us that he had seen the Table "not long before" he wrote his book, which is dated 1578. The passage shows that the names of Arthur's knights were then inscribed on the circumference of the Table.

Mr. Smirke is not aware of any distinct reference to this Table before the reign of Henry VI., or Edward IV., when the poetic historian, Hardyng, who lived in both reigns, alludes to the Table of Arthur as "hanging yet" at Winchester; but it is somewhat unfortunate for the history of the Table, that the verse which mentions it is not to be found in the earliest manuscript copy of Hardyng. Giovio, usually called Paulus Jovius, in a passage referred to in Warton's Description of Winchester, informs us that the Table was shown to Charles V. on his then recent visit to Winchester, but that the marginal names, having been corroded by decay, had been restored unskillfully and with so little respect for the venerable antiquity of the original work, as almost to impair its character of genuineness. Jovius is, for various reasons, not likely to have been himself at Winchester during the visit of the Emperor in 1522, yet his account is probably correct; for the Table had certainly been repaired not long before that year, as we learn from the entry in the foreign accounts of Henry VIII. of £66 16*s.* 11*d.* for the repair of the "aula regis infra castrum de Wynchestre et le Round Tabyll ibidem."

A Spanish writer who was present at the marriage of Philip and Mary, is the first Mr. Smirke knows of, who describes, or intends to describe, with some minuteness, the painting on this Table; the author is Diego de Vero, and the passage in a MS. in the Royal Library at Madrid, is as follows:—"Lors du mariage de Philip II. avec la reine Marie, on montrait encore à Hunscrit la table ronde fabriquée par Merlin: elle se composait de 25 compartemens teintés en blanc, et en vert, lesquels se terminaient en pointe au milieu, et allaient s'élargissant, jusqu'à la circonférence, appelé place de Judas, ou siége périlleux, restait toujours vide." The description is certainly not quite accurate, unless the painting has been altered since; and the name of *Hunscrit* is a greater departure from the orthography of the word *Winchester* or *Hampshire*, than is usually permitted even to a foreign writer. Yet, when it is recollected that the occasion on which the writer saw it was an event which certainly took place in Winchester, can it be doubted that he spake of this Hall and Table?

To what period the identical names now on it are to be referred, Mr. Smirke leaves those to decide whose critical acquaintance with the cycle of the Round Table Romances will enable them to state the source

from which the names are borrowed. But there is no doubt that, whatever retouching it may have undergone, (especially in the royal figure, which Mr. Smirke believes to have been repainted within the time of living memory,) the form of the letters, and general decorations of the Table, even if we had no extrinsic evidence, would indicate a date not later, nor much earlier, than the reign of Henry VIII. It was then that the black letter, approaching the time of its disappearance from inscriptions and architectural legends, began to grow fanciful and extravagant in its forms.

We may here interpolate, that the Table consists of a circle, divided into twenty-five green and white compartments, radiating from the center, which is a large double rose. In the middle of the upper half of the circle, resting upon the rose, and extending to the double edge, is a canopied niche, in which is painted a regal figure, bearing the orb and sword, and wearing the royal crown: this is reputed to represent King Arthur; and the modern reparations in the rose and the crown have been attempts, with more or less success, to adhere to the original design. Around the center rose is a circle inscribed with black letter, except where it is broken by the base of the niche and the sitting king. There are also names inscribed on six of the white compartments, as well as in the circle around the compartments, of which, however, this circle is rather a continuation, in color and form corresponding to the several divisions, each bearing a name. Aubrey, by the way, reports that, in his time, the name of Sir Gawain was in the "limbe" of the Round Table in the "Castle Hall."

Ashmole, in his History of the Order of the Garter, published shortly after the Restoration, speaks of the Table as having "no show of antiquity," and as having been "broken to pieces (being before half ruined through age) by the Parliament's soldiers in the beginning of the late war."

If Ashmole's account be literally true, the identity of the Table is in danger, and we must assign a very late date both to the fabric and the superficial embellishment; but it would seem that he spoke carelessly, and from report only.

Still, whatever be the date of this identical Table and its painting, there is reason to think that, if it be not substantially one transmitted to us from the first renovation of the Hall by Henry III., it is, at all events, a Table of ancient lineage, the surviving representative of a very venerable work of art, which once occupied its place.

Mr. Smirke adds, that, having met with the entry in the Chancellor's roll, 20 Henry III., of the "Rota Fortunæ," which had then been painted in the gable of the Hall at Winchester, toward the east, he was strongly impressed with the opinion that this wheel of fortune was the predecessor of Arthur's Table; and when he found among the Liberati rolls of the same reign, in the Tower of London, a commission by the king to paint a "mappa mundi" in the same Hall, it occurred to Mr. Smirke that an order to delineate a chart of the world had been figuratively executed by painting an emblem of its vicissitudes.

The pagan goddess was, indeed, a favorite with our Christian ancestors, and familiar to them long before this Hall was built; and the form has been correctly described as "a large wheel, with a crowned female in the center, some rising, others falling from it." There are also various examples of it in churches, both at home and abroad.

The conversion of such a wheel into the subject now painted on the Round Table, was obvious and easy. Fortune, by a revolution of her own wheel, might have been deposed, and Arthur made to reign in her stead.

Unfortunately for this theory, Mr. Smirke found, on examination, that the order to paint the map of the world was issued three years, at least, after the wheel of fortune had been painted. It is, therefore, clear that, though this wheel may have been the foundation of the present picture, it could not have been painted in pursuance of the order to execute a "mappa mundi."

In what form, then, was this second order complied with? and where is the "mappa mundi" to be found? A recent publication of the Camden Society appears, at first sight, to supply an answer to these questions.

In the Thornton romance of Sir Degrevaunt, we are told that, in consequence of his valor and merit, he was made by King Arthur a Knight of the Round Table; and the poet vouches the "mappa mundi" in proof of the fact:—

"For thy they name here that stounde
A knight of tabulle round,
As maked in the mappe mound
In storye full ryght."

The editor of the romance is inclined to consider the allusion here to the "mappe mound" as "altogether fanciful;" and it certainly is extremely obscure, unless the expression has a much wider import than that of a geographical chart or map, in the usual sense of the word. The editor, however, has himself noticed an example of its use in the larger sense of a written description of the "miracula mundi." It is, indeed, impossible to suppose that a *tabula rotunda* is synonymous with a *mappa mundi*; yet, among the "miracula," or memorabilia "mundi," suitable to the embellishment of a princely hall of the thirteenth century, our ancestors would, doubtless, have given place to Arthur and his knights.

A great and undefined antiquity is now generally allowed to the romances of the Round Table. They were, at all events, current in the Norman-French of Chrestien de Troyes, Manessier, and others, at the close of the twelfth century; and from Warton we learn that Henry was conversant with the romantic fictions of the age. Is it, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that, in pursuance of the king's order, Elias of Durham selected from the memorable things, of which the stories were then current and popular, the subject of a fabulous institution intimately associated by tradition with the castle of Winchester? If such was the fact, it was no unwarrantable deception, but a pleasant conceit, to delineate his subject on a circular board, purporting to be the very Table at which the king and his paladins were wont to sit.

Mr. Smirke, however, in the purity of antiquarian conscience, questions the admissibility of this tempting hypothesis. The mappe-mound of the Thornton romance-writer he believes to have been an historical and descriptive work, or "storye," such as Sir John Maundeville mentions in his Travels. The mappa mundi at Winchester was, probably, a geographical chart of the world, according to the notions prevailing among the learned of those days. There is, indeed, reason to believe that it was a familiar domestic ornament. Waltham Abbey is known to have possessed one; there still exists one belonging to Hereford Cathedral; and, what is more in point, there was a mappa mundi of some celebrity at the royal palace at Westminster in the fourteenth century. The map varied in its shape; but, when it represented the entire globe, it was circular.

It ought not, therefore, to surprise us to find a chart of this kind in the hall of Winchester Castle; and it is a curious confirmation of this view, that a manuscript, formerly belonging to St. Alban's Abbey, of a date not very different from that of the hall itself, contains, among other circular diagrams or "schemes" representing various cosmographical theories, one which purports to be after the design of the architect of this very hall—"Secundum magistrum Elya de Derham."

The *mappa* at Hereford, being intended for an altarpiece, represents the day of judgment on its margin. That of Winchester may, possibly, have contained some marginal illustration, of which the subject was Arthur and his Knights. In place of this, Mr. Smirke suspects the Table to have been substituted upon the occasion of subsequent repairs. Thus, the "pictures" of the hall were repainted in 44 Henry III.; and, in 1825, Edward I. celebrated the creation of many Knights at Winchester, when we observe that extensive repairs were executed. Still, Mr. Smirke leaves the determination of the precise date to those whose curiosity and leisure may induce them to search for decisive evidence among the records of the Exchequer.

In the mean time, Mr. Smirke concludes, we must be content to assign to this curious work of art a respectable, but moderate antiquity. With some allowance for repainting and reparation, it is, at all events, impossible to deny it an age of about four centuries:—it is possible that it may be extended to as many as six;—but the chances in the present state of the evidence are in favor of some early, intermediate date.

By way of note, we may observe, that there is an old practice which may have originated in Arthur's Round Table. This is the "Round Robin,"—a circle divided from the center, like the famed Round Table; and in each compartment is a signature, so that the entire circle, when filled, exhibits a list without priority being given to either name.

REASON AND UNDERSTANDING, ACCORDING TO COLERIDGE.

THERE is a remarkable discrepancy in the statements of Coleridge respecting reason and understanding. (1.) *Friend*, vol. i, pp. 207, 208. (Pickering.)—"That many animals possess a share of understanding perfectly distinguishable from mere instinct we all allow. Few persons have a favorite dog, without making instances of its intelligence an occasional topic of conversation. They call for our admiration of the individual animal, and not with exclusive reference to the wisdom in nature, as in the case of στοργή, or maternal instinct: or of the hexangular cells of the bees. . . . We hear little or nothing of the instincts of the 'half-reasoning elephant,' and as little of the understanding of caterpillars and butterflies."

Aids to Reflection, vol. i, pp. 171–173. (Pickering.) Here, after quoting two instances from Hüber about bees and ants, he says:—"Now I assert that the faculty in the acts here narrated does not differ *in kind* from understanding." Does Coleridge mean to tell us that bees and ants have the same faculty (understanding) as dogs and elephants?

(2.) *Friend*, vol. i, pp. 216, 217.—"For a moment's steady self-reflection will show us that, in the simple determination 'black is not white,' or 'that two straight lines cannot include a space,' all the powers are implied that distinguish man from animals: first, the power of reflection; second, of comparison; third, and therefore suspension of the mind; fourth, therefore of a controlling will, and the power of acting from notions, instead of mere images exciting appetites; from motives, and not from mere dark instinct." And after relating a story about a dog who appeared to have employed the disjunctive syllogism, (in relation to which see Cottle's *Reminiscences*, vol. i, pp. 48, 49,) Coleridge remarks:—"So awful and almost miraculous does the simple act of concluding, 'take three from four, and there remains one,' appear to us, when attributed to one of the most sagacious of all brute animals."

Aids to Reflection, vol. i, p. 175:—"Understanding is the faculty of reflection, reason of contemplation." And page 176:—"The understanding, then, considered exclusively as an organ of human intelligence, is the faculty by which we reflect and generalize. . . . . The whole process [of the understanding] may be reduced to three acts, all depending on, and supposing a previous impression on, the senses: first, the appropriation of our attention; second, (and in order to the continuance of the first,) abstraction, or the voluntary withholding of the attention; and, third, generalization: and these are the proper functions of the understanding."

Aids to Reflection, vol. i, p. 182, *note*:—"So far, and no farther, could the understanding carry us; and so far as this, 'the faculty judging according to sense' conducts many of the inferior animals, if not in the same, yet in instances analogous and fully equivalent." Does Coleridge, then, mean us to understand him as saying, that many of the brutes can reflect, abstract, and generalize?

(3.) *Friend*, vol. i, p. 259:—"Reason! best and holiest gift of God, and bond of union with the Giver; the high title by which the majesty of man claims precedence above all other living creatures—mysterious faculty, the mother of conscience, of language. . . ."

Aids to Reflection, vol. i, pp. 176–182. Coleridge here gives his reasons for considering language a property of the understanding; and, in page 195, adds:—"It is, however, by no means equally clear to me that the dog may not possess an *analogon* of words which I have elsewhere shown to be the proper objects of the 'faculty judging according to sense.'"

Does Coleridge mean that the inferior animals may have language?—*London Notes and Queries*, No. 136.

THINK.

THOUGHT engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas come in lumps, homely and shapeless; but no matter—time and perseverance will arrange and refine them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write; the more you think, the better you express your ideas.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Where yon willows skirt the water,
Shaded from the sun's fierce gleam,
Stands a miller's rustic cottage
By the margin of the stream.

Stealing softly through the marshes,
Sparkling in the shady nook,
Dancing o'er the polished pebbles
Speeds the tinkling, laughing brook.

Green ferns wave along the hillside,
And the jutting crags on high,
In their lofty, soften'd grandeur,
Seem to lean upon the sky.

Flowers are doubtless there; but sweetest,
Fairest of the blossoms wild,
All unconscious of her beauty,
Blooms the miller's only child.

"Lily of the Primrose Valley,"
Often is she call'd; but when
To her cheek the soft blush stealeth,
Seems she like the wild rose then.

Proud the miller's dark eye resteth
On her curls of shining brown,
Eagerly his quick ear listeth
Her light step across the down.

Glad he hears the silvery echo
Of her voice along the glen,
And her smile is like the sunlight
Of his own bright youth again.

All day long, on love's sweet mission,
Speeds she joyously and free—
Wearied not until the twilight
Deepens o'er the daisied lea.

Then the aged miller's blessing
Softly falls upon her head,
And serene and loving angels
Spread their wings above her bed.

[From the German.]

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOSS-ROSE.

A Spirit of air gaily roam'd o'er the flowers:
Sleep fell on his eyelids—he needed repose,
And sought for a refuge from dews and from showers,
Beneath the rich leaves of a beautiful rose.
The Spirit awaken'd, and eager to grant
Some boon to the flower that had saved him from harm,
"O! tell me," he murmur'd, "thy wish or thy want;"
"I ask," said the rose, "one additional charm."
The Spirit bewail'd the fair flower's discontent;
"I may not," he sigh'd, "to improve thee presume;
How balmy, how sweet, is thy exquisite scent!
How lovely thy shape! and how vivid thy bloom!"
Yet still to his promise resolved to be true,
His fancy he task'd some new grace to propose;
Then smiled, waved his wings, and exultingly threw
A vail of soft clustering moss o'er the Rose.
The Rose's vain sisters rejoiced in their pride,
That *their* charms had not suffer'd so grievous a loss: [aside,
But brief was their triumph—all pass'd them
To gaze on the Rose with the vesture of moss;
Revealing this truth—that though gladly we greet
Attractions and grace that our senses inthrall,
We never can deem them entirely complete,
Till humility casts her soft vail o'er them all.

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

BY REV. M. E. W. POWELL.

Beneath the shadow of a sheltering palm
The Ruler's dwelling stood. From spicy groves,
And ripen'd fields, and incense-breathing flowers
Came up sweet breezes, like the fragrant gales
From "Araby the blest."

On a low couch reclined a fair young girl
Smote by the fever-spirit; his dark wing
Was brooding o'er her, and, alas! she lay
In all her beauty, on the bed of death!
Not many days since her sweet silvery tones
Were in that dwelling heard, and gently fell,
Like liquid music, on the list'ning ear:
That voice is silent now, or faintly heard
In stifled moanings, and upon the brow
Amid her clustering curls is the pale seal
Of the destroyer set. The velvet cheek
Is scorch'd by fever, and the soft blue eyes
Have lost their dove-like beauty. How the soul
Of the fond father sunk within him there
As he beheld the gentle little one
His love had nurtured, droop, and fade, and die,
While yet the Healer linger'd! Forth he went,
And cast himself in tearless agony
Low at the feet of Jesus, praying him
To speed his coming—ere the pulse of life
Had ceased forever.

There came a messenger in breathless haste—
"Why trouble ye the Master? *She is dead!*"
Then fearful agony swept o'er the heart
Of the bereaved one; but gentle words
Of the Redeemer sweetly soothed his grief
And cheer'd his spirit, tho' he knew not why.

They seek the chamber where the child is laid—
The strife is past, and heavenly peace at length
Hath settled o'er the brow. The rosebud lip
Once more is wreath'd with smiles. The gentle eyes
Are closed as if in slumber. On the cheek
Lingers one parting tear. Can this be death?
"She is *not* dead but sleepeth:" bitter scorn
Curl'd each contemptuous lip, and one replied,
"Nay, but the child *is dead*."

He gently press'd
The snowy hand, and the quick pulse of life
That had been stagnant, bounded through the veins
And warm'd the icy clay.
"Talitha-cumi!" and the low sweet voice,
Scarce heard by those beside him, piercing heaven,
Was heard amidst its shoutings.

Blessed Redeemer! thine almighty word—
That raised the dead to life, and from the dust
Call'd up the body, fresh and beautiful—
Hath still its wondrous power! The mournful cry
Of trembling nature, when the fearful soul
Shrinks from some hour of trial, never fails
To reach thy gracious ear. Teach us to call
For help on *none but thee*: then shall we know
More than the Ruler's joy, when his sweet child
Was given in answer to his humble prayer.

THE RETURN OF THE SENNERIN.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTASIUS GRUN.

The mountain tops are glancing
With ice all silvery sheen,
And autumn from the valley
Strips the wreaths of leafy green.

The slopes around the village
Still verdant meadows show,
But all the meadow flow'rets
Are wither'd long ago.

Hark! Hark! What from the mountain
Like joy-bells peals along?
What through the dale resoundeth
Like sweetest bridal song?

'Tis, with her herd returning,
The youthful Sennerin;
Down from the Alps she cometh,
Her home once more to gain.

The fairest of her heifers
Bears tinkling bells with pride,
With fresh flower-wreaths bedecked
Moves foremost like a bride.

Round her in frolic measure
The whole herd press and play,
As gay young friends together
Make glad some festal day

The swarthy bull, as stately
As such a chief should be,
Brings up the rear, as Abbot brings
A bridal company.

* Sennerin—The young girl who has the care of the herds sent to the higher region of the Alps in summer. As the pasturage is good only a few weeks on those heights, and the distance great, it is customary for the herdsmen and some of their families, to take with them domestic provisions, and not descend till the pasture time is over. They dwell in temporary cottages. Grun describes the return with much simple beauty and a delicate touch of romance.

Before the nearest dwelling
Three times the maiden cries;
Through alp, and dale, and village,
Far, far, the glad sounds rise.

The matrons and the maidens
All quickly round her stand,
And warm and true the Sennerin
Reaches to each her hand.

"A thousand welcomes, fair and fresh,
Brought from green alpine height!
How long, how very long since we
Have met each other's sight!

"For all the long, long summer
I sat there quite alone
With the herd and with the blossoms,
As sunlight—moonlight shone."

With look serene her greeting
She gives to the young men,
To one alone, the bravest,
She gives no greeting then.

He never seems to heed it,
Lets it pass with smiling mien;—
Can it be true that fair one
So long he hath not seen?

He wears a hat all garlanded
With Alpine roses round;—
Ne'er blooming in the valley
Are such Alpine roses found.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS SCIENTIFICALLY ANSWERED.

FROM DR. BREWER'S "GUIDE TO SCIENCE."

WHY does smoke ascend the chimney?—Because the air of the room, when it passes over the fire, becomes lighter for being heated; and, being thus made lighter, ascends the chimney, carrying the smoke with it.

What is smoke?—Small particles of carbon, separated by combustion from the fuel, but not consumed.

Why do smoke and steam curl, as they ascend?—Because they are pushed round and round by the ascending and descending currents of air.

Why do some chimneys smoke?—Because fresh air is not admitted into a room so fast as it is consumed by the fire; in consequence of which, a current of air rushes down the chimney to supply the deficiency, driving the smoke along with it.

Why are some parts of the ceiling blacker and more filthy than others?—Because the air, being unable to penetrate the thick joints of the ceiling, passes by those parts, and deposits its soot and dust on others more penetrable.

Why is water purified by being filtered through charcoal?—Because charcoal absorbs the impurities of the water, and removes all disagreeable tastes and smells, whether they arise from animal or vegetable matter.

Why does charcoal remove the taint of meat?—Because it absorbs all putrescent effluvia, whether arising from animal or vegetable matter.

What is charcoal?—Wood which has been exposed to a red heat, till it has been deprived of all its gases and volatile parts.

Why are water and wine casks charred inside?—Because charring the inside of a cask reduces it to a kind of charcoal; and charcoal, by absorbing animal and vegetable impurities, keeps the liquor sweet and good.

Why does a piece of burnt bread make impure water fit to drink?—Because the surface of the bread, which has been reduced to charcoal by being burnt, absorbs the impurities of the water, and makes it palatable.

Why should toast and water, placed by the side of the sick, be made of burnt bread?—Because the charcoal surface of burnt bread prevents the water from being affected by the impurities of the sick room.

Why should sick persons eat dry toast, rather than bread and butter?—Because the charcoal surface of the dry toast helps to absorb the acids and impurities of a sick stomach.

Why are timbers, which are to be exposed to damp, charred?—Because charcoal undergoes no change by exposure to air and water; in consequence of which, timber will resist weather much longer, after it has been charred.

Why does water simmer before it boils?—Because the particles of water near the bottom of the kettle, being formed into steam sooner than the rest, shoot upward; but are condensed again, as they rise, by the cold water, and produce what is called "simmering."

Why will a pot filled with water never boil, when immersed in another vessel full of water also?—Because water can never be heated above the boiling point: all the heat absorbed by water after it boils, is employed in generating steam.

Why does a kettle sing, when the water simmers?—Because the air, entangled in the water, escapes by fits and starts through the spout of the kettle; which makes a noise like a wind instrument.

Editor's Table.

We give an accurate portrait of Neander in our present number—the only real likeness which we remember to have seen in this country. The sketch of him, by Dr. M'Clintock, will be found full of interest. Dr. M'Clintock visited the veteran historian but a few months before his decease, and describes him from personal impressions as also from the suggestions of a correspondent who was Neander's colleague for years at Berlin.

A new feature in our magazine will hereafter be found in the department of Scientific Reports and Notitia. We shall endeavor to supply, in this department, regularly, brief reports of the proceedings of learned institutions, foreign and domestic. These reports must of course be very limited, but they shall give the most important results of such societies.

We have heretofore proposed to insert in each number a leading article on some public interest or question of the day. The editorial on the Christianity Required by the Times, in this number, begins the series of these discussions. In order that they may not be trammeled and stinted by unnecessary precautions, we must claim the indulgence of our readers whatever may be their personal opinions. We do not deem it necessary in a work of the peculiar character of this, to offend those opinions, and apprehend no such danger within the range of our discussions, but there is a minor sort of constructive criticism which can find objections to anything; we wish, once for all, to rid these pages of all such petty embarrassments, and bespeak the fullest liberality in this respect. Allow us to say our say frankly and peremptorily, without overlaying it with minute qualifications, even should it not tally precisely with minor opinions. On this condition alone can a publication like the present have an effective and manly character.

We have now in preparation, by a competent hand, a series of popular articles on the Life and Times of Johnson, to be abundantly illustrated. There is no really popular life of the "Great Moralist" extant. Boswell's can never be excelled in interest, it is in the hands of literary men and cannot be superseded with them, but it is too voluminous for popular use. The articles preparing for our columns will have a specially popular adaptation. They will also present with special prominence the religious aspects of his life and character—a respect in which Boswell's volumes are defective.

Our selected articles which are not credited in the text are acknowledged in the list of contents, except such as are found floating anonymously in the periodicals of the day, and cannot therefore be rightly attributed.

The *Acta Sanctorum* of the Roman Church contains many a heart-touching example of suffering and fidelity in the cause of religion, but scarcely any more so than that which has lately been enacted at Florence, under the influence of the Romish Church itself. Signor Madiai and his wife of that city, became Protestants while residing in England, and, if we may judge from their conduct during their painful trial, very devout ones. They were arrested in Florence for the crime of *impiety*—that is, alienation from Popery. After nine months preliminary imprisonment and separation, the devoted husband and wife were brought together before the tribunal, only to receive an ignominious sentence of further separation and suffering—the husband to fifty-six months imprisonment with hard labor, and the wife to forty-five months seclusion at Ergastoto, also with hard labor; the nine months imprisonment they have already experienced are to be deducted. When they have suffered this punishment they are to be placed for three years under the surveillance of the police. When the sentence was pronounced, the doors being opened, and the hall full of people, the husband and wife rose up spontaneously, and shook hands with each other, smiling sorrowfully. An emotion of deep feeling was manifested in the auditory, which the President cut short by dissolving the sitting precipitately. In the night of the seventh to the eighth of June, between the end of the trial and the pronouncing of the sentence, the following simple and affecting letter, which one can hardly read without tears, was addressed by Signora Madiai to her husband:—

"My dear, dear Madiai,—Thou knowest if I have always loved thee, and how much more now, when we have been engaged together in the battle of the great King!

"We have been cast down but not overcome! I trust that through the sacred merits of Christ, the Father will accept our testimony, and grant us grace to drink with thankfulness, to the last drop, our part of the bitter cup which he has prepared for us.

"My good Madiai, life is but a day, a day of sorrow; yesterday young, to-day old! But we know that we can say, with Simeon, 'Now let thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for our eyes have seen thy *salvation*.' Courage, my beloved, the Holy Ghost has, through grace, given us to know that this Christ, loaded with opprobrium, trodden under foot, and ill-treated, is our King, our *Saviour*. And we, by his holy light and power, have defended the holy cross which bears the expiring Christ; we bear his reproach, to partake, one day, of his glory.

"Fear not: though the sentence may be severe, God, who caused the chains of Peter to fall off, and who opened his prison, will not forget us any more than him. I have good courage. Let us put ourselves entirely into the hands of God. Let me find thee happy, as I hope to do, and by God's grace I shall be so too. I embrace thee heartily. Your loving wife. ROSA MADIAI."

A beautiful example this, of womanly courage and love, as also of saintly resignation. The Acta Sanctorum of Italy is not yet completed. Christian Rome is to add its list to that of Heathen Rome.

The last number of the Christian Remembrancer, a substantial London Quarterly, conducted by Church-of-England men, contains an elaborate article on "*Open Seats in Churches.*" It devotes no less than fifty pages to the subject; and contends, with genuine democratic liberality and Christian earnestness, "for the freedom of public worship." We are surprised to learn, by this article, how extensive an interest prevails on the subject in the Anglican Church. For some years past the controversy has agitated portions of it, engaging even high prelatical and other authorities, on the liberal side. The Remembrancer notices three works on the question; two of them by barristers, and one by a clergyman—the latter is entitled "The Pew System the Chief Hindrance of the Church's Work in Towns." The Reviewer says:—"The normal idea of a church is, that of free and open ground for the use of the Christian community within each parish...With all the difficulties and obstructions that cloud the pure free ideal of a Christian church, that primeval element has yet, providentially, escaped far more than might have been feared. The fearful unchristian effects of the pew system have at all times stood in such bold contrast to the gospel blessings on the poor, that advocates have never been wanting to maintain the true principle; and now that the Church is striving to be active in her work, it is marvelous to witness how abuses, which had hitherto been so long established as to form legal precedents, seem to crumble into dust before the obvious and clear light of justice and Christian truth. Yet this is but partial, and the freedom of Christian worship is sadly overlooked in many quarters where we might have hoped that this development of their other professed principles would have forced itself upon their notice."

He shows that pews are a modern innovation unknown in the early ages—unknown during the middle ages—unknown, even now, to the Roman Church—except in Protestant countries. He insists that they trammel the freedom and effectiveness of the gospel in large communities. There is, undeniably, much truth in all this. The essential spirit of the gospel is, to say the least, unfavorable to the exclusiveness, the privileged conveniences of the pewed system. And it is a good indication for the simplicity and liberality of the Church, that it shows, somewhat generally at present, a disposition to question that system. Sir Roger de Coverley's philosophy, however, applies here as in most other matters—"Much can be said on both sides." Pews and family sittings are doubtless admissible under certain circumstances—and these circumstances exist, to some extent, in almost every community—but, unquestionably, such cases should be the exceptions to the rule, not the rule itself. The Methodists in this country may have erred in the one extreme, while other sects have equally, if not more egregiously, erred in the other. The American Church generally needs to review this whole subject.

The late Bishop Hedding used to tell an incident in his episcopal career, strikingly illustrating the despotic power of long-indulged habit. At one of the Conferences where he presided, a young preacher was charged with indulging to great excess in the use of exaggeration. He was not said to be guilty of positive falsehood; but superlatives flowed so freely from his tongue, that truth had all the semblance, and frequently did all the mischief, of a lie. The young man was sentenced to be publicly admonished by the chair. He stood up in the presence of his brethren, and the bishop, with great kindness, pointed out the evils resulting from the habit. After hearing him through, the accused, bathed in tears, requested permission to say a few words. He commenced, by a candid acknowledgment of his fault, and thanked the bishop for his admonition. Turning to his brethren in the ministry, he assured them of his determination to conquer his besetting propensity. "I regret it," said he, "as much as any of you. I have struggled against it. I have wept over it. Yes, brethren, by night and by day I have wept on account of it, and I can truly say it has already caused me *to shed barrels of tears.*"

Huc and Gabet's Travels, noticed elsewhere in this number, present the best appreciation of Tatar, Thibetian and Chinese character yet given to the world. It is a work of surpassing interest. The good "Fathers" describe the Tatar as nobly patriarchal in his nomad life, and very devout withal; the Thibetian as remarkable tolerant, respectful and intelligent; the Chinaman, however, is *the* character of the east—the genuine yankee of Asia, invariably shrewd, given to trade, monopolizing the commerce of neighboring countries, proverbially sagacious in bargaining, not overscrupulous, not too devout, and jumping, impromptu, at the cunningest expedients when "snagged." M. Huc gives a ludicrous example of Chinese cunning—a good illustration of the real character of the nation. Speaking of the Mongol Khalkhas (to whom, by the way, Genghis Khan belonged) he says:—"These Tatars fully maintain the reputation for strength and active vigor which is generally attributed to the men of their nation. They are considered the most powerful wrestlers in Southern Mongolia. From their infancy, they are trained to gymnastic exercises, and at the public wrestling matches, celebrated every year at Peking, a great number of these men attend to compete for the prizes, and to sustain the reputation of their country. Yet, though far superior in strength to the Chinese, they are sometimes thrown by the latter, generally more active, and especially more tricky. In the great match of 1843, a wrestler of the kingdom of Efe had overthrown all competitors, Tatars and Chinese. His body, of gigantic proportions, was fixed upon legs which seemed immovable columns; his hands, like great grappling-irons, seized his antagonists, raised them, and then hurled them to the ground, almost without effort. No person had been at all able to stand before his prodigious strength, and they were about to assign him the prize, when a Chinese stepped into the ring. He was short, small, meagre, and appeared calculated for no other purpose than to augment the number of the Efeian's victims. He advanced, however, with an air of firm confidence; the Goliath of Efe stretched out his brawny arms to grasp him, when the Chinese, who had his mouth full of

water, suddenly discharged the liquid in the giant's face. The Tatar mechanically raised his hands to wipe his eyes, and at the instant, the cunning Chinese rushed in, caught him round the waist, threw him off his balance, and down he went, amid the convulsive laughter of the spectators."

Our old schoolmaster had a large stock of quaint sayings, some metaphorical, some very deep, and others the meaning of which lay on the surface. One of them, the force and propriety of which we heard beautifully illustrated at a Fourth of July celebration, was this,—"Never creep into a hole without seeing your way out." It was illustrated on this wise: the orator of the day, in a pleasant little village where we were then rusticating, was eloquently depicting the glorious results of the War of Independence, the unmatched valor of the men of Bunker Hill, and those other grandiloquent themes by which Fourth of July orators are accustomed and expected to excite our patriotism and confirm us in the faith that we are the greatest people in all creation. "Thundering like the cataract of Niagara," said the speaker, waxing warm as he described the battle of New-Orleans—"thundering like the cataract of Niagara, like the tornado in the tropics, like the terrible avalanche of the everlasting Alps, came on the red-coats of King George. The gallant Jackson—(cheers)—the gallant Jackson and his invincible sons of Columbia met the foe and routed them like—like"—(we felt for the orator—he had evidently crept into a hole without seeing his way out; he began again:) "the gallant Jackson—(cheers)—the gallant Jackson, with the invincible sons of Columbia, met the foe and routed them like—like—*anything.*"

The last No. of the North American Review contains an article on Wesley and Methodism which will agreeably surprise "evangelical" readers by its warm, earnest tone, and its apparent sympathy with the character of the great movement under Whitefield and Wesley. It speaks in the strongest language of Charles Wesley, and of both the excellence and usefulness of his poetry, ascribing much of the popular power of Methodism to his hymns, "which can hardly be read unmusically, and *almost sing themselves.*" The early writers of Methodism abound in illustrations of the power of its wonderful psalmody. The hardened populace often melted under it, and ferocious persecutors yielded to its charm. Many who abhorred the preaching, resorted to the chapels only to hear the singing. An anecdote is told of an old, inexorable sinner—an innkeeper—who, unable to stand the fire of the pulpit, (which, by the way, is described as tremendously vollied in that day,) could not resist the temptation of the singing. He had not a qualmish conscience, but was afflicted with a musical ear. It was his custom to go to the meetings only to hear the hymns; and that he might not be disturbed by the preaching, he usually sat with his head inclined, and his fingers in his ears. But one day a fly lit upon his nose, and at the moment he attempted to brush it away with one of his hands, the preacher uttered with stentorian emphasis, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." The sentence struck him as a thunderbolt, and had such effect that he became a converted man. A Methodist writer records another example which took place in Wexford, Ireland. "Our people," he says, "were persecuted by the Papists, and met in a closed barn. One of the persecutors had agreed to conceal himself beforehand in the barn that he might open the door to them after the people were assembled. He crept into a sack hard by the door. The singing commenced; but the Hibernian was so taken with it that he thought he would hear it through before disturbing the meeting. It penetrated his very soul, and disposed him to sober thoughts. At its conclusion he thought he would hear the prayer also: but this was too powerful for his excited feelings; he was seized with trembling, and bawled out with such dismay as to appall the congregation, who began to believe that the Evil One himself was in the sack. The sack was at last pulled off of him, and disclosed the poor Irishman a weeping penitent, crying for mercy. He was thoroughly and permanently converted."

The last No. of the London Christian Spectator, in an article on the Unity of the Races, belabors mercilessly the work of Dr. Smyth, of South Carolina, on that subject. The Spectator agrees with the doctor in its ultimate view, but denounces his logic. The question of slavery is brought into the discussion, as it is now-a-days into almost all English literary and ecclesiastical references to this country.

There are many evidences that an evangelically liberal reaction from the rigor of Puseyism is taking place in the Anglican Church. One of its leading Quarterlies, the Christian Remembrancer, has the following frank utterance:—"It has been the fault of the English Church that it has been over-jealous of its own standard, and looked with too much suspicion on zeal and energy wherever they have at all deviated from it. This is an old topic. There is the case of Wesley and the Methodists in the last century. This jealousy does, indeed, lie very deep in the main body of our people. They will allow no interval between the substantial squire's, the reputable tradesman's model, and fatuity. And yet there is a cry on all sides for workers. We hear how much is wanted to be done, how the people are perishing for want of knowledge, and vice reigning in our crowded cities. But the worker comes, and because he does not do his work exactly in the way we want, he is dismissed. But if we wait for the convenient and accommodating workmen, who will have all the trouble and have none of the choice, we shall wait long enough. * * How idle is such a course; how unworthy of serious minds, who want good to be done, know there must be workmen to do it, and know the laws of work! See the necessities of the case then, and submit to them. Keep your workman, with his peculiarities, and use his large zeal, his unwearied activity, his noble devotion and self-denial. In a word, be liberal." That's to the point—and as full of good sense as of good sentiment.

The leading article in the last No. of Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature—one of the most elaborate and valuable of English periodicals—

is a review of President Hitchcock's work on Geology. It says:—"We welcome the appearance of Professor Hitchcock's volume as well calculated to promote the adjustment so urgently required between the interpretation of Scripture and geology." Dr. Kitto dissents from him, however, on another point:—"The arguments of our author in reference to the connection of sin and death are very ingenious, but we confess that we cannot yield to their cogency. Geology reveals the fact that suffering and death existed among irrational creatures before man sinned, and the author would hold that death is a necessary law of animal organization. He would extend this law even to man in his state of innocence. He would hold that man was created mortal, and that sin affected only the mode of dissolution. He holds that the idiom in the original, 'in dying thou shalt die,' countenances this idea, as it seems to indicate only an aggravation of what was previously certain. The more natural interpretation appears to us to be that adopted in our translation, viz., that only the idea of certainty was intended to be conveyed. Besides, we do not see that the law of uniformity requires that man should suffer dissolution like the inferior animals. A vast gulf is fixed between man and the inferior animals in another respect: the possession of reason and responsibility in man constitutes a sudden break in the law of contiguity; and we can have no difficulty in regarding immortality as the original correlative of this." On another curious point the Journal says:—"His theory of the identity of the future body seems to coincide with the idealistic theory of Origen, and which was in later times maintained by Joannes Scotus Erigenia. It was held that, besides the gross external body, there was an ethereal and internal essence which was permanent, while the former was only phenomenal. The identity was made to consist, not in the sameness of this essence, but in its perfect adaptation to the expanded forms of the soul. The germ of Professor Hitchcock seems to fulfill the same function as the essence of Origen; but we are at a loss to know what kind of entity he would regard it. His object is to apply science to the elucidation of this subject, and it would be a matter of curiosity to ascertain among what class of substances it would be ranked by the chemist. Origen and Scotus enjoyed a pleasant latitude of speculation which can hardly be accorded to a writer in these days, when everything must be tested by the prosaic canons of inductive science."

Book Notices.

We have received from Bangs, Brother & Co., New York, a copy of "*Neal's Residence in Siam.*" It is from the press of the "London Illustrated Library," and abounds in engravings, not executed, however, with the usual excellence of that company. It is a work of unusual interest, as it relates to a country imperfectly known, and one which is not a little unique in its characteristics. Besides a very entertaining personal narrative, it gives several chapters on the "manners and customs" of the country, a good chapter on the history of Siam, and another on recent embassies to the Siamese Court. Messrs. Bangs, Brother & Co. are agents in this country for all the illustrated works of the publishers.

The "*Travels*" of Huc and Gabet, French Missionaries, in Tartary, Thibet, and China, form the most interesting volumes of the kind which we have read for several years. The zealous "fathers" fairly compassed the "Flowery" Kingdom, and traversed the "Land of Grass," penetrating to the very seat of the Grand, or rather the *Grandest* Grand Lama of Thibet. Their personal adventures are surpassingly curious in these comparatively unknown, interior regions of the far East, and their two volumes disclose with great minuteness the characteristic peculiarities of the people among whom they sojourned. We owe to the work many hours of genuine entertainment. Its illustrations are numerous, and those of the first volume quite well executed. *Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York.*

Porter's Compendium of Methodism is the best synopsis of Methodist doctrines, ecclesiastical usages, &c., &c., with which we are acquainted. It is very systematically arranged, and therefore convenient for reference on any given point. To the Methodist, especially the "official" Methodist, the book is fitted to be a complete manual; and to all others who would understand what Methodism precisely is as a whole, or in any specific respect, we commend Mr. Porter's work as an acknowledged authority. We learn that the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have placed it among the text-books of their ministerial course of study. *Boston, Mayce; New-York, Carlton & Phillips.*

We have received from *Carlton & Phillips* quite a large batch of small volumes edited by Dr. Kidder, for Sunday-school and Juvenile Libraries. Among them are Sunday Hours, The Whirlpool, Sarah Neal, Widow's Souvenir, Volcanoes, The Mighty Deep, Legends of Shetland, Class of a Thousand and One, Life of M'Kendree, &c.

Caldwell's "Practical Manual of Elocution" has reached its seventh edition. It embraces "Voice and Gesture," and is one of the best works of the kind extant. It is thoroughly technical and practical, not designed for "general readers," but for precise and continuous "drilling" in the art. This is an advantage in a text book, though it unfits the volume for any more casual use. *Portland, Sandborn & Carter.*

Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library.—We have received a volume of this very cheap and very interesting series of publications, viz.:—*Home and Social Philosophy*, second series from Dickens's "Household Words." Of this number itself we need say nothing; but of Mr. Putnam's

series we may remark, not as perfunctory or *perpuffatory*, but as our sober opinion, that no serial publication yet attempted in this country has equaled it in either the discrimination and good taste of its selections, or the cheapness of its terms. The volumes thus far issued, are, without exception, really choice ones; and the price, twenty-five cents each, could hardly be reduced without shaming the claims of labor.

We have received the catalogue of *Bangs, Brother & Co.'s* trade sale of the fifth instant. It comprises no less than four hundred and fifty-four pages, and indicates the really immense magnitude to which this department of the book business of the country has grown.

Literary Record.

DOMESTIC.

College Anniversaries.—At the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., August 4th, Aug. W. Smith, Prof. of Mathematics in this institution, was elected President. The commencement exercises were of the highest order.

The degree of B. A. was conferred on the following: Nathan D. Bangs, Charles W. Bennett, Simeon F. Chester, William R. Clark, Adam C. Crysler, George B. Dusinberre, Archibald C. Foss, James S. Griffing, Calvin S. Harrington, James W. Horne, Thompson H. Landon, Francis A. Loomis, James E. McEntire, Walter Oakley, John G. Parsons, Charles Y. Ransom, Edward P. Shaw, George W. Sheeter, Robert B. Van Pelten, Gorham R. Walton, George W. Windell, jr., Addison F. Wheeler, Aaron White.

The honorary degree of M. A. on Samuel R. Fellows, Sandford I. Ferguson, Rev. W. C. Hoyt, Rev. John M. Reid, *ad eundem*. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Bishop Osmon C. Baker, and Rev. Daniel Curry.

Prof. Johnston, the acting president, read an address before the graduating class; and Dr. Allen, President of the Girard College, Philadelphia, in an address on *Shakepeare*, in a masterly manner, invested the character and works of the bard of Avon with fresh interest.

The day closed cheerfully with a levee at the house of the acting president, who considerably increased the interest of the meeting by the announcement that Lee Claflin, Esq., of Boston, had placed in the hands of the new president $1,000, to be added to the permanent, invested funds of the University—thus expressing both his interest in the Institution and confidence in its newly-elected presiding officer.

See an article in our present number respecting this university.

Columbia College, N. Y.—Commencement, July 28, at Metropolitan Hall. Graduating class, twenty-six.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. William M'Murray, of Toronto, C. W.; Rev. William Walton, of New-York; Rev. John L. Watson, of New-Jersey; and Rev. Samuel G. Brown, Professor of *belles-lettres* in Dartmouth College.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Stephen Alexander, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the College of New-Jersey.

Rutgers College, N. J.—Commencement, July 28. Graduating class, twenty. The funeral of the late Dr. Cannon took place on Tuesday. The literary address was by Dr. Bethune.

The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. James Watson Black, of Alleghany City, Pa.; the Rev. John Van Derveer, of Easton, Pa.; and the Rev. Selah B. Treat, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston; and that of LL. D. upon Cornelius L. Hardenberg, Esq., of New-Brunswick.

Beloit College, Wis.—Commencement, July 14. The exercises were held in a beautiful grove. Prayer by Rev. J. J. Miter. Literary address by Prof. S. C. Bartlett, of W. R. College.

Owing to the fact that the graduating class of last year was entered one year in advance, there was no graduating class at this Commencement. The classes are now all regularly organized, and number between forty and fifty students; and with the primary and normal departments, there are considerably more than a hundred connected with the college.

Rochester University.—At the Commencement Exercises, held July 14, the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon T. V. L. Pruyn, of Albany, and R. Kelly, of N. Y.; that of D. D. upon Rev. Edward Bright, Secretary Union Missionary Society, Boston, Rev. Morgan J. Reese, of Williamsburg, and Rev. James B. Shaw, of Rochester.

Illinois Wesleyan University.—This institution, located at Bloomington, (Ill.,) closed its first collegiate year on the 8th July. Rev. John Dempster, D. D., has been appointed President and Professor of Mental and Moral Science and Biblical Literature; Rev. W. Goodfellow, Professor of Natural Sciences; Rev. C. W. Sears, Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature; and Rev. W. Goodman, Professor of Mathematics.

Union College.—The addresses at the Commencement, July 29, were, on Theology by Rev. John Newman, of West Poultney; Philosophical, by Amos Dean, Esq., of Albany; Orations by H. C. Van Vorst, Esq., Rev. B. N. Martin, and Rev. Henry Giles, of Albany; Poems by T. W. Wilson, Esq., and Rev. Ralph Hoyt, of New-York.

Doctors of Divinity—Rev. J. Barnard, of Lima, N. Y.; Rev. Ray Palmer, of Albany; Rev. James Robertson, of Glasgow, Scotland; Rev. J. C. F. Hoes, of Kingston, N. Y.; Rev. Geo. H. Hapgood, of the Black River Conference; Rev. T. C. Teasdall, of Springfield, Ill.

Doctors of Laws—Hon. Henry Barnard, President of the Indiana State University; Hon. Lewis H. Sandford, of New-York; Alexander W. Bradford, Esq., of N. Y.

The Commencement Exercises in the *Ohio Wesleyan University*, located in Delaware, Ohio,

took place on Wednesday, July 28. This institution is under the care of the Ohio, North Ohio and Cincinnati Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is represented as in a very prosperous condition. There were in attendance, during the year just closed, nearly six hundred students. Of these, one-third belonged to the regular collegiate department.

On Tuesday, July 27, the Anniversary of the Societies occurred. In the forenoon, Rev. Clinton W. Sears, A. M., of the Ohio Conference, addressed the Missionary Lyceum or Society of Inquiry, upon the subject of "Missions among our foreign population, and their reflex action upon our institutions."

In the afternoon, Dr. Joseph Ray, of Cincinnati, addressed the Athenian Society, upon the "Elements of Success in the Affairs of Life."

In the evening, Hon. Chauncey N. Olds, of Circleville, delivered an oration upon "The Bible," before the Chrestomathian and Zetagathian Societies.

On Wednesday morning, at eight o'clock, the regular Commencement Exercises began. The addresses from the graduating classes were short, and, in general, well written.

In the afternoon, at three o'clock, the Baccalaureate of the President, Rev. Edward Thomson, D. D., on "*The Inner World*," was delivered. The degrees were then conferred, seven candidates receiving that of A. B., in course, and nine that of A. M.

The same degree *pro honore*, was conferred upon Rev. Samuel L. Yourtee, of the North Ohio Conference; Rev. S. A. Lattimore, Professor of Greek in Indiana Asbury University; and Rev. J. S. Ferris, Principal of Henry County Seminary, Indiana.

The degree of D. D. was given to Rev. Anson Green, of Kingston, Canada; and Rev. Herman M. Johnson, A. M., Professor of Philosophy and English Literature in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

Indiana Asbury Female College, New-Albany.—The catalogue of the Second Session of this Institution furnishes an address to the trustees, by Rev. C. B. Davidson, A. M.; a Dedicatory Address, by Professor Larrabee; the Inaugural Address of the President, Rev. Edward Cooper, A. M.; and a Charge to the President, by Hon. Salem Town, LL. D.

The number of pupils on the list, on this first year of the College, is one hundred and seventeen. The prospects of the institution are exceedingly favorable.

Teachers' Convention.—An organization of the N. Y. State Teachers' Association, took place at Elmira, on Wednesday, 4th August, 1852. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Bement, of the Baptist Church. Mr. N. P. Stanton, of Buffalo, President of the Association, delivered an appropriate address.

Letters were read from Hon. Horace Mann, S. S. Randall, Hon. Ira Mayhu, and others.

An able report was read by Mr. Newman of Buffalo, in favor of Union or Central High Schools, and resolutions approving the doctrines therein set forth were adopted.

Another report in favor of the establishment of a State Educational paper, was submitted by Mr. Valentine, of Albany.

Western Reserve College.—The address before the Literary Societies attached to this institution was delivered by Hon. Bellamy Storer. His theme was—"The Effect of Puritan Principles upon the Institutions of our Country."

At the close of the exercises, the degree of A. B. was conferred upon the members of the graduating class; and the degree of A. M. upon Messrs. J. Kennedy, Geo. Paine, T. S. Payne, Almon Samson, J. G. Graham, Samuel Loomis, E. C. H. Willoughby, and Daniel Vrooman, of the class of 1849, and upon A. Hammond and N. Dunshee, of former classes, also upon Mr. Andrew Freese, Principal of the High School of Cleveland.

The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Hon. Sherlock J. Andrews, of Cleveland.

Yale College.—The Commencement at this "time-honored" seat of education was observed July 29. Graduates, ninety—one of the largest classes ever sent forth; six graduates of the Philosophy class received the degree of P. B., and six from the Law School, that of LL. D. Leonard W. Bacon received the degree of A. B. The honor of LL. D. was given to Mr. Henry Barnard and Prof. A. E. Church of West Point. The *Concio ad clerum* was delivered by Rev. Wm. B. Weed, of Stratford: subject, "*Truth in its relation to the promotion of Holiness.*"

On the preceding evening the Phi Beta Kappa Society assembled to hear an oration from E. P. Whipple, Esq., of Boston, and a poem from Rev. John Pierrepont, of Medford.

The annual meetings of the literary societies connected with the University took place on the afternoon of the 28th. The *School of Engineering* attached to this University, under Prof. W. A. Norton, offers numerous advantages to the young machinist or engineer.

St. Charles Methodist Episcopal College. The late Geo. Collier, of St. Louis, has bequeathed to this branch of the Southern Methodist body the sum of $10,000; provided, however, that security, in approved State bonds, be given for the advancement of a like sum, by other parties interested in the success of the institution. The same testator also left $5,000 to the Protestant Orphan Asylum; the principal to remain invested in such manner as to prove most profitable, while the interest only will be applied to the intended purpose.

Douay Bible.—Dr. Mudd, a member of the Cincinnati School Board, at a recent meeting proposed some resolutions recommending the adoption in the public schools of the *Douay version of the Bible*. The matter has created considerable discussion.

Cambridge Divinity School.—The annual visitation of Cambridge Divinity School (Unitarian) took place recently. The *Puritan Recorder*, in stating that "the class numbered *eleven*," adds: "the young men appeared to have made fair attainments in classical learning and polite literature, and to possess good natural abilities."

Educational Convention.—The Second Session of the American Association for the Advancement of Education, was held at Newark, (N. J.,) on 10th August last. The President, Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, read the opening address; and the Secretary, Dr. R. L. Cook, pre-

sented a list of the Reports, &c., to be laid before the Association. Rev. Dr. B. Sears, Superintendent of Common Schools, Massachusetts, read an interesting essay on Cultivation of Taste, or, the Uses of Imagination. Mr. J. B. Richards read a paper on the Education of the Imbecile, and Prof. Agassiz another on Natural Science. Many distinguished friends of education were present, among whom we noticed Judge Duer, Joseph M'Keon, Superintendent Common Schools, N. Y. City, Lyman Cobb, Dr. Sears, and Mr. G. B. Emerson, of Boston, Mr. Travis, of Ohio, Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania. Prof. Holden said that the number of members last year was two hundred and forty-nine, and additions are constantly making to the list.

Ohio University.—Dr. J. S. Tomlinson has been chosen President of this institution; Rev. Solomon Howard, Professor of Natural Science; and Rev. James F. Given, Principal of the Preparatory Department. The Board resolve to lower the price of tuition, by the sale of five hundred scholarships, at the same rates as those of Delaware; and will ask the Ohio Conference to give them one agent, and the Presbyterian synod to give them one, to lay the claims of the institution before the public, and to distribute the scholarships. Dr. Hodge, of Columbus, and long a member of the Board, resigned.

"*Daguerreotypes.*"—We learn from the *Southern Christian Advocate* that a correspondent of that journal has entered upon the pleasant but delicate and difficult task of sketching "likenesses" of distinguished ministers of the gospel. His first picture is a likeness of the Rev. John P. Durbin, D. D., whom he regards, when under the inspiration of his theme, superior as a pulpit orator to any man in this country. We think that the correspondent of the Southern Christian Advocate, in this opinion, has decidedly shown a just and appropriate discrimination.

We perceive from the last New-York Baptist Register, that *Prof. Daniel Hascall* died at his residence in the village of Hamilton, N. Y., on the 28th ult., in the 71st year of his age. He was one of the founders of Hamilton Theological Institution, now Madison University, and for many years one of its professors. He was widely known and deservedly esteemed by the Baptists of the State of New-York, for his talents, piety, and zeal, as a minister and teacher.

We learn from the Home Journal that Mr. Willis's notes and materials, collected during his recent tour, accumulate beyond the capacity of the weekly paper. "He will break in, therefore, upon the regular series of his notes of travel, and give us detached letters—some of them descriptive of his more recent travels in the south and west. His memoranda of visits to St. Domingo, Jamaica, Havana, and other islands of the West Indies, are very copious; and with returning health and summer leisure, he hopes to write them out, and so complete the description of the tour." These will then be published in a collective form.

Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., has just issued from the press of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a very neat duodecimo volume of two hundred and fifty pages, on the subject of baptism. Several pictorial illustrations of the primitive mode of baptism are contained in the volume. The Southern Christian Advocate pronounces the treatise a masterly work on the whole subject.

Rev. F. C. Holliday, of Lawrenceburg, has just completed and has ready for the press, "The Life and Times of Rev. Allen Wiley, with Incidental Sketches of his Cotemporaries." It is expected to be published in October or November next.

Prof. Wiley has been appointed President *pro tempore* of the Emory and Henry College, Va., in place of Dr. Collins, elected to the Presidency of Dickinson College.

Canadian Parliamentary Library.—The addition of the books purchased in England and France, (nearly ten thousand,) will augment the Canadian Legislative Library seventeen thousand volumes. $20,000 has been employed last year to refit the Library; it is the accumulated appropriation of two years, $10,000 being employed yearly in the purchase of books. The works given by the French Government are magnificent, and do honor to its liberality, as those bought by M. Faribault do honor to his taste. The choice of French books, especially, is excellent; and if we except the American collection, which cost M. Faribault seventeen years of labor, the new Library will be preferable to that which was destroyed. The books are better chosen, the editions are generally the most recent, and most appropriate to actual wants. We find in this library the most rare and precious works, on civil, constitutional and parliamentary law, on international law, on political economy, history, science, literature, and geography; the most renowned classics of Greece, Rome, Spain, Portugal, Germany, France and England, besides Atlases in considerable number, and of high price. The entire Library will contain over forty thousand volumes.

Satanic Literature.—The Cincinnati Atlas states that the West is flooded with trash in the shape of cheap blood-and-thunder stories, and it expresses the hope that the press throughout the country will help to wage a war of extermination against the nefarious traffic. The material of the *National Magazine*, we trust, will conduce not a little toward this greatly-to-be-desired end.

FOREIGN.

Titulary Euphony.—A story of very bungling quality, but purporting to be "adapted to the capacities of children and old people," has been published in London under the fascinating title of "*Eireeneespaidagathoontegigontaiosphiloe*—the Good-natured Giant."

Australia.—Two pamphlets called forth by the exciting topic of the late discoveries in Australia, have been lately issued in London, viz.:—*The Gold Digger; or, a Visit to the Gold Regions of Australia*, by the Rev. D. MacKenzie; and *Where to go, and who should go*, by C. Hursthouse, Jr. Both these writers have been in Australia, and the latter, it appears, is engaged professionally in promoting emigration to that country.

English Language.—The eminent philologist, Professor Grimm, in his treatise on the *Origin of Languages*, read before the Royal Academy, Berlin, says:—"It (the English language) possesses through its abundance of free medial tones, which may be learned indeed, but which no rules can teach, the power of expression such as never perhaps was attained by any human tongue. Its altogether intellectual and singularly happy foundation and development, has arisen from a surprising alliance between the two noblest languages of antiquity—the German and the Romanesque—the relation of which to each other is well-known to be such, that the former supplies the material foundation, the latter the abstract notions. The English language may with good reason call itself a universal language, and seems chosen, like the people, to rule in future times in a still greater degree in all the corners of the earth. In richness, sound reason, and flexibility, no modern tongue can be compared with it—not even the German, which must shake off many a weakness before it can enter the lists with the English."

Glen Luna.—This work, by *Amy Lothrop*, is just published in England: it is devoted to the downward progress of gentility toward poverty. The Athenæum, in a notice inclining too much to satirical ill-nature, concludes that these sort of books "are agreeable to read;—and this last of the flock not the least agreeable."

Illustrated Book of Scottish Songs, from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century.—Another volume of "The Illustrated Library," now publishing—being one of the most complete among the evidences that no body of minstrels has so fairly and so frequently been presented to the reading public as the songsters of Scotland.

Mant and D'Oyley's Bible.—Among the cheap literature issued from the English press we find the *Notes to Mant and D'Oyley's Bible*, which are now publishing "in penny Numbers and sixpenny Parts."

Ethnographical History.—A Mr. J. B. Wright has published *A Manual of Universal History, on the basis of Ethnography; The Primeval Period*, "a description of nations," "their personal appearance, costumes, habits, arts," &c., &c. His work, however, as a mere collection of well-known facts from Scripture and from Herodotus, is strangely at variance with the title he has chosen. Ethnography in its highest sense, as a science, has no place in this writer's volume.

Prescience of Niebuhr the Historian.—The Lectures in Ancient History by Niebuhr, a translation of which, from the original German, has recently been made, with additions and corrections, by Dr. L. Schmitz, formerly a pupil of the historian, in a remarkable manner foretell, at an advance of more than twenty years, the splendid discoveries which have been made in our own days by Mr. Layard and others. These lectures (in three volumes) comprise the history of all the nations of antiquity, with the exception of Rome—the greater portion of the work being devoted to that of Greece and Macedonia.

The Academy of Sciences, in Stockholm, has lost the oldest of its members in the person of *M. William Hisinger*, the mineralogist, who has died at the age of eighty-six. Norway has also been deprived of one of her learned historians. *Dr. Nilo Wulfsberg*, aged sixty-seven. Dr. Wulfsberg was formerly keeper of the archives of the kingdom, and founded two of the earliest daily papers ever published in that country, the *Morgenblaadt* and the *Tider*, both of which still exist.

John Doe and Richard Roe.—By an Act passed in the late Parliamentary Session, Great Britain, the names of these fictitious but celebrated nominal sureties, will cease to appear in writs of common law on the 24th of October next.

A letter from Dr. Royle was lately read before the London Asiatic Society relative to the connection of various plants with the *Vedas* or sacred books of the Hindoos. Notices of a *Comparative Vocabulary* of the relative connection of the *Indo-Chinese* monosyllabic language with the *Indo-Germanic* tongues, were submitted by Mr. Laidley. A paper purporting to show that *Asoka*, the great Buddhist monarch of India, was identical with the *Sandrocottus of Megasthenes*, was presented by the Secretary, with a letter from Major Rawlinson, referring to corrections in his outline of the History of Nineveh.

The opening lecture of Prof. Wilson, at the late *Anniversary* of the *Asiatic Society*, was on the "Present State of the Cultivation of Oriental Literature." In a subsequent address on the best method of studying *Ethnology*, Dr. Bird gave a review of the various divisions of mankind in Europe and Asia, showing that *palæography* and *architecture* were better tests of the affinity of races than the physiological character.

British Consul at Cincinnati.—The *London Gazette* announces the appointment of Mr. Charles Bancroft, author of "Tales of the Colonies," as English Consul at Cincinnati. His knowledge of Colonial and American life displayed in his writings, has, it appears, influenced this appointment.

Jesuits in the Ascendant.—By late advices it appears that Louis Napoleon has given up the education of the youth of France to the Jesuits; whose determination, it is said, is to prevent their pupils from forming any acquaintance with such authors as Thucydides and Cicero. The principal agent in this movement is the Abbe Gaume, whose labors it appears are sanctioned by the Pope. The subject has created a perfect feud in the ecclesiastical body.

Mr. W. Scrope, author of "Days of Deer Stalking" and other sporting works, died recently in England, in his eighty-first year.

French Protestantism.—A new literary society has been formed at Paris, entitled "The Society of the History of French Protestantism;" the object being to collect and publish the documents, whether printed or manuscript, of the history of Protestantism in France from the sixteenth century. A bulletin will be issued of the society's transactions, with a *recueil* of papers and documents. Guizot is President; Coquerel, Monod, and other pastors are members.

Baron de Langsdorff.—This well-known botanist and traveler expired recently at Friburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. M. de L. first accompanied Admiral Krusenstern, as botanist to the expedition, in his voyage round the world in 1774, and passed many subsequent years of his life in exploring various botanical meridians; he was also employed by the Russian government in certain diplomatic functions at the Court of Rio Janeiro. His voyages and researches have been published in French and German, at Paris, Frankfort, &c.

The first volume of a new work on America has just left the press in Stockholm. It is named "*Sketches of a Tour in the United States, by F. A. Siljestrom,*" and is entirely devoted to an examination of our school system. Mr. Siljestrom was sent out by the Swedish Government to make inquiries on this subject.

Sanscrit Literature.—Since the days of Sir W. Jones, the great advocate of Sanscrit Literature, whose opinion of that language is given in his assertion that it was "more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more excellently refined than either," Professor Wilson and Dr. Milman have given various specimens of the beauties of Indian literature; while Schlegel, Bopp, and others, in Germany, have not been unmindful of oriental scholarship. Mr. Ralph Griffith, modern Sanscrit scholar of the University of Oxford, has, as we learn from *Dr. Kitto's Sacred Journal*, lately translated from the original Sanscrit into English verse some specimens of old Indian poetry, with a view of offering to English readers some of the beauties to be found in the poetical literature of that ancient tongue. "From works," adds *Dr. Kitto*, "some of which are of huge size, as the *Mahabharata*, an epic of one hundred thousand stanzas, it would be strange if many fine passages could not be gathered, some of which are given with correctness and spirit in an English version."

Schnor's Bible.—This Bible, with illustrations by Schnor, is preparing for publication by Wiegand, the bookseller of Leipsic. The issue will be in numbers, each containing eight wood cuts, at the price of about *twenty-five cents.* The celebrity of Schnor as an artist, and the cheapness of the issue, will, it is expected, procure for it an extraordinary sale.

Religious Summary.

The "Pacific Conference" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, reported at its last session: Traveling preachers, twenty-two; stations and circuits, nineteen; church buildings, ten; parsonages, six; Church members, three hundred; local elders, four; licentiates, three; Sabbath schools, seven; superintendents, seven; Sabbath-school teachers, twenty-two; Sabbath-school scholars, two hundred; volumes in Sabbath school libraries, five hundred and thirty-five; missionary collections, $731 35. The *Californian Christian Observer* says:—"It is proper to remark that from a failure to receive missionaries a year since, we were compelled to abandon two stations and two circuits, which had been well organized and supplied by local brethren, by which upwards of three hundred members were cut off and lost to us. Besides this, until a few weeks before Conference there were but five missionaries in all in the country; and up to the first of September, there were but three, one of whom, from constant sickness, could render no efficient service. Had our expected and promised supplies reached us at the time fixed on, we should have numbered largely over one thousand members."

The Sabbath.—A letter signed by one thousand five hundred citizens of Milwaukie, calls upon the mayor to put a stop to the Sunday-evening balls, now regularly held at the public halls of that city. The petition has among the signatures those of seventeen clergymen, nine of whom are Germans.

Colored Methodist Episcopal Communicants.—A letter in the Charleston (S. C.) Christian Mirror, states that there are five thousand Methodist colored communicants in and near Charleston, and their contributions for benevolent purposes during the past year, amounted to more than *three dollars* to a member. This is the liberality of slaves, who do not own themselves, whose time is at the control of others, and who have no property which is legally their own. It is a liberality which should put to the blush many Churches of the north, composed wholly of freemen.

American Sunday School Union.—At the last stated meeting of the Board of Officers and Managers of this institution, reports were received from fifty-one missionaries, laboring in fourteen different States. These reports of a month's missionary labor, are as follow:—

New schools organized	353
Schools visited	369
Teachers in the schools	5,458
Scholars " "	35,360
Value of the Society's publications gratuitously distributed to poorer schools	$1,327 44
Value of the Society's publications sold by missionaries	$6,201 08

American Bible Society.—At the last regular monthly meeting of the Board of Managers, Honorable Luther Bradish in the chair, supported by Honorable A. B. Hasbrouck, six new auxiliary societies were recognized—one in Kentucky, two in Illinois, one in Wisconsin, and two in California. Letters from Agents of the Society were read, showing the prosperity of the work in different parts of the country, especially in Illinois, Minnesota, California, and among the French population in Detroit. A very interesting letter was read from Brazil, showing the demand for the Scriptures in that country, and containing a request for books. Another from Buenos Ayres. Grants of books

were made to the American Bethel Society, for distribution among boatmen on various canals; Bibles in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, and German, for Brazil, and for a colored school in Amherstburgh, Michigan; French Testaments to the American and Foreign Bible Society; English, French, and German Bibles, and Irish Testaments, for distribution in Thompsonville, Connecticut; Spanish Bibles and Testaments for Venezuela. A large number of smaller grants were made, together with several volumes for the blind.

The *Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Texas*, at its late meeting, had nine ministers in attendance; the number of Church members connected with the body is four hundred. The ministers are instructed to hold a missionary concert the first Monday evening of every month, to form missionary societies in their congregations, and take up regular collections.

Father of Presbyterianism.—It is proposed by the (O. S.) Presbytery of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, to erect a monument to the memory of Francis McKennie, the father of Presbyterianism in the United States.

The *Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society* has in Western Africa, principally connected with Liberia, twelve circuits, twenty local preachers, one thousand one hundred and thirty members of the Church, one hundred and twenty-seven probationers, and five hundred and seventeen day scholars.

The *Rev. H. Mattison*, late Professor of Astronomy and Natural Philosophy in Falley Seminary, N. Y., has been appointed to the John-street Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, and has entered upon his pastoral duties.

The *Morris Chapel* Sunday School of Cincinnati supports a missionary in Germany—the Rev. Mr. Nippert. Since the establishment of the mission, some seventeen Germans have presented certificates at Morris Chapel, from Mr. Nippert, stating that these were among the fruit of his labors in Germany, and were recommended to the care of that Church.

Congregational Methodism.—The *True Wesleyan* says, that in Georgia a small secession has taken place, headed by local preachers, and sustained by some leading men. The *Richmond Advocate* publishes an account of their organization; and an article from Dr. Pierce in relation to it, appears in the *Southern Christian Advocate*. The Dr. speaks in severe terms of the neglect of preachers to furnish Sunday preaching as the cause of this movement; and intimated that he knew, and long ago told them that it would be so.

Dr. Wightman, of the *Southern Christian Advocate*, furnishes a long editorial article against the resignation of a Methodist Bishop. He takes the ground that when a man is called to the bishopric he is called of God, and cannot decline till death comes to his relief.

Rev. Messrs. *Buchanan* and *Dillon* have arrived at Oregon, and entered upon their work—the first at Portland, and the other at Salem. Mr. Roberts is well, and the same is reported of the missionaries generally.

Bishop Paine, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, says in the Nashville Advertiser:—"I wish to send TEN preachers to *California* as soon as possible. The work demands them. In justice to those already there, and to the moral and religious necessities of that rapidly-increasing population, they must go. Dr. Boring also wants four or five persons competent to take charge of literary institutions. Where shall I find all these?"

New Connection Methodists in England.—At the recent Conference of this body, held in Leeds, England, the numbers in connection with this Church were found to be as follows:—In England, sixteen thousand five hundred and thirty-five; in Ireland, eight hundred and twenty-one; in Canada, four thousand and thirty-four; making a total of twenty-one thousand three hundred and ninety. The net profits of the Book Room Fund were announced to be $2,920. All the funds of the Connection are in a healthy condition, and it is now entirely free from debt.

At the close of the first half-century of modern missions in India, the *London Missionary Society* has two hundred and sixty stations there, and four hundred and three missionaries employed, with seventeen thousand members in their Churches, and more than one hundred thousand natives under their influence.

Nunneries are on the increase in Great Britain. Lough Castle, in Galway, has recently been purchased by Mrs. Ball, the Abbess of the Loretto Convent, near Dublin, and ten of the sisterhood have taken possession. Lough Castle was formerly the seat of Viscount Gort, and was built at an expense of four hundred thousand dollars. It has exactly as many windows as there are days in the year. Its situation upon the banks of Lake Cootree is said to be beautiful in the extreme. Castle Hyde, also, in the county of Cork, has been lately purchased for a similar purpose; it was also reported that Cardinal Wiseman had purchased the Queen's Hotel at Cheltenham, with the design to convert it into a convent.

The *British Congregational Missionary Society* is actively employed in promoting "pure religion" in Britain, and has one hundred and twenty-two mission stations in the country, embracing more than four hundred towns, villages, and hamlets, where missionaries and their helpers occupy more than four hundred chapels and rooms, having nearly forty thousand hearers, and five thousand members in their Churches.

Waldenses.—The college founded at La Tour in 1841, for the education of Waldensian youth, has now eight teachers and seventy-five students. It is a nursery of evangelical ministers for the service of the Church.

The *Turin Government* has granted to the Waldenses the right to have a temple or church edifice in the capital, to purchase the necessary ground for its erection, and to build according to their own taste. The temple is in progress, and will ere long be completed.

Paris Evangelical Missionary Society.—This society has now in charge eleven stations and twenty missionaries. They intend to explore Algeria, with a view to the commencement of labors in behalf of the Mohammedans.

Scientific Reports and Notitia.

A COMMUNICATION was lately read by W. B. Barker to the *Ethnological Society*, London, on the discovery of certain *terra cottas* at Tarsus, in Cilicia. The images, lamps, &c., are of exquisite workmanship, but mostly in a mutilated and fragmentary condition, though in some cases capable of restoration. It is supposed they were destroyed and buried by the Cilicians on their conversion to Christianity, and are of a very remote period. The real name of three figures is supposed to be *Khita*, (the Hittites of Scripture?) a people of Asia Minor, whose chiefs were taken captive by Rameses II. In Rosellini's Egyptian Antiquities we have figures remarkably similar, with inscriptions in hieroglyphics in one of which "the chief of the Khita" is represented as a living captive. The conjecture that the *Khita* were the Hittites of Scripture, is remarkably confirmed in a communication by Mr. Birch, to the Royal Society of Literature, who, on the authority of Osburn, Bunsen, and Rawlinson, not only gives their locality—the north of the land of Canaan—but further states that *Ashtaroth* or *Astarte*—the Assyrian Venus—was a deity of the *Khita*.

In a paper by *Rev. Mr. Kenrick* to the London Asiatic Society, it was lately shown that the people of Phares, mentioned in Ezekiel as mercenaries in the service of Tyre, were *not* Persians, but an *Arab* tribe, the *Pharusii* from Mauritania. Dr. Grotefend's interesting communication on the *destination* of the edifices and apartments of *Nimroud*, according to Mr. Layard's specification, and his development of the *Mythology of the Assyrians*, from a primeval worship of the starry hosts to *Baal* their leader, with their relations to Scriptural and historical data, excited much attention.

The Voltaic Lemon.—Some very successful experiments have been made by Prof. Bachoffner, at the *London Polytechnic Institution*, with a new magnetic or electric vegetable pile, discovered by Dr. LeMolt, a surgeon. It consists simply and solely of a lemon, possessing in itself the elements of the galvanic pile, the exciting acid, the porous membrane, and the reservoir which is formed by the lemon skin. The length of its action depends on the amount of the citric liquid the fruit contains, and its influence can be actively felt for eight or ten days. This simple and ingenious voltaic pile decomposes water, acts powerfully on the magnetic needle, precipitates metals, and can, in the shape of a battery of six or eight lemons, send telegraphic dispatches across the Straits of Dover.

Mr. *Francis Gotten* read before the London *Geographical Society*, lately, a summary of his extensive explorations in South Western Africa. His companion, Mr. Andersson, a Swede, remains in Africa, prosecuting further discoveries in the north and east, and particularly the source of the great river which forms the southern boundary of the Portuguese settlements at Benguela.

The Moon.—The late Dr. Olbers, the distinguished astronomer of Germany, who discovered the planets Pallas and Vesta, says, as the result of careful meteorological observations for fifty years in different countries: "I believe I have demonstrated that the influence of the moon upon the weather is so small, that it is totally lost amid the great variety of other forces and causes which change the state of our atmosphere;" and that "its pretended influence on men, animals, or plants, is all due to illusion and prejudice."

Prince Canoni.—The scientific knowledge of this nobleman has led to his appointment as Director-General of the Jardin-des-Plantes, and Inspector-General of the Museums and Zoological Cabinets in Paris.

Monoclave or Uni-Touch.—A very ingenious but complicated instrument, under this name, has been invented by a Mr. Acklin. Its object is to enable any person to play on the piano, organ, or accordeon, by making a band of paper pass, with a velocity regulated by the time of the tune, across the instrument. This paper is pierced with holes corresponding to the notes, and is prepared by means of a peculiar machine by simply playing the tune once on the piano. The inventor indicates many other useful applications of this instrument; among others that it may be worked with the foot, so that a good player may perform on two pianos at the same time.

A splendid *diamond* weighing four hundred carats, has been given to the East India Company, by the Nizam of Hyderabad, in part payment of a debt. It is nearly twice as large as the *Koh-i-noor*.

Royal Institution.—A very interesting paper was read by Prof. Faraday, June 11, 1852, "*On the Physical Lines of Magnetic Force*," the inquiry being the possible and probable *physical existence* of such lines.

Honor to Science.—On the recommendation of the Earl of Rosse, President of the Royal Society, pensions have been granted to Mr. Hind, the astronomer, to Dr. Mantell, geologist, and to Mr. Renolds of the Kew Observatory.

Egyptian Hieroglyphics.—From a recent paper read in the Academy of Archæology, at Rome, we learn that Father Secchi has discovered a new interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which enables him to declare that most of them are not mere monumental inscriptions, as is generally assumed, but *poems!* He has given several of his readings, which display great ingenuity; and he professes to be able to decipher the inscriptions on the obelisk of Luxor, at Paris.

At a meeting of the *Entomological Society*, (July 5,) notices of the ravages of a species of beetle on the bamboo fabrics of India and China were read by Mr. Douglas; and, correlative with his statement, a letter from E. L. Layard, Esq., showed that the white ants and several other insects ate greedily up the cane fences and other articles made of bamboo.

Art Intelligence.

Caligraphic Art. — A splendid specimen of caligraphy has appeared in London—"*A Poem on God*," by the Russian poet, Derzharin. The volume is "respectfully dedicated to all nations," by John Craik, and exhibits a perfect mastery over the pen that originally executed the graceful forms here engraved in a variety of colors.

Gems of the Great Exhibition.—The first and second numbers of Baxter's *souvenirs* of the Crystal Palace, have appeared in London. They are painted in oil colors, and so carefully and clearly as to be easily mistaken for engravings. Accompanying the pictures are descriptions in the English, French, and German languages.

Temple of Serapis.—The discovery of this building in the neighborhood of the Pyramid of Saccaroli, by the French *savant*, M. Mariette, is attended with some very pleasing results. The approach is by an avenue of sphynxes, more than one thousand feet in length, on the left of which M. Mariette laid open a semicircle of statues in different positions, and larger than life, formed from common limestone, and much "weathered." One of them bore a huge lyre, another had the head of Saturn, &c., and on a third was engraved the name of Plato. Many Greek inscriptions, and numerous hieroglyphics, proving that this really was Serapeum, have come to light; but the remains are evidently not of the best epoch of art, and cannot be referred to a date earlier than the end of the empire of the Ptolemies. About twenty feet below the surface, and a little to the west of the semicircle, a whole row of cocks, peacocks with outstretched tails, and lions with children riding on their backs, were disinterred. The remains of a Greek temple were discovered, in front of which stood a statue of the bull Apis, in limestone, life size, with the horns sawn off and laid at the feet of the statue. M. Mariette, in continuing his excavations, was in hopes to reach the grave of Apis before long.

It is proposed to purchase *Healy's* great painting of Webster's reply to Hayne, and present it to the city of Boston. The original plan was for twenty gentlemen to pay $200 each; one of those whose name was on the list insists upon contributing $500; it is probable that the painting will soon be the property of that city.

A magnificent bust of oriental alabaster has been discovered at Rome in the immediate vicinity of Trajan's Forum, of which doubtless it was formerly one of the ornaments.

The *Pompeian House* ordered by Louis I. of Bavaria, we learn is now completed, and has become an object of great interest to the archæologists of Germany. The principal mural pictures are from subjects at Pompeii, and executed by Herr Nillson. The building itself is from a drawing by the late Herr Kleutze. A superb mosaic, the gift of Pius IX., adorns the back wall of the *atrium*. The view from the terrace of the grand court presents a panorama of surpassing magnificence.

Musical Notation.—A new system of music, purporting to be applicable to all musical instruments, "being a combination of original and easy characters" to supersede the present method of notation, has been published in London, by Mr. James Morrison; but so far from being practically useful to the composer, the new characters would not only be difficult to read, but would produce confusion on a crowded page. The proposed system is totally ineligible for anything like sacred or concerted music.

British National Gallery.—This gallery has been publicly noticed in England on different occasions during the last few months, and very recently in the House of Commons in a rather significant manner. Lord Mahon, previous to the dissolution of Parliament, suggested the gradual formation of a *gallery of historical portraits*, which he said might be collected at a very moderate expense, and would prove highly instructive as well as interesting. On the occasion of Mr. Hume's allusion to the above a few evenings after, and strongly recommending the adoption of Lord Mahon's suggestion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. D'Israeli) thought that the question "must come without much delay under the consideration of Parliament." Accepted in a "Pickwickian sense," this consideration of Mr. D'Israeli's may be regarded as "meaning something." Since the above, we see that the subject has been "favorably regarded" by Prince Albert.

Cologne Cathedral.—The Empress of Russia, in her recent visit to the Rhine, is said to have made a donation of fifty thousand ducats (about $70,000) to the fund for completing this noble edifice.

The Parables of Scripture.—The first of a series of colored prints representing Scripture subjects, and intended to supersede the vile daubs formerly exhibited on the walls of the English cottages, have been published in London. As an "art movement" the idea is excellent, and will tend to a better appreciation of the beautiful than has hitherto prevailed amongst that class for whose benefit they are intended.

At our last European advices great preparations were being made for the Birmingham Musical Festival, which was to be held on the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of September. As usual, the Festival is under royal patronage; and while Lord Leigh is president, the nobility and gentry of the midland counties constitute a multitudinous vice-presidency of the committee of management. The band and chorus are both of unusual strength, scarcely a name known in the musical world being absent from the list. The chorus contains above three hundred names, many of which are not known at Exeter Hall, and are doubtless the *elite* of the provincial voices. The Festival is to open on Tuesday with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. On Wednesday, Haydn's *Creation*, and a posthumous oratorio of Mendelssohn, (for the first time,) *Christus;* also a motet by Dr. Wesley. Thursday and Friday are dedicated to Handel, —the *Messiah* and *Samson*.

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SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

"GENIUS," says the clown in the play, "is the worst horse in the stable." And every day proves the fool to have been right. Mere talent or no talent performs the work of the world, and pockets its reward, while genius too often sits idle, niggardly withholding, or prodigally squandering, those bounties of which it is but the steward. There is no reason why this should be; no good reason why the man of genius should not be as useful, not to say as good, as the lawyer or merchant, or any other of the thousand ephemerals around him; nay, a thousand times better and more useful than any of them. Why else is he elevated above them, and the masses of mankind? Why anointed with odorous oils, and clad in purple robes? Why crowned—too often, alas, with thorns!—among the kings of thought? But so it is; and the history of the gifted is generally the history of their short-comings and sins,—few but have struck on the rocks; many have been entirely wrecked.

One of the greatest wrecks of genius in all time, certainly the greatest of the present age, is that of Coleridge, the poet and philosopher. A short sketch of his life and works can hardly fail to be interesting. There is a moral in the failure of such a man which few can fail to draw.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born on the 21st of October, 1772, in Devonshire, at Ottery St. Mary, of which parish

his father, the Rev. John Coleridge, was vicar. Samuel was the youngest of thirteen children, nine of whom were boys. From his birth he was a delicate, sickly child, of a timid disposition; and while the rest were at play he was generally to be found by his mother's side, or huddled away in some corner, reading by himself. In his fifth or sixth year, after a quarrel with one of his brothers, he ran away from home, and passed one whole night—a night of wind and rain—on the bleak side of a hill, where he was found the next morning, almost frozen. From this early freak of resentment, and one or two later follies, such as swimming over a river in his clothes, may be dated the foundation of those maladies which afterwards seduced him to the use of opium. In his seventh year his father died. The vicar of a small country parish could leave but little fortune to be divided among thirteen children; so Samuel was somewhat unprotected. In his tenth year, through the influence of one of his father's old pupils, he was placed in Christ's Hospital, London. This school, a sort of charity school, was then conducted in a miserable manner, and the new boy, in common with many others, was neglected, beaten, and half-starved to death. His few acquaintances in the city, distant relatives doubtless, soon grew tired of his visits, and he was forced to spend his holidays where and how he could. He used to go out into the woods and fields, and spend the whole day in play, getting up a grand appetite, which he had no means of allaying. The cattle, the birds, the fish were all fed about him, while he —he the charity boy!—had nothing to satisfy his cravings. This was in summer: in winter it was still worse. For then he used to prowl about the streets, and shiver before the windows of the print-shops and libraries. If he coveted anything at the cook-shops, it was surely forgiven. A hungry appetite rarely thinks of the decalogue.

This sort of treatment, diversified with large doses of Greek and Latin, was not exactly the best for a boy with his health; consequently he was often sick for weeks. In the last year of his stay at Christ's Hospital, (it was indeed a hospital to him,) he was afflicted with rheumatism, and more than half his time was passed in the sick ward. At this early period he was as sedentary and abstracted as in his after life. The child was father of the man. Save the friendship of Charles Lamb, who was one of his fellow-pupils, books were his only relief from the brutality of the masters and the ridicule of the boys. And of books he had no lack: for a strange gentleman, struck with his conversation in the streets, subscribed to a circulating-library for him; and he read through its catalogue, folios and all. In his later years he amazed everybody by his familiarity with all sorts of books; no small amount of his knowledge was gained here and now.

At the age of fifteen he took a notion into his head—five years at such a school would give a boy many queer notions—to bind himself to a trade. And the trade that he selected was that of a shoemaker! This was modest enough, certainly; but it was not encouraged at head-quarters. His request was refused, and he went back to his books. Then he became anxious to become a surgeon. One of his brothers was in London, walking the hospitals. To him he went every Saturday, and made himself useful, holding bandages and mixing pills, which, it is to be hoped, the patients forgot to take. And now he goes deeply into the mysteries of medicine, devouring medical dictionaries and complete arts of chemistry. From physics he goes to metaphysics; from metaphysics to the writings of the infidels; and from the infidels to love,—an eccentric circle indeed for a boy of his age. And now he begins to versify; now he writes sonnets to the moon, and odes to a young ass! and other *naiseries* and child's play, too tedious to mention.

At the age of nineteen, in 1791, he becomes deputy Grecian or head scholar, and obtains a presentation to Jesus College, Cambridge. He enters with a high character for talent and learning: in the classics he is "first-rate;" in mathematics not so good. In his first year he contends for the prize for the Greek Ode, and wins it. The second year he contends for the Craven Scholarship, and is second out of about twenty competitors. In the meantime arose that moral tornado, the French Revolution. Its effect upon a mind like that of Coleridge may easily be imagined. He left college abruptly, and without taking a degree—some say because his principles were obnoxious to his superiors; others because he was in debt; either of which

ENLISTMENT OF COLERIDGE.

reasons was doubtless sufficient. Up to London he goes, post-haste, without money and without friends; and having a relapse of the old shoemaker and surgeon fever, he enlists as a common soldier in the 15th Dragoons, not by his own name, but under the odd *alias* of Silas Tomken Comberback.

This part of his life has been so often paraded before the world by his biographers, that any detailed account of it here would be superfluous. We pass over his clumsiness in training, his continual falls from his horse, his rusting his sword, his telling stories to the regiment, his writing the men's love-letters, and his correcting an officer for misquoting Sophocles. To come to the end; he was released after three or four months' service, chiefly, as Miss Mitford states, through the interference of her father, and went back to college, where he remained a short time longer. This was in 1794. During this year he published his Juvenile Poems, and a drama entitled, The Fall of Robespierre. While at Christ's Hospital he was an ardent admirer of the writings and character of Priestley, and his peculiar notions of the doctrine of necessity. His early faith was that of the Church of England. He now became a Unitarian; in a few years more a Unitarian preacher. From soldiering to poetry; from poetry to the pulpit—another eccentric circle. But the most eccentric of all is yet to come; and this, like everything else which has since happened in the world, is laid to the French Revolution. His new scheme is nothing else than a second Garden of Eden, with a whole forest of trees of knowledge, and no possibility of the serpent. Everything is to be in common, and neither king nor priest is to mar the felicity of the people. Certainly a "remarkable" state of things. This Pantisocracy is to be founded in the wilds of the Susquehanna. The name Susquehanna sounds so well in verse!

> "Where Susquehanna pours his untamed stream."

In conjunction with two or three new-made friends, one a certain Robert Southey, he resolves to emigrate to America, and begin the grand reform. They go down to Bristol, Southey's birthplace, and there remain,—cause, want of money. The root of evil is at the bottom of the tree of knowledge; without this it can never shade and shelter the nations. Coleridge is obliged to borrow money of Cottle, another new-made friend, a bookseller, to pay for his board and lodging. Cottle lent him money, and, what was better yet, published his and Southey's poems, giving both a handsome sum for their copyrights. This was a start in life, and the foundation of all their future fame. The scheme of the Pantisocracy is dropped, and a more

serious one begins: the old attempt to realize the fiction of love in a cottage.

On the strength of a volume of poems, for which thirty guineas are to be paid, as called for, Coleridge marries, and takes a cottage near Bristol. It was a cottage, and nothing more. Cottle says it had walls, doors, and windows; but as for furniture, only such as became a philosopher. They remained there but a short time—the new bride and bridegroom. Whether the cottage was too small for their love, or their love too small for the cottage, does not appear; but back they went to Bristol, and from thence to Nether Stowey, where Coleridge resided for two years, the best and happiest in his life. This was in 1797. He was only twenty-five years of age, but his poetical power was of a wide range and grasp. No man at twenty-five ever wrote better. Here he wrote his tragedy of Remorse, Christabel, Geneveive, The Ancient Mariner, the Ode on the Departing Year, and Fears in Solitude. He was

COLERIDGE COTTAGE.

visited by Lamb, Southey, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and a host of eminent men. Wordsworth lived near, at Allfoxden, and with him he was in almost daily intercourse. His studies were serious and deep; not only directed to poetry and the *belles-lettres*, but to the great bulk of theological philosophy. He now officiated as a Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Shrewsbury. Hazlitt has described his walking ten miles on a winter's day to hear him preach. Thomas and Josiah Wedgewood, the eminent Staffordshire potters, settled upon him £150 a year for life. Through their aid he quitted Stowey and England in 1798, and made the tour of Germany, with Wordsworth and his sister.

From this voyage to Germany, may be dated a great change in his mind. He now became very metaphysical, and a thorough Kantist. And from this time his poetry begins to decline; it is no longer the pure ore, the thrice-refined gold that needs no gilding, but the every-day coinage—two or three carats poetry, and the rest common-place. To this journey, however, we owe his translation of Wallenstein, one of the finest translations of any poet or age.

In the year 1800 he returned to England again, and settled in London. He now became one of the editors of the Morning Post, writing the literary and political departments. In this situation he was accused by the premier of having, by his articles, broken up the peace of Amiens and renewed the war. In 1803 he went to Malta, for the benefit of his health. In 1805 he returned, by the way of Italy, where he met Washington Alston. From this time to 1816, he vibrated between London and the west of England. In the earlier part of his life, at Bristol, for instance, while waiting for the Pantisocracy to bud, he gave several lectures on Charles the First, the French Revolution, and a range of kindred topics. Lecturing and desultory authorship were now his only means of support. His lectures on Shakspeare and Milton were much admired; as were those on metaphysics, by such as understood them—their name was not legion.

If his course before has been erratic, it now becomes deplorable; for now begins, or rather we now for the first time hear of, his inordinate use of opium, the bane and blight of his intellect and life. Much has been written on this subject by all sorts of people; some of whom have perhaps been too harsh, while others have been too lenient, excusing and defending what Coleridge himself deplored and condemned. When the use of opium became a fixed habit with him, can hardly be determined. From a passage in one of his letters, it would seem to have been about 1804. At that time, or thereabouts, his aberrations and difficulties commence. He gives

up writing poetry and politics, and everything definite; everything in fact that would have been likely to pay him, in a pecuniary point of view; becomes unsettled and wandering, with no definite purpose or strength of will, and at last abandons his wife and children to want—not openly, perhaps, as Smith does, when he runs off to California, nor designedly, as Jones does, when he decamps with Brown's money; but really abandons them to the mercies of the world. They find a home with Southey, who now lives out what he had only dreamed of before—the beautiful Pantisocracy! All things are in common for the wife and children of his erring friend. And he is poor, too, for he has a large and expensive family of his own; he barely lives. And Coleridge is well to do, and can make himself rich if he only chooses to do so. He has but to write. Let him demand his price, and it will be paid. The newspapers want him; the Reviews want him; proposals after proposals are made him by the booksellers. The Quarterly and the Eclectic will give him ten guineas a sheet; but he does nothing either for himself or his family. Southey maintains them, and his friends maintain him, or do much toward it. De Quincey gives him at one time three hundred pounds, Byron another hundred, and other of his friends give, and lend, him whatever he asks for. He has a private bank of England, where he draws all he wants. He has his annuity besides, a permanent thing, and any little profit that his books may bring him in. And he does nothing! Yes, something; he consumes from a pint of laudanum a day, to two quarts a week! and pays for it too at the rate of two pound ten! That is something, surely. His eyes grow wild, his countenance sallow, his steps totter, his hands tremble, and his whole nature seems going to wreck. He is sluggish and inactive, purposeless and willless; sees strange sights, and dreams strange dreams. "For ten years," —hear him,—"the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse, far worse, than all! I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow, trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents; what hast thou done with them?'" Certainly this is something. In the same letter he speaks of placing himself in a private mad-house, that he may be watched till the crisis is over, either for life or death. His passion for opium at this time, says one of his biographers, had so completely subdued his *will* that he seemed carried away, without resistance, by an overwhelming flood. The impression was fixed on his mind that he should inevitably die, unless he were placed under *constraint*, and that constraint, he thought, could be alone effected in an *asylum*. For this purpose he took refuge, in 1816, under the roof of James Gilman, a surgeon at Highgate. The arrangements for board and lodging suited both parties. It was a debt of gratitude equally binding on both. Coleridge was grateful to the Gilmans for their support and kindness, and the Gilmans were grateful to Coleridge for his friendship and esteem; so they lived together till his death, a period of nineteen years. Here he held a species of *soiree*, at which numbers were in the habit of attending to listen to his conversation; and here he composed the greater part of his prose works, "The Lay Sermons," "The Biographia Literaria," "Aids to Reflection,"

RESIDENCE AT HIGHGATE.

and "On the Constitution of Church and State."

"His room," says Leigh Hunt, who visited him here, "looked out upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with colored gardens under the window, like an embroidery to the mantle. I thought, when I first saw it, that he had taken up his abode like an abbot. Here he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been seen taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat, his white coat and a book in his hand; and was a great favorite of the little children. His main occupation, I believe, was reading. He loved to read old folios, and make old voyages with Purchas and Marco Polo, the sea being in good condition, and the vessel well-stocked with bargatoes." The accompanying sketch gives a fair idea of his home at Highgate, as does also the portrait of his appearance at this time:—"There was something," says Hunt, "invincibly young in the looks of his face. It was round and fresh-colored, with agreeable features, and an open, indolent, good-natured mouth. His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble—and his fine eyes, in which the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it was pastime to them to carry all that weight of thought. I fancied him a good-natured wizard, very fond of earth, and conscious of reposing with weight enough in his easy chair, but able to conjure his etherealities about him in the twinkling of an eye. It was a mighty intellect put upon a sensual body, and the reason why he did little more with it than talk and dream, was, that it was agreeable to such a body to do little else." Thus he talked and dreamed till the day of his death. He died on the 25th of July, 1834, in the sixty-second year of his age, and was buried in the New Church at Highgate.

So lived and died Samuel Taylor Coleridge; a page or two suffices to relate his mortal life, but volumes would hardly suffice to sum it up in its various bearings. Of Coleridge, as a poet, it is almost impossible to form an estimate; with his poetry, however, it is not so difficult. To say that it is good or bad, is to say nothing; it is both to different minds, and both *per se*. Judged by his own standard, most of it is poor; judged by the standard of the age, much of it is excellent, and some of it the quintessence of its class. Save a few pretty lines, his juvenile volume is not worth remembering. It was not till the appearance of "The Ancient Mariner," that the world were justified in believing that a new poet had appeared. After that, any belief, however extravagant, could not have been condemned. Hazlitt considered The Ancient Mariner his most remarkable poem, and the only one that gave any idea of his great natural powers. It certainly is the most unique poem in the language probably in the world, and totally unlike anything ever before written. It carries us at once from the world of substance, to the world of shadow; lifts us from the natural to the supernatural; takes us behind the curtain; gives us admittance within the vail. The sudden appearance of the strange old mariner with his glittering eye, the troubled wedding-guest, the voyage on the unknown sea, the death of the albatros, the ice and snow, the winter at the pole, the charmed water burning around the ship, the spiritual sights and sounds, the marvelous return to land, the disappearance of the mariner again,—all must have happened, we think, in some other and older world—some world of forgotten time, where all is phantasmal and fragmentary—to which man has no admittance, save in distempered dreams or mystical revelations, like the Ancient Mariner. Similar but more real and human is Christabel; dealing with the same mysterious sympathies, the same hopes and fears. In this peculiar walk, the supernatural, Coleridge surpasses any modern writer. Others have trod therein grandly—Fieck and Hoffman in Germany, and Poe and Hawthorne in America—but no one seems so much at home in its shadows and glooms.

"The Sibylline Leaves" contain the richest developments of his genius; the fruits of his two happy years at Nether Stowey, and the interval between them and his opium mania. The "Ode to the Departing Year" and "France," are noble poems. Shelley considered the last the greatest ode of modern times; and Shelley himself wrote some superlative odes. "Fears in Solitude," "Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement," "This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison," "The Nightingale," "Frost at Midnight,"—in fact most of the blank-verse poems,—are

admirable, and the blank verse itself is the best since Milton's. The rhythm is always finely adapted to the sense; here swelling with its freight of rich philosophies, there quietly murmuring around its flower-like fancies. In its idyllic peculiarities it resembles Theocritus, in its reflective character the best Greek tragedians. But what shall we say of the magnificent soul anthem, "The Hymn before Sun-rise in the Vale of Chamouny," and the exquisite love pastoral, "Geneveive?" The first seems to us the finest religious poem out of the uninspired volume, the last, the second love poem of all time. We say the second, for we think Tennyson's "Gardner's Daughter," on the whole, its superior; for the "Gardner's Daughter" gives us the *very sensations* of youth and love, while "Geneveive" only *describes them*, wonderfully we admit. As a painting, a piece of dramatic grouping, a series of *tableaux*, we know of nothing like "Geneveive." The tragedies of "Remorse" and "Zapolya," with some good passages, cannot be considered successful, even for the closet; acting is out of the question. Of the rest of the poems there is but little to say; they are of various degrees of demerit, from second and third-rate down to unreadable mediocrity.

Concerning the prose of Coleridge many different opinions prevail. Hazlitt declares the greater part of it "dreary trash;" Talfourd, on the contrary, sees "the palms wave, and the pyramids tower, in its long perspective of style." As a whole, the prose books of Coleridge are tedious and unsatisfactory. He does not carry us on to a given point by a regular road, says an appreciative critic, but is ever wandering from the end proposed. We are provoked at this waywardness the more, because ever and anon we catch glimpses of beautiful localities, and look down most inviting vistas. At these promising fields of thought, and vestibules of truth, we are only permitted to glance, and then are unceremoniously hurried off in the direction that happens to please our guide's desultory humor. Musical are many of the periods, beautiful the images, and here and there comes a single idea of striking value; but for these we are obliged to hear many discursive exordiums, irrelevant episodes, and random speculations.

The lectures of Coleridge were, as we have said, much admired at the time of delivery, especially those on Shakspeare and Milton. The originality of his views has since been denied, and he is accused of having borrowed largely from Schlegel. His friends, however, settle that point; for they state distinctly that he promulgated his views before Schlegel's appeared. But at bottom there is really no similarity between them. For Coleridge's Shakspeare criticisms are merely fragmentary; glimpses of great principles carelessly applied; sky openings into the infinite, soon clouded over: while those of Schlegel are systematic and finished; telescopic glances at far-off truths. The ideas of the one are few, but great; rather suggestions than thoughts; a set of dreamy Titans: while those of the other are over-grown dwarfs, who make up in number what they lack in size.

Coleridge's originality as a philosopher has also been called in question, and with some show of truth. There are certainly many things in his system which remind us of Kant, Lessing, and other of the German metaphysicians. But if he sometimes borrowed from the Germans, he as often refused their aid, and as often contradicted them *in toto;* and almost always in matters of religion. Where their faith is doubtful, his is firm; where they are skeptical, he is always a Christian. Philosophy with him is but another name for Christianity; and in his letters he declares his conviction, that, so far from its having any tendency to unsettle the principles of faith, that may and ought to be common to all men, it does itself actually require them, nay, it supposes them, as its ground and foundation.

But it is neither as a philosopher, lecturer, nor poet, that Coleridge is most celebrated. His chief fame rests on his might as a talker, and it is probable as such that he will be best known to posterity. Men of the highest talent and cultivation have recorded the charms of his conversation in the most enthusiastic terms. We are haunted by descriptions of the seer of Highgate in his rapt and genial moments. His friends are never weary of the theme. "He talked on forever," says one of them, "and you wished him to talk on forever. His genius had angelic wings, and fed on manna. His thoughts did not seem to come with labor and effort, but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of his imagination lifted him from off his

feet. His voice rolled on the ear like the pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought. His mind was clothed with wings, and raised on them he lifted philosophy to heaven. In his descriptions you then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty, in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's ladder, with airy shapes ascending and descending, and the voice of God at the top of the ladder!"

Gifted, but unfortunate, glorious, but criminal, we hardly know how to judge this marvelous, and "myriad-minded," man. That his life was a promise never fulfilled, a grand failure, even his warmest admirers are compelled to admit. And his writings, like his life, are fragmentary and unfinished—not columns and statues, but mere rough blocks, from a seldom-worked quarry. We are struck at the disproportion between them and his mind. In poetry he was excelled by many of his cotemporaries, because they were more industrious and practical; in metaphysics, by many lesser minds, because they were clearer and more systematic; and, in life, by the humblest Christian whose nature was in subjection. Whatever was the mind-philosophy of Coleridge, his life-philosophy was that of Epicurus; the philosophy of indolence, of enjoyment, of appetite, of self. From his early years his life is self-involved; in boyhood commences that nursing of sensation which is the cause of his ruin. As a child he is selfish; not indeed in a worldly sense, to his own interest and welfare, for he is always singularly negligent of both—yet really and truly selfish; caring more for, and living more for, his own individuality than for his friends or the world at large, or even for the great self-denying One, his professed Lord and Master. There is no denial in his life—least of all, a denial of self. A boy, he runs away from home; a youth, he decamps from college; a man, he abandons his family to the mercy of the world. He suffers deeply, and deeply repents; his whole life is a sigh of penitence, a prayer for amendment: but he never amends; the end is like the beginning. He is always a dreamer; a builder of splendid, but useless schemes; a thoughtless visionary, idle and improvident. He has no definite aim, no resolute will. He plans all things, and promises all things, but performs nothing: sitting with drowsy lids, and folded hands—"Yet a little sleep," says the sluggard, "a little folding of the hands to sleep." No fulfilling his mission; no girding up his loins for a great and earnest work; no watchfulness and prayer, and strugglings to the death. Days, months, years, wasted in dreams, and neglect of the duties of life.

There is a sort of cant in vogue now-a-days, that a man like Coleridge, no matter what he does or leaves undone, always does his best, and is always to be forgiven. Granting the last half of the proposition—for the best of us stand in constant need of forgiveness from God and man—we deny in toto the truth of the first half.

The chief blame, the great sin of Coleridge, was a want of self-reliance; a constant habit of relying upon others. He was always praying to cloud-Jupiters to help him out of the mire, when he should have put his own shoulder to the wheel. In youth, in manhood, in age, he lived upon others; for what but living upon others, is an annuity to a man competent and capable of work, unknown sums of borrowed money, and admiration-gifts, and nineteen years gratis board and lodging? Some men are so strong that they neither ask, nor, if possible, accept aid, from God or man; others again are so weak, that they are all their lives receiving it from both. To the last class belongs Coleridge, and men of his stamp; and God seldom helps them, because they wont help themselves.

Taken as a whole, the life of Coleridge was a melancholy failure. With the greatest opportunities, he advanced only what to him was the smallest things. Starting in life as a believer in the Trinity, he successively became a Unitarian, a Pantheist, a German Mystic, and at last a Trinitarian again; veering about the whole round of the circle, back to his starting point. And such was his life, a continual rounding of circles.

But let us drop the curtain on this soul drama. We do so with Coleridge's own epitaph, his plea, and our last words:—

Stop, Christian passer-by! stop, child of God,
And read with gentle heart. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he,—
O lift a thought in prayer, for S. T. C.,
That he, who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death;
Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same!

MODERN ROME

IN the preceding number of this Magazine we introduced to our readers a new work on Rome, forthcoming from the press of *Carlton & Phillips*, New-York, and presented from it, though in very condensed form, some illustrations of the private life and public splendor of the ancient city. We can now but partially redeem the promise we then gave of returning to this interesting volume for similar illustrations respecting the modern life and structures of Rome. These themes are exhaustless in their details, and equally so in their interest. We can only glance, however, at a few examples. Many of the objects described and engraved in our last number, belong not only to the ancient history of the city, but are conspicuous features in its modern topography—and the more commanding for their hoary antiquity. Passing by these, let us resume our walks and observations in the old world's metropolis; and if we should be found a little too garrulous or minute for the learned reader, who may be already sufficiently familiar with the scenes described, he must bear in mind that there are among our readers those who are less fortunate in this respect.

MODERN ROMANS.

On entering Rome at the Porta del Popolo, the eye beholds a beautiful open space, adorned with two white marble fountains, crowned with colossal statues, and surrounded by three stately churches and other elegant buildings. This space is usually thronged on a fine afternoon, not only with the carriages of cardinals, of the Italian nobility, and of the English and American gentry, but with large parties on foot, traversing the way to the Borghese Villa without the walls, or to the Pincian Hill, the great promenade of Rome, which is easily reached by a terraced road. As three of the principal streets of the city terminate in this space, the eye can look through into the very heart of Rome. The middle one of these is called the Corso; it is the finest and the most fashionable. It is broad and handsomely paved, and runs for nearly a mile in a straight line from the Porta del Popolo to the foot of the Capitoline Hill, and is in the greatest part of its extent fifty feet wide.

The Corso forms the line of demarcation between the ancient and the modern city. To the south and east of this district are the Palatine, the Aventine, the Esquiline, and the Cælian hills, all of which, though included in the modern walls, are little better than a desert. Their irregular surface is covered with vineyards, or the gardens of uninhabited villas, and a few scattered and solitary convents are the only signs of human habitations.

The Corso divides the principal district of modern Rome into two parts: that on the north and east, which may be called the upper town, is built chiefly on the slopes of the Pincian and the Quirinal, and on part of the plateau which unites these hills toward the east with the Viminal and the Esquiline. This upper town contains the finest houses and the best streets; it is the healthiest quarter of the city, and the chief residence of the English visitors. The highest part of it is intersected by two long streets.

Not more than a third part of the inclosed area is covered with buildings; the rest consisting of ruins, gardens, and fields, with some churches, convents, and other scattered habitations. The older part of the ancient city, where the principal ruins are found, is about half a mile south from the modern city. The former, under the emperors, was far more extensive than the latter, inasmuch as, besides the space within the walls, it had very considerable suburbs. The ground occupied by the city is mostly low, being only from thirty-five to forty-five feet above the level of the sea.

The great square of palaces which now occupies the summit of the Capitoline

THE PIAZZA DEL CAMPIDOGLIO.

Hill, under the name of the Piazza del Campidoglio, was built by Paul III. from the designs of Michael Angelo. It has an imposing effect when approached from the Corso, although it may not accord with our preconceived ideas of the Roman Capitol. The easy ascent by steps was opened in 1536 for the entrance of the emperor Charles V.

At the foot of the central steps are two Egyptian lionesses, in basalt, brought here from the church of S. Stefano in Cacco, by Paul IV. On the summit of the steps are two colossal statues, in Pentelic marble, of Castor and Pollux, standing by the side of their horses. Near these, on the balustrade, are the celebrated marble statues called the Trophies of Marius; and close by are the statues of Constantine and his son, found in the baths on the Quirinal. On the right of the ascent is the celebrated mile-stone of Vespasian and Nerva, which marked the first mile of the Appian Way. The corresponding column on the left sustains an antique vase, said to be that which contained the ashes of Trajan. In the center of the piazza is the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which is admitted to be the finest in the world.

The southern summit of the Capitoline Hill possesses no remains of any ancient edifices, but it is tolerably well covered with the Caffarelli Palace, and other modern buildings. It is remarkable for its Tarpeian precipice, down which state criminals were hurled in former times. To use the words of Seneca:—"A lofty and precipitous mass rises up, rugged with many rocks, which either bruise the body to death, or hurry it down still more violently. The points projecting from its sides, and the gloomy prospect of its vast height, are truly horrid. This place is chosen in particular, that the criminals may not require to be thrown down more than once." It has lost much of its ancient majesty, and is now only about seventy feet in height.

The nearly-deserted *site of the ancient city*, formerly covered with so many monuments of grandeur, now presents to the eye little except massive walls, substructures, and other architectural fragments,—a scene of sublime desolation, scarcely relieved by the villas, gardens, and vineyards with which it is interspersed. "The public and private edifices," says Poggius, "which were founded for eternity, lie prostrate, naked, and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant; and the ruin is

still more visible, from the stupendous relics that have survived the injuries of time and fortune."

From the numerous inundations of the Tiber, the consequent deposition of mud, and the ruins of fallen edifices, the *general level* of the ground in Rome has been so much elevated, that the lower parts of the ancient buildings have been buried, in some instances, to the depth of more than twenty feet. The French, when formerly masters of the city, and also some enterprising individuals, have removed the accumulation of earth and rubbish from several of the principal buildings, so that they are now entirely exposed to the view of the spectator when near; but from their being so much below the present surface, the distant effect remains as before. The elevation of the ground over the whole extent of the city, generally to the height of from fourteen to twenty feet, and the many little hills that have risen in various parts of the Campus Martius, especially on the sites of theaters and baths, and other extensive buildings, sufficiently indicate how great a mass of ruins must lie interred beneath. In this artificial soil, few excavations have been made without some interesting discovery; and it has frequently happened that in sinking a well, or opening the foundations of a private house, the artisans have been stopped by the interposition of a pillar or an obelisk. An obelisk is said to have been three times discovered, and as often buried again in rubbish, before it was raised by Benedict. The pavement of the Forum is well known to exist about fourteen feet under the present level, and several of the thermæ, or baths, still remain unopened. The Portico of Trajan lies nearly twenty feet under the foundations of churches and convents. What a field then is here for future discoveries! Mines hitherto unexplored may yet yield abundantly their treasures of art.

The *palaces of the nobility* are very numerous, of princely magnitude, and of imposing style. They contain vast courts, and long ranges of spacious apartments, of which the Romans can boast a greater number than the people of any other capital in the world; but as to splendor, neatness, and comfort, most of them are sadly deficient. The walls of the palaces are of Tiburtine stone, and the pillars and staircases are frequently of marble and other costly materials, but the scanty furniture is clumsy and old, the floor of the apartment is often of unvarnished brick, the curtains and tapestry are dingy, and a general want of cleanliness is frequently observable. The men-servants are often numerous in the hall; but they are dirty, lazy, and ill-paid. Passing through the long suites of vast and lofty apartments,

FARNESE PALACE.

the visitor sees here and there marble tables, fine paintings, and heavy gilt chairs, but nothing resembling the French salon or boudoir, or the English drawing-room. The ground-floor is either let as shops, or used for coach-houses, stables, kitchens, or other menial offices; and the windows are guarded by a strong iron grating, with no glass behind, which gives to the lower part of a Roman palace the appearance of a prison. Several of these buildings are partly let to lodgers, and the owners occupy only one floor, or part of a floor; the building being too large for the occupation of a single family, except that of a baron, with his numerous dependents, in feudal times. The higher and wealthier Roman nobles, the Borghese, Colonna, Doria, Rospigliosi, and others, however, still retain somewhat of that feudal state, though their feudal jurisdiction is utterly lost.

The *villas* of the Roman nobility, of which there are several within the city walls, are more pleasant than their pal-

aces. The splendid residences of the modern Romans form a chain of connection, serving as they do to unite the present race with their proud predecessors of classical times. The *modern Roman palace* differs greatly from the ancient Roman house described in our last number; but the villa reminds us of the country residence of the wealthy in the old ages. In both, the same taste for magnificence is discoverable. These villas have generally their fronts toward Rome, whose splendid horizon finely harmonizes with the pomp of their architecture, and the rich marble statues, pillars, vases, and fountains, with which they are decorated. The gardens, though regularly laid out, are not monotonous; nor are they made like English parks, for the effect of scenery *within*; but to supply quiet walks, from which there may be an enjoyment of the splendid scenery *without*.

We next direct our attention to the MOLE OF HADRIAN, known now-a-days, to mere newspaper readers, as the *Castle of St. Angelo*, by its connection with the modern history of the city. It was designed by the emperor Hadrian as a mausoleum, in imitation, it is thought, of that of Augustus, which stood at a short distance, on the opposite or left bank of the Tiber. It was built about A. D. 130, within the gardens of Domitia, the aunt of Nero, and is now connected with the Campus Martius by the Pons Elius. Like its prototype, the Mole of Hadrian was circular; it consisted of three stories, each considerably smaller in diameter than the one below it, and the whole resting on a square basement. It was built of Parian marble; the square stones of which the basement is formed being joined alternately to each other, without the aid of any cement. It is supposed that the first and second stories were adorned with columns and statues around their circumference of superior workmanship, and probably from the chisel of Praxiteles or Lysippus.

This building was used as a sepulcher by several succeeding emperors; and about five hundred years after its erection, it was converted into a fortress by Belisarius, during his memorable defense of Rome against Vitiges, king of the Goths. At this time, its statues and other ornaments were used as missiles, and hurled on the heads of the besiegers; for their recovery, the Tiber was afterward dragged, though fruitlessly—for the statues, previously to being employed in lieu of weapons, were broken in pieces. The history of this edifice has been exceedingly eventful. It has been entirely stripped of its marbles, and to it many modern additions have been made. Urban VI. even attempted to demolish it; and, for a long time, it was the prison of Rome. On the excavation of its interior, some beautiful specimens of sculpture were discovered. It was once considered an extremely strong position, but improved military tactics have stripped it of this character.

Every Easter Monday there is a splendid display of fire-works from the *Castle of St. Angelo*. The signal for their commencement is given by a cannon-shot, a little after ten at night, which is instantly followed by the simultaneous explosion of three thousand sky-rockets, expanding in their flight in the form of a sheaf of corn. "I had seen," says a traveler, "an explosion of fifteen thousand rockets at once in the gardens of Peterhoff; but they did not produce a twentieth part of the effect of this one-fifth of their number, thus skillfully managed, and shooting upward. A beautiful cross-fire of all sorts of fire-works ensues, and the scene terminates with another flight of three thousand rockets, similar to that with which it commenced." The huge mass of the castle seems, indeed, a volcano, pouring a ceaseless deluge of fire above, beneath, and all around, while the Tiber in front glows vividly, like a sheet of fire.

The effect of a very large number of open spaces called *Piazze*, is truly pleasing, especially as the streets are so crooked and close. The Piazza Navona is remarkable as indicating the site of the ancient Circus Agonalis, of which it still retains the form. It is about seven hundred and fifty feet in length; and in the center stands an Egyptian obelisk, fifty-four feet high, and resting on a rock which is forty feet in height. Close to this piazza is a small space, which derives its name from the well-known torso, called the statue of Pasquin, a mutilated fragment of an ancient marble statue, found here in the sixteenth century. Its modern name is ascribed to the tailor Pasquin, whose shop, just opposite, was the rendezvous of all the gossips and wits of the city. The term *pasquinade* perpetuates his fame. There was formerly another

statue, called Marferio, which enjoyed a similar celebrity. It used to be selected as the answerer of the satirical sayings which emanated from Pasquino; and between the two, an entertaining dialogue was occasionally kept up, seldom, however, very complimentary to the parties concerned, among whom the pope did not escape. Marferio was silenced many years ago by one of the popes, who shut him up in the court-yard of the Capitoline Museum. The same pope is said to have wished to treat Pasquino in the same way; but the marquis to whom he belonged interposed, and his descendants are still obliged to pay a fine if any scandal be found affixed to the statue. So offended was Adrian VI. with the libels affixed to it, that he ordered the statue to be burned, and the ashes to be thrown into the Tiber; but his witty companion Suessano saved Pasquino by saying that the ashes would turn to frogs in the bottom of the river, and croak even louder than before.

Pius VI., whose pontificate lasted from 1775 to 1800, was possessed with a remarkable passion for recording his own glory by the constant inscription, *Munificentiâ Pii Sexti*,—"By the munificence of Pius VI." A season of great scarcity existing in Rome, and the *pagnotta*, or little roll, always sold for about three cents, having shrunk to most lamentable smallness, one of them was found one morning in the hand of Pasquino, having a scroll fixed to it, with the words *Munificentiâ Pii Sexti*. This is a specimen of the world-known wit—the "*Pasquinades*"—of this noted statue.

The *churches* in Rome, like the days of the year, are three hundred and sixty-five. Their internal arrangements have a striking uniformity of character, however different the edifices may be in point of building and decoration. Their aisles are generally formed by arcades; over these there are sometimes grated recesses, but never open galleries. The choir terminates in a curve, which is the grand field of decoration, and is loaded with ornaments in brass and marble. The high altar stands in the middle of the cross. In the transepts are usually the chapels of the Holy Sacrament and of the Virgin Mary. Those of the saints are ranged on the sides; and each being raised by a different family, has an architecture of its own, and at variance with the edifice.

Seven of these churches, which are called basilicas, are supposed to possess a peculiar sanctity. Their name is derived from their being generally formed out of the basilicæ of ancient Rome, a kind of building which served as a court of law, and an exchange, or place of meeting for merchants and men of business. The seven basilicas are—St. Peter's, Santa Maria Maggiore, St. John Lateran, and Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, which are within the walls; and St. Paul's, St. Lorenzo, and St. Sebastian's, which are without them.

In whatever direction the traveler enters Rome, his eye catches the sublime dome of St. Peter's towering upward into the blue firmament, inviting his approach from afar, and exciting the impatience which he must feel, on a first visit, to enter the far-famed city. It may be seen from the hills of Baccano, on the north; from the Lower Apennines, on the east; from the volcanic ridges of the Alban Mount, on the south; and from the masthead of a ship in the Tyrrhene Gulf, on the west. At all these points it rises up from the broad flat of the Campagna, to distinguished prominence; while the seven hills, and other elevations of the vicinity, are but as ridges or breaks, scarcely more perceptible than so many distant waves of the sea. Standing on the western side of the Tiber, the great bulk of the city being on the opposite side, it seems to reign in solitary majesty over all the dead and generally uncultivated level which surrounds the city, and is, perhaps, never so impressive an object as when thus beheld.

On the evening of certain festivals an extraordinary spectacle is presented. Soon after sunset the whole exterior of St. Peter's is occupied by workmen, who are seen climbing in all directions, along the ribs of the dome, the lantern above it, the gilded globe, and even the cross by which it is surmounted. The pediment in front, the colossal statues, the very acanthus leaves of the Corinthian capitals, swarm with adventurous men carrying lights, who, by means of ropes, are slid and swung with great rapidity from one point to another of the edifice. They have been compared to the fire-flies of America, on a hot summer's evening. The result is soon manifest: the whole surface of St. Peter's, and the colonnade before it, shine with the mild effulgence of fifty thousand paper lanterns; and at a

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

particular signal, the whole edifice bursts at once into absolute flames. This is effected by means of pans full of pitch and pine shavings, thrust out from all parts of the edifice. The spectacle is wonderful, but of short duration.

The ascent to the top of the building is by a broad paved road, too curved for carriages, but of so gentle an elevation that visitors very frequently ascend and descend in perfect safety; and there is a constant passage of mules upon it, bearing stone and lime for the repairs of the exterior. The roof seems like a little village of workmen, who are continually engaged in repairs; and the two octagonal cupolas, with the eighteen smaller ones of the side chapels, which are not distinguishable from below, are here found to be of great size. The houses and workshops of the men, and a fountain of water which is always flowing, increase the illusion of the scene; and, as the enormous leads are traversed, it seems almost impossible to believe that the visitor is walking on the summit of a building. A long series of passages and staircases leads from the roof to the different stages of the dome, winding between its double walls, and opening on the internal galleries, from which the visitor may look down on the [illegible]. It is from this spot that the stu[illegible] size and proportions of the build[illegible] can best be appreciated. The people [illegible] on the pavement beneath scarcely look like human beings; and the mosaics of the dome, which appear even delicate below, are found to be executed in an exceedingly coarse style, but the only one that would produce any effect at so great a distance from beneath. From the external gallery already mentioned, there are staircases leading to the hall, on the exterior of which is a balustrade invisible from below, from which a prospect may be enjoyed which is said to be one of the finest in Europe. Rome and its desolate Campagna are spread out before the eye like a map, and there is scarcely an object of interest that cannot be distinguished. A small iron ladder reaches to the top of the cross which surmounts the ball. In the middle of the sixteenth century, Carlo Fontana drew up a statement of the sums of money that had been expended on it, principally from the value of the materials; the total amounted, exclusive of four hundred and five thousand four hundred and fifty-three pounds of bronze used in constructing the chair of St. Peter, and the confessional, to 47,151,450,000,000 of scudi, or about $58,000,000 of our money.

The length of the interior of this edifice is six hundred and nine feet from wall to wall; but if the thickness of the walls and the depth of the portico be included, the length is seven hundred and twenty-two English feet. The width of the nave is ninety-one feet, and its height to the top of the vault is one hundred and fifty-

two feet. The length of the transepts is four hundred and forty-five feet. The proportion of marble, much of which is ancient, and the varieties of which are of the greatest rarity and beauty, is indeed astonishing. The ceiling is composed of gilt stuccos on a white ground. The pilasters between the arches of the nave are not of marble, but of stucco; their height is eighty-three feet, and in their recesses are statues of the founders of various religious orders. The side-aisles are about twenty-one feet in width, and opposite to each arch of the nave is a chapel recessed back from these aisles. Mosaic work and the richest marbles are scattered about these chapels with the greatest profusion; and almost all of them contain pictures executed in mosaic. The central nave is universally regarded as surpassingly grand and sublime. Eighty-nine feet in breadth, and one hundred and fifty-two feet high, it is flanked on either side by a noble arcade, the piers of which are decorated with niches, and fluted Corinthian pilasters. A semicircular vault, highly enriched with sunken panels, sculptures, and various gilded ornaments, is thrown across from one side to the other, producing the most splendid effect. The interior of St. Peter's is never seen to so great advantage, as when, on the evening of Good Friday, it is lighted solely by an immense cross of lamps, suspended in the center under the dome. These lamps shed a liquid brilliancy on the vast space; while a pale and uncertain light, diminishing in proportion to its distance from the focus of the cross, fills the rest of the edifice, vailing, but revealing with wonderful effect, the colossal statues on the tombs, and the crowds of human beings there assembled, shrunk into pygmies. The idea of this illumination is ascribed to Michael Angelo; and while it continues, the stately columns and pilasters seem to swell in size, the roofs and the dome to attain an unusual elevation, and the vast dimensions of the whole edifice to become still more colossal.

Immediately under the dome stands the Baldacchino, or canopy, which covers the high altar, beneath which, tradition says that the body of St. Peter reposes,—a tradition, however, which is utterly destitute of authority. The canopy is said to be one hundred and twenty-two feet high; and is commonly stated to be equal in height to that of the Farnese Palace,—one of the loftiest in Rome. It is constructed almost entirely of bronze, and the ornaments are chiefly gilt.

Near the Baldacchino, and against the last pillar of the nave, stands the statue of St. Peter, which was cast by order of Leo out of the bronze of the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, but has much more the appearance of iron. The usual form, without which no Roman Catholic will pass this statue, is to kiss the foot two or three times, pressing the forehead against it between each salutation; some will repeat the process much oftener. The right foot projects for this purpose, and part of it is actually worn away by this superstitious ceremony. Cicero, describing a statue of Hercules at Agrigentum, says:—"His mouth and chin were somewhat worn, because in their prayers and thanksgivings, they were accustomed not only to worship, but to kiss it;" and the identity between the pagan and papal practice, in the instance before us, will be at once apparent.

The view of the interior is the best near the bronze statue of Peter, especially if the beams of the sun are playing on its gorgeous magnificence. It is difficult to add up the objects that form the vast and astonishing aggregate. There towers aloft the noble dome, with its various colossal paintings in mosaic, of angels, prophets, and apostles; the latter in the spandrils, at least twenty-five feet in height. In the transept of the cross, the sepulchral monuments of the popes, splendid pictures in mosaic, scarcely distinguishable from the finest paintings, and grand columns of marble, porphyry, and granite, the gigantic supporters of the dome, each of which, were it hollow, would contain hundreds of people, strike on the eye. The great altar of Corinthian brass, the height of which equals that of the highest palace in Rome, with its twisted columns wreathed with olive; the hundred brazen lamps continually burning around the tomb of the patron saint, with its gilded bronze gate, enriched to the utmost by various ornaments; the colossal statues of saints in niches at least thirteen feet high; the various and precious stones which enamel the walls of the building; the richness of the ornamented roof; the massive silver lamps; the chair of St. Peter, supported by two statues of great magnitude; and the hangings of crimson silk, constitute a

whole which is not to be paralleled on the face of the earth.

So much then for this marvelous structure as a work of art. The general appearance of the interior has been thus described: "A noisy school for children in one corner; a sermon preached to a movable audience at another; a concert in this chapel; a ceremony half interrupted by the distant sounds of the same music in another quarter; a ceaseless crowd sauntering along the nave, and circulating through all the aisles; listeners and gazers walking, sitting, kneeling; some rubbing their foreheads against the worn toes of the bronze statue of St. Peter, others smiling at them; confessors in boxes absolving penitents; *laquais de place* expounding pictures; and all these individual objects and actions lost amidst grandeur and beauty, which delights and distracts the eye. Such is the interior of this glorious edifice,—the mall or public common of Rome; but religious sentiments are, perhaps, the last which it inspires."

North of St. Peter's, and therefore on the right hand of the spectator, looking on its principal front, stands an enormous mass of building, bearing the name of the *Palace of the Vatican*,—the state palace of the popes, though not their actual place of residence. Paul III. was the first pope who took up his residence in the Quirinal Palace on the Monte Cavallo; and his successors have followed his example, leaving the Vatican for the celebration of ceremonies.

In an architectural sense, the term palace is scarcely applicable to the Vatican, as, instead of consisting of one regular pile, it is described as presenting only a shapeless mass of buildings, almost overtopping its neighbor, St. Peter's. Its actual dimensions exceed those of the Louvre and Tuileries united. There are twenty courts with porticos, eight grand, and two hundred small, staircases. The whole pile of buildings erected by several popes, together with the gardens, is said to comprise a circumference of some miles, and the accounts of the number of its apartments vary from four thousand four hundred and twenty-two to thirteen thousand. The paintings and statues preserved in the building, together with its prodigious [illegible], have raised the fame of the Vatican above that of every other palace in the world.

We cannot pause to glance even at its art collections. Its library, at present, contains, in the Oriental department, five hundred and ninety Hebrew, seven hundred and eighty-seven Arabic, eighty Coptic, seventy-one Ethiopic, four hundred and fifty-nine Syriac, sixty-four Turkish, sixty-five Persian, one Samaritan, thirteen Armenian, two Iberian, twenty-two Indian, ten Chinese, and eighteen Sclavonic manuscripts. The amount of the whole collection of Greek, Latin, and Oriental manuscripts is twenty-three thousand five hundred and eighty,—the finest in the world. The number of printed books is more than thirty thousand.

But we linger too long amidst these public splendors. Let us look, though but briefly, at the actual life around us. We have seen the old Roman living and moving among his temples and monuments. How does the modern one bear himself amidst his churches and solemn ruins?

The modern *inhabitants* of Rome can possess little of the ancient Roman blood, and are generally, indeed, of a very mixed race. The men of the laboring and middle classes are usually robust and good-looking, but what is called the Roman face is rare. The women are good-looking in early life; but, as years increase, present a less comely appearance, and, in old age, have a haggard cast of countenance. The men wear very wide cloaks, wrapping round like a Scotch plaid; pieces of cloth tied with cords about the legs, instead of stockings; sandals on their feet; and hats having crowns like a sugar-loaf. The women commonly wear a scarlet spencer with sleeves, and for a head-dress, a piece of white linen, thickened on the crown by numerous folds, with the end hanging down behind to the shoulders.

The Romans are generally very sober, fond of their children, social in their habits, and obliging to strangers. On the other hand, truth is not regarded when it militates against personal interests. False evidence may easily be purchased for courts of law. To cheat is a common practice in every grade, and the act, when done cleverly, is often regarded with complacency, and told with pride. The judges and functionaries of all kinds are said to be very corrupt. A picture of distressing immorality is thus disclosed. A common vice at Rome is want of cleanliness. It is chargeable on all classes. The monks have

often a disgusting appearance. Some of the most interesting objects are absolutely inaccessible from the accumulation of filth, and, according to a recent visitor, "the streets, public places, houses, and the persons of the bulk of the population would all be improved by scrubbing, washing, and combing."

"The national character," says Forsyth, "is the most ruined thing in Rome. The character of the common people is usually locked up, yet subject to strange escapes. They can make long sacrifices to a distant pleasure. Thousands starve during the whole month of September, to provide for one extravagant feast in October, at Monte Testaccio. Though timidly cautious in ordinary transactions, they are desperate at play. This passion, pervading every rank, finds all the lotteries of Italy open at Rome. Many call religion in to the aid of gambling. They resort to San Giovanni Decollato, a church devoted to condemned criminals, and try to catch in prayer certain divine intimations of the lucky ticket. Their resentments can lie brooding for years before they start out. Boys fly to stones, and men to the clasp-knife; but the most desperate ruffian abstains from fire-arms. To shoot your enemy is held to be atrocious; to plunge a stiletto into his back, a proof of spirit."

According to the statistics of the Romans, there are in the Papal States six archbishops, seventy-two bishops, and fifty thousand inferior clergy, to two and a half millions of people. Thus, through these territories there is an ecclesiastic for every fifty people, and in the city of Rome there is one to every thirty. The modern religion is scarcely more than the ancient paganism in disguise. One idol has been pulled down only to make room for another; the change has been in the name, rather than in the object of worship. The little temple of Vesta near the Tiber, described in our former article, is now possessed by the Madonna of the Sun; that of Fortuna Virilis, by Mary, the Egyptian; that of Saturn, where the public treasure was anciently kept, by St. Adrian; that of Romulus and Remus, in the Via Sacra, by two brothers, Cosmus and Damianus; and that of Antonine the Godly, by Lawrence the Saint. The first thing that a stranger notices on entering the churches, is the use of incense, a custom derived directly from paganism, whose temples and altars are seldom mentioned without the epithet of perfumed or incensed. "In some of the principal churches," says Middleton, "where you have before you, in one view, a great number of altars, and all of them smoking at once with steams of incense, how natural is it to imagine one's self transported into the temple of some heathen divinity!" To adopt the words of Mr. Matthews:—"Some traces of the old heathen superstitions are constantly peeping out from under their Catholic disguises. What is the modern worship of saints and images, but a revival of the old adoration paid to heroes and demi-gods? or what the nuns, with their vow of celibacy, but a new edition of the Vestal virgins? Wherever we turn, indeed, all is old, and nothing new. Instead of tutelary gods, we find patron saints and guardian angels, and the canonization of a saint is but another term for the apotheosis of a hero. The very same piece of brass which the old Romans adored, now with a new head on its shoulders,—like an old friend with a new face,—is worshiped with equal devotion by the modern Italian. It is really surprising to see with what apparent fervor of devotion, all ranks, and ages, and sexes, kneel to, and kiss the toe of this brazen image. They rub their foreheads against it, and press it with their lips with the most reverential regard. I have sat by the hour, to see the crowds of people who flock in to perform this ceremony,—waiting for their turn to kiss; and yet the Catholic would laugh at the Mussulman, who performs a pilgrimage to Mecca, to wash the holy pavement, and kiss the black stone of the Kaaba,—which, like his own St. Peter, is also a relic of heathenism."

A stranger will not be more surprised at the number of lamps, or wax-lights, burning before the altars, than that of offerings, or votive gifts, suspended all around them in consequence of vows made in the time of danger, or of some deliverance from evil. So common, perhaps, was this practice among pagans, that no custom is so frequently mentioned by their writers; and "many of their votive offerings," says Montfaucon, "are preserved to this day in the cabinets of the curious: namely, images of metal, stone, or clay, as well as legs, arms, and other parts of the body, which had formerly been hung up in their temples, in testimony of some divine favor or cure" (supposed to be) "effected

by their tutelar deity, in that particular member."

Nearly the same scenes strike the eye of the visitor as he passes from church to church. In the darkness of the building, the dimly-burning lamps, the people kneeling here and there, the priest, on whose back a large cross is embroidered, the pictures of saints and of the Virgin, often gaily adorned, and the chanting, drowsy and monotonous, there is, whatever may be the style or wealth of the edifice, a strange similitude. Equally heartless is the prevalent feeling of the attendants. The lips utter words, but the mind wanders to objects not referred to in them. The beggar will stop in his muttered prayers to ask an alms, and the teacher of music will rise from her knees to offer the lingering visitors her card; each of them then returning to the interrupted Ave Marias or Pater Nosters.

Thus a staircase in Rome, said to have been brought from Pilate's house, and to have been stained by the Redeemer's blood, is climbed by multitudes of devotees, who vainly suppose that they thereby render God service. Altars, to which are attributed peculiar sanctity, are thus inscribed, "Every mass performed at this altar frees a soul from purgatory." Various are the excesses at Rome, the kissing of which is said to confer an indulgence for some specific time. In the church of the Ara Coeli, it is said, an [illegible] has [illegible] kisses [illegible] kisses [illegible] hundred [illegible]

[illegible] Jag[illegible] side [illegible] the [illegible] any [illegible] special [illegible] church possesses [illegible] lous Bambino; to [illegible] multitudes resort [illegible] ingly, especially at the [illegible] is arranged after the manner of [illegible] the scene of the nativity is represented by a group of figures the size of life, tastefully disposed, and brilliantly lighted. In the foreground, on the left-hand side, painted in natural colors, and dressed in real garments, is a wooden figure of the Virgin, kneeling at the side of a cradle or litter, in which the infant Saviour appears reposing on the ground, accompanied on the right-hand side by Joseph, and the wise men of the East, kneeling in the attitude of adoration. The principal object of the group is represented by the miraculous Bambino, a wooden image, said to have been made of a tree that grew on the Mount of Olives; it now appears lying on its back, with the feet toward the spectator. The figure, about the size of a child of two years old, with cheeks remarkably full and round, painted red and white, like the cheeks of a doll, wears on its head a gilded crown sparkling with jewels, and is enveloped with swaddling clothes of scarlet and gold, which, after the Italian fashion, conceal the whole body like the cerements of a mummy. So great is the concourse of people, especially at the Christmas festival, that, "for three, four, or five days, while the Bambino is being exhibited, it is impossible to penetrate the compact mass of people gathered round about, or even catch a glimpse of the object, without very considerable exertion; while the gaiety of manner and lively scene of the peasantry, who form two-thirds of the multitude, impart to both degree the character of a secular entertainment to the religious ceremony, so much so, that the [illegible] steps belong to [illegible] crowded with a [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the hope of relief to be obtained through its divine agency, in cases of mortal ailment, make application to the friars of the convent, and by special request cause the figure to be transported to the chamber of a dying member of the family. "I chanced," says Sir George Head, "to meet the Bambino on one such occasion, on its way to the chamber of the afflicted person, whither it was conveyed in an ordinary hired carriage, covered with a scarlet cloth, and resting on the knees of two Franciscan friars, who sat apart in each corner of the vehicle.

"Once, during the Christmas festival, entering into conversation with a well-dressed and intelligent-looking Italian of the middle class, whom I met among the crowd, and asking him questions on the subject, he assured me, in the gravest tone and manner possible, that the miraculous cures performed in Rome by the Bambino were more than he could mention."

While superstition, and that of the grossest kind, is thus so painfully apparent, it can excite no surprise that skepticism should generally prevail. They have been the twin offsprings of corrupt Christianity from the earliest times. When Luther visited Rome, he was shocked by the infidelity of the priesthood, which they were not ashamed to avow even in the celebration of mass. The same state of thought and feeling has been continued to the present day. The young Romans, and the educated in the middle and upper ranks of all ages, are generally Deists. They go once a year to confession to avoid scandal, but speak with contempt of the mummeries and impostures they daily witness.

Such are a few glimpses of modern Rome. We lift not the vail of still darker moral scenes. Suffice it to say, that while the more ostensible enormities of the ancient heathenism have passed away, the actual every-day morals of the people are little, if anything, above the vices of the ancient city.

A BEAUTIFUL METEOR.

HOPE is a beautiful meteor; like the rainbow, it is not only lovely because of its seven rich and radiant stripes—it is the memorial of a covenant entered into between man and his Maker, telling us we were born for immortality; destined, unless we sepulchre our greatness, to the highest honor and noblest happiness. Hope proves man deathless; it is the struggle of the soul breaking loose from what is perishable, and attesting her eternity; and when the eye of the mind is turned upon Christ delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justification, the unsubstantial and deceitful character is taken away from hope. Hope is one of the prime pieces of that armor of proof in which the believer is arrayed; for Paul tells us to take for a helmet the hope of salvation. It is not good that a man hope for wealth, since riches profit not in the day of wrath; and it is not good that he hope for human honors, since the mean and mighty go down to the same burial. But it is good that he hope for salvation. The meteor then gathers like a golden halo around his head, and, as he presses forward in the battle-time, no weapon of the Evil One can pierce through that helmet. It is good, then, that he hope; it is good, also, that he quietly wait. There is much promised in Scripture to the waiting upon God. Men wish an immediate answer to prayer, and think themselves forgotten unless the reply be instantaneous. It is a great mistake. The delay is often part, and a great part of the answer. It exercises faith, and hope, and patience; and what better thing can be done for us than strengthening those graces to whose growth shall be proportioned the splendors of immortality? It is good, then, that we wait. "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." —*H. Melville.*

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "BLACKGUARDS."—In all great houses, but particularly in royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the woodyard, sculleries, &c. Of these, (for in the lowest depth there was a lower still,) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchen, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name of *blackguards*—a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never before properly explained.

THE ALCHEMISTS.*

THREE causes have especially excited the discontent of mankind; and, by impelling us to seek for remedies for the irremediable, have bewildered us in a maze of madness and error. These are death, toil, and ignorance of the future—the doom of man upon this sphere, and for which he shows his antipathy by his love of life, his longing for abundance, and his craving curiosity to pierce the secrets of the days to come. The first has led many to imagine that they might find means to avoid death, or, failing in this, that they might, nevertheless, so prolong existence as to reckon it by centuries instead of units. From this sprang the search, so long continued and still pursued, for the *elixir vitæ*, or *water of life*, which has led thousands to pretend to it and millions to believe in it. From the second sprang the search for the philosopher's stone, which was to create plenty by changing all metals into gold; and from the third, the sciences astrology, divination, and their divisions of necromancy, chiromancy, augury, with all their train of signs, portents, and omens.

For more than a thousand years the art of alchemy captivated many noble spirits, and was believed in by millions. Its origin is involved in obscurity. Some of its devotees have claimed for it an antiquity coeval with the creation of man himself; others, again, would trace it no further back than the time of Noah. Vincent de Beauvais argues, indeed, that all the antediluvians must have possessed a knowledge of alchemy; and particularly cites Noah as having been acquainted with the *elixir vitæ*, or he could not have lived to so prodigious an age, and have begotten children when upward of five hundred. Lenglet du Fresnoy, in his *History of the Hermetic Philosophy*, says:—"Most of them pretended that Shem, or Chem, the son of Noah, was an adept in the art, and thought it highly probable that the words *chem*istry and al*chem*y are both derived from his name." Others say, the art was derived from the Egyptians, amongst whom it was first founded by Hermes Trismegistus. Moses, who is looked upon as a first-rate alchemist, gained his knowledge in Egypt; but he kept it all to himself, and would not instruct the children of Israel in its mysteries. All the writers upon alchemy triumphantly cite the story of the golden calf, in the 32d chapter of Exodus, to prove that this great lawgiver was an adept, and could make or unmake gold at his pleasure. It is recorded that Moses was so wroth with the Israelites for their idolatry, "that he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it." This, say the alchemists, he never could have done had he not been in possession of the philosopher's stone; by no other means could he have made the powder of gold float upon the water. The Jesuit, Father Martini, in his *Historia Sinica*, says it was practiced by the Chinese two thousand five hundred years before the birth of Christ;

* This article is condensed from Macculloch.

but his assertion, being unsupported, is worth nothing. It would appear, however, that pretenders to the art of making gold and silver existed in Rome in the first centuries after the Christian era, and that, when discovered, they were liable to punishment as knaves and impostors. At Constantinople, in the fourth century, the transmutation of metals was very generally believed in, and many of the Greek ecclesiastics wrote treatises upon the subject. Their names are preserved, and some notice of their works given, in the third volume of Langlet du Fresnoy's *History of the Hermetic Philosophy*. Their notion appears to have been, that all metals were composed of two substances: the one, metallic earth; and the other, a red inflammable matter, which they called sulphur. The pure union of these substances formed gold; but other metals were mixed with and contaminated by various foreign ingredients. The object of the philosopher's stone was to dissolve or neutralize all these ingredients, by which iron, lead, copper, and all metals would be transmuted into the original gold. Many learned and clever men wasted their time, their health, and their energies, in this vain pursuit; but for several centuries it took no great hold upon the imagination of the people. The history of the delusion appears, in a manner, lost from this time till the eighth century, when it appeared amongst the Arabians. From this period it becomes easier to trace its progress. A master then appeared, who was long looked upon as the father of the science, and whose name is indissolubly connected with it.

GEBER.

Of this philosopher, who devoted his life to the study of alchemy, but few particulars are known. He is thought to have lived in the year 730. His true name was Abou Moussah Djafar, to which was added Al Sofi, or "The Wise," and he was born at Houran, in Mesopotamia. Some have thought he was a Greek, others a Spaniard, and others a prince of Hindostan; but of all the mistakes which have been made respecting him, the most ludicrous was that made by the French translator of Sprenger's *History of Medicine*, who thought, from the sound of his name, that he was a German, and rendered it as the "Donnateur," or Giver. No details of his life are known; but it is asserted, that he wrote more than five hundred works upon the philosopher's stone and the water of life. He was a great enthusiast in his art, and compared the incredulous to little children shut up in a narrow room, without windows or aperture, who, because they saw nothing beyond, denied the existence of the great globe itself. He thought that a preparation of gold would cure all maladies, not only in man, but in the inferior animals and plants. He also imagined that all the metals labored under disease, with the exception of gold, which was the only one in perfect health. He affirmed, that the secret of the philosopher's stone had been more than once discovered; but that the ancient and wise men who had hit upon it would never, by word or writing, communicate it to men, because of their unworthiness and incredulity. But the life of Geber, though spent in the pursuit of this vain chimera, was not altogether useless. He stumbled upon discoveries which he did not seek; and science is indebted to him for the first mention of corrosive sublimate, the red oxyd of mercury, nitric acid, and the nitrate of silver.

For more than two hundred years after the death of Geber, the Arabian philosophers devoted themselves to the study of alchemy, joining it with that of astrology.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

This philosopher was born in the year 1193, of a noble family, at Lawingen, in the Duchy of Neuburg, on the Danube. For the first thirty years of his life he appeared remarkably dull and stupid, and it was feared by every one that no good could come of him. He entered a Dominican monastery at an early age, but made so little progress in his studies, that he was more than once upon the point of abandoning them in despair; but he was endowed with extraordinary perseverance. As he advanced to middle

age, his mind expanded, and he learned whatever he applied himself to with extreme facility. So remarkable a change was not in that age to be accounted for but by a miracle. It was asserted and believed that the Holy Virgin, touched with his great desire to become learned and famous, took pity upon his incapacity, and appeared to him in the cloister where he sat almost despairing, and asked him whether he wished to excel in philosophy or divinity. He chose philosophy, to the chagrin of the Virgin, who reproached him in mild and sorrowful accents that he had not made a better choice. She, however, granted his request, that he should become the most excellent philosopher of the age; but set this drawback to his pleasure, that he should relapse, when at the height of his fame, into his former incapacity and stupidity. Albertus never took the trouble to contradict the story, but prosecuted his studies with such unremitting zeal, that his reputation speedily spread over all Europe. In the year 1244, the celebrated THOMAS AQUINAS placed himself under his tuition. Many extraordinary stories are told of the master and his pupil. While they paid all due attention to other branches of science, they never neglected the pursuit of the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vitæ*. Although they discovered neither, it was believed that Albert had seized some portion of the secret of life, and found means to animate a brazen statue, upon the formation of which, under proper conjunctions of the planets, he had been occupied many years of his life. He and Thomas Aquinas completed it together, endowed it with the faculty of speech, and made it perform the functions of a domestic servant. In this capacity it was exceedingly useful; but, through some defect in the machinery, it chattered much more than was agreeable to either philosopher. Various remedies were tried to cure it of its garrulity, but in vain; and one day, Thomas Aquinas was so enraged at the noise it made when he was in the midst of a mathematical problem, that he seized a ponderous hammer and smashed it to pieces. He was sorry afterward for what he had done, and was reproved by his master for giving way to his anger, so unbecoming in a philosopher. They made no attempt to reanimate the statue.

Such stories as these show the spirit of the age. Every great man who attempted to study the secrets of nature was thought a magician; and hence it is not to be wondered at that, when philosophers themselves pretended to discover an elixir for conferring immortality, or a red stone which was to create boundless wealth, popular opinion should have enhanced their pretensions, and have endowed them with powers still more miraculous. It was believed of Albertus Magnus that he could even change the course of the seasons—a feat which the many thought less difficult than the discovery of the grand elixir.

Albertus Magnus was made Bishop of Ratisbon in 1259; but he occupied the see only four years, when he resigned, on the ground that its duties occupied too much of the time which he was anxious to devote to philosophy. He died in Cologne in 1280, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. The Dominican writers deny that he ever sought the philosopher's stone, but his treatise upon minerals sufficiently proves that he did.

ARNOLD DE VILLENEUVE.

THIS philosopher has left a distinguished reputation. He was born in the year 1245, and studied medicine with great success in the University of Paris. He afterward traveled for twenty years in Italy and Germany, where he made acquaintance with Pietro d'Apone, a man of a character akin to his own, and addicted to the same pursuits. As a physician, he was thought, in his own lifetime, to be the most able the world had ever seen. Like all the learned men of that day, he dabbled in astrology and alchemy, and was thought to have made immense quantities of gold from lead and copper. When Pietro d'Apone was arrested in Italy, and brought to trial as a sorcerer, a similar accusation was made against Arnold; but he managed to leave the country in time, and escape the fate of his unfortunate friend. He lost some credit by predicting the end of the world, but afterward regained it. The time of his death is not exactly known; but it must have been prior to the year 1311, when Pope Clement V. wrote a circular letter to all the clergy of Europe who lived under his obedience, praying them to use their utmost efforts to discover the famous treatise of Arnold on *The Practice of Medicine*. The author had promised,

ARNOLD DE VILLENEUVE.

during his lifetime, to make a present of the work to the Holy See, but died without fulfilling it.

In a very curious work by Monsieur Longeville Harcouet, entitled *History of the Persons who have lived several centuries and then grown young again*, there is a receipt, said to have been given by Arnold de Villeneuve, by means of which any one might prolong his life for a few hundred years or so. In the first place, say Arnold and Monsieur Harcouet, "the person intending so to prolong his life must rub himself well, two or three times a week, with the juice or marrow of cassia, (*moëlle de la casse.*) Every night, upon going to bed, he must put upon his heart a plaster, composed of a certain quantity of oriental saffron, red rose-leaves, sandal-wood, aloes, and amber, liquefied in oil of roses and the best white wax. In the morning, he must take it off, and inclose it carefully in a leaden box till the next night, when it must be again applied. If he be of a sanguine temperament, he shall take sixteen chickens; if phlegmatic, twenty-five; and if melancholy, thirty, which he shall put into a yard where the air and the water are pure. Upon these he is to feed, eating one a day; but previously the chickens are to be fattened by a peculiar method, which will impregnate their flesh with the qualities that are to produce longevity in the eater. Being deprived of all other nourishment till they are almost dying of hunger, they are to be fed upon broth made of serpents and vinegar, which broth is to be thickened with wheat and bran." Various ceremonies are to be performed in the cooking of this mess, which those may see in the book of M. Harcouet who are at all interested in the matter; and the chickens are to be fed upon it for two months. They are then fit for table, and are to be washed down with moderate quantities of good white wine or claret. This regimen is to be followed regularly every seven years, and any one may live to be as old as Methuselah! It is right to state that M. Harcouet has but little authority for attributing this precious composition to Arnold of Villeneuve. It is not found in the collected works of that philosopher; but was first brought to light by a Monsieur Poirier, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, who asserted that he had discovered it in MS. in the undoubted writing of Arnold.

RAYMOND LULLI.

While Arnold de Villeneuve flourished in France, a more celebrated adept appeared in Spain. This was Raymond Lulli, a name which stands in the first rank among the alchemists. Unlike many of his predecessors, he made no pretensions to astrology or necromancy; but, taking Geber for his model, studied intently the nature and composition of metals, without reference to charms, incantations, or any foolish ceremonies. It was not, however, till late in life that he commenced his study of the art. His early and middle age were spent in a different manner, and his whole history is romantic in the extreme. He was born of an illustrious family, in Majorca, in the year 1235. When that island was taken from the Saracens by James I., King of Aragon, in 1230, the father of Raymond,

who was originally of Catalonia, settled there, and received a considerable appointment from the crown. Raymond married at an early age; and, being fond of pleasure, he left the solitudes of his native isle, and passed over with his bride into Spain. He was made Grand Seneschal at the court of King James, and led a gay life for several years; till at last he threw up his valuable appointment at the court, separated from his wife, and took a farewell of his children, after dividing one-half of his ample fortune among them. The other half he shared among the poor. He then threw himself at the foot of a crucifix, and devoted himself to the service of God, vowing, as the most acceptable atonement for his errors, that he would employ the remainder of his days in the task of converting the Mussulmans to the Christian religion. In his dreams he saw Jesus Christ, who said to him, "Raymond! Raymond! follow me!" The vision was three times repeated, and Raymond was convinced that it was an intimation direct from heaven. Having put his affairs in order, he set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostello, and afterward lived for ten years in solitude amid the mountains of Aranda. Here he learned the Arabic, to qualify himself for his mission of converting the Mohammedans. He also studied various sciences, as taught in the works of the learned men of the East, and first made acquaintance with the writings of Geber, which were destined to exercise so much influence over his future life.

At the end of this probation, and when he had entered his fortieth year, he emerged from his solitude into more active life. With some remains of his fortune, which had accumulated during his retirement, he founded a college for the study of Arabic, which was approved of by the pope, with many commendations upon his zeal and piety. At this time he narrowly escaped assassination from an Arabian youth whom he had taken into his service. Raymond had prayed to God, in some of his accesses of fanaticism, that he might suffer martyrdom in his holy cause. His servant had overheard him; and, being as great a fanatic as his master, he resolved to gratify his wish, and punish him, at the same time, for the curses which he incessantly launched against Mohammed and all who believed in him, by stabbing him to the heart. He therefore aimed a blow at his master as he sat one day at table; but the instinct of self-preservation being stronger than the desire of martyrdom, Raymond grappled with his antagonist, and overthrew him. He scorned to take his life himself; but handed him over to the authorities of the town, by whom he was afterward found dead in his prison.

After this adventure Raymond traveled to Paris, where he resided for some time, and made the acquaintance of Arnold de Villeneuve. From him he probably received some encouragement to search for the philosopher's stone, as he began from that time forth to devote less of his attention to religious matters, and more to the study of alchemy. Still he never lost sight of the great object for which he lived —the conversion of the Mohammedans— and proceeded to Rome, to communicate personally with Pope John XXI. on the best measures to be adopted for that end. The pope gave him encouragement in words, but failed to associate any other persons with him in the enterprise which he meditated. Raymond, therefore, set out for Tunis alone, and was kindly received by many Arabian philosophers, who had heard of his fame as a professor of alchemy; but he began cursing Mohammed, and got himself into trouble. While preaching the doctrines of Christianity in the great bazaar of Tunis, he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was shortly afterward brought to trial, and sentenced to death. Some of his philosophic friends interceded hard for him, and he was pardoned upon condition that he left Africa immediately and never again set foot in it. If he was found there again, no matter what his object might be, or whatever length of time might intervene, his original sentence would be carried into execution. Raymond was not at all solicitous of martyrdom when it came to the point, whatever he might have been when there was no danger, and he gladly accepted his life upon these conditions, and left Tunis with the intention of proceeding to Rome. He afterward changed his plan, and established himself at Milan, where, for a length of time, he practiced alchemy, and some say astrology, with great success.

Most writers who believed in the secrets of alchemy, and who have noticed the life of Raymond Lulli, assert, that while in Milan, he received letters from Edward,

King of England, inviting him to settle in his states. They add that Lulli gladly accepted the invitation, and had apartments assigned for his use in the Tower of London, where he refined much gold, superintended the coinage of "rose-nobles," and made gold out of iron, quicksilver, lead, and pewter, to the amount of six millions. The writers in the *Biographie Universelle*, an excellent authority in general, deny that Raymond was ever in England, and say, that in all these stories of his wondrous powers as an alchemist, he has been mistaken for another Raymond, a Jew of Tarragona. Naudé, in his *Apologie*, says simply, "that six millions were given by Raymond Lulli to King Edward, to make war against the Turks and other infidels:" not that he transmuted so much metal into gold; but, as he afterward adds, that he advised Edward to lay a tax upon wool, which produced that amount.

Edmond Dickenson, in his work on the *Quintessences of the Philosopher*, says that Raymond worked in Westminster Abbey, where, a long time after his departure, there was found in the cell which he had occupied a great quantity of golden dust, of which the architects made a great profit. In the biographical sketch of John Cremer, Abbot of Westminster, given by Lenglet, it is said that it was chiefly through his instrumentality that Raymond came to England. Cremer had been himself for thirty years occupied in the vain search for the philosopher's stone, when he accidentally met Raymond in Italy, and endeavored to induce him to communicate his grand secret. Raymond told him that he must find it for himself, as all great alchemists had done before him. Cremer, on his return to England, spoke to King Edward in high terms of the wonderful attainments of the philosopher, and a letter of invitation was forthwith sent him. Robert Constantinus, in the *Nomenclator Scriptorum Medicorum*, published in 1515, says, that after a great deal of research, he found that Raymond Lulli resided for some time in London, and that he actually made gold, by means of the philosopher's stone, in the Tower; that he had seen the golden pieces of his coinage, which were still named in England the nobles of Raymond, or rose-nobles. Lulli himself appears to have boasted that he made gold; for in his well-known *Testamentum* he states that he converted no less than fifty thousand pounds weight of quicksilver, lead, and pewter into that metal. It seems highly probable that the English king, believing in the extraordinary powers of the alchemist, invited him to England to make test of them, and that he was employed in refining gold and in coining. Camden, who is not credulous in matters like these, affords his countenance to the story of his coinage of nobles; and there is nothing at all wonderful in the fact of a man famous for his knowledge of metals being employed in such a capacity. Raymond was, at this time, an old man, in his seventy-seventh year, and somewhat in his dotage. He was willing enough to have it believed that he had discovered the grand secret, and supported the rumor rather than contradicted it. He did not long remain in England, but returned to Rome to carry out the projects which were nearer to his heart than the profession of alchemy. He had proposed them to several successive popes, with little or no success. The first was a plan for the introduction of the oriental languages into all the monasteries of Europe; the second, for the reduction into one of all the military orders, that, being united, they might move more efficaciously against the Saracens; and the third, that the sovereign pontiff should forbid the works of Averroes to be read in the schools, as being more favorable to Mohammedanism than to Christianity. The pope did not receive the old man with much cordiality; and after remaining for about two years in Rome, he proceeded once more to Africa, alone and unprotected, to preach the gospel. He landed at Bona in 1314, and so irritated the Mohammedans by cursing their prophet, that they stoned him, and left him for dead on the seashore. He was found some hours afterward by a party of Genoese merchants, who conveyed him on board their vessel, and sailed toward Majorca. The unfortunate man still breathed, but could not articulate. He lingered in this state for some days, and expired just as the vessel arrived within sight of his native shores. His body was conveyed with great pomp to the church of St. Eulalia, at Palma, where a public funeral was instituted in his honor. Miracles were afterward said to have been worked at his tomb.

Thus ended the career of Raymond Lulli, one of the most extraordinary men

of his age, and, with the exception of his last boast about the six millions of gold, the least inclined to quackery of any of the professors of alchymy. His writings were very numerous, and include nearly five hundred volumes, upon grammar, rhetoric, morals, theology, politics, civil and canon law, physics, metaphysics, astronomy, medicine, and chemistry.

(To be continued.)

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.*

[Translated from the French, for The National Magazine.]

TO those who like to contemplate the mysteries of human nature, the abysses it discloses, and all the enchanted world of its desires, passions, and hopes, this book will prove an interesting acquisition, as it has been to us. It is a journey into the regions of the soul and the thoughts, which interests and discloses certain secrets of human character, as few other such journeys can do. You are enabled to distinguish and enumerate all the volcanoes which the nineteenth century has opened to us,—love of change, restlessness, pride; in fine, all the youthful passions of modern times, running to and fro with disheveled locks, and brandishing their thyrsi like bacchants. The virtues of the past still live, however, though concealed in retirement, aged, almost exhausted, ready to expire, and tormented in their last hours by pitiless hobgoblins, cries of despair, or mocking sarcasms. The perusal of this work produces in the soul a feeling of sadness—almost of compassion. The most brilliant imagination, united to such inability of realizing its conceptions; so much imperious pride with so many failures; so much eloquence with so much delirium; to reduce to nothing the most precious gifts of nature and providence, by all the caprices and the phantasies of will and character; to pass like a flaming meteor through the midst of men, inspiring them with mingled astonishment and terror; loved only in being feared; considered everywhere as a splendid accident, whose law is unknown—such was the sad and lamentable destiny of Margaret Fuller, Marchioness d'Ossoli, prophet, sibyl, a queen without a kingdom, seeking everywhere to gather subjects under her sceptre, neophytes to convert to her creed, or slaves to liberate. With her uncommon intelligence, and her entirely misdirected mind, she is the most complete representative of the excellences and defects of the most celebrated women of our time; possessed of true candor, notwithstanding all her pride, of irreproachable conduct, her faults and her merits always remained in a metaphysical state; and this is why she deserves, notwithstanding her singularity, that those who do not share the enthusiasm of her friends—to whom she is neither goddess nor prophetess—should speak of her only with reserve, justice, and sympathy.

Of all the celebrated women of the nineteenth century, (we do not include Madame de Staël, whose correctness and clearness of mind cannot accommodate themselves to such comparisons, and who should not be mentioned with most other writers of her sex,) Margaret Fuller is certainly the most individual, the least *abandonee;* in short, has the most resistance and character. Proud and imperious, she never abdicated her reason nor her will; she had not the passive, obedient, almost humble nature, of Bettina, whose child-like character only asked to be conquered; she had not the irresistible and equivocal attractions of George Sand; nothing of that overpowering strength which the river possesses when enlarged by storms; she had not the prodigious courage of Lady Stanhope, who threw herself into abysses in order to explore their depths, nor the relative modesty of Rachel de Vainhagan, happy in exercising her influence over a circle of chosen friends, content to be on a footing of equality with them, and freely to express her thoughts to them. She, on the contrary, had only one thought,—to govern; only one ambition,—to reign. A desire of power, misdirected, and always enveloped in the vapors of idealism, penetrates all her words. Give to her life a definite object, withdraw her from her German studies, instead of the world of metaphysicians and poets in which she lived, throw her into the political and active world, and you would have, immediately, the chief of a party, a leader, after the manner of Madam Roland, for example. Give her a strictly religious and Catholic education,

* Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, edited Ralph Waldo Emerson and W. H. Channing;

and you would see her submit to the most terrible experiences to found or reform some monastic order; and always the governor, employing her powerful will in directing the mysterious flock of tormented souls who have sought repose in cloistered retirement. Instead of the exclusively literary training to which the imprudence of her father condemned her, give her a more *gymnastic* education, if we may so express ourselves, the education of an Amazon instead of that of the scholar, and you would soon see her attempt the most perilous adventures, perhaps withdrawing to the desert to found kingdoms, and undertaking political and military enterprises, after the manner of Lady Stanhope. The circumstances and the manners of her country, her education and the mediocrity of her fortune, prevented Margaret Fuller from launching into these dangers. All the abnormal force which she possessed found nothing on which to exercise itself, happily perhaps for her memory; it remained always in the latent state; unable to display itself outwardly, her moral life slowly consumed, and made her existence one long fever. Margaret should have limited herself to the part of a muse and of Egeria. Is this true? No; these words, which awake the idea of persuasiveness in the mind, of modesty and sweetness, do not belong to her. Even in her character of inspirer, she always finds means to make her superiority and her power felt; there is still more of the magician than of the muse or the beneficent fairy in her composition. Eloquent, proud, gifted with a great power of attraction and moral magnetism, she appears to us, in the midst of her cortége of friends, metaphysicians, poets, gray-haired students, young enthusiasts, and intellectual women, as the Circe of the American literary world and of the idealistic school.

To comprehend the character of Margaret Fuller, this essential trait must be recognized—her love of power. All her words, all her actions, emanate from and circle around this single point. To those who have not understood this original vice or this innate virtue, whichever it may be termed, her character is most complicated, —it is entirely inexplicable. We shall confine ourselves as much as possible to the unfolding of her character, now that we know what was the foundation of it; and the moral lesson, if there is any, will be drawn better from a simple analysis than from a discussion of it.

Before entering into the analysis of these memoirs, however, a few words are necessary upon the book itself, and upon the compilers and arrangers of Margaret's papers. The editors are three in number: one is cousin of Margaret, Mr. James Freeman Clark; the second is a celebrated man, Ralph Waldo Emerson; the third, in place of personal celebrity, bears the illustrious name of Channing. We shall not reproach them with their concealments in certain places, we shall not ask of them the secrets and the facts which they have retained; but we have a right to reproach them with the method which they have employed in the arrangement of these memoirs, and the singular style of narration by which they have patched up among them the fragments left by Margaret. In reading these pages, written in so mystical, extravagant, almost occult and cabalistic a style, it seems scarcely like reading of a being of flesh and blood, but of some fantastic personage from one of the planets; it would be taken for the biography of a mysterious stranger, rather than that of a beloved friend. The work has been written in the style of Novalis's *Disciples de Saïs* and Byron's *Lara*. The associates of Lara could not otherwise relate what they knew of the mysterious page; the disciples of Saïs could not in any other manner have explained the teachings or displayed the science of their master. This style of narrative produces endless suppositions in the mind of the reader, and leaves him with an incomplete knowledge, which easily leads to reverie; but it is not suited to biography. In the second place, the editors have broken the unity of these memoirs by dividing the task; each, in his admiration of Margaret Fuller, has desired to say what he himself knew of her. This is doubtless an honorable sentiment, but it increases the dithyrambs and repetitions of the book without adding new facts or remembrances Each in turn recommences the portrait of Margaret, and resumes the strain of eulogy and panegyric which the first had finished. Emerson, doubtless, instructs us the most; and it is to be regretted that he had not the entire arrangement of these memoirs. Emerson saw the most clearly into her

character, and he has told us her faults with the least reserve and prudery. He is the most skeptical, the most defying, and the most analytic of the three. We repeat, it is to be regretted that the work is not entirely his own; he would have gained by it, and the character of Margaret Fuller would have lost nothing. The praise and admiration of Messrs. Clark and Channing, on the contrary, are much more prejudicial to it; for they give rise to the suspicion that their friendship has closed their eyes, or at least prevented them from seeing clearly.

Sarah Margaret Fuller, eldest daughter of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane, was born the 23d of May, 1810, at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. We have from Margaret's own hand her first remembrances of infancy, somewhat romantically written. These early impressions are described with charming vivacity. At the same time a sentiment of sadness and of sullen *ennui* envelops these remembrances, which are usually so pleasant, —which have all the freshness of water at its source, of light at its aurora. To men, whatever may be the after fatality of their existence, or the niggardly mediocrity of their condition, the spring-time of life is at least covered and surrounded with a magic atmosphere, and natural objects, which have then all the charm of novelty, produce in us ineffaceable impressions of verdure, color, and light. Their images are defined in the most radiant hues; all of us then saw brighter sunshine than we have since seen, whiter snows and greener trees. Margaret felt these impressions with the rest of the world; but they were opposed, and these first days of life were rendered gloomy to her. Her father, a distinguished lawyer and politician, who afterward represented the county of Middlesex in the Congress of the United States, was certainly not a tyrant; but he belonged to that numerous class of parents who have a premature zeal for their children, and with whom affection changes to ambition. The son of a Massachusetts clergyman, the last remains of the Puritan austerity of the past, and the active spirit of the present, were united in him. He was a man whose temporal wishes were all limited, his daughter tells us, to being a respected citizen, and to the possession of a competency. A good son, a good brother, a good neighbor, a man of the most active business habits, she adds, he was one of that class of men of whom a majority has been produced by circumstances among us. Yes; this imprudent father was one of a majority, and, as has so often happened, as we have so often seen among ourselves, he contributed more than any other person, by his imprudence, to alienate his daughter from him, and to repulse her in her early youth.

Doubtless he afterward had reason for repentance when his daughter, agitated with a devouring ambition, and possessing ideas which he could not understand, had become celebrated for the talents and the genius of man: then perhaps it was his turn to wish a more private situation for her, and more modest gifts; but it was too late. The tone of discretion with which Margaret, whose sentiments are full of exuberance, speaks of her father, and the still more discreet affection she manifests whenever he is the subject of discussion, convinces us that they never understood each other, and that the secret reproaches which they inwardly addressed to each other froze the expressions of tenderness upon their lips. The glowing mind of Margaret, her aspirations toward a vague and undetermined ideal, could not be much to the taste of this positive and practical father. We have proof of this in a touching scene, when the paternal sentiment, so long crushed, arose and implored forgiveness for its errors, it may be said. It was in 1835, when Margaret shone in all the brilliancy of her young celebrity and of her eloquence: she fell sick, and for some days her parents feared for her life. "During all this time," says Margaret, "my mother took care of me day and night, scarcely leaving me an instant. My father, habitually so sparing of manifestations of affection, was led by his anxiety to express his sentiments for me in stronger terms than he had ever before used. He thought that I should not recover; and one morning in my chamber, after a few words of conversation, he said to me: 'My dear child, I have thought of you all night, and I cannot remember that you have a single fault. You have defects, as we all have; but I do not know a single fault with which you could be reproached.' These words, so strange and so new with him, affected me

to tears. . . . The family were deeply moved by the fervor of his prayer, on the Sunday morning when I had become convalescent. 'There is no place,' said he, 'for a single painful thought in my mind, now that our daughter is recovering.'"

We may be deceived, but it seems to us that in the expression of this tenderness there is still some severity. The father is still the judge; and though he manifests a certain kind of repentance, hesitation and reserve are nevertheless perceptible in it. On her part, Margaret, as we have said, is more than reserved in her sentiments toward her father. Perhaps she could never forgive him for having planted in her soul the germs of that fever which devoured all her after life. If Margaret had been left to her own nature, it is probable that her life would have been entirely different. Calmness, sensibility, and sweetness would have taken the place of her restless mobility, nervous agitation, unhealthy and unceasing activity. Instead of the prophetess we should have had the woman, which scarcely existed with her; for she was afterward perplexed to decide to which of the sexes her nature belonged.

"She found," says Emerson, "some traits of herself, as she assured us, in a disagreeable novel of Balzac's, *The Mystical Book*, in which an equivocal personage exercises alternately a masculine and feminine influence upon the characters of the tale." The father destroyed the woman in her forever. This imprudence of parents, with its melancholy consequences, is alas too common, especially at the present time; this misdirection of the natural inclinations of children causing more than one to exclaim in after years as Margaret might have said of herself: How is it that we are of the same blood? If our souls were divested of their fleshly envelope, and left to their natural affinities, they would never have met once in the whole course of eternity.

Her father, we cannot see for what reason, gave her a classical education. He subjected her to such discipline, to such studious activity, that the more robust frame of a boy would scarcely have resisted its effects. For her there were no diversions, no young associates, no childish sports: in her melancholy home she had not even the habitual companions of solitary children; the house, so clean, well-arranged, silent, full of uniform comfort, contained no domestic animals, not even a cat, around the fire-side, nor a dog bounding through its halls and garden. The eldest of the family, she had lost a younger sister, who might have proved a companion to her. When, fatigued with the study of Latin, she sought relaxation, she found it only in other books; these she read with ardor and passion; they inflamed her young mind still more, filling it with chimerical images and fantastic visions; yet she could not enjoy this single diversion according to her natural inclination and taste. Her father had expressly forbidden her touching the romances and dramatic works which the library contained. As for other books, she could use them at her pleasure; from Saint Augustine to Helvetius, all were at her command; but Shakspeare and Cervantes must be read in secret. Sometimes, however, temptation was stronger than fear. One Sunday, among others, she was reading Romeo and Juliet in a corner of the room, when her father asked her, "What book interests you so deeply?" "Shakspeare," replied the child, scarcely raising her eyes from the page. "Shakspeare! that is not a suitable book for the Sabbath; put it away and take another." I did as I was told, but I took no other book. When I had returned to my place, the character of the story I had scarcely commenced filled and excited my brain. I could not resist long; I again rose and took the volume. Several other persons were in the room, and I was already half through the drama before attention was again directed to me. "What is the matter with this child, that she does not hear what she is ordered to do?" said my aunt. "What are you reading?" said my father. "Shakspeare!" was again the reply; but this time with a little impatience in the tone. "How is this?" said my father angrily; then restraining himself before his guests, he said, "Give me the book, and go immediately to bed."

It was a severe punishment for Margaret to go to bed. Slumber did not close her eyes; the night-mare alone visited her, for the consequence of the absurd education given by her father had been to disturb her health, "and to make her," as she says truly, "a young prodigy during the day, and during the night a victim of

illusions and night-mares, a somnambulist and a visionary." Her father obliged her to study very late in the evening, and when the hour for retirement came she refused, notwithstanding her fatigue, to go to rest. No one understood why, and her aunt scolded the naughty little girl who would not go to bed. "But they did not know," says Margaret, "that as soon as the light was extinguished, I saw colossal forms slowly advancing toward me, their eyes dilating, and their features enlarging as they approached. They knew not that when the child slept, it was to dream of horses who trampled her beneath their feet; of trees which dripped blood, among which she wandered, without the power of escape. Was it astonishing that the child arose and walked about moaning in her sleep? Once, indeed, her parents, hearing her, came and awoke her; she told them what she had dreamed, and her father harshly bade her think no more of such foolishness, or she would become a fool herself. He did not know that he was himself the cause of these nocturnal horrors."

As she grew older, her attacks of somnambulism were changed to all kinds of nervous diseases. Her education had not only undermined her physical health, it had also deranged the equilibrium of her mental faculties: abstract intelligence governed ever afterward her practical sense of realities; the visions of the night-mare disappeared, but the interior vision only increased. To this first false direction, Margaret owed all the errors of her mind: this premature study of ancient genius developed that immeasurable pride in her, which became the foundation of her character. She acknowledged it herself later in life, and regretted in excellent language that she had not preferred the Bible to the brilliant geniuses of Greece and Rome. "I find in the Bible," she said, "all the moral obliquities of human characters confessed with *candeur*, while the Greeks are full of resources for explaining and justifying all the irregularities of our nature." To her early education she owed a certain unsociability which never left her, and which she preserved in the most intimate relations of life: she always felt her first solitude, and in the midst of her numerous friends she lived in a kind of moral isolation. When they [illegible], it was to herself she listened, and it is too evident that she only used them as echoes to repeat her own words in a different tone. Her education early exhausted nature in her. The faculties of Margaret are grand, but they are abstract; her life is irreproachable, but it is sterile; a metaphysical cloud envelopes all her words; her actions want spontaneity; the power of creation, of production, had been destroyed in the germ with her. All that she said and wrote is brilliant, but arid, dry, and impalpable; it is the dust of the diamond sparkling in the sunlight. Margaret may be regarded as the type of the victims of education: her rich nature, her susceptible organization, was suppressed; all the original faculties she possessed, changed to singularity; all the credulity she had, degenerated into superstition.

This precocious development of intelligence early imparted to Margaret a certain ideal of perfection. She sought everywhere around for the men of Shakspeare and Plutarch, and to her great regret she found them not; her father's house, her fireside, her family had something of meanness, and everything wanted nobleness and beauty. At church and in her walks, she recognized only decent imbecility and vulgarity. Her eyes wandered with coldness and disdain over this common-place world, and over these people, whose only merit was their comfortable appearance, when one day they rested upon an unknown person, whose aspect betrayed her aristocratic origin. It was an English lady, "the slowly distilled result of numberless years of civilization and of European culture." It was like a revelation for Margaret: before her, living and graceful, arose the vague ideal of perfection, sketched by her young imagination in her confused dreams. The acquaintance was soon made, and Margaret, during the remaining residence of the beautiful Englishwoman, had one place where she could indulge her reveries and satisfy her necessity of weeping, without being troubled with an imperious word. The sympathy was reciprocal, and the stranger, during her stay in the United States, formed with no person more intimate relations than with this child. Margaret expressed to her all the poetry of America, and she embodied to Margaret all the poetry of Europe. "On our shores she had found only cities, the every-day business of men and women, the same

objects of life, and the same manners of her own country, without that elegant culture which she doubtless estimated highly, because it was a necessity and a habit with her; but in the mind of the child she saw the fresh prairies and the virgin forests, after which she had so long sighed. And I saw in her the storied castles, the grand parks, and the wonderful events of the past."

This first friendship is one of the events in the life of Margaret which best explains certain sides of her character. She had the most profound horror of all that was vulgar, and would have had life beautiful in its minute details. The friendship of the noble Englishwoman furnished her with a point of comparison which she never possessed till then; it explained to her the innate aversion which she had felt for the trifling and the mean; and she always regretted not having been brought up elsewhere than in her own family. "You did not sympathize with me, formerly," she wrote afterward to Mr. Freeman Clark, "when I expressed to you my regret at not having been raised among noble and beautiful people, instead of among the trivialities and the contemptible conflicts which rendered my childhood a period so hateful to my memory and my taste." The avowal which Margaret here makes is one of the most delicate nature; it implies a kind of contempt for her family and her fellow-citizens; nevertheless, we venture to say, Margaret expressed a sentiment which has been the foundation of many erroneous opinions among us, the causes of which were inexplicable. With us, life is wanting in beauty and nobleness. Familiar occupations, the trivialities of existence weigh heavily upon us, and they are no longer elevated as formerly by a general sentiment of the object of life; they no longer disappear before a superior and dominant passion. From this absence of beauty and nobleness proceed, in a great measure, the wandering imaginations of many youthful minds. I have often remarked that many young socialists were unsuccessful aristocrats, and that the determining cause of their opinions was the vulgarity of the people among whom they were condemned to live.

The departure of the stranger who had been a confidant and a friend for Margaret was a great grief; discontent, which had been unknown for several months, returned, bringing with it still more anxieties than formerly. "I do not know what disturbs this child," said her father one day; "she is not sick, but certainly she will become an idiot; she must have change of air." To accomplish this laudable design, he placed her in the school of Miss Prescott, at Groton, Massachusetts. But the society of her young companions could not modify her character, nor appease the inward fever which destroyed her. The bent had been given to her soul forever; and the eccentric turn of her mind, which had only revealed itself in the absolute solitude in which she had lived, was immediately discovered when she was placed in contact with a numerous society. Lelia at the boarding-school was never more inexplicable to her companions than was Margaret Fuller. The irregularities of mood which her young friends saw in her, at first excited their liveliest curiosity, but very soon perplexed them. Capricious and sensible, fantastic, passionate, sometimes seeking solitude and making them feel her contempt, sometimes abandoning herself to paroxysms of frantic joy, she had at that time the character attributed by Orientals to the turning dervishes; she exalted her spirits with her words, her songs, and her steps, and then fell back upon herself full of fever and languor. Her costume, which was always distinguished by something unusual, when corrected by her teacher, reappeared the next moment. At one time, among others, she had a mania for painting her cheeks, which threatened to become a habit, of which she was cured by a very innocent pleasantry of her companions, followed, however, by disagreeable consequences. One day her fellow-pupils all came to her, laughing gayly, with their cheeks of an unaccustomed redness. Anger took possession of her, a diabolical idea entered her mind; she revenged herself by sowing the seeds of hatred among her companions, by exciting jealousy and envy among them, by secretly undermining their affectionate relations, till one evening, her perfidy being discovered, she was summoned to answer the accusations brought against her. This blow struck to her heart, and threw her into despair which nearly destroyed her. To see herself accused of falsehood, to feel herself humiliated, inferior at that moment to all those before

whom her shame was displayed, was too much at once for the proud girl. From that time she promised to remain faithful to truth and to humble her pride: she kept the first of these promises; but as for her pride, it remained with her always.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHEY IN HIS LIBRARY.

MANY of his old books being in vellum or parchment bindings, (says his biographer,) he had taken much pains to render them ornamental portions of the furniture of his shelves. His brother Thomas was skillful in caligraphy; and by his assistance their backs were painted with some bright color, and upon it the title placed lengthwise, in large gold letters of the old English type. Any one who had visited his library will remember the tastefully-arranged pyramids of these curious-looking books.

Another fancy of his was to have all those books of lesser value, which had become ragged and dirty, covered, or rather bound, in colored cotton prints, for the sake of making them clean and respectable in their appearance; it being impossible to afford the cost of having so many put into better bindings.

Of this task his daughters, aided by any female friends who might be staying with them, were the performers; and not fewer than from twelve to fourteen hundred volumes were so bound by them at different times, filling completely one room, which he designated as the Cottonian library. With this work he was much interested and amused, as the ladies would often suit the pattern to the contents,—clothing a Quaker work or a book of sermons in sober drab, poetry in some flowery design, and sometimes contriving a sly piece of satire at the contents of some well-known author by their choice of its covering. One considerable convenience attended this eccentric mode of binding,—the book became as well known by its dress as by its contents, and much more easily found.

With respect to his mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book, it was somewhat peculiar. He was as reader as could be conceived, power of perceiving, by a the page, whether it con- he was likely to paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker; and with a slight penciled S he would note the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note on the subject, which he could transfer to his note-book; and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged everything in the work which it was likely he would ever want. It was thus, with a remarkable memory, (not so much for the facts and passages themselves, but for their existence, and the authors that contained them,) and with this kind of index, both to it and them, that he had at hand a command of materials for whatever subject he was employed upon, which has been truly said to be "unequaled."

Many of the choicest passages he would transcribe himself at odds and ends of time, or employ one of his family to transcribe for him; and these are the extracts which form his "Common-Place Book," recently published; but those of less importance he had thus within reach, in case he wished to avail himself of them. The quickness with which this was done was very remarkable. I have often known him receive a parcel of books one afternoon, and the next have found his mark throughout perhaps two or three different volumes: yet, if a work took his attention particularly, he was not rapid in its perusal; and on some authors, such as the old divines, he "fed," as he expressed it, slowly and carefully, dwelling on the page, and taking in its contents deeply and deliberately,—like an epicure with his wine, "searching the subtle flavor."

His library at his death consisted of about fourteen thousand volumes.

Convictions.—Deep in the foundations of his character, like the immovable blocks whereon great edifices repose, each man has to lay down for himself certain thoughts, sooner or later, of passing consequence, got out of secret and manifold communings regarding the vast mystery of here and hereafter; and on these thoughts again, and the more happily and grandly as these thoughts are strong, there will still base and pile themselves, in some loose order or other, conclusions, sentiments, and diverse predilections, extracted out of the experience that is gone through of life and its ways, and then employed back again in the scrutiny and contemplation of all that the world presents.

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.

AMONG the lions of Rome during the last twenty years, not the least attractive, especially for literary visitors, was the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti. Easy of access to foreigners of every condition, simple, unpretending, cheerful, courteous even to familiarity, he never failed to make a most favorable impression upon his visitors; and marvelous as were the tales in circulation concerning him, the opportunity of witnessing more closely the exercise of his almost preternatural powers of language, served but to deepen the wonder with which he was regarded. The extent, the variety, and the solidity of his attainments, and, still more, his complete and ready command, for the purposes of conversation, of all the motley stores which he had laid up, were so far beyond all example, whether in ancient or modern times, as not only to place him in the very first rank of the celebrities of our generation, but to mark him out as one of the most extraordinary personages recorded in history.

Giuseppe (Joseph) Mezzofanti was born at Bologna in 1774, of an extremely humble family. His father was a poor carpenter; and the eminence to which, by his own unassisted exertions, Mezzofanti, without once leaving his native city, attained in the exercise of the faculty of language—which is ordinarily cultivated only by the arduous and expensive process of visiting and traveling in the different countries in which each separate language is spoken—is not the least remarkable of the many examples of successful "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," which literary history supplies. He was educated in one of the poor schools of his native city, which was under the care of the fathers of the celebrated Congregation of the Oratory; and the evidence of more than ordinary talent which he exhibited, early attracted the notice of one of the members of the order, to whose kind instruction and patronage Mezzofanti was indebted for almost all the advantages which he afterward enjoyed. This good man—whose name was Respighi, and to whose judicious patronage of struggling genius science is also indebted for the eminent success of the distinguished naturalist Ranzani, the son of a Bolognese barber, and a fellow-pupil of Mezzofanti—procured for his young protégé the instruction of the best masters he could discover among his friends. He himself, it is believed, taught him Latin; Greek fell to the share of father Emmanuel da Ponte, a Spanish ex-Jesuit—the order had at this time been suppressed; and the boy received his first initiation into the great Eastern family of languages from an old Dominican, father Ceruti, who, at the instance of his friend Respighi, undertook to teach him Hebrew. Beyond this point, Mezzofanti's knowledge of languages was almost exclusively the result of his own unassisted study.

From a very early age, he was destined for the Church, and he received holy orders about the year 1797. During the period of his probationary studies, however, he obtained, through the kindness of his friend F. Respighi, the place of tutor in the family of the Marescalchi, one of the most distinguished among the nobility of Bologna; and the opportunities for his peculiar studies afforded by the curious and valuable library to which he thus enjoyed free access, may probably have exercised a decisive influence upon his whole career.

His attainments gradually attracted the notice of his fellow-citizens. In the year 1797, he was appointed professor of Arabic in the university; a few years later, he was named assistant-librarian of the city library; and in 1803, he succeeded to the important chair of Oriental Languages. This post, which was most congenial to his tastes, he held, with one interruption, for a long series of years. In 1812, he was advanced to a higher place in the staff of the library; and in 1815, on the death of the chief librarian, Pozetti, he was appointed to fill his place. When it is considered how peculiarly engrossing the study of languages is known to be, and especially how attractive for an enthusiastic scholar like Mezzofanti, it might be supposed that for him the office of librarian could have been little more than a nominal one. But the library of Bologna to the present day bears abundant evidence that it was far otherwise. The admirable order in which the Greek and Oriental manuscripts are arranged, the excellent *catalogue raisonné* of these manuscripts, and the valuable additions to the notices of them by Assemani and Talmar which it contains, are all the fruit of Mezzofanti's labor as librarian.

During his occupancy of this office, too, he continued to hold his professorship of Oriental languages, and, for a considerable part of the time, that of Greek literature in addition. Nor was he exempt from those domestic cares and anxieties which are often the most painful drawback upon literary activity. The death of a brother, which threw upon him the care of an unprovided family of eleven children, was the severest trial sustained in Mezzofanti's otherwise comparatively quiet career; and by driving him to the ordinary expedient of distressed scholars—that of giving private lectures—it tended more than all his public occupations to trench upon his time, and to abridge his opportunities of application to his favorite study.

Perhaps, indeed, of all who have ever attained to the same eminence in any department which Mezzofanti reached in that of languages, there hardly ever was one who had so little of the mere student in his character. In the midst of these varied and distracting occupations, he was at all times most assiduous in his attendance upon the sick in the public hospitals, of which he acted as the chaplain. There was another also of his priestly duties, for the zealous discharge of which he was scarcely less distinguished, and which became subsidiary, in a very remarkable way, to his progress in the knowledge of languages. In the absence, up to the present time, of any regular memoir of him, it is impossible to fix with precision the history of his progress in the acquisition of the several languages. But it is well known, that at a very early period he was master of all the leading European languages, and of those Oriental tongues which are comprised in the Semitic family. Very early, therefore, in Mezzofanti's career, he was marked out among the entire body of the Bolognese clergy as in an especial manner the "foreigners' confessor," (*confessario dei forestieri.*) In him, visitors from every quarter of the globe had a sure and ready resource; and in several cases, it was to the very necessity thus created he was indebted for the acquisition, or at least the rudimentary knowledge, of a new

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velous and almost instinctive power of grasping and systematizing the leading characteristics even of the most original language, the names of a few prominent ideas in the new idiom sufficed to open a first means of communication. His prodigious memory retained with iron tenacity every word or phrase once acquired; his power of methodizing, by the very exercise, became more ready and more perfect with each new advance in the study; and, above all, a faculty which seemed peculiar to himself, and which can hardly be described as other than instinctive, of seizing and comprehending by a single effort the general outlines of the grammatical structure of a language from a few faint indications—as a comparative anatomist will build up an entire skeleton from a single bone—enabled him to overleap all the difficulties which beset the path of ordinary linguists, and to attain, almost by intuition, at least so much of the required language as enabled him to interchange thought with sufficient freedom and distinctness for the purposes of this religious observance, which is so important in the eyes of Catholics. And he used to tell, that it was in this way he acquired more than one of his varied store of languages. For it will hardly be believed, that this prodigy of the gift of tongues had never, till his forty-eighth year, traveled beyond the precincts of his native province; and that, up to the period of his death, his most distant excursion from Rome, in which city he had fixed his residence in 1832, did not exceed a hundred miles—namely, to Naples, for the purpose of visiting the Chinese College which is there established.

It is true that at the period of which we speak, Bologna lay upon the high-road to Rome, and that travelers more frequently rested for a space upon their journey, than in these days of steam-boat and railway communication. But, even then, the opportunities of intercourse with foreign-speaking visitors in Bologna were few and inconsiderable compared with the prodigious advances which, under all his disadvantages, Mezzofanti contrived to make. The ordinary European languages presented but little difficulty; the frequent passings and repassings of the allied forces during the later years of the war, afforded him a full opportunity of acquiring Russian; and the occasional establishment of Aus-

trian troops in Bologna, brought him into contact with the motley tongues of that vast empire—the Magyar, the Czechish, the Servian, the Walachian, and the Romani; but beyond this, even his spirit of enterprise had no vent in his native city, and all his further conquests were exclusively the result due to his own private and unassisted study.

His fame, nevertheless, began to extend to foreign countries. Among many distinguished foreigners to whose acquaintance his extraordinary faculties as a linguist became a passport, was the celebrated Russian general, Suwarrow; and with him Mezzofanti long maintained the most friendly relations. From the Grand Duke of Tuscany he received a pressing invitation to fix himself at Florence; and Napoleon himself, with that engrossing spirit which desired to make Paris the center of all that is great in science, in art, and in literature, offered him a most honorable and lucrative appointment, on condition of his removing to the French capital. But Mezzofanti declined both the invitations, and continued to reside in his native city, till the year 1832. At the close of those political disturbances, of which Bologna was the center, in the early part of the pontificate of Gregory XVI., it was resolved to send a deputation to Rome on the part of the citizens. Of this deputation, Mezzofanti, as the chief celebrity of the city, was naturally a leader; and the pope, who had long known him, and who, before his elevation to the pontificate, had frequently corresponded with him on philological subjects, urged him so earnestly to remain at Rome, that with all his love of Bologna he was induced to consent. He was immediately appointed, in 1832, a canon of St. Peter's; and on the translation of the celebrated Angelo (now Cardinal) Mai to the office of secretary of the Propaganda, he was named to succeed him in the honorable post of librarian of the Vatican.

In this office Mezzofanti continued till the year 1840, when, in conjunction with the distinguished scholar just named, he was raised to the cardinalate. During the interval since his fixing his residence at Rome, he had enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Gregory XVI.; and although his narrow resources were utterly unequal to the very considerable expense which the state of a cardinal entails, Gregory, in acknowledgment of his distinguished merit, himself settled the necessary income upon the humble Bolognese; and even, with characteristic delicacy, supplied from his own means the equipage and other appurtenances which a new cardinal is obliged to provide on entering upon his office.

From this period, Mezzofanti continued to reside at Rome. Far, however, from relaxing in the pursuit of his favorite study after his elevation, he only used the opportunities thus afforded for the purpose of cultivating it with more effect. When the writer of these pages first had the honor of being presented to him, he was in the full flush of the excitement of a new study —that of the language of the Californian Indians, two of whom had recently come as pupils to the College of the Propaganda; and up to his very last year, the same zeal continued unabated. His death occurred March 16, 1849, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was probably hastened by the excitement and distress caused by the political troubles of the period.

Such is a brief outline of the quiet and uneventful career of this extraordinary man. It remains that we give a short account of the nature and extent of his prodigious attainments as a linguist. It is observed by the author of an interesting paper read a few weeks since at a meeting of the Philological Society, that, taking the account of the linguistic accomplishments of King Mithridates even in the most exaggerated form in which it is given by the ancients, who represent him as speaking the languages of twenty-two nations, it fades into insignificance in contrast with the known and ascertained attainments of Mezzofanti. A Russian traveler, who published in 1846 a collection of *Letters from Rome*, writes of Mezzofanti:—"Twice I have visited this remarkable man, a phenomenon as yet unparalleled in the learned world. He spoke eight languages fluently in my presence. He expressed himself in Russian very purely and correctly. Even now, in advanced life, he continues to study fresh dialects. He learned Chinese not long ago. I asked him to give me a list of all the languages and dialects in which he was able to express himself, and he sent me the name of God written with his own hand in *fifty-six* languages, of which thirty were European, not including their dialects; seventeen Asiatic, also without counting their dia-

lects; five African, and four American!" We should add, however, from the cardinal's own avowal to ourselves, that of the fifty-six languages here alluded to, there were some which he did not profess to speak, and with which his acquaintance was more limited than with the rest,—an avowal the honesty of which will be best appreciated when it is considered, on the one hand, how difficult it would have been to test his knowledge of the vast majority among these languages; and, on the other, how marvelously perfect was his admitted familiarity with those which he did profess really to know.

The author of the memoir submitted to the Philological Society, has collected a number of notices of Mezzofanti by travelers in Italy, who had seen him at different periods of his career. Mr. Stewart Rose, in 1817, tells of him that a Smyrniote servant, who was with him, declared that he might pass for a Greek or a Turk throughout the dominions of the Grand Seignior. A few years later, while he was still residing at Bologna, he was visited by the celebrated Hungarian astronomer, Baron Zach, editor of the well-known *Correspondances Astronomiques*, on occasion of the annular eclipse which was then visible in Italy. "This extraordinary man," writes the baron, February, 1820, "speaks thirty-two languages, living and dead—in the manner I am going to describe. He accosted me in Hungarian, with a compliment so well-turned and in such excellent Magyar, that I was quite taken by surprise. He afterward spoke to me in German, at first in good Saxon, and then in the Austrian and Swabian dialects, with a correctness of accent that amazed me to the last degree, and made me burst into a fit of laughter at the thought of the contrast between the language and the appearance of this astonishing professor. He spoke English to Captain Smyth, Russian and Polish to Prince Volkonski, with the same volubility as if he had been speaking his native tongue." As a last trial, the baron suddenly accosted him in Wallachian, when, "with a bow to me, and without appearing to remark what an interference-way linguist had been taken away with the polyglot mania," and "Pack à la chute" be even knew the slang or gypsy language, which for a long proved a puzzle to himself. Mr. Beech, a Parish traveler, who had an interview with him in 1830, adds to his account of this miraculous polyglotist, that "he is not merely a linguist, but is well acquainted with literary history and bibliography, and also with the library under his charge. He is a man of the finest and most polished manners, and at the same time, of the most engaging good-nature and politeness."

It would be easy to multiply anecdotes, showing the enthusiasm with which Mezzofanti entered on the study of language after language. He sought out new tongues with an insatiable passion, and may be said to have never been happy but when engaged in the mastering of words and grammars. No degree of bad health interrupted his pursuit. Till the day of his death, he was engaged in his darling task: life closed on him while so occupied. He died just as he had acquired a thorough proficiency in Californian—a singular instance of the power of mind exercised on a favorite subject, and showing what may be accomplished when men set their heart on it. The career of this remarkable linguist, however, cannot be considered exemplary. We would recommend no person to plunge headlong into an absorbing passion for any accomplishment. Mezzofanti was a curiosity—a marvel—the wonder of the world of letters: and it is chiefly as such that a notice of him here will be considered interesting.

CUTTING DIAMONDS IN AMSTERDAM.—The art of cutting diamonds was for a long time confined to the Jews of Amsterdam. It is supposed not to have been known in Europe earlier than the fifteenth century. The diamond mills in Amsterdam are numerous, and are exclusively the property of Jews. One of them is thus described by Mr. Elliott —"Four horses turn a wheel, setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs acting on regular metal plates, keep them constantly in motion. Powdered diamond is placed in these; and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the diamond particles. This is the only mode of acting upon diamond, which can be ground and even cut by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation, diamond-dust is fixed on metal wire, which is moved rapidly backward and forward over the stone to be cut."

THE TREE OF SOLOMON.

Wide forests, deep beneath Maldivia's tide,
From withering air the wondrous fruitage hide;
There green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowery dells,
Whose healing produce poison's rage expels.
The Lusiad.

IF Japan be still a sealed book, the interior of China almost unknown, the palatial temple of the Grand Lama unvisited by scientific or diplomatic European—to say nothing of Madagascar, the steppes of Central Asia, and some of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago—how great an amount of marvel and mystery must have enveloped the countries of the East during the period that we now term the middle ages! By a long and toilsome overland journey, the rich gold and sparkling gems, the fine muslins and rustling silks, the pungent spices and healing drugs of the Morning Land found their way to the merchant princes of the Mediterranean. These were not all. The enterprising traversers of the desert brought with them, also, those tales of extravagant fiction which seem to have ever had their birthplace in the prolific East. Long after the time that doubt—in not a few instances the parent of knowledge—had, by throwing cold water on it, extinguished the last funeral pyre of the ultimate Phœnix, and laughed to scorn the gigantic gold-grubbing pismires of Pliny, the Roc, the Valley of Diamonds, the mountain island of Loadstone, the potentiality of the Talisman, the miraculous virtues of certain drugs, and countless other fables, were accepted and believed by all the nations of the West. One of those drugs, seldom brought to Europe on account of its great demand among the rulers of the East, and its extreme rarity, was a nut of alleged extraordinary curative properties—of such great value, that the Hindoo traders named it *Trevanchere*, or the Treasure—of such potent virtue, that Christians united with Mussulmen in terming it the Nut of Solomon. Considered a certain remedy for all kinds of poison, it was eagerly purchased by those of high station at a period when that treacherous destroyer so frequently mocked the steel-clad guards of royalty itself—when poisoning was the crime of the great, before it had descended from the corrupt and crafty court to the less ceremonious cottage. Nor was it only as an antidote that its virtues were famed. A small portion of its hard and corneous kernel, triturated with water in a vessel of porphyry, and mixed, according to the nature of the disease and skill of the physician, with the powder of red or white coral, ebony, or stag's horns, was supposed to be able to put to flight all the maladies that are the common lot of suffering humanity. Even the simple act of drinking pure water out of a part of a polished shell was esteemed a salutary remedial process, and was paid for at a correspondingly extravagant price. Doubtless, in many instances, it did effect cures; not, however, by any peculiar inherent sanative property, but merely through the unbounded confidence of the patient: similar cases are well known to medical science; and, at the present day, when the manufacture and sale of an alleged universal heal-all is said to be one of the shortest and surest paths that lead to fortune—when in our own country "the powers that be" encourage rather than check such wholesale empiricism—we cannot consistently condemn the more ancient quack, who having, in all faith, given an immense sum for a piece of nut-shell, remunerated himself by selling draughts of water out of it to his believing dupes. The extraordinary history of the nut, as it was then told, assisted to keep up the delusion. The Indian merchants said that there was only one tree in the world that produced it; that the roots of that tree were fixed, "where never fathom-line did touch the ground," in the bed of the Indian Ocean, near to Java, among the Ten Thousand Islands of the far East; but its branches, rising high above the waters, flourished in the bright sunshine and free air. On the topmost bough dwelt a griffin, that sallied forth every evening to the adjacent islands, to procure an elephant or rhinoceros for its nightly repast; but when a ship chanced to pass that way, his griffinship had no occasion to fly so far for a supper. Attracted by the tree, the doomed vessel remained motionless on the waters, until the wretched sailors were, one by one, devoured by the monster. When the nuts ripened, they dropped off into the water, and, carried by winds and currents to less dangerous localities, were picked up by mariners, or cast on some lucky shore. What is this but an Eastern version—who dare say it is not the original?

—of the more classical fable of the dragon and the golden fruit of the Hesperides?

Time went on. Vasco de Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, and a new route was opened to Eastern commerce. The Portuguese, who encountered the terrors of the Cape of Storms, were not likely to be daunted by a griffin; yet, with all their endeavors, they never succeeded in discovering the precious tree. By their exertions, however, rather more of the drug was brought to Europe than had previously been; still there was no reduction in its estimated value. In the East, an Indian potentate demanded a ship and her cargo as the price of a perfect nut, and it was actally purchased on the terms; in the West, the Emperor Rodolph offered 4,000 florins for one, and his offer was contemptuously refused; while invalids from all parts of Europe performed painful pilgrimages to Venice, Lisbon, or Antwerp, to enjoy the inestimable benefit of drinking water out of pieces of nut-shell! Who may say what adulterations and tricks were practized by dishonest dealers, to maintain and supply this costly medicine? but, as similar impositions are not unknown at the present day, we may as well pass lightly over that part of our subject.

The English and Dutch next made their way to the Indian Ocean; yet, though they sought for the invaluable Tree of Solomon, with all the energy supplied by a burning thirst for gain, their efforts were as fruitless and unsuccessful as those of the Portuguese. Strange tales, too, some of these ancient mariners related on their return home to Europe: how, in the clear water of deep bays, they had observed groves of those marvelous trees growing fathoms down beneath the surface of the placid sea. Out of a mass of equally ridiculous reports, the only facts then attainable were at length sifted: these were, that the tree had not been discovered growing in any locality whatever; that the nut was sometimes found floating on the Indian Ocean, or thrown on the coast of Malabar, but more frequently picked up on the shores of a group of islands known as the Maldives; from the latter circumstance, the naturalists of the day termed it *Cocus Maldivicus* —the Maldivian cocoa-nut. Garcius, surnamed Ab Horto, (of the garden,) on account of his botanical knowledge, a celebrated authority on drugs and spices, who wrote in 1563, very sensibly concluded that the tree grew on some undiscovered land, from whence the nuts were carried by the waves to the places where they were found; other writers considered it to be a genuine marine production; while a few shrewdly suspected that it really grew on the Maldives. Unfortunately for the Maldivians this last opinion prevailed in India. In 1607 the king of Bengal, with a powerful fleet and army, invaded the Maldives, conquered and killed their king, ransacked and plundered the islands, and, having crammed his ships with an immense booty, sailed back to Bengal—without, however, discovering the Tree of Solomon, the grand object of the expedition. Curiously enough, we are indebted to this horrible invasion for an interesting book of early Eastern travel—the Bengalese king having released from captivity one Pyrard de Laval, a French adventurer, who, six years previously, had suffered shipwreck on those inhospitable islands. Laval's work dispelled the idea that the nut grew upon the Maldives. He tells us that it was found floating in the surf, or thrown up on the sea-shore only; that it was royal property, and whenever discovered carried with great ceremony to the king,—a dreadful death being the penalty of any subject possessing the smallest portion of it.

The leading naturalists of the seventeenth century having the Maldives thus, in a manner, taken away from beneath their feet, took great pains to invent a local habitation for this wonderful tree; and at last they, pretty generally, came to the conclusion, that the vast peninsula of Southern Hindostan had at one time extended as far as the Maldives, but by some great convulsion of nature, the intermediate part between those islands and Cape Comorin had sunk beneath the waters of the ocean; that the tree or trees had grown thereon, and still continued to grow on the submerged soil; and the nuts when ripe, being lighter than water, rose to the surface, instead—as is the habit of supermarine arboreal produce—of falling to the ground. Scarcely could a more splendid illustration of the fallacies of hypothetical reasoning be found, than the pages which contain this specious and far-fetched argument. Even the celebrated Rumphius, who wrote so late as the eighteenth century, assures his readers

that "the *Calappa laut*," the Malay term for the nut, "is not a terrestrial production, which may have fallen by accident into the sea, and there become hardened, as Garcias ab Horto relates, but a fruit, growing itself in the sea, whose tree has hitherto been concealed from the eye of man." He also denominates it "the wonderful miracle of nature, the prince of all the many rare things that are found in the sea."

In the fullness of time knowledge is obtained and mysteries are revealed. Chemistry and medicine, released from the tedious but not useless apprenticeship they had served to alchemy and empiricism, set up on their own account, and, as a consequence, the "nut of the sea" soon lost its European reputation as a curative, though it was still considered a very great curiosity, and the unsettled problem of its origin formed a famous stock of building materials for the erecters of theoretical edifices. In India and China it retained its medicinal fame, and commanded a high price. Like everything else that is brought to market, the nuts varied in value. A small one would not realize more than £50, while a large one would be worth £120; those, however, that measured as much in breadth as in length were most esteemed; and one measuring a foot in diameter was worth £150 sterling money. Such continued to be the prices of these nuts for two centuries after the ships of Europe had first found their way to the seas and lands of Asia. But a change was at hand. In the year 1770, a French merchant ship entered the port of Calcutta. The motley assemblage of native merchants and tradesmen, Baboos and Banians, Dobashes, Dobies, and Dingywallahs, that crowd a European vessel's deck on her first arrival in an Eastern port, were astounded when, to their eager inquiries, the captain replied that his cargo consisted of *cocos de mer*.* Scarcely could the incredulous and astonished natives believe the evidence of their own eyesight, when, on the hatches being opened, they saw that the ship was actually filled with this rare and precious commodity. Rare and precious, to be so no longer. Its price instantaneously fell; persons who had been the fortunate possessors of a nut or two were ruined; and so little did the French captain gain by his cargo, that he disclosed the secret of its origin to an English mercantile house, which completed the utter downfall of the nut of Solomon, by landing another cargo of it at Bombay during the same year.

A singular circumstance in connection with the discovery of the tree, a complete exemplification of the good old tale, *Eyes and no Eyes*, is worthy of record, as a lesson to all, that they should ever make proper use of the organs which God has bestowed upon them for the acquisition of useful knowledge. Mahé de la Bourdonnais, one of the best and wisest of French colonial governors, whose name, almost unknown to history, is embalmed forever in St. Pierre's beautiful romance of *Paul and Virginia*, sent from the Isle of France, in 1743, a naval officer named Picault, to explore the cluster of islands now known as the Seychelles. Picault made a pretty correct survey, and in the course of it discovered some islands previously unknown; one of these he named Palmiers, on account of the abundance and beauty of the palm-trees that grew upon it; that was all he knew about them. In 1768, a subsequent governor of the Isle of France sent out a similar expedition, under Duchemin, for a similar purpose. Barré, the hydrographer of this last expedition, landing on Palmiers, at once discovered that the palms, from which the island had, a quarter of a century previously, received its name, produced the famous and long-sought-for *cocos de mer*. Barré informed Duchemin, and the twain kept the secret to themselves. Immediately after their return to the Isle of France, they fitted out a vessel, sailed to Palmiers, and, having loaded with nuts, proceeded to Calcutta. How their speculation turned out we have already related. We should add that Duchemin, in his vain expectation of making an immense fortune by the discovery, considering that the name of the island might afford future adventurers a clew to his secret, artfully changed it to Praslin, the name of the then intendant of marine, which it still retains.

We shall speak no more of the Tree of Solomon; it is the *Lodoicea Seychellarum* —the double cocoa-nut of the Seychelles —as modern botanists term it, that we have now to deal with.

* Cocoa-nuts of the sea—the French appellation of the nut.

It is exceedingly difficult to give a popular description when encumbered by the technicalities of science; we must try another method. Let the reader imagine two pretty thick vegetable marrows, each a foot long, joined together, side by side, and partly flattened by a vertical compression—he will then have an idea of the curious form of the double cocoa-nut. Sometimes a nut exhibits three lobes, and occasionally four: let the reader imagine the end of one of the marrows cleft in two, and he will have an idea of the three-lobed nut; and if he imagines two more marrows placed side by side, and compressed with and on the top of the former two, he will then have an idea of the four-lobed nut. In fact, almost invariably, the four-lobed nut parts in the middle, forming two of the more common two-lobed nuts, only distinguishable by the flatness of their inner sides from those that grew separately. When green, they contain a refreshing, sweetish, jelly-like substance; but when old, the kernel is so hard that it cannot be cut with a knife.

The enormous fruit-bunches, weighing upward of fifty pounds, hang three or four years on the tree before they are sufficiently ripened to fall down; thus, though only one drupe is put forth each season, yet the produce of three or four years, the aggregate weight of which must be considerable, burdens the stem at one time. This great weight, suspended at the top of the lofty and almost disproportionately slender stem, causes the tree to rock gracefully with the slightest breeze; the agitated leaves creating a pleasing noise, somewhat similar to that of a distant waterfall. Some French writers have enthusiastically alluded to the rustling sound as a delightful adjunct to this interesting scene.

Though no longer producing a drug of great value for the exclusive use of the wealthy, the double cocoa-nut of the Seychelles affords many humbler benefits to the inhabitants of those islands. The trunk, when split, and cleared of its soft, fibrous interior, serves to make water-troughs and palisades. The immense leaves are used, in that fine climate, as materials for building; not only do they make an excellent thatch, but they are also employed for walls. With one hundred leaves, a commodious dwelling, including doors, windows, and partitions, may be constructed. Baskets and brooms are made from the ribs of the leaves and the fibres of their footstalks. The young leaf, previous to its expanding, is soft, and of a pale-yellow color; in this state it is cut into longitudinal stripes, and plaited into hats; while the downy substance by which it is covered, is found valuable for stuffing beds and pillows. Vessels, of various forms and uses, are made out of the light, strong, and durable nut-shells. When preserved whole, with merely a perforation at the top, they are used to carry water, some holding nearly three gallons. When divided, the parts serve, according to their size and shape, for platters, dishes, or drinking-cups. Being jet-black, and susceptible of a high polish, they are often curiously carved, and mounted with the precious metals, to form sugar-basins, toilet-dishes, and other useful and ornamental articles for the dwellings of the tasteful and refined.

THE SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON.

AMONG the oddities which cross our path, I recollect one which, at the time it occurred, caused no small surprise to the young, of which I then was one. I think it must be about forty-six years ago, a man traveled about Hampshire professing to cure the blind, sick, and lame; and although he did not belong to the medical order, yet numerous cures were attributed to him, and he had quite a collection of crutches and walking-sticks, left by his patients, who, it was said, no longer required his or their aid. I well know that he was looked upon by the common sort of people with wonder, and almost awe. The notion prevalent among them was, that, being the seventh son of a seventh son, he was endowed by nature with extraordinary healing powers. After a few months his fame, such as it was, evaporated, and I have not heard of him since, nor have I read of any pretender acting like him since then. Can any of your readers enlighten my darkness on the above, or on any other seventh of a seventh? and is there any account or tradition of a similar impostor in any other county of England? Also, if ancient or modern history records any such wonderful attributes in reference to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter?

I should esteem it a favor if some one of your numerous and learned readers would inform me if that word denoting seven, which is in such frequent use in the Old and New Testaments, is susceptible of being rendered "several," "many," or some other indefinite quantity?

Seven appears also to be a favorite number in modern days. I subjoin a few of the many instances of its popular adoption:—

Seven ages.	Seven times.
Seven Champions.	Seven times seven years a jubilee.
Seven Churches.	Seven wise men.
Seven days in a week.	A jury of seven matrons.
Seven days' notice.	Seven wonders of the world.
Seven Dials.	Seven years' apprenticeship.
Sevenfold.	Seven years, a change.
Seven Hills.	Seven years' transportation.
Seven months' child.	Seven years' Income-tax.
Seven penitent'l psalms.	Seven-pence in the pound yearly; and these last are two of the
Seven senses.	Seven abominations.
Seven-shilling piece.	
Seven Sisters.	
Seven Sleepers.	
Seven sons.	
Seventh son of the seventh son.	
Seven stars.	
Seven stages of life.	

The number *seven* has been a subject of particular speculation with some old writers; and every department of nature, science, literature, and art, has been ransacked for the purpose of discovering septenary combinations. In the year 1502 there was printed at Leipsic a work entitled *Heptalogium Virgilii Salzburgensis*, in honor of the number seven. It consists of seven parts, each consisting of seven divisions. But the most curious work on the subject of numbers is the following, the contents of which, as might be expected, are quite worthy of the title: *The Secrets of Numbers according to Theological, Arithmetical, Geometrical, and Harmonical Computation; drawn, for the better part, out of those Ancients, as well as Neoteriques. Pleasing to read, profitable to understand, opening themselves to the capacities of both learned and unlearned; being no other than a key to lead men to any doctrinal knowledge whatsoever.* By William Ingpen, Gent. London, 1624. In the ninth chapter the author has given many notable opinions from learned men, to prove the excellency of the number *seven*:—"First, it neither begets nor is begotten, according to the saying of Philo. Some numbers, indeed, within the compass of ten, beget, but are not begotten; and that is the unarie. Others are begotten, but beget not; as the octonarie. Only the septenarie, having a prerogative above them all, neither begetteth, nor is begotten. This is its first divinity or perfection. Secondly, this is an harmonical number, and the well and fountain of that fair and lovely *Digramma*, because it includeth within itself all manner of harmony. Thirdly, it is a theological number, consisting of perfection. (See *Cruden.*) Fourthly, because of its compositure: for it is compounded of one and six; two and five; three and four. Now, every one of these being excellent of themselves, (as hath been remonstrated,) how can this number be but far more excellent, consisting of them all, and participating, as it were, of all their excellent virtues."—*London Notes and Queries.*

PALM LEAVES.

SELECT ORIENTAL TALES.

III. BOSSALDAB'S VISION.

BOSSALDAB, the Sultan of Egypt, had an only son, named Aboram. He loved this son as an old man loves the life in which he still hopes to enjoy the fruit of his youthful labors. He collected great treasures, conquered many neighboring countries, and toiled day and night to provide a rich inheritance, and a glorious throne, for this his much-loved son. He had almost attained the highest pinnacle of power and grandeur, when the youth who was to have inherited them, was killed in the chase by a random arrow.

Bossaldab was inconsolable. He tore his beard, he beat his face, and covered the dead body with his tears. His servants approached, and spoke words of comfort; but he heard them not. He cursed his palace, his kingdom, and himself, and hid himself in a dark cave of the forest. Here he lay in the dust, loudly lamenting the injustice of fortune. "Why am I become the possessor of so many kingdoms, so great riches," he exclaimed, "if my only son was to be thus taken from me in the bloom of life?" Thus he passed two days in senseless despair. His strength failed him, and he lay exhausted on the ground, looking forward with anxiety to death, which he thought would end his misery, when suddenly a bright light surrounded him. He lifted up his eyes, and

saw before him a youth, in a sky-blue garment, with a wreath of lilies on his temples. He touched the Sultan's forehead with a green bough he held in his hand. New life ran through his veins; his heart was strengthened; he arose, and looked in silence upon the heavenly visitant. "Bossaldab," said he, "I am Kaloe, the Angel of Peace, sent to instruct thee: come, follow me."

He took the Sultan by the hand, and led him to a high mountain; then he placed him upon the summit, and said: "Look down into the valley." Bossaldab did so, and beheld a barren, waste island. The waves of the sea rolled around it, and at that moment cast a shipwrecked man upon its shore. The unfortunate held in one hand a casket full of diamonds, and with the other he strove to mount the rocky cliffs. He had nearly reached the summit; his joyful demeanor bespoke the hope he felt of reaching an inhabited country; but when he at length reached the top, and saw only a desert, sandy waste before him, he seemed overcome with dismay. He threw his jewels on the earth, wrung his hands, uttering loud cries, and then traversed the plain in search of food; but there grew neither tree nor bush upon it, and he saw the sun rise and set four times without finding a berry or a leaf with which to appease his hunger. Pale and exhausted, he at last threw himself down on a rock by the sea-shore, pulled some dry grass from its crevices, and awaited his death.

"O!" exclaimed Bossaldab, turning toward the Angel, "be gracious, and suffer not yonder poor wretch to perish so miserably." "Be silent," rejoined he, "and attend to that which thine eyes behold." Bossaldab looked again, and discovered a ship drawing near to the shore. The sufferer perceived it, and the sight gave him fresh strength; he sprang on his feet, stretched out his arms, and beckoned to the sailors. When they saw him upon the rock, they heaved to; he fell down before the captain of the ship, told him of his sufferings, and offered the half of his treasure if he would rescue him. When the captain saw the precious stones, he made a sign to his crew, who approached, bound the wretched man hand and foot, seized his jewels, and departed, rejoicing in their plunder, and leaving him upon the shore, half dead.

"O merciful God!" mournfully exclaimed Bossaldab, "canst thou behold this wickedness, and suffer it? Behold, the wretches sail away, leaving him they have robbed, to perish with hunger." "Look yet once again," returned the Angel, "the ship of these sinners is wrecked on yonder rocks; hearest thou not their cries? None may escape; the weight of their sins will sink them all. And wouldst thou have placed the forsaken one on board this ship, which was sailing toward destruction? Remember, henceforth, that thou blame not the ways of Providence. The man whom thou dost commiserate shall be saved, though not in the way thou didst anticipate. God, in his providence, hath more than one way of deliverance. This man was covetous and hard-hearted toward the needy; he possessed more than he required, and his love of gain led him to seek riches on the sea. Therefore he was led into this wilderness, that his hard heart might be softened, and moved to open his closed hand. Blessed is the man who learns wisdom from adversity! But now, turn and behold another vision."

Bossaldab did so, and looked down from the rock. The sea had disappeared, and the deep was changed into a blooming plain. The Sultan's eyes rested upon fertile fields, when a tall palace of marble rose before his eyes; the ivory doors opened, and showed a royal throne, decked with gold and precious stones. Unnumbered riches lay in great heaps on either side of the throne, which was surrounded by servile groups of the princes of the country, and ambassadors from foreign nations, who all took the oath of allegiance to the young king who sat upon the throne. And this young king was Aboram, the son of Bossaldab.

"Gracious Allah! it is my son!" said the Sultan. "O suffer me to embrace him!" "Remain where thou art," said the Angel; "it is an empty form, by which I show thee the vanity of thy life and the sinfulness of thy despair. Observe and mark it well."

The oath of fealty taken, a banquet followed, after which the young king divided his treasures amongst the guests. In a short time, the riches which a most niggardly economy had been years in amassing, were thus distributed. The princes had no sooner decked themselves with the king's diamonds, than they proudly

and arrogantly exalted themselves against him. Four new thrones arose upon the ruins of the former one, and upon them were seated new kings; they bound Bossaldab's son, who had become intoxicated at the banquet, and cast him into a dungeon, where, after much suffering, he was murdered by the hand of a slave.

The Sultan turned his eyes away. "Ah, it is enough!" said he, "it is enough!" "Humility and patience," said the Angel, "would have spared thee this sight." "I have sinned," answered Bossaldab, "in murmuring so bitterly at the stroke which removed my son in his innocence, and thus preserved him from so much evil to come." "Yes," replied the Angel, "he is happy whom an early death saves from destruction. Depart, Bossaldab, and bear thy affliction in patience. The earthly works of man are transient; his proud edifices sink beneath the burden of a few years. The name of the niggard and of the oppressor is mentioned with contempt; while the memory of the beneficent man is blessed by succeeding generations."

Thus spoke the Angel of Peace. He stretched his wings, and rose into the air; the rustling of his pinions resembled the sound of a waterfall, and then gradually subsided into a soft and gentle murmur.

The Sultan awoke. He was lying in the cave of the forest, with his face to the earth. He arose, returned to his palace, and sought, throughout a long reign of justice and kindly wisdom, to heal the wounds he had inflicted on his people by his former avarice and oppression.

TIME'S REVIEW OF CHARACTER—ROBESPIERRE.

SOME characters are a puzzle to history, and none is more so than that of Robespierre. According to popular belief, this personage was a blood-thirsty monster, a vulgar tyrant, who committed the most unheard-of enormities with the basely selfish object of raising himself to supreme power—of becoming the Cromwell of the Revolution. Considering that Robespierre was for five years—1789 to 1794—a prime leader in the political movements in France; that for a length of time he was personally concerned in sending a hundred and fifty heads to the scaffold per diem; and that the Reign of Terror ceased immediately on his overthrow—it is not surprising that his character is associated with all that is villainous and detestable. Nevertheless, as the obscurities of the great revolutionary drama clear up, a strange suspicion begins to be entertained, that the popular legend respecting Robespierre is in a considerable degree fallacious; nay, it is almost thought that this man was, in reality, a most kind-hearted, simple, unambitious, and well-disposed individual—a person who, to say the least of it, deeply deplored the horrors in which considerations of duty had unhappily involved him. To attempt an unravelment of these contradictions, let us call up the phantom of this mysterious personage, and subject him to review.

To understand Robespierre it is necessary to understand the French Revolution. The proximate cause of that terrible convulsion was, as is well known, an utter disorder in all the functions of the state, and more particularly in the finances, equivalent to national bankruptcy. That matters might have been substantially patched up by judicious statesmanship, no one doubts; but that a catastrophe, sooner or later, was unavoidable, seems to be equally certain. The mind of France was rotten; the principles of society were undermined. As regards religion, there was a universal skepticism, of which the best literature of the day was the exponent; but this unbelief was greatly strengthened by the scandalous abuses in the ecclesiastical system. It required no depth of genius to point out that the great principles of brotherly love, humility, equality, liberty, promulgated as part and parcel of the Christian dispensation eighteen centuries previously, had no practical efficacy so far as France was concerned. Instead of equality before God and the law, the humbler classes were feudal serfs, without any appeal from the cruel oppressions to which they were exposed. In the midst of gloom, Rousseau's vague declamations on the rights of man fell like a ray of light. A spark was communicated, which kindled a flame in the bosoms of the more thoughtful and enthusiastic. An astonishing impulse was almost at once given to investigation. The philosopher had his adherents all over France. Viewed as a species of prophet, he was, properly speaking, a madman, who in his ravings had glanced on the truth, but only glanced. Among men of sense, his ornate declama-

tions concerning nature and reason would have excited little more attention than that which is usually given to poetic and speculative fancies.

Amid an impulsive and lively people, unaccustomed to the practical consideration and treatment of abuses, there arose a cry to destroy, root up; to sweep away the preferences and privileges; to bring down the haughty, and raise the depressed; to let all men be free and equal, all men being brothers. Such is the origin of the three words—liberty, equality, and fraternity, which were caught up as the charter of social intercourse. It is forever to be regretted that this explosion of sentiment was so utterly destructive in its character; for therein has it inflicted immense wrong on what is abstractly true and beautiful. At first, as will be remembered, the revolutionists did not aim at establishing a republic; but that form of government necessarily grew out of their hallucinations. Without pausing to consider that a nation of emancipated serfs were unprepared to take on themselves the duties of an enlightened population, the plunge was unhesitatingly made.

At this comparatively distant day, even with all the aids of the recording press, we can form no adequate idea of the fervor with which this great social overthrow was set about and accomplished. The best minds in France were in a state of ecstasy, bordering on delirium. A vast future of human happiness seemed to dawn. Tyranny, force, fraud—all the bad passions—were to disappear under the beneficent approach of Reason. Among the enthusiasts who rushed into this marvelous frenzy, was Maximilian Robespierre. It is said by his biographers, that Robespierre was of English or Scotch origin; we have seen an account which traced him to a family in the north, of not a dissimilar name. His father, at all events, was an advocate at Arras, in French Flanders, and here Maximilian was born in 1759. Bred to the law, he was sent as a representative to the States-General, in 1789, and from this moment he entered on his career, and Paris was his home. At his outset he made no impression, and scarcely excited public notice. His manners were singularly reserved, and his habits austere. The man lived within himself. Brooding over the works of Rousseau, he indulged in the dream of renovating the moral world. Like Mohammed, contriving the dogmas of a new religion, Robespierre spent days in solitude, pondering on his destiny. To many of the revolutionary leaders, the struggle going on was merely a political drama, with a Convention for the *dénouement*. To Robespierre, it was a philosophical problem; all his thoughts aimed at the ideal—at the apotheosis of human nature.

Let us take a look at his personal appearance. Visionaries are usually slovens. They despise fashions, and imagine that dirtiness is an attribute of genius. To do the honorable member for Artois justice, he was above this affectation. Small and neat in person, he always appeared in public tastefully dressed, according to the fashion of the period—hair well combed back, frizzled, and powdered; copious frills at the breast and wrists; a stainless white waistcoat, light-blue coat, with metal buttons; the sash of a representative tied round his waist; light-colored breeches, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. Such was his ordinary costume; and if we stick a rose in his button-hole, or place a nosegay in his hand, we shall have a tolerable idea of his whole equipment. It is said he sometimes appeared in top-boots, which is not improbable; for this kind of boot had become fashionable among the republicans, from a notion that as top-boots were worn by gentlemen in England, they were allied to constitutional government. Robespierre's features were sharp, and enlivened by bright and deeply-sunk blue eyes. There was usually a gravity and intense thoughtfulness in his countenance, which conveyed an idea of his being thoroughly in earnest; yet his address was not unpleasing. Unlike modern French politicians, his face was always smooth, with no vestige of beard or whiskers. Altogether, therefore, he may be said to have been a well-dressed, gentlemanly man, animated with proper self-respect, and having no wish to court vulgar applause by neglecting the decencies of polite society.

Before entering on his public career in Paris, Robespierre had probably formed his plans, in which, at least to outward appearance, there was an entire negation of self. A stern incorruptibility seemed the basis of his character; and it is quite true that no offers from the court, no

overtures from associates, had power to tempt him. There was only one way by which he could sustain a high-souled independence, and that was the course adopted in like circumstances by Andrew Marvel—simple wants, rigorous economy, a disregard of fine company, an avoidance of expensive habits. Now, this is the curious thing in Robespierre's history. Perhaps there was a tinge of pride in his living a life of indigence; but in fairness it is entitled to be called an honest pride, when we consider that the means of profusion were within his reach. On his arrival in Paris, he procured an humble lodging in Marais, a populous district in the north-eastern faubourgs; but it being represented to him some time afterward, that, as a public man, it was unsafe to expose himself in a long walk daily to and from this obscure residence, he removed to a house in the Rue St. Honoré, now marked No. 396, opposite the Church of the Assumption. Here he found a lodging with M. Duplay, a respectable but humble cabinet-maker, who had become attached to the principles of the Revolution; and here he was joined by his brother, who played an inferior part in public affairs, and is known in history as "the Younger Robespierre." The selection of this dwelling seems to have fallen in with Robespierre's notions of economy; and it suited his limited partrimony, which consisted of some rents irregularly paid by a few small farmers of his property in Artois. These ill-paid rents, with his salary as a representative, are said to have supported three persons—himself, his brother, and his sister; and so straitened was he in circumstances, that he had to borrow occasionally from his landlord. Even with all his pinching, he did not make both ends meet. We have it on authority, that at his death he was owing £160; a small sum to be incurred during a residence of five years in Paris, by a person who figured as a leader of parties; and the insignificance of this sum attests his remarkable self-denial.

Lamartine's account of the private life of Robespierre in the house of the Duplays is exceedingly fascinating, and we should suppose is founded on well-authorized facts. The house of Duplay, he says, "was low, and in a court surrounded by sheds, filled with timber and plants, and had almost a rustic appearance. It consisted of a parlor opening to the court, and communicating with a sitting-room that looked into a small garden. From the sitting-room a door led into a small study, in which was a piano. There was a winding staircase to the first floor, where the master of the house lived, and thence to the apartment of Robespierre."

Here, long acquaintance, a common table, and association for several years, "converted the hospitality of Duplay into an attachment that became reciprocal. The family of his landlord became a second family to Robespierre, and while they adopted his opinions they neither lost the simplicity of their manners nor neglected their religious observances. They consisted of a father, mother, a son yet a youth, and four daughters, the eldest of whom was twenty-five and the youngest eighteen. Familiar with the father, filial with the mother, paternal with the son, tender and almost brotherly with the young girls, he inspired and felt in this small domestic circle all those sentiments that only an ardent soul inspires and feels by spreading abroad its sympathies. Love also attached his heart where toil, poverty, and retirement had fixed his life. Eléonore Duplay, the eldest daughter of his host, inspired Robespierre with a more serious attachment than her sisters. The feeling, rather predilection than passion, was more reasonable on the part of Robespierre, more ardent and simple on the part of the young girl. This affection afforded him tenderness without torment, happiness without excitement: it was the love adapted for a man plunged all day in the agitation of public life—a repose of the heart after mental fatigue. He and Eléonore lived in the same house as a betrothed couple, not as lovers. Robespierre had demanded the young girl's hand from her parents, and they had promised it to him.

"'The total want of fortune,' he said, 'and the uncertainty of the morrow, prevented him from marrying her until the destiny of France was determined; but he only awaited the moment when the Revolution should be concluded, in order to retire from the turmoil and strife, marry her whom he loved, go to reside with her in Artois, on one of the farms he had saved among the possessions of his family; and there to mingle his obscure happiness in the common lot of his family.'

"The vicissitudes of the fortune, influence, and popularity of Robespierre effected no change in his simple mode of living. The multitude came to implore favor or life at the door of his house, yet nothing found its way within. The private lodging of Robespierre consisted of a low chamber, constructed in the form of a garret, above some cart-sheds, with the window opening upon the roof. It afforded no other prospect than the interior of a small court, resembling a wood-store, where the sounds of the workmen's hammers and saws constantly resounded, and which was continually traversed by Madame Duplay and her daughters, who there performed all their household duties. This chamber was also separated from that of the landlord by a small room common to the family and himself. On the other side were two rooms, likewise attics, which were inhabited,—one by the son of the master of the house, the other by Simon Duplay, Robespierre's secretary, and the nephew of his host.

"The chamber of the deputy contained only a wooden bedstead, covered with blue damask, ornamented with white flowers, a table, and four straw-bottomed chairs. This apartment served him at once for a study and dormitory. His papers, his reports, the manuscripts of his discourses, written by himself in a regular but labored hand, and with many marks of erasure, were placed carefully on deal-shelves against the wall. A few chosen books were also ranged thereon. A volume of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or of Racine, was generally open upon his table, and attested his philosophical and literary predilections."

With a mind continually on the stretch, and concerned less or more in all the great movements of the day, the features of this remarkable personage "relaxed into absolute gaiety when in-doors, at table, or in the evening, around the wood-fire in the humble chamber of the cabinet-maker. His evenings were all passed with the family, in talking over the feelings of the day, the plans of the morrow, the conspiracies of the aristocrats, the dangers of the patriots, and the prospects of public felicity after the triumph of the Revolution. Sometimes Robespierre, who was anxious to cultivate the mind of his betrothed, read to the family aloud, and generally from the tragedies of Racine. He seldom went out in the evening; but two or three times a year he escorted Madame Duplay and her daughter to the theater. On other days, Robespierre retired early to his chamber, lay down, and rose again at night to work. The innumerable discourses he had delivered in the two national assemblies, and to the Jacobins; the articles written for his journal while he had one; the still more numerous manuscripts of speeches which he had prepared, but never delivered; the studied style so remarkable; the indefatigable corrections marked with his pen upon the manuscripts—attest his watchings and his determination.

"His only relaxations were solitary walks in imitation of his model, Jean Jacques Rousseau. His sole companion in these perambulations was his great dog, which slept at his chamber-door, and always followed him when he went out. This colossal animal, well known in the district, was called Brount. Robespierre was much attached to him, and constantly played with him. Occasionally, on a Sunday, all the family left Paris with Robespierre; and the politician, once more the man, amused himself with the mother, the sisters, and the brother of Eléonore in the wood of Versailles or of Issy." Strange contradiction! The man who is thus described as so amiable, so gentle, so satisfied with the humble pleasures of an obscure family circle, went forth daily on a self-imposed mission of turbulence and terror. Let us follow him to the scene of his avocations. Living in the Rue St. Honoré, he might be seen every morning on his way, by one of the narrow streets which led to the rooms of the National Assembly, or Convention, as the legislative body was called after the deposition of Louis XVI. The house so occupied, was situated on a spot now covered by the Rue Rivoli, opposite the gardens of the Tuileries. In connection with it, were several apartments used by the committees; and there, by the leading members of the House, the actual business of the nation was for a long time conducted. It was by the part he played in one of these formidable committees, that of "Public Safety"—more properly, public insecurity—that he becomes chargeable with his manifold crimes. For the commission of these atrocities, however, he

held himself to be entirely excused; and how he could possibly entertain any such notion, remains for us to notice.

The action of the Revolution was in the hands of three parties, into which the Convention was divided—namely, the Montagnards, the Girondists, and the Plaine. The last-mentioned was a comparatively harmless set of persons, who acted as a neutral body, and leaned one way or the other according to their convictions, but whose votes it was important to obtain. Between the Montagnards and the Girondists there was no distinct difference of principle—both were keen republicans and levelers; but in carrying out their views the Montagnards were the most violent and unscrupulous. The Girondists expected that, after a little preliminary harshness, the Republic would be established in a pacific manner; by the force, it may be called, of philosophic conviction spreading through society. They were thus the moderates; yet their moderation was unfortunately ill manifested. At the outset, they countenanced the disgraceful mobbings of the royal family; they gloried in the horrors of the 10th of August, and the humiliation of the king; and only began to express fears that things were going too far, when massacre became the order of the day, and the guillotine assumed the character of a national institution. They were finally borne down, as is well known, by the superior energy and audacity of their opponents; and all perished, one way or other, in the bloody struggle. Few pity them.

We need hardly recall the fact, that the discussions in the Convention were greatly influenced by tumultuary movements out of doors. At a short distance were two political clubs, the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, and there everything was debated and determined on. Of these notorious clubs, the most uncompromising was the Jacobins; consequently its principal members were to be found among the party of the Montagnards. During the hottest time of the Revolution, the three men most distinguished as Montagnards and Jacobins, were Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. Mirabeau, the orator of the Revolution, had already disappeared, being so fortunate as to die naturally, before the practice of mutual guillotining was established. After him, Vergniaud, the leader of the Girondists, was perhaps the most effective speaker; and till his fall he possessed a most commanding influence in the Convention. Danton was likewise a speaker of vast power, and from his towering figure he seemed like a giant among pigmies. Marat might be termed the representative of the kennel. He was a low demagogue, flaunting in rags, dirty and venomous: he was always calling out for more blood, as if the grand desideratum was the annihilation of mankind. Among the extreme men, Robespierre, by his eloquence, his artifice, and his bold counsels, contrived to maintain his position. This was no easy matter; for it was necessary to remain firm and unfaltering in every emergency. He, like the others at the helm of affairs, was constantly impelled forward by the clubs, but more so by the incessant clamors of the mob. At the Hôtel de Ville sat the Commune, a crew of blood-thirsty villains, headed by Hebert; and this miscreant, with his armed sections, accompanied by paid female furies, beset the Convention, and carried measures of severity by sheer intimidation. Let it further be remembered that, in 1793, France was kept in apprehension of invasion by the Allies under the Duke of Brunswick, and the army of emigrant noblesse under the command of Condé. The hovering of these forces on the frontiers, and their occasional successes, produced a constant alarm of counter-revolution, which was believed to be instigated by secret intriguers in the very heart of the Convention. It was alleged by Robespierre in his greatest orations, that the safety of the Republic depended on keeping up a wholesome state of terror; and that all who in the slightest degree leaned toward clemency, sanctioned the work of intriguers, and ought, accordingly, to be proscribed. By such harangues—in the main, miserable sophistry—he acquired prodigious popularity, and was in fact irresistible.

Thus was legalized the Reign of Terror, which, founded in false reasoning and insane fears, we must, nevertheless, look back upon as a thing, at least to a certain extent, reconcilable with a sense of duty; inasmuch as even while signing warrants for transferring hundreds of people to the Revolutionary Tribunal—which was equivalent to sending them to the scaffold—Robespierre imagined that he was acting throughout under a clear and imperious

necessity: only ridding society of the elements that disturbed its purity and tranquillity. Stupendous hallucination! And did this fanatic really feel no pang of conscience? That will afterward engage our consideration. Frequently he was called on to proscribe and execute his most intimate friends; but it does not appear that any personal consideration ever swayed his proceedings. First, he swept away Royalists and aristocrats; next, he sacrificed the Girondists; last, he came to his companion-Jacobins. Accusing Danton and his friends of a tendency to moderation, he had the dexterity to get them proscribed and beheaded. When Danton was seized, he could hardly credit his senses; he who had long felt himself sure of being one day dictator by public acclamation, and to have been deceived by that dreamer, Robespierre, was most humiliating. But Robespierre would not dare to put *him* to death! Grave miscalculation! He was immolated like the rest; the crowd looking on with indifference. Along with him perished Camille Desmoulins, a young man of letters, and a Jacobin, but convicted of advocating clemency. Robespierre was one of Camille's private and most valued friends; he had been his instructor in politics, and had become one of the trustees under his marriage settlement. Robespierre visited at the house of his *protégé*; chatted with the young and handsome Madame Desmoulins at her parties; and frequently dandled the little Horace Desmoulins on his knee, and let him play with his bunch of seals. Yet, because they were adherents of Danton, he sent husband and wife to the scaffold within a few weeks of each other! What eloquent and touching appeals were made to old recollections by the mother of Madame Desmoulins. Robespierre was reminded of little Horace, and of his duty as a family guardian. All would not do. His heart was marble; and so the wretched pair were guillotined. Camille's letter to his wife, the night before he was led to the scaffold, cannot be read without emotion. He died with a lock of her hair clasped convulsively in his hand.

Having thus cleared away to some extent all those who stood in the way of his views, Robespierre bethought himself acting a new part in public affairs, calculated, as he thought, to dignify the Republic. Chaumette, a mean confederate of Hebert, and a mouthpiece of the rabble, had, by consent of the Convention, established Paganism, or the worship of Reason, as the national religion. Robespierre never gave his approval to this outrage, and took the earliest opportunity of restoring the worship of the Supreme. It is said, that of all the missions with which he believed himself to be charged, the highest, the holiest in his eyes, was the regeneration of the religious sentiment of the people: to unite heaven and earth by this bond of a faith which the Republic had broken, was to him the end, the consummation of the Revolution. In one of his paroxysms, he delivered an address to the Convention, which induced them to pass a law, acknowledging the existence of God, and ordaining a public festival to inaugurate the new religion. The fête took place on the 8th of June, 1794. Robespierre headed the procession to the Champ de Mars; and he seemed on the occasion to have at length reached the grand realization of all his hopes and desires. From this *coup de théâtre* he returned home, magnified in the estimation of the people, but ruined in the eyes of the Convention. His conduct had been too much that of one whose next step was to the restoration of the throne, with himself as its occupant. By Fouché, Tallien, Collot-d'Herbois, and some others, he was now thwarted in all his schemes. His wish was to close the Reign of Terror, and allow the new moral world to begin; for his late access of devotional feeling had, in reality, disposed him to adopt benign and clement measures. But to arrest carnage was now beyond his power; he had invoked a demon which would not be laid. Assailed by calumny, he made the Convention resound with his speeches; spoke of fresh proscriptions to put down intrigue; and spread universal alarm among the members. In spite of the most magniloquent orations, he saw that his power was nearly gone. Sick at heart, he began to absent himself from committees, which still continued to send to the scaffold numbers whose obscure rank should have saved them from suspicion or vengeance.

At this juncture, Robespierre was earnestly entreated by one of his more resolute adherents, St. Just, to play a bold game for the dictatorship, which he represented as

the only means of saving the Republic from anarchy. Anonymous letters to the same effect also poured in upon him; and prognostics of his greatness, uttered by an obscure fortune-teller, were listened to by the great demagogue with something like superstitious respect. But for this personal elevation he was not prepared. Pacing up and down his apartment, and striking his forehead with his hand, he candidly acknowledged that he was not made for power; while the bare idea of doing anything to endanger the Republic amounted, in his mind, to a species of sacrilege. At this crisis in his fate, therefore, he temporized: he sought peace, if not consolation, in solitude. He took long walks in the woods, where he spent hours seated on the ground, or leaning against a tree, his face buried in his hands, or earnestly bent on the surrounding natural objects. What was the precise tenor of his meditations, it would be deeply interesting to know. Did the great promoter of the Revolution ponder on the failure of his aspirations after a state of human perfectibility? Was he torn by remorse on seeing rise up, in imagination, the thousands of innocent individuals whom, in vindication of a theory, he had consigned to an ignominious and violent death, yet whose removal had, politically speaking, proved altogether fruitless?

It is the more general belief, that in these solitary rambles Robespierre was preparing an oration, which, as he thought, should silence all his enemies, and restore him to parliamentary favor. A month was devoted to this rhetorical effort; and, unknown to him, during that interval all parties coalesced, and adopted the resolution to treat his oration when it came with contempt, and, at all hazards, to have him proscribed. The great day came, July 26, (8th Thermidor,) 1794. His speech, which he read from a paper, was delivered in his best style—in vain. It was received with yells and hootings; and, with dismay, he retired to the Jacobins, to deliver it over again—as if to seek support among a more subservient audience. Next day, on entering the Convention, he was openly accused by Tallien and Billaud-Varennes of aspiring to despotic power. A scene of tumult ensued, and, amid cries of *Down with the tyrant!* a writ for his committal to prison was drawn out. It must be considered a fine trait in the character of Robespierre the younger, that he begged to be included in the same decree of proscription with his brother. This wish was readily granted; and St. Just, Couthon, (who had lost the use of his legs, and was always carried about in an arm-chair,) and Le Bas, were added to the number of the proscribed. Rescued, however, from the gendarmes, by an insurrectionary force, headed by Barras, Robespierre and his colleagues were conducted in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. Here, during the night, earnest consultations were held; and the adherents of Robespierre implored him in desperation, as the last chance of safety for them all, to address a rousing proclamation to the sections. At length, yielding unwillingly to these frantic appeals, he commenced writing the required address; and it was while subscribing his name to this seditious document, that the soldiers of the Convention burst in upon him, and he was shot through the jaw by one of the gendarmes. At the same moment, Le Bas shot himself through the heart. All were made prisoners, and carried off—the dead body of Le Bas not excepted.

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While residing for a short time in Paris, in 1849, we were one day conducted by a friend to a large house, with an air of faded grandeur, in the eastern faubourgs, which had belonged to an aged republican, recently deceased. He wished me to examine a literary curiosity, which was to be seen among other relics of the great Revolution. The curiosity in question was the proclamation, in the handwriting of Robespierre, to which he was in the act of inscribing his signature, when assaulted and made prisoner in the Hôtel de Ville. It was a small piece of paper, contained in a glass-frame; and, at this distance of time, could not fail to excite an interest in visitors. The few lines of writing, commencing with the stirring words: "*Courage, mes compatriotes!*" ended with only a part of the subscription. The letters, *Robes*, were all that were appended, and were followed by a blur of the pen; while the lower part of the paper showed certain discolorations, as if made by drops of blood. And so this was the last surviving token of the notorious Robespierre! It is somewhat curious,

that no historian seems to be aware of its existence.

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Stretched on a table in one of the anterooms of the Convention; his head leaning against a chair; his fractured jaw supported by a handkerchief passed round the top of his head; a glass with vinegar and a sponge at his side to moisten his feverish lips; speechless and almost motionless, yet conscious!—there lay Robespierre—the clerks, who, a few days ago, had cringed before him, now amusing themselves by pricking him with their penknives, and coarsely jesting over his fall. Great crowds, likewise, flocked to see him while in this undignified posture; and he was overwhelmed with the vilest expressions of hatred and abuse. The mental agony which he must have experienced during this humiliating exhibition, could scarcely fail to be increased on hearing himself made the object of unsparing and boisterous declamations from the adjoining tribune.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, (July 28,) the prisoners were placed before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and at six, the whole were tied in carts, the dead body of Le Bas included, and conducted to execution. To this wretched band were added the whole family of the Duplays, with the exception of the mother; she having been strangled the previous night by female furies, who had broken into her house, and hung her to the iron rods of her bedstead. They were guiltless of any political crime; but their private connection with the principal object of proscription was considered to be sufficient for their condemnation. The circumstance of these individuals being involved in his fate, could not fail to aggravate the bitterness of Robespierre's reflections. As the dismal *cortége* wended its way along the Rue St. Honoré, he was loaded with imprecations by women whose husbands he had destroyed, and the shouts of children, whom he had deprived of parents, were the last sounds heard by him on earth. Yet he betrayed not the slightest emotion, —perhaps he only pitied the ignorance of his persecutors. In the midst of the feel-

of a misunderstood and martyred

head dropped into the basket!

few facts and observations re-

career of Robespierre, enable

ably correct estimate of his character. The man was a bigot. A perfect republic was his faith—his religion. To integrity, perseverance, and extraordinary self-denial under temptation, he united only a sanguine temperament and moderate abilities for the working out of a mistaken principle. Honest and zealous in his purpose, his conduct was precisely analogous to that of all religious persecutors—sparing no pain or bloodshed to accomplish what he believed to be a good end. Let us grant that he was a monomaniac, the question remains as to his general accountability. If he is to be acquitted on the score of insanity, who is to be judged? Not so are we to exempt great criminals from punishment and obloquy. Robespierre knew thoroughly what he was about; and far as he was misled in his motives, he must be held responsible for his actions. Before entering on the desperate enterprise of demolishing all existing institutions, with the hope of reconstructing the social fabric, it was his duty to be assured that his aims were practicable, and that he was himself authorized to think and act for the whole of mankind, or specially commissioned to kill and terrify into his doctrines. Instead of this, there is nothing to show that he had formed any distinct scheme of a government to take the place of that which he had aided in destroying. All we learn is, that there hovered in his mind's eye some vague Utopia, in which public affairs would go on very much of themselves, through the mere force of universal benevolence, liberated from the bosom of nature. For his folly and audacity in nourishing so wild a theory, and still more for the reckless butcheries by which he sought to bring it into operation, we must, on a review of his whole character, adhere to the popular belief on the subject. Acquitted, as he necessarily must be, of the charge of personal ambition, he was still a monster, only the more dangerous and detestable for justifying murder on the ground of principle.

Matter and Mind.—Every operation in nature, or the world of matter, has its counterpart in the spirit, or world of mind. Hence the student must become thoroughly versed in the objective, before he enters the subjective region; otherwise he may fall under the accusation of being unable *to read*.

THE STRUGGLE OF GENIUS WITH PAIN.

PAIN is not entirely synonymous with evil, but bodily pain seems less redeemed by good than almost any other kind of it. From the loss of fortune, of fame, or even of friends, philosophy pretends to draw a certain compensating benefit; but, in general, the permanent loss of health will bid defiance to her alchemy. It is universal diminution, equally of our resources, and of our capacity to guide them; a penalty unmitigated, save by love of friends, which then first becomes truly precious to us; or by comforts brought from beyond this earthly sphere, from that serene fountain of peace and hope, to which our weak philosophy cannot raise her wing. For all men, in itself, disease is misery; but chiefly for men of finer feelings and endowments, to whom, in return for such superiorities, it seems to be sent most frequently, and in its most distressing forms. It is cruel fate, for the poet to have the sunny land of his imagination, often the sole territory he is lord of, disfigured and darkened by the shades of pain; for one whose highest happiness is the exertion of his mental faculties, to have them chained and paralyzed in the imprisonment of a distempered frame. With external activity, with palpable pursuits—above all, with a suitable placidity of nature—much, even in certain states of sickness, may be performed and enjoyed. But for him, whose heart is already over-keen, whose world is of the mind, ideal—internal; when the mildew of lingering disease has struck that world, and begun to blacken and consume its beauty, nothing seems to remain but despondency, and bitterness, and desolate sorrow, felt and anticipated to the end.

Wo to him if his will likewise falter, if his resolution fail, and his spirit bend its neck to the yoke of this new enemy! Idleness and a disturbed imagination will gain the mastery of him, and let loose their thousand fiends to harass him—to torment him into madness. Alas! the bondage of Algiers is freedom compared with this of the sick man of genius, whose heart has fainted, and sunk beneath its load. His clay dwelling is changed into a gloomy prison; every nerve is become an avenue of disgust or anguish; and the soul sits within, in her melancholy loneliness, a prey to the spectres of despair, or stupefied with excess of suffering, doomed as it were to a life in death, to a consciousness of agonized existence, without the consciousness of power, which should accompany it. Happily, death, or entire fatuity, at length, puts an end to such scenes of ignoble misery; which, however, ignoble as they are, we ought to view with pity rather than contempt.

Such are frequently the fruits of protracted sickness in men otherwise of estimable qualities and gifts, but whose sensibility exceeds their strength of mind. In Schiller, its worst effects were resisted by the only availing antidote; a strenuous determination to neglect them. His spirit was too vigorous and ardent to yield even in this emergency. He disdained to dwindle into a pining valetudinarian; in the midst of his infirmities, he persevered with unabated zeal in the great business of his life. As he partially recovered, he returned as strenuously as ever to his intellectual occupations; and often, in the glow of poetical conception, he almost forgot his maladies. By such resolute and manly conduct, he disarmed sickness of its cruelest power to wound; his frame might be in pain, but his spirit retained its force, unextinguished, almost unimpeded. He did not lose his relish for the beautiful, the grand, or the good, in any of their shapes. He loved his friends as formerly, and wrote his finest and sublimest works when his health was gone. Perhaps no period of his life displayed more heroism than the present one.—*Carlyle's Life of Schiller.*

THE GLORY OF THE CLERGY.

GOD is the fountain of honor; and the conduit by which he conveys it to the sons of men are virtues and generous practices. Some, indeed, may please and promise themselves high matters from full revenues, stately palaces, court interests, and great dependencies. But that which makes the clergy glorious, is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to look vice in the face, though never so potent and illustrious. And, lastly, to be gentle, courteous, and compassionate to all. These are our robes and our maces, our escutcheons and highest titles of honor.—*South.*

A NIGHT WITH OSSIAN.

(FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.)

AT Inversnaid we took a boat to go down Loch Lomond, to the little inn of Rowardennan, from which the ascent is made of Ben Lomond. We found a day of ten thousand for our purpose; but, unhappily, a large party had come with the sun, and engaged all the horses, so that, if we went, it must be on foot. This was something of an enterprise for me, as the ascent is four miles, and toward the summit quite fatiguing. However, in the pride of newly-gained health and strength, I was ready, and set forth with Mr. S. alone. We took no guide, and the people of the house did not advise it as they ought.

On reaching the peak the sight was one of beauty and grandeur such as imagination never painted. You see around you no plain ground, but, on every side, constellations, or groups, of hills, exquisitely dressed in the soft purple of the heather, amid which gleams the lake, like eyes that tell the secrets of the earth, and drink in those of the heavens. Peak beyond peak caught from the shifting light all the colors of the prism, and on the farthest, angel companies seemed hovering in white robes.

About four o'clock we began our descent. Near the summit the traces of the path are not distinct, and I said to Mr. S., after a while, that we had lost it. He said he thought that was of no consequence; we could find our way down. I said I thought it was, as the ground was full of springs that were bridged over in the pathway. He accordingly went to look for it, and I stood still, because I was so tired I did not want to waste any labor.

Soon he called to me that he had found it, and I followed in the direction where he seemed to be. But I mistook, overshot it, and saw him no more. In about ten minutes I became alarmed, and called him many times. It seems he on his side shouted also; but the brow of some hill was between us, and we neither saw nor heard one another. I then thought I
make the best of my way down,
uld find him when I arrived;
ng so, I found the justice
sion about the springs as
f the hills, for I
would sink up to my knees in bog, and must go up the hills again, seeking better crossing places. Thus I lost much time. Nevertheless, in the twilight, I saw, at last, the lake, and the inn of Rowardennan on its shores.

Between me and it lay, direct, a high heathery hill, which I afterward found is called "The Tongue," because hemmed in on three sides by a watercourse. It looked as if, could I only get to the bottom of that, I should be on comparatively level ground. I then attempted to descend in the watercourse; but finding that impracticable, climbed up the hill again, and let myself down by the heather, for it was very steep, and full of deep holes. With great fatigue I got to the bottom; but when I was about to cross the watercourse there, I felt afraid—it looked so deep in the dim twilight. I got down as far as I could by the root of a tree, and threw down a stone. It sounded very hollow, and I was afraid to jump. The shepherds told me afterward, that if I had, I should probably have killed myself—it was so deep, and the bed of the torrent full of sharp stones.

I then tried to ascend the hill again, for there was no other way to get off it; but soon sank down utterly exhausted. When able to get up again, and look about me, it was completely dark. I saw, far below me, a light, that looked about as big as a pin's head, that I knew to be from the inn at Rowardennan, but heard no sound except the rush of the waterfall and the sighing of the night wind.

For the first few minutes after I perceived I had got to my night's lodging, such as it was, the circumstance looked appalling. I was very lightly clad, my feet and dress were very wet, I had only a little shawl to throw round me, and the cold autumn wind had already come, and the night mist was to fall on me, all fevered and exhausted as I was. I thought I should not live through the night, or, if I did, I must be an invalid henceforward. I could not even keep myself warm by walking, for, now it was dark, it would be too dangerous to stir. My only chance, however, lay in motion, and my only help in myself; and so convinced was I of this, that I did keep in motion the whole of that long night, imprisoned as I was on such a little perch of that great mountain.

For about two hours I saw the stars,

and very cheery and companionable they looked; but then the mist fell, and I saw nothing more, except such apparitions as visited Ossian on the hill side, when he went out by night, and struck the bosky shield, and called to him the spirit of the heroes, and the white-armed maids, with their blue eyes of grief. To me, too, came those visionary shapes. Floating slowly and gracefully, their white robes would unfurl from the great body of mist in which they had been engaged, and come upon me with a kiss pervasively cold as that of death. Then the moon rose. I could not see her, but her silver light filled the mist. Then I knew it was two o'clock, and that, having weathered out so much of the night, I might the rest; and the hours hardly seemed long to me more.

It may give an idea of the extent of the mountain, that though I called, every now and then, with all my force, in case by chance some aid might be near, and though no less than twenty men, with their dogs, were looking for me, I never heard a sound, except the rush of the waterfall and the sighing of the night wind, and once or twice the startling of the grouse in the heather. It was sublime indeed—a never-to-be-forgotten presentation of stern, serene realities. At last came the signs of day, the gradual clearing and breaking up; some faint sounds from I know not what: the little flies, too, arose from their beds amid the purple heather, and bit me. Truly, they were very welcome to do so. But what was my disappointment to find the mist so thick, that I could see neither lake nor inn, nor anything to guide me. I had to go by guess, and, as it happened, my Yankee method served me well. I ascended the hill, crossed the torrent, in the waterfall, first drinking some of the water, which was as good at that time as ambrosia. I crossed in that place, because the waterfall made steps, as it were, to the next hill. To be sure, they were covered with water, but I was already entirely wet with the mist, so that it did not matter. I kept on scrambling, as it happened, in the right direction, till, about seven, some of the shepherds found me. The moment they came, all my feverish strength departed, and they carried me home, where my arrival relieved my friends of distress far greater than I had undergone; for I had had my grand solitude, my Ossianic visions, and the pleasure of sustaining myself; while they had had only doubt, amounting to anguish, and a fruitless search throughout the night.

Entirely contrary to my forebodings, I only suffered for this a few days, and was able to take a parting look at my prison, as I went down the lake, with feelings of complacency. It was a majestic-looking hill, that Tongue, with the deep ravines on either side, and the richest robe of heather I have anywhere seen.

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN BUNYAN AS A THEOLOGIAN.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

BUNYAN'S theological merits we rank very high. No one can turn over his pages without noticing the abundance of his scriptural quotations; and these quotations no one can examine without perceiving how minutely he had studied, and how deeply he had pondered, the word of God. But it is possible to be very *textual*, and yet by no means very *scriptural*. A man may have an exact acquaintance with the literal Bible, and yet entirely miss the great Bible-message. He may possess a dexterous command of detached passages and insulated sentences, and yet be entirely ignorant of that peculiar scheme which forms the great gospel revelation. But this was Bunyan's peculiar excellence. He was even better acquainted with the gospel as the scheme of God, than he was familiar with the Bible-text; and the consequence is, that though he is sometimes irrelevant in his references, and fanciful in interpreting particular passages, his doctrine is almost always according to the analogy of faith. The doctrine of a free and instant justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ, none even of the Puritans could state with more Luther-like boldness, nor defend with an affection more worthy of Paul. In his last and best days, Coleridge wrote:—"I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is, in my conviction, the best *Summa Theologiæ Evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously in-

spired."* Without questioning this verdict, we would include in the encomium some of his other writings, which possibly Coleridge never saw. These exhibit gospel truths in so clear a light, and state them in such a frank and happy tone, that "he may run that readeth it," and he who reads in earnest will rejoice. The "Pilgrim" is a peerless guide to those who have already passed in at the wicket-gate; but those who are still seeking peace to their troubled souls, will find the best directory in "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved."

Invaluable as a theologian, Bunyan stands alone as a contributor to theological literature. In recent times no man has done so much to draw the world's delighted attention to the subjects of supreme solicitude. No production of a mortal pen has found so many readers as one work of his; and none has awakened so frequently the sighing behest, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

None has painted the beauty of holiness in tints more lovely, nor spoken in tones more thrilling to the heart of universal humanity. At first the favorite of the vulgar, he is now the wonder of the learned; and from the obscurity, not inglorious, of smoky cupboards and cottage chimneys, he has been escorted up to the highest places of classical renown, and duly canonized by the pontiffs of taste and literature. The man whom Cowper praised anonymously,

"Lest so despised a name should move a sneer,"

has at last extorted emulous plaudits from a larger host of writers than ever conspired to praise a man of genius who was also a man of God. Johnson and Franklin, Scott, Coleridge, and Southey, Byron and Montgomery, Macintosh and Macaulay, have exerted their philosophical acumen and poetic feeling to analyze his various spell, and account for his unequaled fame: and though the round-cornered copies, with their diverting wood-cuts, have not disappeared from the poor man's ingle, illustrated editions blaze from the shelves of every sumptuous library; new pictures, from its exhaustless themes, light up the walls of each annual exhibition; and graceful litter of the drawing-you are sure to take up de-

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signs from the "Pilgrim's Progress." So universal is the ascendancy of the tinker-teacher, so world-wide the diocess of him whom Whitefield created Bishop Bunyan, that probably half the ideas which the outside world entertains regarding experimental piety, they have, in some form or other, derived from him. One of the most popular preachers in his day, in his little treatises, as well as in his longer allegories, he preaches to countless thousands still. The cause of this unexampled popularity is a question of great practical moment.

And, first of all, Bunyan speaks to the whole of man,—to his imagination, his intellect, his heart. He had in himself all these ingredients of full-formed humanity, and in his books he lets all of them out. French writers and preachers are apt to deal too exclusively in the one article,—fancy; and though you are amused for the moment with the rocket-shower of brilliant and many-tinted ideas which fall sparkling around you, when the exhibition is ended you are disappointed to find that the whole was momentary, and that from all the ruby and emerald rain scarcely one gem of solid thought remains.* Scottish writers and preachers are apt to indulge the argumentative cacoëthes of their country; and, cramming into a tract or sermon as much hard-thinking as the Bramah-pressure of hydrostatic intellects can condense into the iron paragraphs, they leave no room for such delicate materials as fancy or feeling, illustration, imagery, or affectionate appeal:† whilst Irish authors and pulpit-orators are so surcharged with their own exuberant enthusiasm, that their main hope of making you think as they think, is to make you feel as they feel. The heart is their Aristotle; and if they cannot win you by a smile, or melt you by a tear, they would think it labor lost to try a syllogism. Bunyan was neither French, nor Scotch, nor Irish. He embodied in his person, though greatly magnified, the average mind of England,—playful, affectionate, downright. His intellectual pow-

* Pascal was an exception. D'Aubigné, so far as writing in French makes a Frenchman, is another. Their works are full of fancy; but it is the fancy which gives to truth its wings. The rocket is charged, not with colored sparks, but burning jewels.

† Here, again, exceptions occur; and the greatest of our Scottish preachers is a contradiction to the characteristic style of his country.

er comes chiefly out in that homely, self-commending sense,—the brief, business-like reasoning, which might be termed Saxon logic, and of which Swift in one century, and Cobbett in another, are obvious instances. His premises are not always true, nor his inferences always legitimate; but there is such evident absence of sophistry, and even of that refining and hair-splitting which usually beget the suspicion of sophistry,—his statements are so sincere, and his conclusions so direct; the language is so perspicuous, and the appeal is made so honestly to each reader's understanding,—that his popularity as a reasoner is inevitable. We need not say that the author of the Pilgrim possessed imagination; but it is important to note the service it rendered to his preaching, and the charm which it still imparts to his miscellaneous works. The pictorial power he possessed in a rare degree. His mental eye perceived the truth most vividly. Some minds are moving in a constant mystery. They see men like trees walking. The different doctrines of the Bible all wear dim outlines to them, jostling and jumbling; and after a perplexing morrice of bewildering hints and half discoveries, they vanish into the misty background of nonentity. To Bunyan's bright and broad-waking eye all things were clear. The men walked, and the trees stood still. Everything was seen in sharp relief and definite outline,—a reality. And besides the pictorial, he possessed in highest perfection the illustrative faculty. Not only did his own mind perceive the truth most vividly, but he saw the very way to give others a clear perception of it also. This is the great secret of successful teaching. Like a man who has clambered his difficult way to the top of a rocky eminence, but who, once he has reached the summit, perceives an easier path, and directs his companions along its gentler slopes, and gives them a helping hand to lift them over the final obstacles, it was by giant struggles over the debris of crumbling hopes, and through jungles of despair, and up the cliffs of apparent impossibility, that Bunyan forced his way to the pinnacle of his eventual joy; but no sooner was he standing there, than his eagle-eye detected the easier path, and he made it the business of his benevolent ministry to guide others into it. Though not the truth, an illustration is a stepping-stone toward it; an indentation in the rock which makes it easier to climb. No man had a happier knack in hewing out these notches in the cliff, and no one knew better where to place them, than this pilgrim's pioneer. Besides, he rightly judged that the value of these suggestive similes—these illustrative stepping-stones — depends very much on their breadth and frequency. But Bunyan appeals not only to the intellect and imagination, but to the hearts, of men. There was no bitterness in Bunyan. He was a man of kindness and compassion. How sorry he is for Mr. Badman! and how he makes you sympathize with Christian, and Mr. Ready-to-halt, and Mr. Feeble-mind, and all the other interesting companions of that eventful journey! And in his sermons, how piteously he pleads with sinners for their own souls! and how impressive is the undisguised vehemency of his yearning affections! In the same sentence Bunyan has a word for the man of sense, and another for the man of fancy, and a third for the man of feeling; and by thus blending the intellectual, the imaginative, and the affectionate, he speaks home to the whole of man, and has made his works a lesson-book for all mankind.

Another secret of Bunyan's popularity is the felicity of his style. His English is vernacular, idiomatic, universal; varying with the subject; homely in the continuous narrative; racy and pungent in his lively and often rapid discourse; and, when occasion requires, "a model of unaffected dignity and rhythmical flow;" but always plain, strong, and natural. However, in speaking of his style, we do not so much intend his words as his entire mode of expression. A thought is like a gem; but, like a gem, it may be spoiled in the setting. A careless artist may chip it, and grievously curtail its dimensions; a clumsy craftsman, in his fear of destroying it, may not sufficiently polish it, or, in his solicitude to show off its beauty, may overdo the accompanying ornaments. Bunyan was too skillful a workman so to mismanage the matter. His expression neither curtails nor encumbers the thought, but makes the most of it; that is, presents it to the reader as it is seen by the writer. Though there is a great appearance of amplitude about his compositions, few of his words

could be wanted. Some styles are an ill-spun thread, full of inequalities, and shaggy from beginning to end with projecting fibres which spoil its beauty, and add nothing to its strength; but in its easy continuousness and trim compactness, the thread of Bunyan's discourse flows firm and smooth from first to last. Its fullness regales the ear, and its felicity aids the understanding.

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

THE Church in the Catacombs! Reader, this is not a matter of curious antiquarian lore, which you may pass lightly by, as a thing in which you have no concern. It is a solemn and touching subject, affecting every one who would give "a reason for the hope that is in him;" appealing to the sympathies of every member of the Christian Church; calling upon him to show something of that zeal in his Master's service, which stirred up the blessed martyrs and saints of old to renounce everything that the world holds dear and precious, for the sake of a pure and undefiled religion.

The Church in the Catacombs! A chosen band of Christians, of various ranks and ages; father and son; mother and child; husband and wife; friends and kindred; the slave and the free; assembled in gloomy vaults to worship God, indifferent alike to the bribes and persecutions of paganism; mindful only of the Cross upon which their beloved Master offered up the one great atoning sacrifice; struggling on during three centuries, but increasing in numbers and in influence, until at length they emerged from their dark retreats, and the unclouded light of Christianity burst upon the world.

During the later times of the Roman republic, the enlargement of the ancient city, the mistress of the world, led to the formation of quarries in the immediate neighborhood, from which were obtained the materials necessary for building. These consisted of *tufa* and *puzzolana*, a volcanic sandy rock, which, from its texture, was well adapted to the excavation of long galleries. The sand obtained from these subterranean works was much used in making cement, and, the demand for it [illegible] ng large, the whole subsoil on one side [illegible] n the course of time, perforated by a network of excavations, spreading ultimately to a distance of fifteen miles. But, while this was going on, the original quarries, exhausted of their stores, were used as burying places by the lowest orders of the people, who were not able to procure the honors of a funeral pile for burning their dead. There also were thrown the bodies of persons who had perished by their own hands, or by the hand of the law.

The persons engaged in procuring sand from these Catacombs were called *arenarii*, or sand-diggers; they were persons of the lowest grade, and, from the nature of their occupation, probably formed a distinct class. There is reason to suppose that Christianity spread very early among them, for, in time of persecution, the converts employed in the subterranean passages not only took refuge there themselves, but also put the whole Church in possession of these otherwise inaccessible retreats. When we reflect upon the trials which awaited the Church, and the combined powers of earth and hell which menaced its earliest years, it is impossible not to recognize the fostering care of a heavenly hand, in thus providing a cradle for the infant community. Perhaps, to the protection afforded by the Catacombs, as an impregnable fortress from which persecution always failed to dislodge it, the Church at Rome owed much of the rapidity of its triumph; and to the preservation of its earliest sanctuaries, its ancient superiority in discipline and manners. The customs of the first ages, stamped indelibly on the walls of the Catacombs, must have contributed to check the spirit of innovation, soon observable throughout Christendom; the elements of a pure faith were written "with an iron pen, in the rock, forever;" and if the Church of aftertimes had looked back to her subterranean home, "to the hole of the pit whence she was digged," she would there have sought in vain for traces of forced celibacy, the invocation of saints, and the representation of the Deity in painting or sculpture.

It appears from various testimonies, that those sand-pits or Catacombs, were places of punishment, as well as of refuge, to the early Christians. We are told that the Emperor Maximian "condemned all the Roman soldiers who were Christians, to hard labor; and in various places set them to work, some to dig stones, others

sand." There is also a tradition in Rome, that the baths of Diocletian were built from the materials procured by the Christians. That the Catacombs were throughout well-known to them is evident; for every part was completely taken possession of by them, and furnished with tombs or chapels. Paintings and inscriptions belonging to our religion are to be seen everywhere; and, for three hundred years, the entire Christian population of Rome found sepulture in those recesses.

The security of the Catacombs as an asylum, was due to their great extent and intricate windings. The entrances to them were also numerous, and scattered over the Campagna for miles; and the labyrinth below was so occupied by the Christians, and so blocked up in various places by them, that pursuit must have been almost useless. The Acts of the Martyrs relate some attempts made to overwhelm the galleries with mounds of earth, in order to destroy those who were concealed within; but setting aside these legends, we are credibly informed, that not only did the Christians take refuge there, but that they were also occasionally overtaken by their pursuers. The Catacombs have become illustrious by the actual martyrdom of some noble witnesses to the truth. Xystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered below ground, in the time of Cyprian. Stephen the first, another Bishop of Rome, was traced by heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel, and, on the conclusion of divine service, he was thrust back into his episcopal chair, and beheaded. The letters of Christians then living, refer to such scenes with a simplicity that dispels all idea of exaggeration; while their expectation of sharing the same fate affords a vivid picture of those dreadful times.

The discovery of wells and springs in various parts of the corridors, assists us in understanding how life could be supported in those dismal regions; although there is no evidence to prove that the wells were sunk for that purpose. One of them has been named the font of St. Peter; and, however apocryphal may be the tradition which refers it to apostolic times, the fact of its having been long used for baptism, is not to be disputed. Some of the wells are supposed to have been dug with the intention of draining parts of the Catacombs.

The general habit of taking refuge in the Catacombs, is proved. On the outbreak of a persecution, the elders of the Church, heads of families, and others particularly obnoxious to the Pagans, would be the first to suffer; perhaps the only individuals whose death or exile was intended by the imperial officers. Aware of their danger, and probably well-versed in the signs of impending persecution, they might easily betake themselves to the Catacombs, where they could be supported by those whose obscure condition left them at liberty. The importance of such a retreat was not unknown to the heathen; every effort was made at the beginning of a persecution to prevent the Christians from escaping by a subterranean flight; and several edicts begin with a prohibition against entering the cemeteries. Death was decreed as a punishment of disobedience. The laws were almost equally severe against the custom of worshiping in them. It is a well-known fact that, before the time of Constantine, there were in Rome many rooms, or halls, employed for divine worship, though perhaps no edifices built expressly for that purpose. Besides this, the extreme smallness of the Catacomb chapels, and their distance from the usual dwellings of the Christians, oppose serious objections to the supposition that they served for regular meetings. Yet nothing is better attested in history, than the fact, that throughout the fourth century, the Church met there for the celebration of the eucharist; for prayer at the graves of the martyrs; and for the love-feasts, or *agapæ*. Prudentius affirms that he had often prayed before the tomb of Hippolytus, and describes at length the subterranean sepulchre of that saint. After narrating the care of the Church, shown in gathering the mangled remains of the martyr, he proceeds to a minute description of the Catacomb in which they were deposited: "Among the cultivated grounds, not far outside the walls, lies a deep cavern, with dark recesses. A descending path, with winding stairs, leads through the dim turnings; and the daylight, entering by the mouth of the cavern, somewhat illumines the first part of the way. But the darkness grows deeper as we advance, till we meet with openings, cut in the roof of the passages, admitting light from above. There have I often prayed, prostrate, sick with the corrup-

tions of soul and body, and obtained relief." The discovery of chapels, altars, episcopal chairs, and fonts, indicates the existence of a subterranean worship at some time or other; but it is difficult to prove, that all the religious ceremonies were performed in the Catacombs at a very early period. The Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation, was found over one of the graves in the cemetery of Callistus, and shows that prayers were offered below ground :—

"In Christ. Alexander is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He lived under the Emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good; for, while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O, sad times! in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us. What can be more wretched than such a life! and what than such a death, when they could not be buried by their friends and relations!—at length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived, who has lived in Christian times."

It is inferred from these words, that Alexander was praying in the Catacombs when discovered by the emissaries of the second Antonine, the first emperor of that name having being friendly to the Christians. This event belongs to the fifth persecution, which began in the year 161. A number of circumstances in this inscription are worthy of notice: the beginning, in which the first two words, (Alexander mortuus,) after leading us to expect a lamentation, break out into an assurance of glory and immortality; the description of the temporal insecurity in which the believers of that time lived; the difficulty of procuring Christian burial for the martyrs; the certainty of their heavenly reward; and lastly, the concluding sentence, forcibly revealing the words of St. Paul, "as dying, yet behold we live;" and again, "I die daily."

In addition to the older galleries, dug for the purpose of extracting sand and puzzolana, the Christians continued to excavate fresh passages for their own
These additions, distin-
heir superior height and
alled *new crypts*. The
was generally
e galleries,
some of them filled with graves; a circumstance which has given rise to many conjectures. The fugitives may have cast up these mounds as obstacles to the pursuit of their enemies, since, by blocking up the principal passages, and leaving open only those known to themselves, they might render the galleries beyond quite inaccessible to their persecutors. Some of these new crypts are supposed to belong to more peaceful times, when the custom of burying in the Catacombs had become so completely established, that, even after it was no longer a necessary precaution, this sort of sepulture was preferred. Vicinity to the tombs of saints and martyrs, so highly valued in that age, was also an inducement to the continuance of the practice. One of the inscriptions is translated as follows,—

"In the new crypt, behind the saints, (*retro sanctos*,) Valeria and Sabina bought it for themselves while living. They bought a bisomum for Apro and Viator."

The word *bisomum* (compounded of Greek and Latin) signifies a place for two bodies; the words *trisomum* and *quadrisomum* apply to graves capable of containing three and four bodies. If we look back through the history of the world, we find everywhere the disposition to build tombs for the exclusive use of individual families. The mummy pits of Egypt are constructed upon this principle. "He was buried with his fathers," is a common conclusion to the history of a Jewish patriarch. It was reserved for Christianity first to deposit side by side the bodies of persons unconnected with each other,—an arrangement which prevails throughout the whole of Christendom, from the Catacombs of ancient Rome to the modern churchyards of our own country.

In many of the inscriptions on the tombs of the Catacombs occurs the word *cemetery*, which is derived from the Greek, and signifies a *sleeping-place*. In this auspicious word, now for the first time applied to the tomb, there is manifest a sense of hope and immortality, the result of a new religion. A star had risen on the borders of the grave, dispelling the horror of darkness which had hitherto reigned there; the prospect beyond was now cleared up, and so dazzling was the view of an eternal city "sculptured in the sky," that numbers were found eager to rush through the gate of martyrdom, for the hope of entering its starry portals.

The appearance of these Catacombs about the middle of the fourth century, has been described by St. Jerome. He says: "When I was at Rome, still a youth, and employed in literary pursuits, I was accustomed, in company with others of my own age, and actuated by the same feelings, to visit, on Sundays, the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs; and often to go down into the crypts dug in the heart of the earth, where the walls on either side are lined with the dead; and so intense is the darkness, that we almost realize the words of the prophet,—'They go down alive into hell,' (or Hades;) and here and there a scanty aperture, ill deserving the name of window, admits scarcely light enough to mitigate the gloom which reigns below; and, as we advance through the shades with cautious steps, we are forcibly reminded of the words of Virgil,—'Horror on all sides; even the silence terrifies the mind.'"

These subterranean galleries were nearly lost sight of during the disorder occasioned by barbarian invasions. As the knowledge of their windings could be preserved only by constant use, the principal entrances alone remained accessible; and even these were gradually neglected, and blocked up by rubbish, with the exception of two or three, which were still resorted to, and decorated afresh from time to time. In the sixteenth century the whole range of Catacombs was re-opened, and the entire contents, which had remained absolutely untouched during more than a thousand years, were restored to the world at a time when the recent revival of letters enabled the learned to profit by the discovery. * * * It is difficult now to realize the impression which must have been made upon the first explorers of this subterranean city. A vast metropolis, rich in the bones of saints and martyrs; a stupendous testimony to the truth of Christian history, and consequently, to that of Christianity itself; a faithful record of the trials of a persecuted Church—such were the objects presented to their view. * * * From the removal of everything portable to a place of greater security and more easy access, as well as from the difficulty of personally examining these dangerous galleries, beyond the mere entrance left open to general inspection, we are no longer able to share the feelings of those who beheld the cemeteries and chapels of a past age, completely furnished with their proper contents.

Before we proceed to notice the contents of the Catacombs, it may be well to add a few more details respecting them. In the greater number of galleries, the height is about eight or ten feet, and the width from four to six. The graves are cut in the walls, either in a straggling line, or in tiers, occasionally amounting to six in height. The galleries often run in stories, two or three deep, communicating with each other by flights of steps. Many of the perpendicular shafts, noticed by Jerome and others, by which the vaults were lighted, appear to be of a more recent date than the times of persecution, and would have been fatal to the safety of the refugees. Many of these holes still exist in the Campagna, near Rome, and prove dangerous to the incautious rider. The number of graves contained in the Catacombs is very great. In order to form a general estimate of them, we must remember that from the year 98 A. D. to some time after the year 400, (of both which periods consular dates have been found in the cemeteries,) the whole Christian population of Rome was interred there. As this time includes nearly a century after the establishment of Christianity under Constantine, the numbers latterly must have been very considerable. A city peopled by more than a million of inhabitants, so far Christianized as to give rise to a general complaint that the altars and temples of the gods were deserted, must have required cemeteries of no ordinary dimensions. The number of Christians in the time of Decius has been estimated by historians at between forty and fifty thousand. Added to this, a horror of disturbing the graves already occupied, would effectually prevent the custom of employing the same ground for fresh interments after the lapse of a few years.

The treasures of the Catacombs, we have said, were removed to museums and places where they could be seen and studied to advantage. The richest collection is in the Vatican. There is, first, the Christian Museum, properly so called, containing a number of sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, and medals; besides this, at the entrance to the Vatican Museum, is a long corridor, the sides of which are completely lined with inscriptions, plastered into the wall. On the right hand are

arranged the epitaphs of Pagans, votive tablets, dedications of altars, fragments of edicts and public documents, collected from the neighborhood of the city; and, opposite to them, classed under the heads of Greek, Latin, and Consular monuments, appear the inscriptions of the ancient Christians. These have been collected indiscriminately from the Catacombs round Rome. This is called the Lapidarian Gallery. Ever since the discovery of these inestimable monuments in the sixteenth century, Romanist writers have been suffered to claim identity in discipline and doctrine with the Church that occupied the Catacombs; while an attempt has scarcely been made to show from these remains the more striking resemblance existing between the Reformed Church and that of primitive Rome. It will be more particularly shown in another article.

THE LOSS OF THE "HENRY CLAY."

"There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet."

There was peace in the smiling summer heaven,
Like a blessing hung on high;
And a soothing song in the forest's shade,
As the gentle breeze pass'd by;
And the radiant flowers laugh'd merrily forth
From many a fairy dell,—
But a requiem pass'd on the wind's soft wing,
And the voice of a funeral knell!

Placidly flow'd the blue waves on,
And aye to themselves they sang;
But a shadow fell on their quietness,
And a shriek through their melody rang;
And they bore on their breast full many a form
That had fallen in death asleep:
O! joyfully shone the summer sun,
But wo was on the deep!

The infant clasp'd an angel hand,
And pass'd from earth away;
And childhood heard the Shepherd's voice,
And hasted to obey;
And manhood's strength was weakness there,
Against the might of death;
And the flutt'ring pulse of age was still,
His chilling touch beneath.

O! weary was the restless wave
With its bitter weight of wo,
And its merry tide of music fell
To an anthem sighing low;
While the last heart-throb of terror there,
And the last sweet breath of love,
Were blended with the faltering hope
And the faith that soar'd above.

Sorrow was on the burden'd deep,
Nor sorrow only there;
But the hearts that live after all are gone,
That dread agony still bear;
And in desolate homes where the very light
Has a shadow on its ray;
And the summer breeze, as it fleets along,
Bears a wailing voice alway.

Sorrow upon the calm blue deep,
And on the grassy main!
But no sorrow in the eternal home,
Nor even a dream of pain;
No breaking hearts in the mansions on high,
No lonely firesides there;
But the souls that have won that holy rest
Forever a smile shall wear.

NEW-YORK.

SYMPATHY FOR THE POOR.

THE delicacies of food and clothing are enjoyed with little concern for those to whom the necessaries of life are scarcely attainable; and it has thus passed into a proverb, that one half of the world knows not what becomes of the other. One of our first moral writers has been pleased to speak in a manner somewhat disrespectful of those moralists and poets, like Thompson, who have noticed and lamented this disposition in the human mind to enjoy its own blessings rather than disquiet itself with the calamities of others. I allude to Adam Smith. But was he well employed on this occasion? It is the province of sympathy to render us alive to the evils of those around us. This he would admit. So is it equally the province of reason and good sense to save the mind from too deep an interest in afflictions which we can neither prevent nor remedy. This we concede on our part. No doubt, therefore, it is the perfection of the human character to be at once equal to its own happiness, and yet sensible to those miseries of our fellow-creatures which its exertions can alleviate. But surely it remains to be remarked, that it is not in any deficiency to *ourselves* that human nature offends. This is not the weakness of mankind, or the aspect under which they need be regarded by a moralist with any pain. If there be sometimes found those who are formed of a finer clay, so as really to have the comforts of their own existence diminished and interrupted by sympathizing too long and too quickly with the calamities of those around them, such may surely be considered as exceptions, to be set apart from their fellow-mortals, as those more amiable beings, who are not likely by their example to injure the general cause of reasonable enjoyment in the world, and whom the more natural prevalence of careless selfishness renders it not easy often to find, and surely not very possible long to censure.

LITERATURE AND LOGIC OF "THE INTERIOR."

A LITTLE while ago, the heading of this article would have conveyed no definite idea to the mind of the reader. By "*the interior*" he might have understood that department of the general government now in charge of Mr. Stewart, of Virginia; if of a bilious habit, "the interior" would have suggested thoughts of the digestive organs; and if sanguine in temperament, it might have indicated the space within the crust of our globe, as demonstrated in the theory of the half-crazy Symmes. Now, however, the phraseology is well understood. "The interior" is the expressive phrase by which is designated the abode of departed spirits. Its localities have been described, its boundaries marked out, its various "spheres" explained. In fact, there is more dogmatic teaching relative to "the interior," and those who believe have more positive information about it than can possibly be gathered from the pages of geographers relative to the surface of this little planet on which we dwell. We have, moreover, abundant specimens of the literature of that well-described realm. Its logic is transferred to material types. Not only prose, but poetry, professedly therefrom, may be had in quantities equal to the demand. There are papers and periodicals devoted to nothing else,—weekly, semi-weekly, and quarterly,—terms two to three dollars per annum, payable in advance. For those whose appetites cannot be satisfied with less than a full meal at once, there are also bound volumes, goodly in size, and closely printed. The price, of course, is considerably more than you pay for books of the same size on mere mundane topics, and the typographical errors are rather more numerous.

The growth of this species of literature has been rapid in the extreme. We know nothing in the natural world with which to compare it. The *Victoria regia*, which, by its amazing developments, drove the Duke of Devonshire's gardener to the invention which resulted in the Crystal Palace, grew at a snail's pace in comparison. Indeed, by those who forget the Millerite excitement, and are ignorant of Mormon statistics, the extension of this species of literature, and the greediness with which it is swallowed, will appear almost incredible. In tracing it from its origin to its present gigantic developments, we confine ourselves to the publications of professed "mediums,"—a word employed to designate individuals who are used by the spirits to convey their sentiments, their poetry and prose, to those yet in the body.

About four years ago, in the house of a Mr. Michael Weekman, in the town of Arcadia, in Wayne County, New-York, were heard, at intervals, sundry mysterious noises. Mr. Weekman was at first terribly frightened. He and his family, however, soon became accustomed to the rappings, which were followed by sundry fantastic tricks, such as the moving of tables, the displacing of chairs, and the breaking of crockery by some invisible power. This was the germ from which has grown this gigantic tree. Other accounts of its origin have been given, but they are entitled to no credit. A work entitled "Explanation and History of Mysterious Communion with Spirits," by E. W. Capron and H. D. Barrow, published at Auburn, establishes this fact, and will satisfy the reader that the thing did really emanate from *Mr. Weekman*. In process of time, this same house was occupied by a Mr. J. D. Fox, who had two daughters, cunning girls, just verging upon womanhood. Their names were Catharine and Margaretta. To them belongs the glory of making the knockings available. Weekman, in his weakness, never dreamed of turning them to personal or pecuniary profit; but the Foxes discovered the method of rendering intelligible the knockings which had hitherto been "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." By raps, made of course only in their presence, questions were answered on subjects of which the girls were ignorant. These answers were frequently incorrect; but then they were sometimes right, which of course was deemed conclusive evidence that a communication with "the interior" had been opened. In a short time other persons, in different parts of the country, entered upon the same line of business; in fact, mediums sprang up like mushrooms. The old freaks of making pokers dance, and smashing looking glasses, and frightening children,—a very mean employment for denizens of any sphere,—went out of fashion. The letters of the alphabet—our English alphabet; for all the spirits, Greek, German, and Hindoo, seem

to understand English—came into use. The "medium," beginning with A, points to the letters successively. When the right one is touched, a rap is heard, and so on until the word is complete, and thus information from the interior is communicated.

As in the method of the Fox girls, however, erroneous answers are frequently given even by the alphabetic process. The faith of the true disciple is not at all shaken thereby, for nothing is easier than to account for mistakes; as, for instance, the spirit who gave the reply was an ignoramus from a lower sphere, or his rap was not rightly interpreted, or he did not understand the question. A Mr. A. Munson published at Auburn what he entitled, with admirable propriety, a "Simple Narration." He visited a Mrs. Cooper, and after witnessing several strange sights, such as the poising of a table on two castors at an elevation of fifteen or twenty degrees, the moving of that table toward him, the said Munson, and its moving back again, of course by spiritual agency, for he says, "Mrs. Cooper and myself were the only persons in the room that tabernacled in the flesh," a call for the alphabet was made. It was accordingly produced, and Mr. Munson informs us, "Among other questions asked and responded to were the following:—Be you my guardian spirit? Answered affirmatively. How long have you been my guardian spirit? Answer. *Five years.* Are you the spirit of my mother? Answered in the affirmative by a single rap, which was the sign agreed upon for an affirmative response to my questions." Now Mr. Munson's mother had not been dead *one* year. Of course there was a mistake somewhere. It might have been accounted for by supposing they measure time differently in "the interior;" but Mr. Munson says that although "it was beyond controversy that a falsehood had been communicated," *and he told Mrs. Cooper that it was a falsehood*, "I returned to my home under a strong impression that the dark side of this investigation would be made luminous, and that the apparent jargon would be made plain." And so it was. Some months afterward, Mr. Munson, as a reward for his desperate docility, was favored with another interview with a medium. After a few preliminary questions, "I said," continues this simple narrative, "I understood you to say you had been my guardian spirit five years. She replied: I did not answer that question. It was answered by a spirit in the second sphere. He did it to deceive you and prevent you from believing in spirit manifestations." Mr. Munson was of course abundantly satisfied.

The mode of communicating by "rappings" was found, at length, to be liable to many objections, especially on the part of those more skeptical than Mr. Munson. A Mr. H. R. Park, of the town of Scott, in Cortland County, N. Y., undertook to answer these objections. We give the whole of his reply to the assertion that the Bible nowhere talks of this knocking. "It says," Mr. Park tells us, "Behold, I stand at the door and *knock*;" and "whosoever cometh and *knocketh*, open to him immediately." This latter "quotation" appears to have been manufactured for the purpose; the former savors of blasphemy in this connection. The residents in "the interior" were ashamed of their apologist, and by the better informed among them rapping has been voted vulgar.

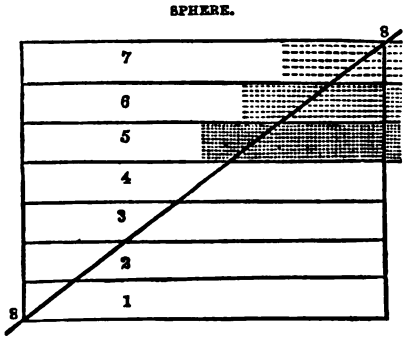
Now the new era dawns upon us. It was not a very great stretch of intellectual capacity that revealed the fact that by the same power by which spirits can rap and cause material things to dance at their pleasure, they might be able to take a man's hand and write. The invention, however, is attributed to Dr. Franklin, who, it seems, pursues his philosophical inquiries in "the interior." Thus it is written in the "New Leaf" for February, 1852, a periodical published in the city of New-York:—"Franklin seems to have had much to do in the work of originating and operating the new Spiritual Telegraph. He still appears to exercise the functions of his old office, (Postmaster General,) having, however, instead of assistants and deputies, numerous friends, who conform to his wishes so far as their wills and perceptions coincide with his—such being the basis of all spiritual co-operation." Well, according to this we shall never know how much the world is yet to be indebted to the good old doctor. He is now, according to the last advices, only in the third sphere. If he ever reaches the *seventh*, of which there is no more reason to doubt than that he is now in the *third*, there is absolutely no telling wha

he will do, for it must be observed that progression from a lower to a higher sphere gives an immense accession of knowledge and power. It is only fair to tell the reader, however, that the reports relative to Franklin's *locale* are somewhat contradictory. Which sphere he is really in is a disputed point. From the periodical already quoted we make an extract, which gives an insight into the geography of "the interior," and explains the reason why the old philosopher may have contradicted himself in the numerous revelations he has made. The editor says, "*This article was dictated by a spirit, Feb.* 8, 1852."

"When we tell you that yet very few who once inhabited earth have attained the third sphere—undergone the third phenomenon of birth—you may think that the inhabitants of this sphere are most of them either ignorant in regard to sphereognostics, or have willfully deceived you in regard to this matter. There are many here who know little or nothing respecting spheres, and who suppose, from no promptings of vanity, that they have attained the highest or nearly the highest human elevation possible—the spheres which they so minutely have depicted being a distinction of grades, or classes *in this sphere*, which possess no more distinct lines of demarkation than do the different societies of your sphere.

"Reflection and every-day experience can but evince to your minds, that in your sphere there is no absolute number of societies. A certain number may, perhaps, seem to delineate the number of societies which would be most readily and generally perceptible. One may make forty or a hundred classifications or societies in one sphere, and be as much right as he who makes but three or seven. A diagram will illustrate to you more fully and forcibly this idea.

SPHERE.



"Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 are in the spaces, which are intended as a representation of a sevenfold division of a sphere—8–8 is the line of progress. The dotted lines represent a more minute division, which may be, in truth, intro-multiplied until it leaves a separate society for each individual; for no two individuals ever at one time inhabited precisely one plane of development, as such an event can but result in the coalescence or unity of the two into one."

This ought to satisfy a reasonable inquirer, and is as conclusive as anything could be that the contradictory statements to which we have alluded must have come from persons "ignorant in regard to *sphereognostics*," which seems to be a very difficult science. In fact, these circles are so "*intromultiplied*" that very few of the inhabitants of "the interior" can describe their "*plane of development*," which, in our vernacular, means — they don't know where they are.

The process whereby individuals become "*mediums*,"—by which, in this advanced stage of progress, you are not to understand mere rappers, but links in Franklin's Spiritual Telegraph,—is very simple. It is described in the books with minute accuracy. Even a fool may comprehend and practice the directions, as has been made manifest in all parts of the country, there being now "not less than a thousand mediums in these United States," some of them of the first water.

A man by the name of *Hammond* ranks among the most highly favored. We incline to give him the first place; at any rate, he has made most money by publications to which he has the shrewdness to give most startling and *ad captandum* titles. Of course everybody would like to see, when satisfied of its being the real thing, "The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine to the Sixth Circle in the Spirit-World, by Rev. Charles Hammond, Medium.—Written by the Spirit of Thomas Paine." The price, "bound in muslin, is seventy-five cents." It is a dingy, shabbily-printed little volume; dear, were it on mere mundane topics, at a quarter of a dollar. It had a most extensive sale, and was soon followed by another book, similar in size and appearance, price also "seventy-five cents in muslin." We copy the title-page entire:—"Light from the Spirit-World, comprising a series of articles on the Condition of Spirits, and the Development of Mind in the Rudimental and Second Spheres. Written wholly by the control of Spirits, without any volition or will by the medium, or any thought or care in regard to the matter presented by his hand.—C. Hammond, *Medium*." In his introduction, bearing date Rochester, October 31st, 1851, he advises the reader

that the spirits have suggested a desire to use him in the preparation of another volume, which is to go still deeper into the abyss. "When it is written," he says, "it will be published,"—of which we have no doubt.

This Mr. Hammond was, we understand, a clergyman of the Universalist persuasion. He is yet, for aught we know, although in later publications he has the grace to drop his reverend prefix. We have his own testimony to his perfect honesty of purpose, and staunch fidelity to his employers, who are, he says, four spirits, with two of whom he was acquainted while they were in the *ex*terior, and the others belonged to a former generation. But the reader shall have Mr. Hammond's own declarations. "The book," *Light from the Spirit-World*, "was written without any will or volition, except that I consented to sit, and let my hand write as it was controlled by spirits; and as it was written by them, so I have caused it to be published. Not a word or sentence have I changed from the manuscript as *they* prepared it for the printer. The writers of this book are well satisfied, as they inform me; and what satisfies spirits I have no reason to complain of myself."

But for this declaration on the part of the medium, we should have had no hesitation in giving it as our opinion, from internal evidence, that the entire volume proceeded from one and the same mind. There is, throughout, a wonderful similarity of style; and the reputed authors, if not in the "same plane of development," are certainly very equally matched in intellectual calibre. This refers to the volume entitled "Light from the Spirit-World." As to "Paine's Pilgrimage," it puzzles us still more. The author of "The Age of Reason," whatever may have been his faults, knew how to write the English language. His style was nervous and concise. He was not only intelligible, but his readers could not misunderstand him. If he had written in the style, slip shod, ungrammatical, confused, in which the medium gives us his productions from "the interior," his books would have done no mischief. They would never have had a second perusal. A worthless, drunken scoundrel as he was, there was a time when Tom Paine would have blushed at the thought of being the author of such a farrago: and how it is possible that he could have thus dictated to the Rev. Charles Hammond, utterly passes our comprehension.

We copy a few rays of "Light" from the "Spirit-World," as a specimen of its style, and of the information to be obtained from Mr. Hammond's book. We make our extract at random; for the volume is pervaded by such a sameness, such a dead level of flatness and inanity, that there is no room for ingenuity in the selection. After reading the few sentences which follow, you will come to the same conclusion we did after wading through the entire volume: "There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this." Our extract is from the chapter or section on "Wisdom:"—

"Wisdom is wisdom. All is not wisdom. All is not folly. Wisdom wills good. Folly wills otherwise. One is right. One is wrong. Wisdom will do right. Folly will do wrong. He, that is wise, let him take heed. He who is unwise, let him get wisdom. And let him get it where it is to be found. Let him not seek for it in the folly of fools, but in men of understanding, in spirits commissioned by God, to give light to those who grope in darkness. Let him cast off the shackles, tear asunder the false robes, rend the galling chains, and burst the bonds that enslave his captive soul. Let him launch his mind into the stream of wisdom flowing from the mountain of God, and bathe in the limpid waters, that he may be healed.

"Wisdom is not selfish. Wisdom is not partial. Human wisdom is both. Men are considered wise, but their wisdom is comparatively foolishness. Men are wise only as they gain knowledge. Men are unwise when they neglect what they need to make them wise. Men are wise when they do good—unwise when they do evil. Men are wise in what they know—unwise in what they do not know. Knowledge of God is wisdom. Knowledge is power. Knowledge is good. Knowledge will save. Knowledge will cure. Knowledge will do what ignorance can not do. Hence knowledge of God is the wisdom of God, the power of God, and the goodness of God. Neither could wisdom exist without God."—*Light from the Spirit-World*, pp. 39, 40.

Space is not allowed us, in the present article, to notice other bound volumes of the literature of "the interior." It is peculiarly rich in *periodicals*, to which we must pay a little attention. The place of honor among those before us is due to a quarto sheet, the first number of which bears date Auburn, N. Y., June 5th, 1851. It is issued semi-monthly, and is called "The Spiritual and Moral Instructor." The editor is J. S. Hyatt; but the principal contributor is the Rev. J. L. Scott, a

clergyman of very liberal views, an ultra-universalist. He has no *church* yet, but preaches in the City Hall at Auburn, and wherever else he can get an opportunity. His sermons, the editor says, "are *inspired* at the time of their delivery, and are not a subject of premeditation, the texts being communicated to him by Paul, through the rappings immediately before or at their commencement." They are taken down by one of his hearers from his lips, and published in the "Instructor." The sermons, those of them we have had the patience to read, are such as might be expected under the circumstances,—illogical, bombastical, and at times blasphemous. The suggestion of the texts, the reader will observe, is said to be by Paul. The preacher does not venture to charge the sentiments of his discourses upon the Apostle, in which, as we shall see presently, he is far in the rear of some others of his kidney. To very little purpose, as it seems to us, are the *texts* given; that of almost any one of the sermons might as well be prefixed to another, and any passage from Genesis to Revelation would be just as applicable to the majority. We give the introductory passages of one of these published discourses from No. 5 of the Spiritual and Moral Instructor :—

"The noble powers of mind, how much debased to the production of thought bemeaning to its purposed dignity!

"Mind, the quickening principle of which originates in God, and is designed to range the majestic universe, to gather strength from every dropping sand within its sphere, from the contemplation of every moving atom in the vastness of unmeasured space, from the animating principle of every living thing, from the lote and mollusca, through the ascending degree of higher life and expanding intellectuality, to the flaming seraph who attends the Creator at his throne, in man is wounded by the deadly and demoralizing nature of sin against goodness, and is thus prevented its lofty ascent, and being impelled in pursuit of fancy pearl, by the motive force of evil is rendered a penal slave to vice, prejudice, and vain ambitious life. Hence from its secret chambers is poured forth a chaotic mass of garbled vindictive imprecations, terminating in oppressions, ambitious cruelties, and the catalogue indicative of a mind in perfect wreck, driven and dashed against the fatal rocks that rend in sunder the noble form, and despoil the garnished palace of the human soul.

"Mind, designed to harmonize in its own movements, and in ascension wing its way through portals of wisdom, bearing along by attraction the weaker elements around, is crushed and welters in gore at the base of the mountain of sin, and tending to the dark abyss, drags with it that embraced by the power of its influence."

This is a fair specimen of the style of this reverend gentleman, and of the important truths of which he claims to be the medium of communication. To us, notwithstanding the editor's assertion relative to the suggestion of texts and the inspiration of the preacher, Mr. Scott seems always foggy, frequently bewildered, and at times maudlin. By the way, as we learn from a letter in "The New-York Tribune," there is another gentleman who professes occasionally to receive "texts" from departed spirits. His name is Ballou. The account is given in a letter signed E. A. Lukens, dated June 17th, 1851, and has been copied extensively by periodicals devoted to the literature of "the interior." It seems from the narrative that Mr. Ballou was in a "circle." By means of the alphabet, the spirit asked him, "Have you a subject for next Sunday?" Curious, was it not, that the spirit instead of *answering* should *ask* questions—should become, instead of a rapper, a rappee. Mr. Ballou replied that he had no subject for the next Sunday. The spirit then said, "I want you to preach from 1 Cor. ii, 12, 13." Mr. Ballou thanked the spirit, and prepared the sermon. But the most wonderful part of the story remains. The spirit had requested a light table to be placed in front of the preacher, that during the sermon he might give evidence to Mr. Ballou's entire congregation of his presence and agency. By some means this reasonable request was forgotten; but, says Mr. Lukens, who was an eye-witness :—"A large desk stood there, where the books, slates, &c., used in school during the week, were stowed for the Sabbath, and several times it was lifted and moved by an invisible power. The good spirit, whose reasonable request to have a light table to move had not been attended to, lifted the heavy desk in pure desperation of earnestness and love."

Of course Mr. Lukens had not the most remote suspicion that Ballou had any agency, direct or indirect, in these fantastic desecrations of the Sabbath; and in the simplicity of his heart he adds, much in the style of a greenhorn, after witnessing the feats performed by Anderson the magician,—"It was a rare and impressive scene; I shall not soon forget it."

"*The Spiritual Telegraph*" is the name of a weekly paper published in this city. The first number was issued on the 8th of May last. Its typography is unexceptionable, and it is printed on good paper. It obtained a subscription list of over six thousand in three weeks, and affords a handsome revenue to the publisher and to the Rev. S. B. Brittan, of Bridgeport, who exercises the functions of editor. It is the organ of "the New-York Conference for the Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena," and contains reports of their sayings and doings. This conference is composed of men and women, most of them, so far as we know, of fair standing in the community, but evidently credulous in the extreme, with the bump of marvelousness largely developed. It is just as clear that there are among them two or three consummate knaves, who pull the wires and render the meetings interesting. The publisher of "The Spiritual Telegraph" is of course always present, and so is a Dr. Hallock, who acts as secretary.

More and more astounding are the developments from "the interior," as discussed in this Conference, and published in the "Telegraph" from week to week. At the first meeting of which we have an account, Dr. Hallock read a letter from a namesake of his, a Quaker, who went into "the interior" some thirty years since. Dr. Hallock said the medium by whom this communication was made was a girl about fifteen, who knew nothing about Quakers or Quakerism. We quote the concluding sentences:—"The Bible, a great part of it, would be right, if people would only give it the right construction. When the Bible was translated into English, it was misconstrued; then I judge great mistakes were made in that operation. There is, I think, a great many good things in it; so I *think* part of it must have been translated wrong."

Most sapient spirit! You "think" there *is* a great many good things in the Bible; and therefore, O most logical spirit,—therefore, because a great many good things *is* in it,—you *think* part of it must have been translated wrong! Verily, your logic is on a par with your grammar!

From the pages of "The Spiritual Telegraph" we might quote a multitude of similar illustrations of the most greedily-swallowed absurdities. There is a letter, purporting to come from John Calvin, of which the Genevan Reformer would have been utterly ashamed; and John Wesley is represented as the author of some of the veriest trash, ungrammatical and illogical, to say nothing now of the doctrines, that ever came from the brain or the pen of a demented transcendentalist. We may not occupy space, nor tax the reader's patience with illustrations. A specimen, said to be from Dr. Adam Clarke, through W. Boynton, who calls himself a writing-medium, will illustrate the transparency of the hoax and the grossness of the delusion. The article is headed, "*The Doctrine of Affinity*," and bears in full the signature of the learned commentator. It begins thus:—

"When we consider the doctrine of affinities, we are led, at once, to account for what we behold in the world of nature. We see why one substance adheres to another; why one form of matter becomes blended and assimilated with another. The doctrine is worthy the thought of the profoundest philosopher.

"We behold why there exists so much discord, uneasiness, and such differences among different species of animals, and different kinds of matter; why some plants cannot grow and flourish in the vicinity of others; why some animals cannot dwell together; and also why a higher order of animals cannot enjoy each other's society. This is all explained by the laws of affinities, as seen in nature.

"It is a fact, beyond successful contradiction, that all pairs are not mates. Because a man or woman is a parent, there is not of necessity an affinity with the children; because two persons are brothers or sisters, there is not, necessarily, an affinity between them; but observation proves, that though there is the same blood coursing through their veins, it does not follow that there is an affinity of mind or feeling. Neither must we infer, because two are wedded according to law, that they have an affinity for each other. Facts are in the way of such an idea.

"There are two kinds of affinities: first, natural, or such as are found in the kingdom of nature; second, spiritual, or such as are found in the spirit-world.

"It is erroneous to suppose that because a man is the husband of a woman in this world, that he will be so in the spirit-world; that children whom he has begotten here, will be necessarily his in a future state."

This is very small talk; and, admitting for a moment the honesty of the medium, we are half inclined to be vexed with the good old doctor that he should waste our time—*his*, on the supposition, is of no consequence—with such puerile inanities, when he might have solved for us mysteries that perplexed *him* while in the

body, and which, he must know, still perplex us. "All pairs are not mates:" that is a fact beyond successful contradiction! There is, nevertheless, an inkling of something we did not know before in the latter part of our quotation, but only an inkling: if a man's children are not *his*, whose are they?

Decidedly the richest number of "The Spiritual Telegraph" is that issued on the third of July last. Nearly one entire page of it is covered with fac-similes of the handwriting of forty-three spirits in "the interior." They take hold of material pens, and dip them in material ink now. There will be no more need of "mediums." Mr. Boynton and Mr. Hammond, and the nine hundred and ninety-eight others, may seek some other employment. Their occupation 's gone. This wonderful event originated on this wise:—At a meeting of the New-York Circle, held at the *house of the publisher of the Telegraph*, a Mr. Edward P. Fowler was directed by the spirits then present to place a piece of paper on the table in his bed-room, with a good pen and ink. He did so, of course; and in the morning found the paper all covered with the signatures of persons long since dead. Could anything be more convincing? Fortunately, too, there is opportunity for verifying these signatures; for it so happens that every one of these denizens of "the interior" left behind him, in this world, a specimen of his penmanship, and they all sign their names now just as they did then. We have the bold autograph of "John Hancock" and "B. Franklin," with the same flourish he made when in the body. Then follow G. Washington, and Adams, father and son, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Polk. Harrison's name is there also; but Taylor, it seems, wouldn't sign. The fact is, as would occur at once to any sane mind, the knave who perpetrated this contemptible hoax did not happen to have with him a copy of Taylor's signature. The "circle," upon receiving the precious document from Mr. Fowler, with the assurance that thus he found it upon his table, were in a perfect frenzy of astonishment and delight. Those who were present signed a certificate, testifying to their full belief "*that these are the signatures of the spirits themselves;*" and the whole account is published for the astonishment and delight of the thousands whose appetite for the marvelous grows by what it feeds upon, and whose deglutition dilates just in proportion to the demands made upon their gullets. Whether Mr. E. P. Fowler prepared this document himself, or whether it was written by another member of the "circle" who had access to his room, we are unable to say. If the former, he is a knave; if the latter, a fool—a dilemma from which we cannot extricate him.

As in mere telluric publications, so in the periodicals devoted to the "literature of the interior," we have occasionally *poetical* contributions: not, indeed, such as ordinary mortals write, but the avowed productions of the great masters of the lyre, written in "the interior," and sent up, through mediums, to the editors. Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Southey, and Shelley, and Edgar A. Poe, figure in their columns. He was a bold villain who first conceived the idea of palming off his school-boy imitations as the veritable inspiration of the departed. But his success was equal to his audacity, although not a verse has yet appeared that could be imposed upon any one who does not wish to be imposed upon as the genuine production of the poet to whom it is attributed. "*Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur.*"

Of necessity, we must pass over several other publications of a similar character, including "*The Shekinah*," a quarterly magazine, under the editorial care of the aforesaid S. B. Brittan. This is confessedly the *great* organ of the believers in this wide-spread delusion. Among the contributors, the editor enumerates the honorable Horace Greeley and the honorable J. W. Edmonds—men whose names we do not find in the list of members present at any of the "New-York Conferences," but who may be included among the "others," with which expressive word the secretary is wont to close his list. For purposes best known to themselves, however, they have allowed Mr. Brittan to use their names, and we will not do them the injustice to believe that they have not really swallowed the humbug entire. It is more to their credit to suppose them deceived than deceivers—imposed upon rather than impostors.

We should do injustice to our subject not to notice what, after all, is the *chef-d'œuvre* in this species of literature, the very cap-sheaf in this mass of absurdities and blasphemies. It is a quarto publica-

tion, entitled "*Disclosures from the Interior, and Superior Care for Mortals.*" It was issued semi-monthly at Auburn, N. Y., in a style of really beautiful typography, and on elegant paper. We copy the Prospectus entire :—

"This publication is dictated by spirits out of the flesh, and by them edited, superintended and controlled.

"Its object is the disclosure of truth from Heaven, guiding mankind into open vision of Paradise, open communication with spirits redeemed, and proper and progressive understanding of the Holy Scriptures, and of the merits of JESUS CHRIST, from whom they originated in inspiration absolute, and of whom they teach, as the only Saviour of a dissevered and bewildered race.

"The circle of apostles and prophets are its conductors from the interior; holding control over its columns, and permitting no article to find place therein unless originated, dictated or admitted by them—they acting under direction of the Lord Supreme.

"James Congdon, Charles Coventry, Andrew L. Wilson and Lonson Bush are its publishers and proprietors; they having become, in full confidence of mind, disciples of the Lord; and being present external agents of the Circle Apostolic and Prophetic; acting under their direction, while faithful, as instruments for the distribution of truth."

In the first number of this publication we have an "Introduction dictated by Paul the Apostolic Messenger;" a "Salutation to Disciples of Jesus, by the Circle of Apostles and Prophets;" and a Poem dictated by—who would the reader suppose would have been selected by apostles and prophets as an associate in heralding their first number into the world? You would never guess. Even Percy Bysshe Shelley, —Shelley, the bosom friend of the licentious Byron,—the boldly-avowed champion of atheism. Bad as he was, however, he ranked among the foremost of what Southey calls the *Satanic* school of poets, and never wrote such trash as is here fathered upon him. We copy two stanzas :—

"The earth reels fast within the strong maelström,
Circling around the vortex of its doom:
Death grasps, with fleshless hand, the helm; his lips
In mockery shout 'progression,' as she dips
Upon the marge of the abysm deep,
Where the coil'd serpents of the ocean sleep.

"Wake, wake, O, mortal!—ope thy slumberous ears,
Charm'd by Circean melody of spheres.
The Vices, bred in Passion's burning cave,
Scream through the storm, the vultures of the wave;
And ghouls tartarean, wehr-wolves of the sea,
With eager jaws distended follow thee."

In successive numbers we have "Visions by the prophet Daniel;" "Outlines of the Interior, by John the Divine;" "A Poem, dictated by the Spirit Samuel Taylor Coleridge;" another, "dictated by the Spirit Robert Southey." The far greater portion of its absurdities is attributed, with the most unblushing impudence, to St. Paul, and are solemnly declared to have been veritably dictated by the great apostle. Such masses of meaningless verbiage, of unintelligible jargon, were certainly never before printed. At the risk of disgusting the reader, we must verify our remark by a quotation at random. Take this from No. 12, under date of July 24, 1851 :—

"The internal of all intellectuality hath its origin in God. The most glorified of all created existences capacitated to approach the throne of the Divine Effulgence, receive the breath of His Being as animating fire, and move in the divinity of its loveliness.

"Hence by adapted laws the spirit descendeth to proximity with the ascending focality of physical nature, when the elements affinitize, thence inchoating, cause that innovation which blendeth the majestic procedures, and by inversion infoldeth and thence ascendeth through spiritual unfoldings to the attractive source of all the intellectual and morally pure. Thus proceedeth the Self-Existent to unfold, purify and quicken anew, and ultimate in a heaven his works as purposed in His Divine Procedure. In this is epitomized the philosophic statement of that law, by which shall be unfolded to their consummation, the immensities of the terrestrial universes inhabited by spiritual intelligences, and also the infolding and ascension of these into immensities of the spiritual and thence immensities of the celestial and thence the immensity of the most glorious and divinely pure universe, the embodiment of all universes."

Are the men who palm this, and hundreds of pages in the same strain, upon their gaping, gullible fellow-men, as emanating from the spirit of Paul,—are they crazy? Certainly we have seen more rational productions, more sensible and more logical, from the inmates of a lunatic asylum. But these men are not mad. Cunning are they, on the contrary, and wide awake. They make money by their publications. For their books you must pay a good price, and all their periodicals must be settled for in advance. "The work will be sent to no one," says the Rev. Mr. Brittan, "*until the subscription is paid.*" In this they are perfectly right. Any one desirous of such fodder as they furnish certainly ought to pay for

it. There is, moreover, a remarkable uniformity on one point pervading all these pretended revelations,—a uniformity which precludes the supposition of disordered brains. No matter who is the rapper or the rappee—deist, infidel, or apostle; Mr. Brittan, Mr. Hammond, or Mr. Ballou—no matter whether the knockings be made upon a table, a looking-glass, or a pulpit,—whether the communications be made through a medium, or with a material pen and ink in the hands of a spirit—they all aim to teach, by implication and by direct assertion, that there is no punishment for sin in a future world. Thus Shelley is in the company of Paul and John; Napoleon associates with Calvin and John Wesley; and that loathsome blackguard, Tom Paine, has already journeyed, according to his own statement to the Rev. Mr. Hammond, away up to the *sixth* circle, where, ineffably happy, he looks down upon martyrs and apostles in spheres under his feet.

Not only by inference is this their teaching. In a letter dated September 24, 1851, published in the New-York Tribune, in which the writer dwells upon "the peculiarly comforting nature" of the messages from the spirits, he says:—"They all agree in saying that all in the spirit-world are happy, though there are different degrees of happiness." The spirits who used Mr. Hammond's fingers, wrote:—"Spirits see spirits forgiven. Those who have been in the lowest circle of wisdom, in the lowest hell of which we have any knowledge, repent, reform, become better; and God removes the judgment which their condition required to discipline them into the path of true wisdom. The divine law of God, by which forgiveness is extended, is the same in both spheres."—*Light from the Spirit-World*, page 243. In the Spiritual Telegraph of May 29, 1852, a paper which the editor of the Tribune indorses as "the most rational and sensible of spiritual journals," it is stated that a revelation from *Lawrence Corbett* had been made, "in a circle," in the city of Brooklyn. This Corbett, in his lifetime, was an avowed infidel, several degrees lower in the scale of profligacy than Tom Paine, whose disciple he professed to be. When the "circle" were well satisfied that Larry, as he was called, was really present, he was asked, among other questions, "Is there any hell, such as is mentioned in the Bible?" To which Larry responded, of course, "No!" Larry's reputation as a man of truth was bad while he was in the exterior; whether it has improved since is at best doubtful. So possibly Mr. Brittan, the editor, feared his readers might think, as he makes no flourish of trumpets in introducing his testimony. Not so with another of Mr. Brittan's witnesses, and this is the last with whom we shall trouble the reader. The following statement is preceded by an assurance from Horace Greeley, "that it is from a reliable source." It comes to Mr. Brittan from Cleveland, Ohio, and is deemed by that clever manager of vast importance. The writer, who gives us his name in full, says: "I asked a deceased relative, who on earth was a Methodist clergyman, what kind of religion was right? Answer. 'The religion of Christ.' I asked if there was any devil. Answer. 'No!' Are all spirits happy after death? 'Yes; measurably.' What Church is nearest right? Answer. 'Universalist doctrine is nearest right.'"

The reader will have little difficulty, with these facts and declarations before him, to account for the ready sale of Mr. Hammond's books; for the large list of subscribers to "the Spiritual Telegraph," and periodicals of a similar kind; and for the fact that multitudes try to persuade themselves that they really believe in the truth of these pretended disclosures. By these publications, the love for the marvelous, so strong among the ignorant and half-educated, is abundantly gratified; and satisfactory demonstration that there is no devil, no hell, no suffering beyond the grave, is, by many, a consummation devoutly to be wished. What matters it how a man lives—what he believes, or does, or leaves undone—if Poe, whose moral character was anything but pure; and Shelley, whose life was one scene of iniquity, and who was hurried to his dread account without space for repentance; and Larry Corbett, the reviler of his Maker and of all goodness; and Tom Paine, whose name is a synonym for whatever is vile and filthy; if they are all, all rejoicing in the beatitudes of the Redeemer, and in close companionship with apostles and prophets,—with Daniel, the man greatly beloved of his God; and

with John, who reclined upon the Saviour's bosom? All this is taught, and vouched for, and scattered among those "who have pleasure in unrighteousness;" and it is but in accordance with the prophetic scripture, that, under "the strong delusion sent upon them," many should believe the monstrous lie.

We will not allow ourselves to say what we think of the men who get up these exhibitions, and who put money in their pockets by these publications; neither is it in our line of business to take up their reiterated challenge, and show how the trick is done. We are free to admit that the statements of credible witnesses, relative to what they have seen and heard, are wonderful—rivaling, in some instances, the feats of the far-famed Signor Blitz, who swallows tow, sets it on fire in his stomach, and draws forth beautiful ribbons; and of Professor Anderson, whom for twenty-five cents you may see pour half-a-dozen different kinds of liquor from an empty bottle, and with a word restore to perfect soundness a score of gold watches that you have just seen him smash all to pieces. Let those who have no better employment devote their time to the elucidation of these mysteries. It would be far more harmlessly employed than in "sitting in a circle" night after night, and lending the sanction of their names, under the guise of being "friends of inquiry," to the dissemination of absurdities so abominably gross, that the ravings of Bœhm appear lucid by the contrast, and, in the comparison, the most blasphemous page in the book of Mormon is perfectly harmless!

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE SIR ANDREW AGNEW.

"I REMEMBER an anecdote of him," says an intimate friend, (James Balfour, jun., Esq., W. S.,) "which I thought very touching. We were speaking one day of the difficulty of confessing Christ before the world. It was affecting to hear him acknowledge this difficulty, who had borne Christ's reproach so manfully and so meekly in all places. He told me, that when he first began to take up the cause of the Sabbath, there were many worldly men who disliked him so much that they seemed anxious to *stare* him out of their company; and that he had felt this particularly at the New Club. One honorable baronet, not satisfied with this species of annoyance, when he saw that Sir Andrew had courage enough to despise it, and to frequent the club regularly every day notwithstanding, began speaking *at* him, and acting as rudely as he well could toward him. One morning Sir Andrew was waiting for his breakfast at the club, when the baronet to whom I allude came in, apparently in great agitation. Sir Andrew, perceiving this, asked him if anything was wrong; to which he replied that his lady had last night had an attack of paralysis, and that she was dangerously ill. Sir Andrew said he felt for him sincerely, and expressed his sympathy warmly. Next morning he met him again, with his two sons, who had come to see their mother, and he asked for Lady —— with much interest. The answer was, that he had been sitting up with her all night, and that she was no better. Ultimately, however, she did recover; and on one occasion afterward, the honorable baronet referred to came up to Sir Andrew, and, with feeling that did him great honor, said: 'Sir Andrew, there are many people who like to laugh at you, and abuse you, because of your Sabbath principles, and I confess that I have been among the number; but I trust I shall never so far forget myself again. A man gets a very different view of these subjects when standing beside what he thinks the dying bed of his wife.' Sir Andrew was much affected by this frank acknowledgment, and replied: 'I understand you perfectly; for I have experienced all the same feelings myself. I, too, was once opposed to religion. When I first proposed to bring my Sabbath Bill into Parliament, I felt the difficulty I had to encounter; and, after having given notice of the bill, I thought I should never have courage to proceed with it. The day was drawing near on which my motion was to come on. Every day I felt my courage growing less and less; when, just a day or two before, a messenger arrived from the country with intelligence that my mother had had a stroke of apoplexy, and I must hurry down to see her. I went accordingly, and it was while watching beside the bed of my dying mother that I got grace and strength to bring in my Sabbath Bill.' The conversation touched the feelings of both parties, and they ever afterward entertained much respect for one another."

PIERRE PITOIS.

(*From the French.*)

IN the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was sergeant in the twelfth regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasburg. He was a native of that half-savage, half-civilized, part of Burgundy known under the name of Morvan; and his comrades never spoke of him but as "a tough customer." Always the first and the last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one fine day, our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his Colonel, in which he applied for leave of absence to go to see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, being seventy-eight years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman; and he pledged himself to return as soon as the health of his mother should be restored.

The Colonel's reply to Pierre's application was, "that, as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field, no leave of absence could be obtained."

Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed; a second letter was received by the Colonel, in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died, without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying that "he could not state his reasons for this request—it was a family secret,"—but earnestly implored his Colonel not to deny him this favor.

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's captain merely said: "Pierre, the Colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require, as the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow."

"Ah! The regiment leaves Strasburg; and for what place, may I ask you?" said Pitois.

"For Austria," replied his officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois; we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you? You will be in your element, my fine fellow!"

Pierre Pitois made no reply; he seemed lost in deep thought; the Captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily said—

"Why do you not speak, man? Are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that in less than a week you are to have the pleasure of a set-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news! Nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me."

"Indeed, Captain, I have heard every word, and I thank you with all my heart for your news, which I consider very good news."

"I thought you would," said his officer.

"But, Captain, is there no chance of obtaining the leave of absence?"

"Are you mad?" was the reply. "Leave of absence?—the very day before taking the field!"

"I never thought of that," said Pierre. "We are then on the point of taking the field; and at such a time, I suppose, leave is never given?"

"It is never even asked."

"It is quite right—it is never even asked. It would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try and get on without it."

"And you will do well," replied the Captain.

The next day, the twelfth regiment entered Germany; and the next—Pierre Pitois deserted.

Three months after, when the twelfth regiment, having reaped in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was making its triumphal entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of *gens d'armes*. A court-martial is immediately called. Pierre Pitois is accused of having deserted at the very moment when his regiment was about to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a singular spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser, who cried,—

"Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest men in the army; you, on whose breast the star of honor yet glitters; you, who have never incurred either punishment or censure from your officers; you could not have quitted your regiment—quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive to impel you! This motive the court demands of you; for it would gladly have it in its power—if not to acquit you, which it ought not perhaps either

to do or to desire—at least to recommend you to the Emperor's mercy."

On the other side stood the accused, who answered: "I have deserted without any reason—without any motive; I do not repent; if it were to do again, I would do it again—I deserve death . . . . pass sentence."

And then came some witnesses, who deposed: "Pierre Pitois is a deserter; we know it is a fact, but we do not believe it." And others averred: "Pierre Pitois is mad; the court cannot condemn a madman. He must be sentenced then, not to death, but to the Lunatic Asylum."

This last alternative had very nearly been adopted, for there was not one person in the court who did not consider the desertion of Pierre Pitois as one of those singular occurrences beyond the range of human possibilities, which, while every one is forced to admit, as a fact, no one can account for, or comprehend. The accused, however, pleaded guilty, most positively; and was most pertinacious in his demand for the just penalty of the law to be inflicted upon him. He so boldly avowed his crime, continually repeating that he did not regret it, that at length his firmness assumed the character of bravado, and left no room for clemency. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced.

Pierre Pitois heard his sentence read with the most steady, unflinching gaze. They warmly urged him to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed. He was carried back to the military prison; and it was announced to him, that, as a mark of special favor, he had three days given to him to press for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

In the middle of that night on which was to dawn the day fixed for his execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the side of the camp-bed in which the condemned was tranquilly sleeping; and, after gazing on him some time in silence, awoke him.

Pierre opened his eyes, and staring about him, said; "The hour, then, is at last come!"

"No, Pierre," replied the officer, "it is not yet the hour; but it will soon come."

"And what do you want with me until then?"

"Dost thou not know me, Pierre? No matter,—I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz, and bravely didst thou bear thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had for thee a regard no less warm than sincere. Yesterday, on my arrival at Strasburg, I learned thy crime and thy condemnation. I have prevailed on the gaoler, who is a relation of mine, to allow me to see thee; and now that I have come, I would say to thee, Pierre,—it is often a sad thought to a man about to die, that he has not a friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and whom he might intrust with some sacred commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I would be to thee that friend."

"I thank you, comrade," replied Pierre, briefly and coldly.

"Why! hast thou nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"What! not one word of adieu to thy sweetheart—to thy sister?"

"A sweetheart?—a sister? I never had either."

"To thy father?"

"He is no more. Two months ago he died in my arms."

"Thy mother, then?"

"My mother!"—and Pierre, whose voice suddenly and totally changed, repeated,—"my mother! Ah, comrade, do not utter that name; for see, how I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart without feeling melted like a child,—and even now, methinks, if I were to speak of her—"

"What then?"

"The tears would come—and tears do not become a man . . . Tears!" continued he, "tears when I have but a few hours to live—ah! there would not be much courage in that!"

"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people; and yet I should not be ashamed of weeping, if I were to speak of my mother."

"Are you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand. "You, a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?"

"When speaking of my mother? Certainly not. My mother is so good, so

kind; she loves me so much, and I, too, love her dearly."

"She loves you? and you love her? O! then I may, indeed, tell you all. My heart is full; it must have vent; and, however strange my feelings may appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen, then; for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad, when about to die, to have a heart to which he can pour out his own. Will you really listen to me, and not laugh at me?"

"Surely I will listen, Pierre,—a dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy."

"You must know that since I came into the world, I never loved but one being,—that being was my mother. But her I loved as none love—with all that was in me of life and energy. While yet a babe, I used to read her eyes, as she read mine; I guessed her thoughts, and she knew mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I never had either sweetheart or wife; I never had a friend: my mother was everything to me. Well, I was summoned to take arms; and when they told me I must leave her, in a paroxysm of despair I declared that they might drag me limb from limb, but never should they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose. 'Pierre,' said she, 'you must go—it is my wish.' I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will go, mother.' 'Pierre,' she added, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfill. Every citizen owes himself to his country,—it calls thee,—obey! Thou art going to be a soldier; from this moment thy life is no longer thine own, it is thy country's. If its interests demand it, lay it down cheerfully. If it be the will of God that thou shouldst die before me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears, but I would say,—'He gave, and he has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord! Go now, and if thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' O how precious those holy words! I have never forgotten them. 'Do thy duty,' she had said. Now the duty of a soldier was always and in all things to obey; and in all things, and always, I obeyed. It was to go straight forward, to face danger without hesitation—without a second thought; and I went straight forward, faced danger without hesitation, and without a second thought. Those who saw me thus, as it were, seek to meet the bullets, said, 'There is a brave fellow!' They might have better said, 'There is a man who loves his mother!'

"One day a letter brought the tidings that she was ill—my own poor mother; I longed to see her. I asked for leave of absence; it was not granted. I remembered her last words,—'If thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' I submitted. A little after I heard that she was dead. O! then my senses forsook me: at any risk I determined to return to the country. Whence proceeded so ardent, so impetuous a desire to see once more the place where my mother had just died? I will tell you; and as you have a mother, as she loves you, and as you love her, you will understand me. . . .

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple and confiding race; we have not received the instruction, nor attained the knowledge, that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs, which the townsfolk call our superstitions. What matters the name? Be they superstitions or beliefs, we have them, and clever would be the man that could uproot them. Now one of these beliefs to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower that blows in the grave-mold such a virtue, that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. Belief, how dear! how sweet! With it death has no terrors; for death, without forgetting, or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep—but calm repose after long toil. That flower! —I panted to see it bud; I panted to gather it; I abandoned my post, and went on my way. After ten days of a long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh; no flower had appeared: I waited. Six weeks elapsed; and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower—'Forget-me-not.' As I plucked it, I shed glad tears,—for methought that little flower was my mother's token; that she had felt that I was near, and under the form of that flower had given herself to my heart once more.

"There was nothing now to detain me in the country; for my father had soon fol-

lowed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower: what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—do thy duty! I sought out the *gens d'armes*, and I said, 'I am a deserter, arrest me.' . . . And now I am to die; and if, as you have assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do for me the only service I require. The flower, which at the risk of my life I plucked from the grave, is here, in a little case next to my heart. Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother; and if I thought it would be broken—O! I should not have the courage to die. . . . Say, do you promise to do what I ask you?"

"I promise," said the officer.

"Your hand, that I may press it to my heart; you are very kind to me; and if the Almighty God were in his omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."

The friends parted.

The next day dawned. They had arrived at the place of execution; and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmurs which ran through the ranks, suddenly changed into almost deafening shouts,—"The Emperor! The Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared,—dismounted from his horse; then with a short quick step he walked up to the condemned. "Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. "Pierre," continued the Emperor, "remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; devote it not to me, but to France! She, too, is a kind and a good mother! Love her as thou didst love thy first—thine own." He then turned to depart, and greeting shouts of admiring love followed him till he was out of sight. Hearing of the mystery of the case, he had sent the officer to the prison for its narration.

Some years after this, a captain of the Old Guards fell mortally wounded on the field of Waterloo.

Amid the din of battle, he was heard to shout in his death pangs—

"Long live the Emperor! France forever! My mother! My mother!"

Vive l'Empereur! France à jamais! Ma mère! Ma mère!

A GREAT MAN SELF-WRECKED.

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

MANY years ago—in the summer of the year 1815 it was, or thereabouts—a wealthy merchant of New-York took charge of a little boy who had been left an orphan. The parents of this child had been actors of some slight celebrity in the theaters of the United States; but dying within a short time of each other, they left behind them, in a state of the completest destitution, three young children. The eldest of these was a handsome boy of about six years of age, with a quick eye, an active spirit, and a remarkably intelligent countenance. The merchant of whom we speak had known the parents of the child; and out of pity for its helplessness, he and his wife, who had no children, adopted it as their own.

How happily the ardent boy passed his days in the house of his benefactor; how he was beloved by those two childless people; how, in the strength of their great affection, the merchant and his wife took him to Europe; how he spent some four or five pleasant years under the care and teaching of a reverend gentleman near London; how he came back again to the city of his birth to finish his education; and how he was generally looked upon as the rich merchant's heir—it would take long to tell. But we would fain linger on this portion of our story; fain dwell upon his precocious wit and aptness for learning—his feats of strength and agility—his ease and grace on horseback, his dexterity in race and stream, and his success in all that seemed to promise for him a brilliant future. But the truth must be told, no matter how unwilling the teller. He was sent to the college of Charlottesville, amply provided with money. In those days dissipation among the students of colleges was unhappily but too common; and among the most dissolute and extravagant, the wildest rufflers of the town, the hardest drinkers and the most daring gamblers, there was ever to be found one more wild and desperate than they all—and that one was the subject of our story, now a good-looking, free-hearted young fellow of eighteen. Friends advised with him, and he made fair promises in plenty; tutors remonstrated, and he declared that he would amend and win the highest honors yet: companions tempted and wine allured, and

he embraced the filthy siren, and so fell. Instead of coming home from the university with honors, he was summarily expelled.

One would think that disgrace so public would have broken his proud spirit; but it did not. Because his benefactor refused to pay the gambling debts he contracted at college, the willful young man wrote him a violent and abusive letter, quitted his house, and soon afterward left his country with the avowed intention of joining the Greeks, who were at that time in the midst of their struggle with the Turks. He never reached his destination, and nothing was known or heard of him for more than a year. At last, however, he was found, and in circumstances which left no doubt as to the manner in which his European experiences had been bought. One morning, the American Minister at St. Petersburgh was summoned to save a countryman of his own from the penalties incurred through a drunken debauch. He came in time to rescue our prodigal from a prison; and through his influence he was set at liberty, and enabled to return to the United States.

The first to greet him on his landing was his old patron, the merchant, who was now alone in the world, for his wife had died while the youth was away. But he took the wanderer to his arms, and led him back to the quiet home he had quitted so ungraciously. The question then arose as to what should be done for the youth; and on his expressing a wish to become a soldier, interest was made with the merchant's friends, and the young man was entered as a scholar in the military academy at West Point. For a little time all went on well; the young cadet was assiduous in his studies, became the favorite of the mess, and was looked upon by the officers and professors as one of their most promising pupils. But alas, and alas! the old habits of dissipation were too strong to be given up all at once. He neglected his duties; he drank to excess; he disobeyed orders; he openly sneered at the regulations of the academy—and, in ten months from his matriculation, he was cashiered.

Disgraced and humiliated, where could the wretched man find refuge but in the home of his adopted father? Thither, then, he went, and was again received with open arms. During his stay at the academy, the merchant had married again to a lady some years younger than himself. Time passed on; but, just as the sun of happiness seemed about to shine once more upon him, a quarrel took place between him and the lady, which severed forever all ties of friendship between the merchant and his *protégé*. Another circumstance, which is scarcely fit for mention here, was hinted at, and which, if true, throws a dark shade upon the quarrel and an ugly light upon the character of the dissipated youth. Whatever the cause, however, the merchant and his adopted son parted in anger, never to meet again! and when the former died, the latter shared no portion of his wealth.

Again thrown upon the world by his own misconduct, the young man tried his hand in a field common to young men, and wrote several poetical pieces and articles in the magazines. These were so well received that he was almost tempted to believe that he could obtain a living by literature. But his old habits returning, he despaired of success in his new avocation, and enlisted as a private soldier in the army. He was soon recognized by a former companion in the military academy, and great interest began to be felt for him among the officers. It was proposed to buy a commission for the talented and handsome young man; but just as friends began to rally round him, and just as their plans seemed about to prosper, he deserted.

For more than two years the world knew nothing of his whereabouts; and, it may be, had almost forgotten him.

In 1833, however, the proprietors of a magazine offered two prizes for the best poem and tale which should be suitable to their pages. Numerous MSS. were sent for competition, and a day was appointed on which the arbitrators should meet to judge of the merits of the various productions. Almost the first manuscript that was opened claimed attention, from the remarkable beauty and distinctness of the hand-writing. One of the arbitrators read a page or two, and was charmed. He called the attention of his friends to the tale, and they were so much pleased with it that it was read aloud from beginning to end, and all admitted that it was worthy the highest prize. The "confidential envelope" was opened—a Latin motto was discovered. No other tales were read,

and the award was immediately published. But where to find the author, so that the prize-money might be paid? The publisher and arbitrators had not to wait long. In the evening following the announcement, a young man came to the office to claim the prize. He was pale and thin, even to ghastliness, and his whole appearance bespoke dissipation, want, and illness. A well-worn coat, buttoned up to the chin, concealed the want of a shirt, and imperfect, wretched boots, discovered the absence of stockings. But he looked a gentleman, nevertheless; for his face and hands, though haggard and attenuated, were clean and spotless, his hair was well arranged, his eye was bright with intelligence, and his voice and bearing those of a scholar. The publisher and the arbitrators were interested extremely. They inquired into his history, and finally offered him employment on the magazine for which the tale had been written.

A little money judiciously applied soon altered the appearance of the young man, and in a short time he took his post as second editor of a monthly magazine, with the means and position of a gentleman.

Now here was an opportunity of retrieving his lost character. Here were friends ready not only to overlook the past, but to assist in making his future calm and free from care. Here was a public ready to listen to his teachings, and a patron ready to reward his labors. For a little while all went on well, and those who knew him began to congratulate themselves upon the happy change. Those who before admired his genius were beginning to respect his integrity. He was happy and successful in his new avocation. He married a young and beautiful girl, his cousin; he found for himself a cottage, which the care, economy, and gentle temper of his wife converted into a HOME, and he was beginning to be a happy man. It would be well if our story could end here; but, alas for human frailty! alas for good resolutions made without prayer to God! alas for principles in which He assists not! the young husband of that fair young wife fell back again into the abyss, and forfeited the respect of employers and the sympathy of friends, through his devotion to the accursed bottle!

It were a weary tale to tell how often he repented, and was forgiven; how he ceed from the editorship of one magazine to that of another; how he went from state to state, and from city to city, a hard-working, aspiring, sanguine, talented man, bearing about him the curse of irresolution, never constant but to the "seductive and dangerous besetment" of strong drink; how friends advised with him, and publishers remonstrated; how at one time he had so far conquered his propensity as to call himself, in a letter to a friend, "a model of temperance and other virtues;" and how, at another, he forfeited the occupation, which was the sole dependence of his little family, by frequent relapses into his old disgraceful habits; how he committed, under the excitement of intoxication, faults and excesses to which no gentleman would plead guilty; how he borrowed money of his friends without the means or intention of returning it; how he forfeited the esteem—even while his talents commanded the admiration—of the public; how he succeeded in bringing many literary speculations into life, which his vicious habits and inattention to business murdered in their youth; how he became a confirmed drunkard, with only now and then a fitful hour or so in which to throw off on paper the vagaries of a mind rich in learning and imaginative fancies; how his young wife died broken-hearted, and how he became so reduced as to be able no longer to make an appearance among his friends; how his wife's mother, constant to his falling fortunes, and ever anxious to conceal his vices, went with his MSS. from office to office, and from publisher to publisher, in search of the means to support him; how for a little while he shook off the lethargy of intoxication, and again appeared in the polite circles of New-York; how he was caressed, and fêted, and congratulated; how the efforts of his pen were sought by rival publishers; how he was engaged to be married a second time to a beautiful young woman, and how the engagement was finally broken off through his return to his pernicious habits. It were a weary tale indeed.

The melancholy story of this man's life was soon to close—the golden thread to be rudely snapped asunder—and by his own hand. He had partly recovered from his dangerous courses, and was engaged in delivering lectures in different towns. They were well attended, and it was with something like renewed con-

fidence that the well-wishers of the lecturer watched his conduct, which was now distinguished by extreme sobriety. He even appeared to have renewed his youth and strength; and it was with pleasure that his friends again received him into their houses. At one of these he met with a lady with whom he had been formerly acquainted. Their friendship was renewed, and they were engaged to be married. Everything seemed to promise well; the dawn of a better day appeared; and the reformation so long in coming, seemed to have come at last. But it was not to be. On a sunny afternoon in October, in the year 1849, he set out for New-York, to fulfill a literary engagement, and prepare for his marriage. He arrived at Baltimore, where he gave his luggage to a porter, with directions for him to convey it to the railway station. In an hour he would set out for Philadelphia. But he would just take a glass before he started—for refreshment's sake, that was all. Fatal hour! In the tavern he met with some old acquaintances, who invited him to join them. In a moment all his good resolutions—home, duty, bride, honor—were forgotten; and, ere the night had well set in, he was in a state of filthy intoxication. Insanity ensued; he was carried to a public hospital; and, on the night of Sunday, the 7th of October, he died a raving madman. He was only thirty-eight years old when this last dreadful scene of his life's tragedy was enacted.

* * * * *

READER,—What you have read is no fiction. Not a single circumstance here related, not a solitary event here recorded, but happened to EDGAR ALLAN POE, one of the most popular and imaginative of our writers.

THE ODOR OF FLOWERS.

THE peculiar odors of plants depend on various secreted volatile matters, which are often so subtile as to be incapable of detection by ordinary chemical means. Nothing is known of the causes which render one flower odoriferous and another scentless. In some cases the odors remain after the plants have been dried, but in general they disappear. Some leaves, as of woodruff, become scented only after drying; and certain woods, as Teneriffe-rosewood, give out their odor only when heated by friction. Meteorological causes have a great influence on the odors of living plants. Dew, or gentle rain, with intervals of sunshine, seem to be the circumstances best fitted for eliciting vegetable perfumes. Light has a powerful effect on the odor as well as the color of flowers. Plants, when etiolated by being kept in darkness, generally lose their odor. In certain cases, the perfumes of flowers are developed in the evening. Some of these plants were called *tristes* by Linnæus, as *hesperis tristis*, or night-scented stock. Many orchidaceous plants are fragrant at night only, as some *catasetums* and *cymbidiums*. *Cestrum nocturnum*, and the white flowers of *lychnis vespertina*, are also night-scented. The odors of some plants are peculiarly offensive. This is the case with *phallus impudicus*, and with the flowers of many *stapelias*. Schubler and Köhler have made observations on the odors of plants in the same *monocotyledonous* and *dicotyledonous* orders. The following tables show some of their results:—

Color.	No. of Species.	Odoriferous.	Agreeable.	Disagreeable.
White,	1193	187	175	12
Yellow,	951	75	61	14
Red,	923	85	76	9
Blue,	594	31	23	7
Violet,	307	23	17	6
Green,	153	12	10	2
Orange,	50	3	1	2
Brown,	18	1	0	1

Thus, of the plants examined, those having white flowers presented the larger proportion of odoriferous species. The orange and brown colored flowers often gave a disagreeable odor. In examining numerous species from various natural orders, they found that out of one hundred species of

Nymphæaceæ, . .	22	were oderiferous.
Rosaceæ, ...	13	" "
Primulaceæ, . .	12	" "
Boraginaceæ, . .	6	" "
Convolvulaceæ, . .	4	" "
Ranunculaceæ, . .	4	" "
Papaveraceæ, . .	2	" "
Campanulaceæ, . .	1	" "

TO BE HAPPY AT HOME is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—*Johnson.*

CHILDHOOD.

BY H. K. WHITE.

THIS shrubby knoll was once my favorite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,
Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.
Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys; [more,
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once
And once again each infant walk explore:
While, as each grove and lawn I recognize,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school.
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean;
Her neatly-bordered cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes—
A pair of spectacles their want supplies;
These does she guard secure, in leather case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unwected place.

Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The [illegible] vestibule of learning's fane;
[illegible] with pain, yet soon I found the way,
[illegible] sometimes toilsome, many a sweet dis-

Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne:
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task forever true,
A little favorite rapidly I grew;
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence her praise,
Talked of the honors of my future days.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labor o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scattering o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd;

For banners, to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms, we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-sty for a town.

Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage-front,
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols and our boyish geer.
Still as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
With its beloved monotony of sound.
When tired with play, we'd set us by her side,
(For out of school she never knew to chide,)
And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she show'd with pride
To strangers, still her thrift'ness testified;
Though we poor wights did wonder much in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth.

EXPERIENCE IN ANIMALS.

THE expectation of the recurrence of an event is the impression of a former circumstance, which, from certain causes and a resemblance of certain points, we are again led to entertain and to see fulfilled. The application of experience is traceable in the lower orders of life. The razor shell-fish buries itself deep in the sand when left by the ebbing tide, and is attracted to the surface by a little salt being dropped into its hole. A movement of the sand immediately follows, and presently half the fish becoming visible, the fisherman draws it out with an iron prong; but, should he fail in seizing it, or relax his hold, the fish rapidly disappears, and it will not rise again, although more salt be thrown to it. It seems thus to be aware of its danger, for it will come forth on a fresh application of salt, should it not have been touched in the first instance. Borley says that he saw the attack of a lobster on an oyster. Lobsters, like most other crustacea, feed principally on shell-fish, which they extract with their claws, and in the instance in question the oyster closed its shell as often as the lobster attempted to insert itself; after many failures, the lobster took a small stone, which it placed between the shells as soon as they were separated, and then devoured the fish. Monkeys in the West Indies have been seen to resort to the same device. Crickets, if disturbed, withdraw quickly into their holes, and reappear again soon: but, if the disturbance be repeated, they remain altogether within them. A fox escaped from a trap in which it may have been caught, remembers the danger, and is not again to be deceived. Birds are equally suspicious. The quail which has once been enticed into the net by the call-pipe, will not allow itself to be caught again; but some, like the redbreast and titmice, are not so easily alarmed. A wasp encumbered by the struggles of a large fly, which it had caught, bit its wings off, and then bore it away with ease. Duges saw a spider seize a bee by the back, and effectually prevent it from taking flight; but the legs being at liberty, it dragged the spider along, which presently suspended it by a thread from its web, leaving it in the air to dangle till it was dead, when it was drawn up and devoured.

THE CHRISTIANITY REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

IN a preceding article on this subject, we described, as one of the chief characteristics of the irreligion of our times, a growing unbelief in the historical evidence and preternatural claims of Christianity—an unbelief, which has become a somewhat definite sentiment in the scientific and literary mind of the day, and is not a little powerful and spreading, though vague, in the popular mind. Some recent writings on the subject have been rebuked in certain quarters, as hyperbolical, and as sounding an unnecessary alarm. We know not but that our own views may be so considered. It is natural that a sanguine zeal for the faith should lead to a depreciation of the evils that menace it. We have ourselves entertained such doubts of the apprehensions expressed by some thoughtful men, but further observation and reflection convince us that these men are not mere alarmists—that a new, (new as it regards the English mind at least,) and most specious, and most potent tendency against Christianity, is manifesting itself throughout Protestant Christendom; a tendency which has almost universally substituted, in the continental Protestant Churches of Europe—in Germany, Switzerland, France, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway —virtual deism for evangelical faith; which has reduced nearly the whole scientific and literary mind, not only of these countries, but of Catholic Europe also, to the religion of Rousseau's *Emile;* which is now developing itself rapidly among the literary men of England, and is perverting, in like manner, the younger authorship of our own land; an infidelity which, as we have shown, is deeply founded in the materialistic tastes and habitudes that characterize modern civilization; which is taking a sagacious philosophical form and superseding in Europe all former speculative philosophies by a "Positive," materialistic system, full of plausible appeals to the practical dispositions of the age; an infidelity which simulates the practical philanthropy of Christianity, which is energetic for the amelioration of the masses, which pervades the hordes of German emigrants and French socialists coming in upon us, and which, in one is rapidly infecting portion of our people. These are the evidences of the alleged evil. They are certainly appreciable facts. They show it to be of no uncertain character.

What is the appropriate course for Christianity, in these circumstances? Not, we repeat, to argue—to gird itself for its old polemic combats. Its Evidences have been fortified by the best ability of the world, and its old defenses and "Apologies" can be but very slightly improved. The tendency we have described arises from no new and conclusive discovery of knowledge against Christianity; science has, during the development of this tendency, been confirming rather than debilitating the Christian evidences. This modern infidelity is, as we have said, a *sentiment*, rather than a *speculation;* it results from a *moral* rather than an *intellectual* cause. It grows out of the materialistic predilections of our times; and Christianity must rebut it by moral rather than intellectual force.

It is a trite remark, but one which we would place first in our answer to the question stated, and would most emphasize, that the Christian world must *be more thoroughly and vividly pervaded by the spiritual life of Christianity, if it would counteract the unfavorable moral tendencies of the age.*

Christianity proposes a certain moral result in the individual man; this is its summary design, and summary argument also. No argument can be like unto this, especially in the presence of a perverse public tendency, which, like that we have mentioned, bears more the character of a sentiment than of a logical conviction. "Holy living and holy dying," as Jeremy Taylor called it, is a resistless demonstration of religion in such circumstances. Even marked defects of the Church, not directly affecting moral character, cannot deform the moral beauty, or weaken the moral power of that argument. It has been found resistlessly convincing even amidst the enormities of Popery. "If I do not escape from Fenelon," said Lord Peterborough, "I shall become a Christian; his piety is contagious."

Let us be allowed to delay somewhat on this point, not as a theme of mere hortative remark, but as a grand proposition of our subject.

The author of Alton Locke wisely affirms —"The only thing to regenerate the world is not more of any system, good or bad,

but simply more of the Spirit of God." It would be more fortunate for the affirmation, perhaps, if it were not so obvious a truism. We admit it with a sort of unquestioning heedlessness, and pass on, groping for some more novel, more problematical remedy. "It is a religious commonplace; give us a more suggestive, a more striking proposition:" such, alas, is the stupid and stupefying evasiveness with which such a remark is likely to be treated. And yet, truism as it is, it is full of significance, full of intrinsic power. To assume that pure air is essential to health, would be a commonplace in the lecture of a physiologist; but if pestilence ravages the land, and he propounds an effectual atmospheric treatment of it, the commonplace becomes all important. The illustration is appropriate to our present subject. Just here,—and here chiefly, we were about to say here alone,—is *the* remedy for the evil we have been discussing. This is the way to reproduce the "primitive ideal" of the Church. The infidel gainsayers of our day, unlike those of the preceding age, acknowledge and even applaud, as we have shown, that ideal. Its chief element was this *personal consecration*—leading to every good word and work, and rendering the personal life a saintly and sublime heroism for God and for man. Let the Church, instead of clinging so tenaciously to its cliquisms, its dogmatism, its polemical pugilism, reëxemplify this, its original ideal, and it will then exemplify in itself the magnificent Apocalyptic image of the woman clothed with the sun, standing above the moon, and crowned with the stars,—and the attacks of its enemies will be as powerless as was the impotent rage of him who shot his arrows at the sun. The pure morality of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, the simple devotion of the Lord's Prayer, the benign spirit of Christ and of the disciple whom he loved—before these infidelity is confounded. Let these more fully distinguish the Church, and it will be unapproachable to hostility.

A similar period of unbelief threatened Christianity in the last century. The influence of Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, and the French infidels, pervaded the cultivated mind of England, while its popular mind had, practically, almost thrown off the Christian religion. Watts declared that religion seemed to be "dying out in the world." Burnet affirmed that "ruin threatened the whole Reformation." Butler wrote his Analogy to prop the tottering faith which he said, in his preface, had come to be considered no longer a subject of inquiry, "but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious;" and Warburton wrote his "Divine Legation." Churchmen were found among the master-minds of the English literature of the time; but what effect had their writings in stemming the downward current? Some doubtless, but none whatever that was appreciable. Meanwhile, a poor student at Oxford, the son of an inn-keeper, lay prostrate on the bare earth in midnight prayers, perspiring at every pore, and crying out under the agony of his anxiety for a more real and sustaining faith than that which he had found around him. Another youthful Oxonian, of very dissimilar temperament, but similar earnestness, was making search among a few humble Moravians in London for the same needed faith; and across the Atlantic, the greatest mind of the New World was solving for itself the same question, with prayers and tears, in secluded walks under the shadow of Mount Holyoke. The great American was a master of metaphysics; but it was not this, but the spiritual energy of his own inward life, that enabled Edwards to produce "The Great Awakening" in New England. It was the consecration resulting from the moral agony of Whitefield, mixed though it may have been with morbid sensibility, that enabled him to rouse all England and her colonies with religious life. It was the "Faith" which Wesley learned to comprehend by the conversations of Peter Bohler, that gave birth to Methodism. And thus these three men, simply by a concurrent realization of the spiritual life of Christianity in their own persons, nullified the infidelity, and turned back the irreligious tendencies of their times, and introduced into ecclesiastical history a new epoch—an epoch of "revivals" and Christian propagandism at home and abroad, which needs but an increase of this, its original impulse, to extend its power over all the world, and over all coming time.

Humbler, but not less real illustrations of the thought, are familiar to us all. In almost every local Church are found a few members, at least, of marked character, special in their devotion to God and his cause, answering to Paul's description as "*peculiar—zealous of good works.*"

Three or four such persons will sometimes be found to exert, by their superior piety, a more powerful influence on the public mind than all the rest of the Church; they are its moral pillars that keep it from tottering in the evil day; and the interest of the case is enhanced by the fact that they are often among the humbler classes, so far as secular circumstances and social standing are concerned. What now would be the moral power and moral glory of Christendom, were it filled with such characters? How would the babble of infidel scorn be silenced by the pure and demonstrative lives of such men, were they numerous enough to form the aggregate character of the Church?

How simple, usually, are great truths; and yet how does their very simplicity sometimes detract from their influence upon our perverse nature. Should any astute and distinguished man step forth before the Christian world, and, presenting the views of the moral prospects of Christendom given in our preceding article, announce at the same time some very elaborate or unique remedy—something which has required immense thought, and must, in its practical working, require immense machinery and expense; but which would obviously and conclusively remedy the evil, it would immediately command the interest of Christendom. Its pulpits would ring with the project; the press would teem with it; the Church would be willing to convene in Ecumenical council to effectuate it. But, behold, here is a suggestion which all hearts spontaneously recognize as a decisive remedy; it is perfectly practicable to the Church even in her feeblest circumstances; but because it has nothing about it recondite or startling—because, in fine, it is so very simple and obvious, it receives an assent almost as powerless as universal.

The foregoing remarks are not mere rhetoric; they are truth and demonstration, however feebly stated; they are the logic with which the Church will have to address itself to the exigences before it. A very elaborate, and, in many respects, excellent work, has been produced in England on "The Probability of a Universal Reign of Justice." The subject is sublime one; but it is one-sided. The question respects the probability universal prevalence of the *Spiritual* Christianity—of which a reign of justice would be but a single result. The hope of this is more than a probability—it is prophecy. We doubt not that the time will come in which it will present within a limited, if not a universal Christendom, a final demonstration of Christianity.

Good men will yet come to *feel*, as well as to say, that the one great condition (the one that comprehends all others) of the *universal* and *conclusive* success of the Church, is the prevalence of spiritual life within it. The sentiment will not then evaporate in vague concessions and pious commonplaces; but become a living energy through Christendom, reducing to just subordination the sectarian, the dogmatic, and the merely economic means by which it has too much endeavored to succeed—*characterizing* it, in fine. The time will come, we believe, in which the mind of the Christian world will be fully set in this direction, and all its other interests eddy into the mighty wake of this. Does the prediction seem extravagant? Not as much so as would have been the prediction of their success to the Apostolic ministry, when desponding after the crucifixion; not as much so as an assertion, *a priori*, of the success of the "Reformation" of Luther, or the "Revival" under Edwards, Wesley, and Whitefield.

Thus must Christianity offset the infidel materialism of the day with its own spiritualism.

An epoch (for such we insist on calling it) like this would be followed by three most important results:—

First. It would present an invincible reply to the prevalent infidelity, by the verification of the spiritual pretensions of Christianity—the strongest argument, as we have shown, which can be wielded by it, and one that would soon be conclusive.

Second. Dogmatic orthodoxy, instead of being sacrificed, would be promoted by it. The Church has given prevalence to heresy by giving importance to it, and by too precautious and metaphysical a discrimination of its minute forms. There will be less heresy in the world when there is less bigotry in creeds. Let us not be misunderstood: *doctrines* are essential, and the Church must express them with distinctness; but what we affirm is, that the essential spirit of Christianity is inseparable from its essential dogmas, and that the inspiration of spiritual life into an individual mind would

transfuse into that mind all implied, that is, all essential truth not before received by it. One is not exclusively the condition of the other; but they are conditions one of another—they are mutual and co-operative. Heterodoxy is more of the heart than of the head. When will Christian men learn this fact, and avail themselves of its great practical lesson?

Third. Such a prevalence of spiritual life in the Church would energize all its practical operations. It would have less dogmatic or sectarian aggressiveness; but would exert an infinitely more effectual aggression against, not only infidelity, but all unrighteousness. Its purely philanthropic schemes would especially be enforced, its self-sacrificing laborers increased, and its fiscal resources multiplied.

Again, we say, let not this view of the subject be dismissed as too conceded to need remark. It is theoretically admitted, but it must be *more practically admitted.* The Christian leaders must come to *feel* that it is the *supreme, the impregnable condition of safety to Christianity in these latter days;* that while the mighty logic of the old defenses of the faith is to be kept standing as a fortress around the truth, the fortification will hereafter need little or no extension; that what is now needed, is heroic and incessant warfare from these ramparts, but with the better weapons, which are "spiritual and mighty through God"—a more entire restoration of the Church, in fine, to its Scriptural ideal.

This then is the thought which, as we have said, "we would place first, and would most emphasize," in our answer to the question under discussion. We are reluctant to dismiss it, though we have already expatiated upon it at the risk of some tautology. We believe that the progress of the world does not much depend upon the evolution of new or astute truths; but mostly upon the quickened recognition of simple ideas which are already extant on the very surface of time, though mixed with the wrecks and waifs that are borne along on its tide. The world has long seen, though with inattentive vision, the great truths which must ultimately abolish war, and despotism, and unrighteous social inequalities, and religious intolerance, and kindred evils. It is only, however, when some one of these floating ideas looms up on the tide of time, prominent and mighty, as a ship-of-war ascending and thundering above the marine horizon, that it commands the thoughts and shouts of the world. Then a great old idea marks a great new era, and a revolution of the nations springs from a thought in individual minds. The thought we have been discussing, commonplace as it is, is destined yet to have this uprising, this positive power in Christendom. It has indeed always been appropriate to the Church; but it is *the* thought—the *revolutionary thought*, if we may so express it—for the Christianity of our age. The time has come, we repeat, in which the combats of the Church must be fought from this position, in which her mere ecclesiasticism and dogmatism must be not utterly, but measurably superseded by a new and larger comprehension of her primitive and powerful spiritualism. And this must be the case to such an extent as shall work a *practical revolution* in her annals, and introduce for her a new history, through which "faith, hope, charity—the greatest of these being charity"—shall thrill her with new energies, and crown her with a glory before which all eyes shall brighten. It will not be a resuscitation of the spiritualism, the mysticism of the medieval ages—far otherwise; it will be that *energetic, practical*, spiritual life which gave to the apostolic age its peculiar character, and which will be fitted for the constantly growing practical habitudes of our age.

Collateral to this leading thought are several questions respecting the *sectarianism* and *dogmatic* characteristics of the Church, as also its *public ministrations*, which will come under review in another article.

An Invaluable Curiosity.—Horace Walpole tells a lively story of an old porcelain vender, who had an exceedingly rare and valuable jar on which he set an almost fabulous price. One hot summer a slight volcanic shock, such as even these isles occasionally experience, jogged his house about his ears and split his precious vase. To an ordinary mind this accident would have been calamitous, but the china seller rose superior to fortune. He doubled the price of the article immediately, and advertised it as "the only jar in the world which had been cracked by an earthquake." Whether he got his money is not added, but he certainly deserved it.

Editor's Table.

Our publishers report to us that they issued twenty thousand of the last number of *The National Magazine*. This early success of the experiment has very greatly surprised us, and calls for hearty acknowledgments to our numerous patrons. They are scattered from the "British Provinces" to California; they represent all classes of the Christian community; but, so far as we have been able to ascertain, they heartily approve the projected course of the publication, and their prompt patronage proves the truth of the conviction expressed in our prospectus, that a work of the peculiar character of this has been a desideratum in our periodical literature—a work presenting choice specimens of current literature—science, art, taste, talent, and even amusement—in subservience to the religious sentiment of the community. We must remind our friends, and especially our Agents, that notwithstanding this unusual success, we still need their hearty support to make the work what it ought to be. Its paper, type, &c., are unsurpassed, if, indeed, they are equaled, by any similar publication in the country. These mechanical advantages involve large expense, and we yet need some thousands of additional subscribers in order to perfect our plans. Such, however, is the good will with which the work has been received, that we believe these will be speedily forthcoming. Give us still a lift, dear friends, all through the land.

Correspondents are proffering us abundantly their aid, and already an embarrassing amount of "communications" is on hand. We acknowledge this kindness, but must remind the writers that the plan of our work contemplates a large range of selections from current periodicals; this we consider one of its excellences, as the very best talent extant is thus at our command. Our original matter must be nearly limited to stated contributions on given subjects, and from well-chosen and well-paid contributors. It is necessary, and also desirable, that we should thus have regard more to the interest of readers than of correspondents. From the mass of occasional communications which we receive, such selections only can be made as have special merit. Our correspondents will accept, with our thanks, this word of explanation, and not be impatient, or deem us discourteous, if articles of even high merit are often somewhat delayed.

The new *Postage Law* is an auspicious event in the beginning of our Magazine career. Under the preceding law, the mail charges for the National were, within five hundred miles, nine cents per quarter; over five hundred and under fifteen hundred miles, eighteen cents; over fifteen hundred and under twenty-five hundred miles, twenty-seven cents. The new law is not only more simple in its form, but much reduced in its charges. As stated on our cover, the National can now be received in *any part* of the United States at only two cents postage per number, if paid in advance, which is less for all parts of the Union than was charged under the late law for *any* distance, even within five hundred miles. It is a reduction of more than one-half for our subscribers who are from five hundred to fifteen hundred miles distant, and of more than two-thirds to our California and Oregon patrons. Amidst the many grievous charges against our National Legislature, let us give it credit for this good deed in favor of popular intelligence. "Postage Reform" is advancing slowly, but surely, in the United States. We lack yet the courage to assume, like England, a decided and conclusive measure in favor of it; but we are moving, albeit with some awkward gyrations, toward the goal. Few subjects of national legislation are intrinsically so important to the people; let them bear it in mind, and see that it is not lost in the "confusion confounded" of the political vortex at Washington.

In our next number will be commenced a series of articles on the *Life and Times of Johnson*, to be abundantly illustrated with engravings. It will extend over a period of great literary and religious interest, and present a host of notable characters, whose portraits will be given from authentic sources. We shall also begin in the same number a series of illustrated sketches of *American Writers*, by one of the best of them. Meanwhile, we continue the serial *Poetic Pictures* with which the latter pages of each of our numbers have thus far been embellished, and have also in process a series of illustrated papers on Popular Superstitions. This serial arrangement of our illustrated articles will render them the more instructive, while it will add not a little to their interest.

We give in this number an illustrated article on *Coleridge*. It will not be satisfactory to the ardent admirers of the "Rapt one, with the God-like forehead—the heaven-eyed creature," as Wordsworth called him; but it is submitted as a sufficiently detailed biographic sketch, and an *honest* estimate of his literary and moral character. We cannot admit Coleridge's final return to "Theological Orthodoxy" as an offset to the delinquencies of life, which some would extenuate as the "faults" or "weaknesses" of "genius." The maudlin apologies made for the vices of talented men have had much to do in promoting their "failings." If anything should, from its inherent tendencies, be pure, it is genius; if anything fortified in virtue by the sense of responsibility, it is *talent*. The world should encourage both, not by indulgences which the moral laws of the universe interdict, but by patronage which shall lift them out of the sufferings that usually constitute their chief temptations.

Apropos to the subject, we notice in the English literary journals, that a new edition of Coleridge's poems—"carefully prepared and elegant"—by Derwent and Sara Coleridge, has been issued by Moxon, London. It contains at least one piece which may be pronounced new; for, though it was published a half-century ago in a newspaper, it has never before appeared

among his collected poems. It was composed in Germany. We give it as a gem of its kind:—

THE DAY-DREAM.

FROM AN EMIGRANT TO HIS ABSENT WIFE.

If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light!
But from as sweet a vision did I start
As ever made these eyes grow idly bright!
And though I weep, yet still around my heart
A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

My mouth half open, like a witless man,
I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;
And o'er my lips a subtile feeling ran,
And o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—
I know not what—but had the same been stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss
Her babe, that something more than babe did seem,
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

Across my chest there lay a weight, so warm!
As if some bird had taken shelter there;
And lo! I seem'd to see a woman's form—
Thine, Sara, thine? O joy, if thine it were!
I gazed with stifled breath, and fear'd to stir it,
No deeper trance e'er wrapt a yearning spirit!

And now, when I seem'd sure thy face to see,
Thy own dear self in our own quiet home;
There came an elfish laugh, and waken'd me:
'Twas Frederic, who behind my chair had clomb,
And with his bright eyes at my face was peeping.
I blessed him, tried to laugh, and fell a weeping!

The readers of our "Literary Record" for the last three months cannot have failed to be struck with the frequent announcement and high appreciation of *American books* by the English press. For the last five years, John Bull has been dilating his optical orbits wider and wider with surprise at the literary presumption and success of "Brother Jonathan." He begins fairly to "give in" and "knock under," acknowledging that the "Universal Yankee" has really got into "the literary world," as well as into all other known "worlds." The best staples from the literary press of England for some time past have undeniably been productions of the American mind. Such an intimation would, not long ago, have been considered ridiculous, and we should hardly venture it now, though we thoroughly believe it, were it not that John Bull himself admits it. The Quarterly Review, (London,) in concluding a retrospect of "Co-temporary Literature," has the following very noticeable remark:—"The principal fact that strikes us in the course of this retrospect is the great increase of American books and translations, and the great decrease in native English books of sterling merit. Our respected elder brother, the *Quarterly Review*, not long since inquired, with some contempt, 'Who now ever reads an American book?' We fear that it will soon be a subject of inquiry, 'What publisher will now-a-days pay money for an English copyright?'"

We have several times referred to the travels of the Lazarist Missionaries, Huc and Gabet, in China, Tartary, and Thibet. Their volumes are full of marvels, but there is such a *naive* honesty in their style of narration, and they are evidently men of such simple and sincere character that we cannot doubt what they relate on the testimony of their own senses. One of the most remarkable facts of this kind which they record, is their visit to the "*Tree of Ten Thousand Images*," at Kounboum, the birth-place of Tsang-Kaba, the reformer of Buddhism. M. Huc says:—"The tribe of Amdo, previously altogether obscure and of no importance whatever, has, since the reformation of Buddhism, acquired a prodigious celebrity. The mountain at the foot of which Tsang-Kaba was born, became a famous place of pilgrimage. Lamas assembled there from all parts to build their cells, and thus by degrees was formed that flourishing Lamasery, the fame of which extends to the remotest confines of Tartary. It is called Kounboum, from two Thibetian words signifying Ten Thousand Images, and having allusion to the tree which, according to the legend, sprang from Tsang-Kaba's hair, and bears a Thibetian character on each of its leaves. It will here be naturally expected that we say something about this tree itself. Does it exist? Have we seen it? Has it any peculiar attributes? What about its marvelous leaves? All these questions our readers are entitled to put to us. We will endeavor to answer as categorically as possible. Yes, this tree does exist, and we had heard of it too often during our journey not to feel somewhat eager to visit it. At the foot of the mountain on which the Lamasery stands, and not far from the principal Buddhist temple, is a great square inclosure, formed by brick walls. Upon entering this we were able to examine at leisure the marvelous tree, some of the branches of which had already manifested themselves above the wall. Our eyes were first directed with earnest curiosity to the leaves, and we were filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment at finding that, in point of fact, there were upon each of the leaves well-formed Thibetian characters, all of a green color, some darker, some lighter than the leaf itself. Our first impression was a suspicion of fraud on the part of the Lamas; but, on a minute examination of every detail, we could not discover the least deception. The characters all appeared to us portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves; the position was not the same in all; in one leaf they would be at the top of the leaf; in another, in the middle; in a third, at the base, or at the side; the younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation. The bark of the tree and its branches, which resemble those of the plane-tree, are also covered with these characters. When you remove a piece of old bark, the young bark un-

der it exhibits the indistinct outlines of characters in a germinating state, and, what is very singular, these new characters are not unfrequently different from those which they replace. We examined everything with the closest attention, in order to detect some trace of trickery, but we could discern nothing of the sort, and the perspiration absolutely trickled down our faces under the influence of the sensations which this most amazing spectacle created. More profound intellects than ours may, perhaps, be able to supply a satisfactory explanation of the mysteries of this singular tree; but as to us, we altogether give it up. Our readers possibly may smile at our ignorance; but we care not, so that the sincerity and truth of our statement be not suspected. The Tree of the Ten Thousand Images seemed to us of great age. Its trunk, which three men could scarcely embrace with outstretched arms, is not more than eight feet high; the branches, instead of shooting up, spread out in the shape of a plume of feathers, and are extremely bushy; few of them are dead. The leaves are always green, and the wood, which is of a reddish tint, has an exquisite odor, something like that of cinnamon. The Lamas informed us that in summer, towards the eighth moon, the tree produces large red flowers of an extremely beautiful character. They informed us also that there nowhere else exists another such tree; that many attempts have been made in various Lamasaries of Tartary and Thibet to propagate it by seeds and cuttings, but that all these attempts have been fruitless. The Emperor Khang-Hi, when upon a pilgrimage to Kounboum, constructed, at his own private expense, a dome of silver over the Tree of the Ten Thousand Images."

M. Huc gives an engraving of this singular tree, with its pavilion of silver, and also of a leaf showing distinctly the Thibetian characters. It is certainly one of the wonders of the world.

Our July number presented an engraving of the church, under the floor of which sleeps the poet *Milton;* both the spot where he reposes, and the monumental bust above it, were indicated in the picture. Grace Greenwood (Miss Clarke) in her very *graceful* letters to the National Era, records a visit which she lately made to the church:—

"I have made," she writes, "a devout pilgrimage to the grave of Milton, in the parish church of Cripplegate. The spot where the divine poet sleeps the sleep of the blessed is marked alone by a fine bust and a small tablet—pews are built over the vault, which I do not like; for Milton's grave is too sacred, even to be knelt upon by strangers and the inconsiderate, it may be, in mechanical obedience to a mere religious form. This is a quaint, shadowed old church, where at night one would step softly, in breathless awe, and listen, half-hoping to hear angels chanting solemn anthems over the dust of him who so grandly told the wondrous story of creation, of the fall and redemption of man, and who sung God's praise in such high, seraphic strains. In this church Oliver Cromwell was married. Who ever thinks of the stern Puritan leader as a lover? And yet, such grand, craggy natures as his have often the peacefulest, most sheltered nestling-places for the gentlest human affections. I doubt not he felt for his young bride a deep and manly devotion; and that he dearly loved at least one of his daughters, we have pathetic evidence in the history of his last sad days."

"Grace" made a pilgrimage also—a very gay one, however—through "most delicious lanes, fast streams, and little lakes—the pleasantest drive" she "ever enjoyed"—to one of the living notabilities of English literature—*Martin Farquhar Tupper.* She gives us the following pleasant glimpse at Mr. Tupper's home and its inmates:—"Mr. Tupper's place is the very ideal home of a poet—sheltered in a lovely valley, embowered in noble trees, clambered over by vines, and illuminated with roses. The house itself is quaintly beautiful, outwardly and inwardly, finished and furnished with simple elegance and much artistic taste. O, what a golden day they made for us—our genial and handsome host, his affable and intellectual wife, and their children that *are* children. What pleasant talks we had in the library, what walks in the garden, what frolics with the little ones in the hay-field—what a merry, noisy, nonsensical time over our dinner—and what a glorious ramble through green woodland paths afterward. O for a Joshua to have laid an injunction on the sun, which, even in England, will set at last. On our return drive we threw mournful glances on the beautiful country which had so charmed us in the morning, and grieving that we should see its face no more. We took leave of our host and his handsome little son at the station most regretfully—though I am sorry to say, that some of our party were guilty of several saucy puns up to the last sad moment."

We give in our present number the first two sections of a very interesting article on Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, translated for our columns from the *Revue des deux Mondes.* This periodical is among the leading, if it is not in fact the leading Review of continental Europe. We shall avail ourselves of its pages frequently. The article on the Marchioness d'Ossoli is the best estimate we have yet seen of that extraordinary woman. It will be found interesting not only for its subtile appreciation of her characteristics, but as a very skillful and quite complete outline of her history. Those who have failed to read her Memoirs will find it a good substitute. Some of the reviewer's statements respecting her influence on American thought and literature will startle the attention of the reader. The Frenchman's conclusions were evidently reached by an *a priori* process; he judges from what would be the influence of such a mind on France, not from what was Margaret Fuller's real influence here.

The extensive interest produced in Europe by her memoirs—greater by far there than here—is another proof of the increasing sympathy of the Old World with American literature. Her reputation at home was quite sectional—her influence nearly limited to a literary clique. Her memoirs, however, attract the attention and criticism of all the leading literary journals of Europe, and in them are eagerly sought indications of the future of American literature. It cannot be denied that the higher

literary productions of our country are better appreciated in Europe than at home, and American authors begin to look to the Old World for the verdict which decides their fate.

The character of Margaret Fuller Ossoli is a moral and a literary study; before we conclude the translation from the Revue des deux Mondes, we may have some further remarks to make respecting her. Meanwhile, the reader will not suppose that we indorse all the opinions of the reviewer.

The last Methodist Quarterly, in a notice of the late *Dr. Bascom*, says:—"There were times in which his own excited emotions bore down all criticism, and swept along in a tumultuous current the feelings of high and low. At these times, in spite of his hyperbolic imagery and language, his noble voice assumed its fullest music, and fell into a slight *recitative*, which seemed no fault, but actually enhanced its effect." The reviewer proceeds to assert that some of the ancient writers on oratory speak of this manner as an excellence not uncommon in the classic eloquence. "If we are not mistaken," he says, "Cicero somewhere alludes to it favorably. It may be founded in nature, in a tendency of the sensibilities, when intensely excited, to express themselves in ecstatic and musical tones, analogous to their tendency under such excitement to poetic measures in language. We find it still extant among the Quakers, and other sects, though in great exaggeration." The reader doubtless understands the allusion from facts which have come under his notice.

The denomination of "Christians" in New-England, we believe, cultivate somewhat this vocal oddity. We have heard it used by female preachers of the society of Friends with not merely a strong musical effect, but something more. When sustained by a full concordance of the emotions of the speaker there is in its strange uniformity a sort of mesmeric power which steals into the soul of the hearer, and paralyzes all criticism. We have, however, heard it used by male preachers, with no little disturbance of our gravity, especially when accompanied by our national nasal twang.

Apropos to the mannerisms of excited speakers, there is one which we have sometimes witnessed as the accompaniment of high inspiration, and which we presume cannot claim indorsement from the "ancient writers on oratory." It is the melodious termination of each sentence with an emphatic "ah." Sometimes when the speaker waxes mighty, this eloquent exclamatory gasp gives an impetus to each word, like a puffing locomotive behind, instead of before, the car. Among the many humorous anecdotes told of the late Rev. Jacob Gruber, of Baltimore, is one which relates to this point. An ardent young orator of the pulpit, who was unconsciously master of this exclamatory style, wrote to the veteran German for some epistolary counsels respecting his homiletic labors. The old preacher, believing that the correction of this one egregious fault would be a sufficient achievement for the time being, wrote him the following laconic letter:—

"Dear Ah! Brother Ah!

"When-ah you-ah go-ah to-ah preach-ah, take-ah care-ah you-ah don't-ah say-ah Ah-ah!

"Yours-ah,

"Jacob-ah Gruber-ah."

The letter was a capital one, as it not only stated, but exemplified the defect in all its folly. It was effectually curative also, if we have been rightly informed. Perhaps its insertion here may extend its remedial virtue.

We give in the present number an original article on the Literature and Logic of the "*Spirit Rappers.*" The spread of this new popular mania is absolutely incredible. Our correspondent treats it with good humor, and fully makes out his charge of downright and rascally imposition against the cases given. It is the opinion, however, of many shrewd men, who have examined the subject, that there is an element of scientific truth—somewhat occult but susceptible of further investigation—at the bottom of the delusion and roguery of the matter—some electrical or nervous agency by which its marvels are produced. We shall give, by and by, another article on this scientific aspect of the subject.

We have repeatedly referred, in our Literary and Art Intelligence, to recent measures for the fuller publication of the sculptures of the *Roman Catacombs*. A sketch of these interesting remains is begun in our present number. The French government has made provision for their complete reproduction, and it is expected that they will throw some important light on questions of Christian antiquity. The articles we commence present a brief but good outline of their history and character.

We gave in our August issue a vindication of *Mrs. Fry*, in answer to Mrs. Greer's book on Quaker life. A reply to that volume has been published in London by Mr. Laudham Elly. It is entitled, "*Ostentation, or Critical Remarks on Quakerism, &c., in which that Lady's Parvenu Attempts at Aristocracy are ridiculed, and her fictions exposed.*" However vindictive may have been the animus in which Mrs. Greer penned her story, the rejoinder by Mr. Elly will operate greatly against the aim which he has in view, viz., that of placing Mrs. Greer's Quakerism beyond the pale of prying curiosity; on the contrary, it will greatly serve to keep public attention alive, and consequently increase the sale of the work. We are reminded by this of the short but sterling proverb, "Silence is wisdom!" If Mrs. Fry's well-known life does not vindicate her against the miserable book in question, there is no defense for virtue on the earth. The fact, that one of her own sex could have the hardihood to assail such a woman with such petty contemptuousness and low-lived twaddle, is itself sufficient proof of the authoress's perverse purpose. Graver charges would have been more credible, in this respect at least.

Book Notices.

Living Authors of England: by *Thomas Powell. Literature and Literary Men:* by *George Gilfillan. Bards of the Bible:* by *George Gilfillan. Literary and Scientific Americans:* by *James Winne. Appleton, New-York.*—A batch of biographical and critical volumes very delectable to read. Here one is put in communication with the master-spirits of the age at home and abroad, and with the seers and prophets of the Book of Books. The work of Mr. Powell, the first on the list, professes to deal with some of the later English poets, the young England of song. It is smartly and pleasantly written, though rather gossipy and discursive. More ambitious in their tone, and more faulty in their style, which, trying to be poetical, often verges in bathos, are the two volumes of Mr. Gilfillan; yet here and there one meets with bits of appreciative criticism, and *new* anecdotes *apropos* to the subject under dissection. Most of the modern poets and prose writers sit to Mr. Gilfillan for their mental portraits, and cleverly has he sketched them. In a higher and more rapt style does he criticise the Bards of the Bible, committing innumerable faults of diction, though he is oftentimes really eloquent. A course of Addison and Hawthorne would be of immense benefit to his prose, though it would have no effect on his criticism. Mr. Winne's book is more scientific than literary, giving us two men of science to one of literature; but so much at home does he seem with that dread power

"That robs the rainbow from the skies,"

and so interesting has he made the lives of Fulton, Whitney, and others of the American inventors, that we forget the fact entirely, and give ourselves up to the spell of science and art. Altogether, we promise ourselves, and hope to give our readers also, pleasure from this batch of biographies.

Bonomi's Nineveh and its Palaces, is a work to which we have more than once referred in this journal, as of great interest to the Biblical scholar and reader. It furnishes in a convenient, attractive, and systematic form, the results of the researches of Botta and Layard, among the Mounds on the banks of the Tigris, and it has the special value of applying them directly to the elucidation of Holy Writ. The extent and minuteness of confirmation and illustration thus brought to bear upon the Bible, is astonishing, and in this volume the plentiful woodcuts set this advantage in the strongest light. No person can merely turn over its pages, without feeling a more settled and lively conviction of the truth of those Scriptures, which contain the principal written account extant of the powerful nation, whose memorials are here disinterred after a burial of thousands of years. It is truly as if "one should rise from the dead," in order to refute infidelity. Nearly every particular in the Scriptural account of the Assyrian and Babylonian captivities is here amply reproduced from pictures careed in stone. The monuments and hieroglyphics of Egypt itself, do not possess the freshness and force of the sculptures and inscriptions of Nineveh.

This volume is one of the series of "*The Illustrated London Library;*" a more appropriate selection could not have been made. *Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York.*

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued the *Methodist Almanac* for 1853. Besides the usual calendar, it contains an abundant miscellany of entertaining matter, and very important tables of Methodist statistics, &c. Numerous illustrations also adorn its pages. It has evidently been prepared with much care and skill, and deserves to rank among the very best works of the kind issued by the religious press.

The Baccalaureate Address of *President Berry*, of the Indiana Asbury University, has been published. It is on a trite subject, "The Obligations of young men to redeem their time;" but the vivid and terse style of the speaker relieves it of all tediousness. He has compressed into this discourse an unusual amount of geniune thought. It is one of the surest indications of a master mind to be able thus to invest ordinary didactics with freshness and original illustration.—*State Journal Press, Indianapolis, Ind.*

The *Sunday School Advocate* is a juvenile paper, issued by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York.* It is hereafter to be published fortnightly, instead of monthly. This periodical has a vast circulation, and deserves it well, though it has suffered, particularly in its illustrations, for lack of good paper and fine printing,—neither of which could be afforded at the low price of twenty cents per year. By raising the price to thirty cents per year, the publishers are now enabled to remedy former defects by means of Butler's calendered paper, and two of Adams's splendid four roller presses, which will do justice to the numerous and choice engravings. Its already ample list of pre-paying subscribers will, we doubt not, under the new postage law and the great improvements alluded to, soon be doubled. We have seen specimens of its forthcoming numbers, and can assure its patrons that it will more than meet their expectations.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century, by *Charlotte A. Eaton.*—These two beautiful volumes of Bohn's Illustrated Library, are really a blessing to one's eyes. The engravings are exquisitely executed; we scarcely remember any woodcuts which excel them. Of the work itself, it is sufficient to state, that it is now republished, after passing through several editions *thirty years* ago. It is yet the most minute and faithful picture of the "Eternal City" which has been given to the public, notwithstanding the multiplicity of similar and subsequent works with which the press has teemed. *Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York.*

The *Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. C. S. Francis, New-York*, 1852.—This is a new and neat edition of Coleridge, more complete, we believe,

than any single edition yet issued in this country, containing in fact all his poetry, except the dramas. The poetry of Coleridge is too well known at this late date, to need any praise of ours,—"good wine needs no dash,"—and, as we give in our present number a lengthy paper on him, we need say no more here about the present volume.

The *Poetical Works of Fitzgreene Halleck. Redfield, New-York*, 1852.—A new and complete edition of Halleck, with one or two poems never before printed. As we have in preparation a biographical and critical paper on Halleck, we may be excused from criticism here. In the meantime, we commend the book to the lovers of American verse. It is very handsomely got up.

Putnam's Semi-monthly Library for Travelers and the Fireside.—Some seven or eight years ago Putnam published "a Library of Choice Reading" which was one of the best collections that we ever saw, the whole series coming under Lambe's denomination of "books which are books," and thus far this is the case with the Semi-monthly Library. Do we want current literature? here we have it:—"Home and Social Philosophy," "The World Here and There," "The Book for a Corner," "The Journey to Iceland," "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer," "Claret and Olivês," "Roughing in the Bush," "The Arctic Regions," "Sicily," "Hood's Whimsicalities," "Hood's Own," and "Up the Rhine." A better or more carefully selected set of books, a set of books more worthy to be read and preserved, has not been published for years, and we hope the publisher will be recompensed for his trouble and expense by a very large sale of the Semi-monthly Library.

Men of the Time. Redfield, New-York, 1852.—A sort of biography of all the living celebrities and utilities at home and abroad; authors, architects, artists, composers, demagogues, divines, dramatists, engineers, journalists, etc., etc., through the whole alphabet. The basis of the book is a similar work recently issued in England, to which has been added a batch of American men, great and small. There seems to have been some favoritism exercised in the home department; for many with fair claims for its "weak immortality," have been omitted, while many with no recognized claims have been admitted. This, however, is a small matter, compared with its real merit and usefulness. Such a book has long been needed, and we are glad it has come at last.

A Journal of Summer Time in the Country: by the *Rev. Robert Aris Wilmot. Appleton, New-York*, 1852.—A more delightful book than this Summer Journal, has seldom fallen into our hands. Never did the country seem so joyous and Eden-like as in its scented and dewy pages. The slightest scenes and scenery are beautified by the author's suggestive fancy, and by the shower of poetic quotations, which he lavishes broadcast. He has all the poets, especially the pastoral ones, at his fingers ends. D'Israeli himself might have been proud of all that weight of learning, which the Reverend Robert Wilmot "wears as lightly as a flower."

Derby & Miller, Auburn, New-York, have issued a treatise on *The Higher Law in its Relations to Civil Government.* It is from the pen of *Rev. William Hosmer*, and will commend itself to the attention and candor of all parties, by its temperate but frank tone, its perspicuous statements of the subject, and its thorough argumentation. The question is one of no little interest and discussion, North and South. Such expositions as this will be read in both sections, if not with concurrence, yet with an increase of light.

Littell's Living Age continues its course with unabated vigor and interest. Its weekly visits have become almost indispensable to us, and we doubt not that its readers generally feel like-minded towards it.—*Dewitt & Davenport, New-York.*

Many additional books reached us too late for notice in the present number.

Literary Record.

The method long used in France and Germany of *lithographing the news correspondence* for distant journals, has been introduced into this city by a Mr. Weidmeyer, who thus supplies the German editors with every particular of moment or interest occurring on this side of the Atlantic.

The will of the late Judge De Veaux appropriates about $150,000 for the establishment of an Episcopal School for orphans at Niagara Falls.

At the late commencement of the *University at Lewisburg, Penn.*, the following honorary degrees were conferred:—Doctor of Divinity, upon Rev. John Jenkins, of Hengoed, Wales; Doctor of Philosophy, E. N. Elliott, A. M., President of the Southern Scientific Institute, Port Gibson, Miss.; Master of Arts, Rev. George Kempson, of New-Brunswick, N. J., E. M. Levy, of West Philadelphia, and Rev. John Emlyn Jones, of Pontypridd, Wales.

The foundation stone of an Academy has been laid at Stockton, California, by the Rev. Mr. Benson, missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The *Lutheran Observer*, on the subject of *Doctorates*, says:—"We have learned from a private communication, that the degree of D. D., recently offered to C. W. Schaeffer, of Germantown, Penn., has been 'respectfully declined.'"

The pretty township on the Hudson, known by the barbaric China-like corruption, *Sing-Sing*, was formerly the Indian village *Ossingsing*, i. e., a place of rich foliage. Many other absurd

transitions are pointed out in the clever little manual by Messrs. Perkins & Fitch, on the "Origin and Meaning of Geographical names."

Dr. J. C. Warren has published a description of the *Mastodon Giganteus*, with other subjects connected with Mastodon history, in a handsome quarto volume.

We learn that Dr. George C. Shattuck, of Boston, of the class of 1803, has liberally presented $1,000 to Dartmouth College, to be expended in the purchase of works on the natural sciences; and Dr. Shurtleff, of the same city, has given $1,000, to be expended under the direction of the Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, for books in that department of study.

Rev. John Newman, A. M., Principal of the Troy Conference Academy, has been appointed to, and accepted, the professorship of the Latin Language and Literature in the New-York Free Academy.

A new college building was dedicated at *Lima, N. Y.*, recently. Bishop Morris conducted the religious services, and a very superior address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Thomson, of Ohio. The edifice is called a noble structure, one hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, and three stories high.

The late *Bishop Hedding* left his library to the Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H.

The little story published in Sharp's Magazine, entitled "*The Visit*," was written by *Miss Bremer*, in the English *language*, and so correctly, that it was not found necessary to alter a word in the whole tale.

The city of *Lha-Sea*, Thibet, we are told by M. Huc, in his late travels in that country, is the depository of an immense collection of sacred books, which, however, are guarded with so much jealousy from inspection, except by the *Lamas*, (priests,) that nothing satisfactory can be gained as to their contents.

There are now *forty-three newspapers* in Texas, with a fair prospect of fifty before the termination of the present year. There are two religious papers, which are doing well, and a third, a Baptist organ, is to be established in the fall.

The *Ohio University at Athens*, at its late commencement, conferred the degree of D. D. on the Rev. E. R. Ames, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Henry Rogers, well known by his article on "Reason and Faith" in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, will, it is said, soon publish, through *Crosby, Nichols, & Co., of Boston*, his "Eclipse of Faith; or a visit to a Religious Skeptic." Criticism reports this work one of the ablest answers to the modern school of Rationalists.

The *London Literary Gazette* notices the following among the new publications of Bohn's ——'s:—"Hawthorn's Scarlet Letter;" Essays and Orations;" "Forbes's ...ation of the Nicene Creed;" ...es;" "Pascal's Provincial ... Payson's (Rev. E.) notices Colton's "Deck and Port;" and the "Wide, Wide World," by Miss Wetherell; and among the forthcoming works, "A History of Europe, from the fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Re-establishment of Military Government in France, in 1851," by Sir A. Alison; the seventh and concluding volume of Lord Mahon's "History of England;" a new historical work from the pen of Mr. Carlyle, (we believe a Life of Frederick the Great;) two volumes of "Fresh Discoveries at Nineveh and Researches at Babylon," from Dr. Layard. The ten volumes of "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," edited by Lord John Russell, is expected by the London public, with more than usual interest. Bohn has just published, as volume seventh of his Standard Library, "The History of the Church," by Neander.

Professor Larrabee declines accepting the editorship of the *Ladies' Repository*, to which he was elected by the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The late George Collier, of St. Louis, made a bequest of $10,000 to the St. Louis College.

Guizot has reprinted his essay on the "Life and Works of Shakspeare," appending thereto the critiques of the Duke de Broglie, from the *Revue Francaise*. The views of these writers are said to be original and startling. The part of Iago, they say, was generally disapproved of when acted in France, as a clumsy plotter, and Othello, also, as "an idiot and pig-headed imbecile." The remarks of Guizot are subtile and profound, and the Duke de Broglie has a poetic reverence for the bard.

Webster's Dictionary appears to be fast rising in popularity in England. Longman, the publisher, has now adopted the revised edition by Goodrich, as a perfect English standard.

The Efik Language of Calabar.—Among the "Curiosities of Literature" may be placed the fact that this African language has never been written or printed; neither does it appear to have been yet mastered by any white man. From *The Missionary Record* of June, 1852, we learn that the people of Calabar are a colony of the Eboe race, and it is not unlikely that the tribes who inhabit the great palm-oil producing countries which lie between the Cross River and the Niger, speak also the Efik. The Presbyterian missionaries, it is stated, have made several trips to Old Calabar and the Cross Rivers, but the great Eboe country, from whence the Calabar people came, and where the great oil markets are, remains to be explored.

The *Royal Academy of History of Madrid* is about to undertake a work of the greatest utility for the national history of that country, in the publication of a collection of the principal laws, statutes, and municipal privileges, (*fueros*,) of the provinces and large towns of Spain. In order to collect these documents the Academy has appointed a commission, composed of twenty historians and others, who will examine the local archives for this purpose. *M. Pascual Gayangos*, who is already celebrated for his researches in the ancient history of *Spain under the Moors*, is the president of this commission.

A translation of *Heinrich Sschokke's* ingenious little tale, "*Labor Stands on Golden Feet*," has

been published in London. "It is," writes a foreign cotemporary, "a book which both employers and employed may peruse with profit, and learn from it their respective duties to each other—the rights of individual labor, no less than those of capital."

From the *Colonial Times*, we learn that the foundation stone of the Wesleyan College at Somerset, Van Diemen's Land, was laid on the sixth of January, with appropriate ceremonies. All the Wesleyan ministers of the colony were present.

The Rev. J. M'Knight, of Hamiltonville, Penn., has been chosen Editor and Corresponding Secretary by the Board, appointed by the late *New School General Assembly*, to superintend the publication of doctrinal tracts and books.

The article in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of "The Squadron Mediterranean," which traces the naval history of France since 1824, is attributed to the pen of the Prince de Joinville.

Victor Hugo's satirical pamphlet on "Napoleon the Little," has an immense circulation *en secret* in France, and every effort is made to introduce it into the provinces, especially the rural districts. Such is the government feeling on this subject, that the latest *ordonnance* against hawkers of pamphlets was specially directed against this terrible denunciation by M. Hugo.

The *Chevalier Bunsen*, it is believed, will shortly issue his work, *Hippolytus and his Age*.

The Hon. Mr. Neville's "Anglo-Saxon Remains," and a new volume of Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," are shortly to appear from the London press. Among other novelties in *book-craft*, we find the following announced in the *Athenæum*:—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Domestic Story of the Civil War;" "History of the Ionian Islands," by Mr. Bowen; Mr. Mansfield Perkin's "Personal Narrative of an Englishman resident in Abyssinia;" "Isis: an Egyptian Pilgrimage," by Mr. J. A. St. John;" "Village Life in Egypt," by Mr. Bayle St. John; Mr. Palliser's "Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies;" the "Memoirs of the Baroness d'Okerkirch," written by herself and edited by her grandson, the Count de Monthison; and Dr. Sunderland's "Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay and Barrow's Straits in 1850 and 1851, in search of the missing crews."

Thackeray, Douglass Jerrold, and the authoress of "Mary Burton," are all actively preparing for the ensuing literary season. Tennyson, it is said, has battalions of manuscript, but his determination as to their appearance is not yet announced. Sydney Vendys has a new poem ready for the press; and the author of the "Fallen Family" has a new story, with the title of "Reuben Meddlicott." We learn also that Mr. Macaulay has finished two more volumes of his "History of England," and will publish them during the season.

The introductory numbers of the *Cyclopædia Bibliographica*, devoted to theology and kindred subjects, have been issued in London by Mr. Darling, proprietor of the well-known Theological Library in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn Fields, of which this will be a complete catalogue, but, at the same time, a useful index to general theological literature. In the first volume the arrangement of authors and works is alphabetical; in the second, a *catalogue raisonne* of all departments of theology under commonplaces in scientific order will be presented. Of special value to theological students, this "Cyclopædia" will also prove an important contribution to general literature.

The last descendant of Corneille was discovered recently in Paris,—an old man of seventy, and in great poverty. The President has granted him a pension of 2,000 francs.

A new edition of *Junius* is preparing by Mr. Cramp, with notes, fac-simile autographs, letters, and a mass of other evidence, which, the author says, proves incontestably, that the author was the celebrated Lord Chesterfield.

Victor Hugo, previous to his quitting Brussels for England, addressed a letter to the proscribed French refugees in Belgium, in which he says:—"I had wished never to part from you, but I have been made to understand that at the moment I am about publishing a historical work entitled "Napoleon the Little," my presence will be a source of embarrassment to Belgium—a source of danger even, they tell me. That has satisfied me that I ought to take the resolution I have taken, to leave Brussels immediately. If," he continues, "it should happen that M. Bonaparte believes he ought to institute a complaint against me in Belgium, on account of my publishing this book, I will appear with profound confidence before a loyal Belgium jury, and will thank Providence for giving me a new occasion to plead against this man, before the conscience of all people, the great cause of *Right*, of the *Republic* and of *Liberty*.

A writer in the *Athenæum* (we believe Mr. R. Hunt) states that there are about *seven hundred literary* and *scientific institutions* under different names in *England*; the number of lectures delivered yearly at which varies from twenty-five to one hundred, at a general expense of from $100 to $500 by each institution, though many expend considerably more. First class lecturers, we further learn, do not realize more than $18 a lecture on the average.

Mr. Thackeray, it is stated, has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures before the New-York Mercantile Library, during the coming winter.

Junius.—The Dublin University Magazine for July names the Earl of Chatham as a new candidate for the authorship of *Junius*, and sustains the theory with very great force of argument.

The *Rev. Thomas Sawyer*, formerly of this city, has been unanimously chosen President of the new Universalist College, named "Tuft's College," (after a principal benefactor,) located at Somerville, Mass. He has accepted.

The Life of *Rev. A. S. Byrne*, by Rev. J. Carroll, will shortly be issued by the Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto, Canada.

Wesleyan Normal Training Institute.—There are in attendance on this Institute at Westminster five hundred and twenty students, a tenfold increase in two years. The English Wes-

leyans are earnestly at work in the promotion of education.

Mr. Halliwell, the Shaksperian editor, London, has issued a prospectus, in which he proposes a new edition of the Bard of Avon, "in *twenty folio volumes*, corresponding in size with the convenient first collective edition of 1623." This *convenient* size it appears has not been governed by the view of a general circulation, but "to suit numerous fac-similes to be made from that work," (ed. 1623;) and we further learn, that the issue is to be "privately printed for subscribers only." To the public in general, therefore, this edition of Shakspeare may be considered as a *sealed book*. The subscription to this "folio Shakspeare" will be nearly $200.

Index Expurgatorius.—Among the books condemned by the last decree of the Congregation of the Index, at Rome, is the "Universal Dictionary of History and Geography," by M. Bouillet. This is the book which was some time since bitterly attacked by the *Univers*. The Archbishop of Paris ordered that journal to cease to write against a work published with the approbation of the diocesan authorities. The *Univers*, pursuant to its professed principle of hierarchical obedience, submitted. The decision come to at Rome is a significant fact, and has occasioned considerable sensation.

Valuable Hebrew Library.—A projected sale at Sniek of the library of the late Leon V. Samuel, is talked of. The enormous wealth of its late proprietor, enabled him to accumulate rare books and manuscripts, regardless of expense. This splendid library includes Rabbinical and Chaldaic dictionaries, archæological works and apocryphal Bibles in almost every language, Biblical commentaries, concordances, dictionaries, cabalistic works, Hebrew books and pamphlets of the fifteenth century, Hebrew correspondence, the works of Jewish geographers and natural philosophers; Hebrew grammars, dictionaries, liturgies, manuscripts, commentaries, and translations of the Mischna and Talmud; Hebrew and Samaritan Pentateuchs, sermons by Hebrew preachers, poetry, law books, and general literature of the Jews. There are a great many *editiones principes*, and manuscripts, of which no other copies are extant, embracing Walton's Polyglot, the works of Jacob Law, Lambrose's Venice Bible, 1639, Spanish Bible, Ferrara, 1553, and works by Abarbanel, Aramah, Prissol, and Kimchi.

A late issue of the London Times records the telegraphic transmission of a Government message, at the extraordinary rate of *one hundred and fifty words and forty-eight stops* in two minutes, by an improved instrument.

The Penny; a Blessing or a Curse; treated proverbially.—A little work with this title has been issued in London. It is in the happy style of our own Franklin. Since Master Henry Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, written in the time of the Civil Wars, and as great a favorite with them as "Poor Richard" is now, there has probably been no book on the subject so quaint, wise, and suggestive, as the above. It is essentially a poor man's book, but it may amuse and interest men of the best reading.

Religious Summary.

American Bible Society.—At the last regular monthly meeting of the Board of Managers, Dr. Thomas Cock was in the chair, assisted by the Hon. Luther Bradish.

Four new auxiliaries were recognized—one in Wisconsin, two in Ohio, and one in Illinois.

Communications were laid before the Board by the secretaries from different sections of our own country, and from abroad. Letters from Texas and Oregon show the progress of the Bible cause in those important portions of our land. A letter was received from La Pointe, on Lake Superior, in regard to the progress of revision of the New Testament in the Ojibwa tongue: also an interesting letter from Rev. Homer B. Morgan, in Thessalonica, in reference to a new edition of the Hebrew-Spanish Bible, the former edition being nearly exhausted: one from Mr. Williams, of Canton, and another from Rev. L. B. Peet, of Fuh-chau, China, relating to the Chinese version of the Scriptures: another on the same subject from Bishop Boone. Several new agents were appointed—one for Alabama, one for Arkansas, and one for the north-west portion of Missouri. Numerous grants of books were made in various languages, —as in Portuguese, Danish, Polish, Spanish, and French, as well as English,—for home and foreign wants, with two entire Bibles for the blind.

The Rev. J. E. Lyon—in his article on German Missions, in the *Boston Daily Zion's Herald*—says, that "full one-fourth of the German missionaries in the field at this time, have been converted from the errors of Popery."

Rev. R. Ryland, President of Richmond College, Va., having been tendered the honorary distinction of D. D., through the *Chronicle*, begs leave respectfully to decline the honor, for two reasons. "The first is, that such titles do not seem to accord with the *simplicity* of the gospel; and the second is that, if they do, I am not sufficiently learned to deserve them. At least, I beg my brethren, especially those in Virginia, to continue to address me in the affectionate style they have hitherto done. Brethren, we have always been a plain people—let us continue to be such."

The *Independent Dissenters* of Lancashire (Eng.) are preparing to erect fifty additional chapels in that county, within the next five years, at an expense of $750,000.

The Jesuits are again introduced into Austria, and proselytism is carried on on a most extensive scale. The Seraphine Society, patronized by the Court, has no other object than to extend Catholicism among the Protestants of Austria: and its most active member—the man, in fact, in whose hands all the threads of the

Jesuitical plot are concentrated—is the consul SCHWARZ, the greatest enemy of the two *isms*—republicanism and patriotism.

The forty-third anniversary of the American Board of Foreign Missions was held at Troy, September 7th: Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, chairman. Henry Hill, Esq., the Treasurer of the Board, stated the financial condition of the society, viz.: Receipts for the year, ending July 31st, were $301,732 70; expenditures $301,727 35. The following is the summary of the Board's operations—

Number of Missions	26
Number of Stations	111
Number of Out-stations	45

LABORERS EMPLOYED.

Number of ordained Missionaries, (seven being Physicians)	163
Number of Licentiates	2
Number of Physicians not ordained	5
Number of other Male Assistants	19
Number of Female Assistants	212
Whole number of laborers sent from this country	401
Number of Native Preachers	43
Number of Native Helpers	202
Whole number of Native Assistants	245
Whole number of laborers connected with the Missions	646

THE PRESS.

Number of Printing Establishments	11
Pages printed last year	52,225,203
Pages printed from the beginning	922,595,924

CHURCHES.

Number of Churches	93
Number of Church Members	24,386
Added during the year	1,266

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

Number of Seminaries	10
Number of other Boarding-Schools	17
Number of Free-Schools (four hundred and forty-one supported by Hawaiian Government)	783
Number of Pupils in the Seminaries (75 do.)	485
Number of Pupils in the Boarding-Schools	484
Number of Pupils in Free Schools, (12,949 do.)	22,595
Whole number in Seminaries and Schools	23,564

The Rev. H. W. Beecher, we learn, is engaged in the preparation of a Hymn-Book, to contain a thousand original and select compositions, adapted to a rich collection of music, arranged by Messrs. Zundel and Matthews.

"The Mormon sect," says the *Southern Christian Advocate*, "is already split into seven antagonistic bodies, all practicing immersion, viz.:—'Rigdonites,' the original sect, scattered through the land; 'Brighamites,' in the valleys of Utah; 'Strangites,' at Force, Beaver Island, Lake Michigan; 'Hydites,' on the unreserved public lands in Western Iowa, Kanesville being their head-quarters; 'Cutlerites,' on Silver Creek, Mills County, Iowa; 'Brewsterites,' at Socorro, New-Mexico; 'Bishopites,' at Kirkland, Lake County, Ohio. The Strangites, Brewsterites, and Bishopites, are new-lights; the Cutlerites are reformers; and the Brighamites and Hydites are two branches of usurpers of the government of the Church, after the assassination of Prophet Smith.

The Indian Mission Association, by its last report, shows twenty-one Churches, one hundred and twenty-six baptisms, one thousand three hundred missionaries, assistants, and communicants, and one hundred and sixty-five pupils in the schools, principally among the Choctaws, Creeks, Weas, Piankesadws, Miamies, and Pottawatomies.

Sixteen years ago, the first German missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church began his labors among that people in this country. After six weeks visiting and talking among his countrymen, he gathered his first congregation. It was in a private hall, and was composed of three persons; now there are one hundred and twenty-five German missionaries and ten thousand members in this country, and a hopeful mission is opened in the fatherland.

The Baptists of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, it is stated, have resolved to raise $50,000 for the endowment of Acadia College. A late report on education states that $10,000 have been already subscribed.

The Minutes of the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, commencing with the Kentucky Conference, October, 1851, and ending with the Pacific Conference, April, 1852, show a gratifying increase in the ministry and membership of the Church. As compared with the last year, 1850–51, we find the following condition of the membership:—

	Whites.	Col'd.	Ind'a.	Total.
In 1851–52,	387,954	138,113	3,327	529,394
" 1850–51,	375,520	135,594	3,487	514,601
Increase,	12,434	2,519		14,793
Decrease,			160	

Of the ministry, the following result:—

	Tr. Min.	Sup. Min.	Local Min.
In 1851–52,	1,659	126	3,044
" 1850–51,	1,582	118	3,955
Increase,	77	8	
Decrease,			911

The apparent decrease in the number of local preachers is explained "by the fact, that there are no local preachers reported in the Minutes of the Tennessee, Indian Mission, Mississippi, and Alabama Conferences. Last year those conferences reported nine hundred and eighty-two local preachers, which (without any increase) added to the number reported from the other conferences, would make an increase of seventy-one local preachers."

The corner-stone of a new Methodist Episcopal Church was laid at Sacramento, lately. Rev. Messrs. Stratten, Benson, Simonds, Wheeler, and Gober, including ministers of different denominations, took part in the services. Mr. Simonds's interesting address on this occasion was listened to with much attention. Mr. Stratten read a history of the organization and progress of the Church, which, with copies of the Testament, Hymn

Book, Discipline, City Directory, and sundry papers, were then deposited in the usual manner.

Of the eighty thousand inhabitants of *New-Zealand*, sixty-five thousand may be considered Protestants, of whom forty-five thousand are under the care of the Church Missionary Society. The Wesleyans have under their care about eighteen thousand; not more than five thousand are Romanists, and ten thousand perhaps Pagans. Moral improvement is progressing, and agricultural pursuits, with water-mills and a demand for vessels to take their produce to the neighboring towns, are fast supplanting the barbarity and indolence of former days.

Southern Methodist Episcopal Missionary Statistics.—The following synopsis from the Secretary's report, will show the present state of the Missionary department of the M. E. Church, South:—

"I. *In the destitute Portions of the Regular Work.*—One hundred and thirty-six Missions; one hundred and six Missionaries; twenty-two thousand five hundred and seventy-eight white, and one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two colored members; with one hundred and seven Churches; one hundred and twenty-five Sabbath schools; and three thousand and eighty-six scholars.

"II. *Among the People of Color.*—One hundred and twenty Missions one hundred and eleven Missionaries; thirty-three thousand three hundred and seventy-eight colored, and seven hundred white members; with sixty-eight Churches; and sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-six children under religious instruction.

"III. *Among the Germans.*—Ten Missions; seven Missionaries; three hundred and thirty-two Church members; five Churches; and one hundred and thirty-six scholars.

"IV. *Among the Indian Tribes.*—Thirty-one Missions; twenty-seven Missionaries; four thousand four hundred and seventy-seven Church members; thirty-nine Churches; twenty-eight Sabbath schools, and one thousand two hundred and sixty-one scholars; eight manual-labor schools, and four hundred and eighty-nine pupils.

"V. *In China.*—One Mission, and three Missionaries.

"VI. *In California.*—Twenty-one Missions; nineteen Missionaries, and three hundred members.

"*General Aggregate.*—Missions, two hundred and ninety-nine; Missionaries, two hundred and seventy-three; Churches, two hundred and twenty-nine; Church members, sixty-three thousand six hundred and eighty-seven; Sabbath schools, one hundred and thirty-six; children under religious instruction, nineteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-one; with eight manual-labor schools and four hundred and eighty-nine pupils."

There is a great demand for *Presbyterian* ministers in Texas. "Those of piety and energy, who can preach acceptably—not read—could do much good, and build up important Churches."

Methodist Missions among the Norwegians in Wisconsin.—From a statement of Rev. I. M. Leihy, P. E. of the Milwaukie District, it appears there are in that State about two hundred and fifty thousand Norwegians. The missionary labors of Messrs. Willerup and Agrelius among these people, have had the effect of awakening a general inquiry among them, and one hundred and fifty converts have been added to the Methodist Church in that section. A church has been completed at Cambridge, Wisconsin, of stone, forty-four feet by sixty-four, neat, plain, and substantial, at a cost of $3,000, two-thirds of which has already been paid, the remaining $1,000 is now due, and for which Mr. Willerup has given judgment notes, besides paying out the greater portion of his missionary appropriation. Some of the Norwegians have mortaged their small farms to secure the money now due, and others, mechanics, have taken liens upon the church.

The *Bishop of London*, in view of the important Church business that is, in a great measure, to occupy the approaching session of Parliament, is engaged upon a bill, the object of which will be to improve the *administration of discipline* among the clergy. Among other subjects to be revised are a modification of the Canon Law, the Institution of Clerks, (clergy,) the Ecclesiastical Courts of Appeal, and the reform of the Church courts generally.

Wesleyan Missions in Ceylon.—From a statement recently put forth by the Wesleyans on the Island of Ceylon, we learn that in fifty-one places for preaching the gospel, the average attendance is about four thousand. In the Western Province, there are three European missionaries, eight native ministers, three local assistant missionaries, nine catechists, forty schoolmasters, and seventeen schoolmistresses. There are fifty-two schools, containing one thousand five hundred and seventy-six boys, and five hundred and seventy-five girls. The number of Church members in the Western Province is one thousand one hundred and twenty-nine, and on the Island about one thousand six hundred and thirty.

The *Rt. Hon. W. C. Gladstone*, one of the highest of English High Churchmen, has come out against State establishments of religion.

Rev. Pierce Connelly, late domestic chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, has published his "Reasons for abjuring his allegiance to the See of Rome;" and an English correspondent of the *Record* speaks of the English Romanists as trembling beneath the lash of his exposure of their system.

Late advices from the Cape of Good Hope state that the Mount Bok *Wesleyan Missionary Station* had been attacked by about three hundred Hottentots, on horseback and on foot. The place was bravely defended by the friendly natives stationed there; but the rebels were successful, killing seven Fingoes and wounding a number of others, and carrying off considerable plunder.

Native Chinese Testament.—A copy of the New Testament, printed with metal types, and of a superior character, has been forwarded to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, and is sold for *four-pence*, (eight cents.)

Art Intelligence.

Jenny Lind and Barnum.—A correspondent of the *Musical World* says: "Not long since, Mr. Barnum exhibited to me the account current between himself and Jenny Lind, and a truly marvelous document it is. He ought to publish it entire, for the astonishment and edification of the world generally, and singers particularly. According to the footings-up and balances, the parties received the following handsome dividends, after all expenses were paid:—

Jenny Lind	$302,000
P. T. Barnum	$308,000
Total	$610,000

I give the even thousands,—not remembering the units, tens, and hundreds. They are of little consequence."

Pugin the Architect.—This splendid but unfortunate artist, in his old age, and under the terrible visitation of lunacy, is now existing as a pauper patient in a public lunatic asylum in England. In the days of his prosperity, it is said that he gave liberally to the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a member. Since the above was written, we find a letter in the *Daily News*, in which the writer states that Mr. P. is placed where he now is, not because his friends would not assist him, but because, in their opinion, nothing but a public asylum was considered likely to conduce to his recovery. The *Builder* states that Mr. P. has for some time past desired to quit the Catholic faith, if he has not already formally done so, and has been heard to declare that the rest of his life "must be one of penitence to seek forgiveness for the wrongs he has done to the Anglican Church!" Lord John Russell, in a concise but generous letter, inclosed to the editor of the Builder £10, as a contribution to any public subscription that may be adopted for the unfortunate artist's relief.

Guido's splendid picture of the *Virgin Immaculata*, in the possession of the Earl of Ellismere, (Bridgewater Gallery,) has been engraved by Mr. J. H. Watt, and by its beauty affords a rare example of high art.

The King of Wurtemberg, it is stated, in advices from Venice, has purchased the Berbine Gallery of Painting and Sculpture.

"Landscapes of Interesting Localities mentioned in the Holy Scriptures," in two volumes, have been re-published, simultaneously, in Edinburgh, London, and Dublin. These views were formerly issued under the title of "Finden's Bible Illustrations." They are, we learn, exquisitely engraved, and form an elegant addition to the library, or center-table.

The Queen of England has given instructions to have prepared for her twenty sets of photographs, illustrating a very large number of the choicest works exhibited in the Crystal Palace, 1851. These photographs will be mounted on large paper, and each set bound in richly ornamented crimson morroco. The volumes are intended as presents to the principal potentates of Europe, and other distinguished foreigners.

At the Fine Arts Exhibition, at Paris, the statue of Sappho, by the late sculptor, Pradier, though not considered his best work, gained the first prize, an honorary medal; in the award of which, the society were most probably governed by their appreciative recognition of the high desert of the lamented artist. The number of exhibitors was about one thousand, no person being allowed to fill more than three numbers. The catalogue contained one thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven numbers, of which one thousand two hundred and eighty were paintings, two hundred and seventy works of the sculptor, eighty-eight engravings, fifty-two lithographs, and sixty-six architectural drawings and plans. One of the principal pictures exhibited was an immense painting by Horace Vernet, intended to commemorate the recent taking of Rome by the French, in which the figures are "half the life size." The desire of Vernet—in which he has not entirely succeeded—was to produce a historic painting, instead of a mere panorama. The difficulty of this task is shown by the eye of the spectator restlessly wandering from group to group, vainly seeking for some point of visual rest. Apart from this the painter has vigorously displayed his artistic excellence.

The amount taken for entrance fees was $7,000, and the sale of catalogues $2,000, and for taking charge of canes, umbrellas, &c., $1,000,—an aggregate of $10,000. The cost of the gallery constructed for the exhibition, in the court of the Palais Royal, was $5,200; and thus the net proceeds to be applied to the purchase of works of art amounts to only $4,800.

By the command of Louis Napoleon, or his advisers, a shabby and discreditable piece of spoliation has taken place, in the removal—from the funeral monument of Napoleon at the Invalides—of two bas-reliefs, representing, one the Prince de Joinville receiving the mortal remains of the Emperor at St. Helena, and the other the meeting of Louis Philippe with his son on his return to Paris. Later advices state that the President has ordered the Duc d'Enghein's monument in the Chapel of Vincennes to be defaced.

The oldest survivor of the remarkable family Didot, died recently, at Lonjumeau, at the age of eighty-seven. This family has been noted in the publishing annals of France for many generations. The deceased, who was originally an engraver, designed and cut out, with his cousin, Firmin Didot, the plates of all the assignats emitted from 1790 to 1793, by the Constituent Assembly and the Convention.

The Provisionary Committee appointed by the city of Konigsberg, to take measures for raising a monument to Kant, in that municipality, have decided to erect a statue in bronze upon the *Philosophendamme*, a favorite walk of Kant, and to intrust the execution of the work to Rauch, the sculptor.

Scientific Items.

American Geographical Society.—This institution has originated in the current year, yet it begins its labors with no little spirit. The first volume of its Bulletin has already been issued. It contains valuable papers respecting the banks of the Tonga, Turkey on the Black Sea, Paraguay, South Africa, &c. The *Literary World* justly remarks, "that no position can be more advantageous for the study and development of geographical questions than the city of New-York. Here are the original contributors to the science from every quarter of the globe, and here there is the strong incentive to the pursuit of immediate practical benefits growing out of theory or discovery."

Several interesting curiosities were lately presented to the *New-York Typographical Society* for its library. Mr. Edward J. Purse, a printer of Savannah, Ga., presented an eagle, cut out of solid brass, in excellent condition, that was used at the head of a Georgia newspaper, (probably *The Gazette*,) soon after the Revolution. A member of the society, now a resident of Savannah,—Mr. Edward Cole,—made a present of seven of the bills of currency in vogue in the days of the Revolution, varying in value from two shillings and six-pence to eight dollars, the currency then being four shillings and six-pence to the dollar: among these interesting memorials was a bill for nine-pence, issued by the Assembly of Pennsylvania, October 25, 1775; another, issued by the State of Georgia, entitled the bearer to thirty dollars, to be paid within the space of twelve months, out of the moneys arising from the sales of forfeited estates, pursuant to an act of Assembly, passed the fourth day of May, 1778. This was printed in Savannah, in 1778, by W. Lancaster.

The London Asiatic Society.—At a late session of this society, General Briggs delivered a lecture on the Aboriginal Race of India. The hypothesis which the General desired to establish is one that has for the last six years been discussed in the London Ethnological Society, and was brought before the section of that Society at the meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh. Every day, however, seems to throw some new light on this interesting, but hitherto obscure subject, and to afford evidences that the aborigines of India belong to a distinct race from the Hindu or Caucasian bands which invaded their country more than thirty-two centuries ago.

On the whole, the lecturer appeared to be fully borne out in the hypothesis, that ancient India was inhabited for two thousand years by two races; the first, a Scythian branch from the East, the second, an Arian branch from the West, which subdued the former, and has continued to hold them in bondage for thirty-three centuries.

At a meeting of the *Sussex* (Eng.) *Archæological Society* lately, a paper was read by the Rev. Mr. Hunter, in which he proclaimed that the famous "Roll of Battle Abbey," to which many families are indebted for tracing their descent to the Norman Conquest, was all a sham, and that neither the Roll nor any copy or extracts from it were preserved. At the same meeting, Mr. Bland read a paper *On a visit of King Edward II. to the town of Battle in* 1324, in which he stated that traveling was so laborious, and the means of hospitality so rare, that the king had to bring his own ginger, rice, cloves, and almonds, while bread, pigs, mutton, capons, and peacocks, were contributed by the abbot and neighboring landlords.

At a recent meeting of a *Society of Antiquaries at Manchester, Eng.*, there were exhibited *sixteen silver jettons*, or counters, nearly the size of a florin, but very thin, and engraved, instead of being struck by a *die*, the devices being a series of the Kings of England, beginning with William Rufus, and closing with a double representation of James I. on one side, and the Prince of Wales, afterward Charles I., on the reverse.

At a recent meeting of the *Paris Academy of Sciences*, M. V. Meynac demonstrated the existence of chlorid of sodium, iodine, and ammonia, with a variable quantity of organic matter, in *water* from *rains* and other *atmospheric sources*, which have hitherto been considered pure. M. Meynac attributes this existence of salt in the atmosphere, 1st., to the act of mechanical drifting from the sea, and 2d., to evaporation. A paper from M. Guerin Meneville on the *indigenous cochineal* of France, shows that as a substitute for the foreign insect, it must be considered a failure.

Among the new undertakings recently brought forward in England, is one called the *Vegetable Gas-light Company*. The gas has been in use for some months at Eton School, Harrow Railway station, town of Blackpool, and other places. Sir J. Herschel, Master of the Mint, publishes a letter, approving of the discovery.

M. Goudet, keeper of the Archives of Toulouse, has written the *Assemble Nationale*, stating that the root of the plant known in France as the *Iris Germanique*, is an infallible cure for *hydrophobia*.

The *Abbe Moigno*, of Paris, known as a scientific writer, and author of a treatise on semaphoric communication, proposes to establish in the Bois de Boulogne, at the gates of the capital, a model, in relief, of Europe, with all its towns, cities, rivers, lakes, railways, mountains, and forests, in exact proportions to their real extent. This singular model would occupy several acres. The expense of construction, though admitted to be enormous, it is contended by the Abbe would be an unimportant consideration, compared with the instruction it would afford, not only to youth, but to people of all ages and professions, and the striking addition it would prove to the curiosities of the "grand nation."

Mr. Ebelmer, director of the *Porcelain manufactory at Sevres*, has produced *artificial rubies* by dissolving alum, zinc, magnesia, and oxyds of iron and chrome in boracic acid.

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BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in the town of Cummington, Connecticut, on the 3d of November, 1794. When a mere child, he was noted for his talents; he was one of those few smart children who make smart men. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was an eminent physician, and a man of rare attainments in science and literature. He was proud of his boy, and guided his studies; and when they began to bud into the creative faculty, and to bear fruit—blossoms would perhaps be better, for the real fruit was yet to come—in infantile verses, his was the kind but critical eye that detected their faults and beauties, and his the hand that trained their wildness and lopped away their exuberance.

Under the instruction of such a father, the young poet's mind ripened and expanded. When he was ten years old, his verses were thought good enough to be printed in the newspaper of an adjoining town, the "Hampshire Gazette;" and in his fourteenth year, he came out with a political satire, "The Embargo," published at Boston, in 1808. The amount of poetry in these early productions was doubtless small; but the fact of a boy's being able to write, not satires and poems, but even tolerable sense, at so early an age, was somewhat rare.

Young Bryant's satire attracted a good deal of attention, and soon passed into a second edition. In 1810, the sixteenth year of his age, he was entered as a mem-

ber of the Sophomore class of Williams's College. He was already far advanced in his studies, for some of his early verses, printed in the Hampshire Gazette, were Latin translations. He now continued his studies with enthusiasm. He was particularly noticed for his fondness for the classics; and, in a little time, he made himself master of the most interesting portions of the literature of Greece and Rome. He remained at college a year or two, when he asked and procured an honorable dismission, for the purpose of devoting himself to the study of the Law. This he did in the office of Judge Howe, of Worthington, and afterward in that of the Hon. William Baylies, of Bridgewater. In 1815, he was admitted to practice at the bar of Plymouth. During this time the young poet had not been idle. He did not, like Sir William Blackstone, pen a "Farewell to the Muse," but worshiped her more devoutly than ever. About this period, in 1812, he wrote "Thanatopsis" and the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood." Poems like these are remarkable for a young man of eighteen or nineteen. There is no name in English literature upon whom they would not confer credit,—and they written, too, in intervals of leisure, snatched from that least interesting of all studies, the Law, that ruiner of fancy and imagination, that death to the sensibilities and the heart. To be a good lawyer—and Bryant, it is said, was a good lawyer, not one of your every-day pettifoggers—to be a thorough lawyer, more elaborate study is necessary than for any other profession. Law offices, even the best, are not noted for either beauty or comfort. Generally, they cluster together in out-of-the-way courts and alleys. The offices themselves are pinched and diminutive, with a strong scent of moldy calf skin; oftentimes intolerant with the odor, and misty with the smoke, of tobacco. Their furniture is usually characteristic—old, and much worn, consisting for the most part of three-legged chairs, and rickety tables, and ancient mahogany desks, always let down in front, with dusty pigeon-holes, full of still dustier papers, tied up with red tape. Here and there are pens, ink, and paper, and huge blots of ink, and on the shelves, and perhaps in antique book-cases, are stacks of old law books, Coke on Lyttleton, Lyttleton on Coke, and Blackstone on somebody else,—on Special Pleading, Revised Statutes, and all the *canons* in Christendom. The floor is sprinkled with sand, and the wall tapestried with spider webs and the carcasses of defunct blue bottle flies. And of a piece with this—we speak knowingly here—are the duties of a young law-student with his ink-spotted livery, and his red, watery eyes:—this hour writing subpœnas for John Doe and Richard Roe, and the next serving them on the said J. D. and R. R. Now drawing up declarations, and now filing the same. Now copying the proceedings in a case of assault and battery, and now running the risk of personally undergoing the same operation. Something other and better than this is necessary to make or keep a man a poet,—something like spring winds, and summer flowers, autumn leaves, and the white drifts of winter snow; the sight of the bright old sun in heaven, and many hours of leisure to write down his golden sayings; green hills to climb; woods to wander in; seas to gaze upon, and far-shining stars to sublime the soul; and whole scores of old books in prose and rhyme, with plenty of time to read them, and dream over their genial thoughts. But our law-student, our poet-lawyer, is still a poet; for he has a brave, true heart, and faints not. He knows that poetry, divine as she is, "consorts with poverty and scorn." God has not given him the means of idleness; therefore he labors in the uncongenial drudgery of the law, and is rewarded by the muse with "Thanatopsis," and the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," and the fame therefrom accruing and to accrue. Nature does not forsake her worshiper, even in the precincts of law. The wind blows in at the casements with a message, the rain taps at the pane, and the overhanging sky looks its unutterable things. She has a various language, this Nature. Go listen to her teachings in "Thanatopsis," and worship with her in "The Forest Hymn."

"Thanatopsis," "The Lines to a Water-fowl," and one or two other of Bryant's smaller poems, were published in that heavy old quarterly, "The North American Review." When Dana,—says Dr. Griswold, meaning Richard H. Dana, the author of "The Buccaneer,"—when Dana was a member of the North American Club, "Thanatopsis" was offered for pub-

lication in the Review; our critic, with one or two others, read it, and concurred in the belief that it could not have been written by an American. There was a finish and completeness about it, added to the grandeur and beauty of the ideas, to which it was supposed none of our writers had attained. Dana was informed, however, that the author of it was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, then in session; and he walked immediately from Cambridge to the State House, in Boston, to obtain a view of the remarkable man. A plain, middle-aged gentleman, with a business-like aspect, was pointed out to him; a glance was sufficient; the legislator could not be the author of "Thanatopsis;" and he returned without seeking an introduction. A slight and natural mistake of names had misled his informant. The real author being at length discovered, a correspondence ensued, and Bryant was invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge; they became personally acquainted, and a friendship sprung up which has lasted to the present time. That anniversary poem, "The Ages," was delivered at Harvard, and soon after, with a few fugitive pieces, published at Boston in a small volume.

In 1821, Bryant married a young lady of Great Barrington, Mass., whither he had removed to practice his profession. He was both skillful and successful as a lawyer; but the drudgery and labor, and perhaps other peculiarities about the vocation, clashed with his poetical and moral sensibilities, and induced him, after ten years' practice, to remove in 1825 to the city of New-York, and commence a literary career. During the preceding years he has not been idle; he has read much, thought much, and seen much; seen nature daily, and thought over and read her messages. The scenery in that part of Massachusetts is, we are told, particularly fine. Around the poet's birth-place, Cummington, are mountains and forests; and here, at Great Barrington, we have the "Monument Mountain," overlooking the picturesque valley of the Housatonic. Scenes like these, distinctly and purely American, form the character of Bryant's landscape poetry.

But now he quits them for New-York, whither his fame has preceded him, and is engaged as editor of "The New-York Review," one of the best of the early magazines. About the same time, he joins a *coterie* of young authors, Sands, Verplanck, and Halleck—then considered rather smart—and a number of young artists, in the production of "The Talisman," an annual. The annualphobia was then at its height, and everybody was bitten by it; publishers and readers were alike mad. About the same time, Peter Parley started "The Token" in Boston, and Hawthorne wrote for that. Some of Bryant's contributions to "The Talisman," place him very high as a writer of prose. In this publication and in "The New-York Review" appeared some of his finest poems, among which was "The Hymn to Death," in which he pays a touching tribute to the memory of his father, his guide and friend. In 1827, he became one of the editors of the New-York Evening Post, one of the oldest and most influential gazettes in the country. The politics of the man differ from those of the boy. In 1808—but what could one expect from a boy of fourteen—he satirized the Democrats; twenty years after, he is the editor of their chief paper. Of his political career we are hardly competent to judge. Like Canning's needy knife-grinder,

> "We never love to meddle
> With politics, sir!"

One competent to judge, thus writes of Bryant in connection with the Evening Post:—"As a politician, he has disdained the miserable arts by which small minds achieve the triumphs of their party, or their own profit. Drawing his principles from the independent conclusions of his own mind, he has not shifted with every wind of doctrine. He has regarded politics, not as the strife of opposing interests, nor as a factitious struggle for party supremacy, nor yet as a predatory warfare for the spoils of success; but as the solemn conflict of great principles. He has studied it as a comprehensive science, in which the rights and happiness of millions of men are interested, and which has issues and dependencies spreading over the events of many years. In this light he has sought to teach its truths with conscientious fidelity." If he be indeed all this, he is a consistent politician, and should take out a patent accordingly. In the summer of 1834, Bryant visited Europe with his family, intending to devote a few years to literary pursuits, and the educa-

tion of his children. He traveled through Germany, France, and Italy, and resided at different periods in Heidelberg, Munich, Florence, and Pisa. Of this tour, but few memorials remain; in his "Letters" are some six or eight relating to it, out of the fifty odd composing the volume, and in his poems the verses "To the Apennines," "To the River Arno," "The Knight's Epitaph," and "Earth." The illness of his editorial partner, William Leggett, occasioned his recall in 1836. Leggett dying shortly after, the whole management of the Post devolved upon him, and has since continued in his hands; and day after day and year after year he has continued at his post, with, as the newspapers say, a firmness worthy of a better cause. In the summer of 1840, he traveled through Florida and the Valley of the Mississippi, and in 1844 revisited Europe. From time to time he publishes a small poem in the magazines, and occasionally makes a collection. A complete edition of all his poems then written was published by the Harpers in 1832, and soon after reprinted in London, through the influence of Washington Irving. The last and most complete American edition is that of Carey and Hart, Philadelphia, a handsome octavo, illustrated by Leutze's designs. Our reading copy, a neat pocket edition, has the imprint of George Slater, London, with somebody else for Edinburgh and Dublin. Since his first migration in 1825, Bryant has resided in and about New-York. His present residence is at Roslyn, one of the most beautiful spots on Long Island. Long may it be hallowed by his earthly presence, and long may we and the public at large have his poems to read, with as many more new ones as circumstances will permit, and the publishers pay handsomely for.

Among the many peculiarities and excellences of Bryant's poetry, its Americanism is first and foremost, exhibiting itself in just those points in which America differs from Europe,—in its natural scenery and in its love of freedom. As a painter of natural scenery, Bryant will compare favorably with any of the English rural poets. He has all the minuteness of Thompson, without his turgid and inflated lines; the pensive grace and pure morality of Cowper, without his effeminacy and *penchant* for didactics; the feeling of nature, so radiant in Wordsworth, without Wordsworth's metaphysics and prolixity. From these, the three great masters of English rural poetry, he differs in many particulars, the chief of which seems to be, that he has no system to maintain, nothing to tag and hang on nature, being content to let the sovereign mother affect him as she will. Sometimes she speaks of herself alone, and he listens to her maternal voice, and admires her material forms, looking no deeper. The blowing of the wind, the flowing of the stream, the waving of the leaf, the singing of the bird, have their own beauty and divinity.

"Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is her own excuse for being!"

At such times he reflects nature with the fidelity of a mirror, picturing it transparently, even to its most minute manifestations. Nothing can be more exact in form and tone than the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," "Monument Mountain," and "The Fountain;" and how grand and beautiful "The Prairies," that stately philosophical pastoral on the Past of America. The opening stanza is a rare piece of description, at once minute and comprehensive, embracing the whole scene, from the encircling vastness of the plain, and the great heavens, with the poised prairie-hawk unmoving in their depths, down to the dark-gliding ridges, sunny hollows, and golden and flame-like flowers; and how touching and sweet the old Indian memories!

"When twilight blush'd, and lovers walk'd and woo'd
In a forgotten language, and old tunes
From instruments of unremember'd forms,
Gave the soft winds a voice."

Many poets, especially those who write rural poetry, ruin their descriptions of natural scenery by a kind of vagueness and uncertainty, painting for one country what would answer for another just as well, America and Arcadia standing side by side on their map of the world; laurels and butternut trees, violets and sun-flowers, nightingales and bob-o-links, the fabulous phœnix and the desirably-fabulous buzzard, all meeting on the best of terms in the same scene and stanza. This want of keeping, and uncertainty in matters of natural history, is the characteristic of one class who write vaguely, from books and

hearsay; while another, who are perhaps correct in these points, spoil their description by too great attention to detail, heaping up trifles on trifles till the reader is wearied out. To neither of these schools does Bryant belong; for he is not only scrupulously correct in his natural history, his Americanism, but he avoids the sin of excessive detail, which his perfect knowledge of the subject would be likely to force upon him. There is a certain vagueness, a kind of clear indistinctness about his landscape pieces which adds to their fidelity and beauty. This indistinctness would perhaps merge at last into obscurity, but for his occasional reference to, and vivid picturing of, some minor object, some minor point which forms, as it were, a resting-place for the eye. This peculiarity is not only a fine stroke of art, but in strict accordance with all the laws of optics; for the eye, in glancing over a number of objects, no matter how rapidly, always selects and singles out, and rests longer upon some one of them, no way remarkable, than upon the mass. Even in a flash of midnight lightning, we are constrained to obey this law; and some tree, brook, or flake of cloud, is distinguished and stamped upon the mind, when the rest of the world, sky, land, or sea, is more dreamed of than seen.

Not only in painting its natural scenery with fidelity, and in singing stately hymns to the spirit of freedom, does Bryant show himself an American; but in manifold allusions to, and plaintive laments for, the ancient inhabitants of the land, sympathizing deeply, as genius should, with the Indian poet of the New World. Riding over the prairies, he thinks of the red races that once peopled them; climbing the rugged steep of the "Monument Mountain," he recalls

> "A sad tradition of unhappy love,
> And sorrows borne and ended, long ago."

Philosophically surveying the ages, he broods over the barbarity of the early aborigines; and lying on the grassy slope of a woodland fountain, he repeoples the scene from the past:—

> "I behold the scene
> Hoary again with forests. I behold
> The Indian warrior whom a hand unseen
> Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
> Creep slowly to the well-known rivulet,
> And slake his death-thirst. Hark, that quick, fierce cry,
> That rends the utter silence! 'tis the whoop
> Of battle, and a throng of savage men
> With naked arms, and faces stain'd like blood,
> Fill the green wilderness: the long bare arms
> Are heaved aloft, bows twang, and arrows stream;
> Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
> Sends forth its arrows. Fierce the fight and short,
> As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
> And conquer'd vanish, and the dead remain,
> Gash'd horribly with tomahawks. The woods
> Are still again; the frighted bird comes back
> And plumes her wings; but thy sweet waters run
> Crimson with blood. Then as the sun goes down,
> Amid the deepening twilight, I descry
> Figures of men that crouch, and creep unheard,
> And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
> Shall wash away the tokens of the fight.
>
> I look again—a hunter's lodge is built,
> With poles and boughs, beside thy crystal well,
> While the meek autumn stains the woods with gold
> And sheds his golden sunshine. To the door
> The red man slowly drags the enormous bear,
> Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down
> The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
> Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls,
> And loud the black-eyed Indian maidens' laugh
> That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,
> The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
> That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs."

The most careless observer cannot fail to see the picturesqueness of this extract. It stands before us in words as clearly as if painted on canvas; and some of the groupings are especially to be commended; such, for instance, are the long bare arms heaved aloft, the trees sending forth arrows, the red man dragging the enormous bear to the door, and flinging the deer from his shoulders. This, and others that we could point out, are essentially dramatic. The lines below are perhaps the most picturesque that Bryant has yet written. They are from "The Fountain."

> "White cottages were seen
> With roses at the windows; barns from which
> Swell'd loud and shrill the cry of chanticleer;
> Pastures where roll'd and neigh'd the lordly horse,
> And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
> Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,
> Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
> Brought pails and dipp'd them in thy crystal pool,
> And children, ruddy-cheek'd and flaxen-hair'd,
> Gather'd the glistening cowslip from thy edge.
> Since then what steps have trod thy border! Here
> On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
> Has laid his ax, the reaper of the hill

His sickle, as they stoop'd to taste thy stream.
The sportsman, tired with wandering, in the still
September noon has bathed his heated brow
In thy cool current; shouting boys let loose
For a wild holiday have quaintly shaped
Into a cup the folded linden leaf
And dipp'd thy sliding crystal. From the wars
Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
Has sat, and mused how pleasant were to dwell
In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more. At eve
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self-replenish'd depths,
Has seen eternal order circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change,
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reason'd to the mighty universe."

In common with the greatest poets, Bryant has the faculty of impersonation—the art of giving abstract ideas and thoughts

"A local habitation, and a name."

Nothing can be more grand and truthful than his portrait of the shout of freedom in "The Antiquity of Freedom," and truth and error in his incomparable poem, "The Battle-Field." To fully appreciate Bryant's poetry, one needs a mind that can evolve thoughts from images and types; for Bryant's barest and bleakest thoughts have something tangible about them, and present themselves to the eye in forms and groups; and all his forms and groups, his types and images, are wonderfully clear and sharp—sharp in their lines, like engravings; positive and full, like statues. To judge Bryant by the sister arts, we should say he was more of a sculptor than painter; for while he is a lover of painting, and has an accurate knowledge of color, he seldom evinces any great fondness for it, and seldom paints with rich and gorgeous tints. We have no description of purple morns and golden eves; no delicate springs and many-colored autumns; nothing, in short, of that exuberance of color which is often a characteristic of the whole year in America. Engraving rather than painting, or *very* subdued, and, as it were, *remote* painting, seems to us Bryant's forte, if it would not be better to call it sculpture—it is so calm, cold, and statuesque. From the utter absence of all attempts at *effect*, his best things do not strike us so much at first, as on subsequent readings: they will all bear thinking upon, brooding over, and reading again and again. There is a simple breadth and depth about them refreshing to behold in this age of brilliance and shallowness. They must be studied to be understood. They reveal their depths only to loving eyes and pure hearts. There is a sereneness about them like that of the sky—clear, calm, and beautiful; not flushed with the hues of morn and eve; not frowning and glowing with the clouds and lightnings of passion; nor studded with the stars of fancy and the radiant moon of the imagination; but clear, calm, and equable in its light; now soft with June, blue and bright; now cold with November, but blue and bright still, and forever. There is nothing that can be spared in Bryant's verse—not a line, not a word that can be removed—without weakening its general design and beauty. He does not indulge in exuberance. The limbs of his poetical trees are not permitted to trail on the ground, however great may be their load of fruit. He is no Cræsus, scattering his wealth broadcast; but a careful tradesman, who must have an assurance of return before he makes his ventures.

The versification of Bryant is always correct, and often highly artistic and grand, abounding in fine, though minute effects, which never could have been produced by any but a cunning word-artist, deep in the knowledge of language and its capabilities, and in sonorous rhythms and cadences. Smoothness and roughness,—*seeming* roughness, but in reality *harmony*,—as distinguished from, and opposed to, *melody*, alternate beautifully in many of his poems; after lines and passages of liquid softness, after melting cadences, come harsh words and lines, harsh yet harmonious changes of cadence, which break the preconcerted flow of the rhythm, then becoming monotonous, and startle into delight from their very newness.

"Each, like unexpected light, surprises."

His pauses frequently fall on the odd number of syllables, both in rhyme and blank verse, and the effect is fine. Throughout his volume are nicest points, rhyming sounds or artistic alliterations, which few, save poets, would see the fitness of, and thoroughly appreciate.

Nothing can be more simple and unpretending than his diction. It is always plain and unadorned, and, except in matters of rhetoric, of which he is a

complete master, and in certain inversions, time out of mind the glory of poets and poetry, goes direct to the subject and reader's heart, saying the sweetest, grandest, and sublimest things in the plainest and simplest way; fine and effective, because of its utter simplicity, and the best English, because the least peculiar, without pet phrases and mannerisms; the very style in fact that the mass of men would write, could they write as well, and be as free from affectation as Bryant; the best of styles, because *no* style. Does he pass from description to reflection, from nature to man, he neither lets himself down nor lifts himself up, by a succession of rounds in the ladder of speech—does not join link to link till the end is reached, but reaches it at once, and with no abruptness either; no leaping of chasms—but by sure and unknown means, moving rapidly, gracefully, and surely to his designated end. He is a calm and truthful logician, and has what many logicians lack, the faculty of making his logic subservient to his will. He is the master of logic, not logic the master of him. He never seems to think superfluously, nor ever comes short either. What is done, is done, and there an end. There is no need of, and no room for, further work—no explanation needed. Elaborate as his poems are, there is no effort visible in them, save to poets and critics, and those who have tried and failed to write as well. They see study in every word and line, but to the general reader all seems natural and unstudied. He has the faculty of concealing his art.

Speculating as we do in matters of poetry, unbiased by creed or book, our theory differs essentially from that of Mr. Bryant; but whenever, and it is quite often, we turn to his volume, we forget all our pet notions, and give ourselves up to the spell of his genius. The worship of beauty, to which our hearts and souls were before consecrated, becomes the worship of truth and goodness. Never does life seem so serious a thing, sorrow so trivial and weak, joy so serene and holy, and the great To Be so desirable, as when reading Bryant's solemn and stately songs, sounding like deep-toned organs, or far-off seas in their melancholy grandeur. To a certain extent, the thoughtful reader may read Bryant's life in his poems. Not his outward, physical life, in the world of men,—that belongs to the Democratic party and the Evening Post office, where

"He scrawls strange words with a barbarous pen,"—

but his life of joy and sorrow, and never-ending transition; the life of his brain and soul, and sometimes glimpses of his heart-life, so profound and secret. There is something very touching in his occasional allusions to the loved and lost:—

"Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung."

"And that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, who perish'd with the flowers."

It is well to read of these bereavements in the lives of poets and men of genius, and well for them who have undergone them. They are the links, and sometimes the only ones, which bind genius indissolubly to mankind,—the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. A single and half-suppressed sigh from a mind like Bryant, is worth all the tears that sensibility ever shed.

"Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style."

No one studies man, for the purposes of poetry, less than Bryant. He looks upon him from a lofty height, takes his height and breadth, and sometimes feels his heart; not like the novelist and dramatist for creature ends, but like the philosopher. In his way he sympathizes with man, greatly perhaps with man in the mass, with abstract humanity, the ideal of man, but not much with real, single, individual man. He would have them good and wise, and does what he can to make them so; but never descends from his throne of thought to lend them assistance. It is not in his way—we speak of course of his poetry alone—to give the weak a warm, loving hand, earnest words that thrill the soul, and tenderness that melts the whole being. He points out the way of truth, and walks therein; others may follow as they can. This may be a fault; but it is the fault of nature, not Bryant. Nor would we have it otherwise. One poet has one mission; and another, another. It is not his to touch the heart like Shakspeare, to rouse the passions like Byron, to feed the senses like Tennyson; nor to do precisely what others have done before him. They have their fields of thought and song, and he his, and grandly does he walk therein.

"Knowledge, and truth, and virtue are his themes,
And lofty hopes of divine liberty,
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy."

Among his other distinguishing traits, is his imagination, a vigorous concentrated imagination, which shows itself everywhere — in passages, lines, and words. A few random passages will show what we mean. Notice the utter absence of detail, and the breadth and force, the suggestiveness of the whole :—

"A voice of many tones, sent up from streams
That wander through the gloom; from woods unseen,
Sway'd by the sweeping of the tides of air,
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
And hollows of the great invisible hills,
And sands that edge the ocean stretching far
Into the night—a melancholy sound."

"The sun, the gorgeous sun is thine—
The pomp that opes and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
The airs that fan his way;
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air."

"The night storm on a thousand hills is loud,
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud."

No other living poet has his imagination or half his compressed energy of conception and execution. And over all, and through all his poetry, its life and soul, glows and lives a spirit of meditation and reflection, the very incarnation of truth and goodness. Religion, pure and undefiled, is the element of his genius, and the life of his poetry.

To sum up his beauties and defects is no easy task, and we shall not attempt it. We have indicated, rather than shown, some of his peculiarities. As we have already stated, we consider Bryant our first and best national poet. Whether painting American scenery, or giving utterance to American thought, he is alike national, and alike excellent, equally removed from the fire and enthusiasm of a red-hot patriot, and the ice and indifference of a cold-blooded sage, with just enough earnestness and warm blood to make him manly and noble. While Bryant's writings live, to say nothing of those of Cooper and Hawthorne, we fail not of an American literature, though we would be glad to have more of it, and to have it as much better as talent, and genius, and religion, can make it. In the mean time, we shall read and love William Cullen Bryant.

A POWERFUL MICROSCOPE.

A GERMAN named Hassert, residing in Cincinnati, has invented a microscope which has a magnifying power of six hundred times. The *Cincinnati Times*, speaking of its extraordinary powers, says that the dust which, by contact with the wings of a butterfly, adheres to the finger, was shown to be a number of feathers; on these little feathers are observed longitudinal and transverse lines: but this has been, so far, the utmost that has been seen. This new microscope, however, shows that between each pair of longitudinal lines there are five or six rows of scales, like those of a fish, and appear to have the same form in all the feathers, differing only in size. A dust particle, taken from the back of the body of a sphinx, which is the largest of these feathers shown, measuring one-fifteenth of an inch in length, and one two-hundredth of an inch in breadth, had one hundred and four longitudinal lines. Between each pair of lines, six rows of scales were visible, making the number of these little scales, laterally, six hundred and twenty-four; the number of scales longitudinally, downward, would be two thousand two hundred and twenty-eight: therefore, the entire number of these scales on this little feather amount to one million four hundred thousand, which gives the number of fourteen thousand million to one square inch. On a very minute particle of dust from the wing of a midge, measuring only one five-hundreth of an inch in length, and one-thousandth of an inch in width, the number of scales is found to be eighty-four thousand, which gives the enormous sum of forty-two thousand millions to one square inch. We observed, also, large sizes of the cat and common house flea, the eye of a fly, and the wing of a small bug, the latter presenting the most brilliant colors and beautiful shawl-pattern we ever beheld, with a magnificent border elaborately ornamented.

A WISE PRIEST.—A German priest was walking in procession at the head of his commissioners, over cultivated fields, in order to procure a blessing upon the crops. When he came to one of unpromising appearance, he would pass on, saying, "Here prayers and singing will avail nothing; this must have some manure."

[Lichfield in 1780.]

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

HIS PARENTAGE, CHILDHOOD, AND YOUTH.

IN the register of St. Mary's parish, in the city of Lichfield, Staffordshire, England, under date of September 7th, (O. S.,) is a record of the baptism of SAMUEL, son of Michael JOHNSON, *gentleman*, and Sarah Ford, his wife.

The day of the birth of the child thus initiated into the visible Church, is given as the same with that of his baptism, and the unusual haste of the ceremony is attributed to an apprehension that he would live but a little while, and that he might pass away very suddenly. It is said that he was born almost dead, and was unable so much as to cry for some time after he came into the world. The number of noted men who have had a similar commencement of life, is remarkable; among them may be named Newton, Addison, Lord Littleton, Voltaire, Charles Wesley, and a host of others. Such was the beginning of the mundane career of the world-renowned Dr. Samuel Johnson.

The title "gentleman" affixed to the name of his father, had not then lost all its original significance, though, much like the modern "Esquire," it was rather a negative designation than positively a title of honor. Michael Johnson was a respectable citizen of Lichfield, a bookseller and stationer by occupation. He also held the office of sheriff for some time—a post at that period of some distinction. He was a native of Derbyshire, but the family history is entirely obscure. The name "Johnson" casts no light on the subject, as it is simply a patronymic, and suggests the thought that the father's name was all of the children's inheritance. His wife, Sarah Ford, was descended from an old and substantial family in Warwickshire, but it does not appear that she brought either a dowery to her husband or rank to her sons; though she did that which was much better—she performed with much fidelity the duties of a wife and mother.

MICHAEL JOHNSON.

Mr. Michael Johnson is further described as a person of a large and athletic frame, and possessed of great bodily strength. His understanding, too, is said

to have been much in advance of the common standard of his neighbors, both on account of the native vigor of his intellect, and the extent of his reading. But owing to an unhealthy condition of his nervous system, his mind was often ill-balanced, and strongly inclined to eccentricities. In all these particulars, it is thought his son inherited both his excellences and his defects. Dr. Johnson described his father as "a very pious and worthy man, but wrong-headed, positive, and affected with melancholy." As an instance of his eccentricity, it is related that when his workshop had so fallen to decay, that it might be entered at any part through the siding, he was none the less careful to see that it was locked every night, than he could have been, had the safety of his property depended on the fastening of the door.

The wife of Mr. Johnson was slight in her person, and of rather diminutive stature. She possessed good natural faculties, which were, however, but very little improved by cultivation. In temper and manners, she was mild and benevolent, but retiring, and rather addicted to home comforts than to more ostentatious enjoyments. She thus merited, and received in a large degree, the respect and goodwill of those who knew her; and it is supposed that she was the original from which her son, in writing "The Vanity of Human Wishes," drew the picture of a virtuous and excellent woman, who, in her own narrow sphere, was still

"The general favorite and the general friend."

The marriage of the parents of Dr. Johnson occurred after both of them were somewhat advanced in years. His father was his senior by fifty-three years, and his mother by more than forty. They had only one other child, a son, named Nathaniel, born two years later, who died at the age of twenty-five. Very little further is known respecting him, as his renowned brother seldom spoke of him during his later life. It is said that the brothers were not much attached to each other, being perpetual rivals for maternal favors; and some have fancied that the reflections on domestic infelicities found in Rasselas are taken from realities seen in the family of the Lichfield bookseller,—a conjecture, however, that rests on no sure evidence.

It is pretty well ascertained, however, that notwithstanding the acknowledged excellences of both of these worthy persons, they contributed but little to each other's happiness. It should not, perhaps, occasion surprise, that a marriage between parties who had spent so large a portion of their lives in celibacy, should not be productive of much connubial felicity. Their habits, both of thought and manners, were fixed and indurated before their union, and were necessarily dissimilar and unyielding; and, of course, a perpetual chafing was the result. "They seldom conversed," writes their son; "for my father could not bear to talk of his affairs, and my mother, being unacquainted with books, cared not to talk of anything else." The cares of life pressed heavily upon both of them—not that they were really poor, but were always afraid they should become so;—and at length this creature of the fancy assumed much of the nature of a reality. The dread of poverty, without reason, is a form of insanity that frequently afflicts minds not otherwise inclined to madness, and, as it is a very common form of mental derangement, so it is among the most incurable. "Of business," says Johnson, respecting his mother, "she had no distinct conception; and therefore her discourse was composed only of complaint, fear, and suspicion. She concluded that we were poor, because we lost by some of our trades; but the truth was, that my father having in the early part of his life contracted debts, never had trade sufficient to enable him to pay them and maintain his family."

Mrs. Johnson was nevertheless a woman of much real worth; for great infirmities are not incompatible with general goodness of character. Her piety was unaffected and constant; and to her influence and instructions must be ascribed those early and abiding impressions on the mind of her son, that determined the whole course of his life, and dictated the character of his productions. In after life, he related having received from her those great fundamental ideas of religion,—heaven and hell;—"the former, the place where good people go;" and the latter, "the place where bad people go." A careless reader would naturally form very inadequate conceptions of the amount of religious truth that these elementary ideas

comprehend. It is obvious however, to all who will consider the subject, that they embrace not only the distinctions of right and wrong, but also the immortality of the soul and a future judgment, and necessarily imply the being and character of the righteous "Judge of all men."

PARLOR IN THE HOUSE WHERE JOHNSON WAS BORN.

It is often a favorite employment of writers of biography, to find out and relate anecdotes of the early lives of their subjects, in which the future character of the man has been indicated in the actions of the child. Dr. Johnson's case is not an exception to this common rule. One of these "characteristic" incidents is thus stated :—

When Dr. Sacheverel was at Lichfield, Samuel Johnson was not quite three

DR. SACHEVEREL PREACHING.

years old. At that time he was observed in the cathedral, perched upon his father's shoulders, listening and gaping at the much celebrated preacher. The father, on being asked how he could possibly think of bringing such an infant to the church, and in the midst of so great a crowd, replied, "that it was impossible to keep him at home; for, young as he was, he believed he had caught the public spirit and zeal for Sacheverel, and would have stayed forever in the church, satisfied with beholding him."*

A more probable story is told of him, illustrating that tenacity of memory and facility at learning in early childhood, that distinguished him in after life. "When he was a child in petticoats, (a rather indefinite date,) and had learned to read, his mother, one morning, put the Common Prayer Book into his hands, and directed him to commit to memory the collect for the day. She then went up stairs, leaving him to study it; but before she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. On being asked what he wanted, he replied, that he was ready to say it; and accordingly, he rehearsed the whole, though (as she afterward thought) he could not have read it more than twice. The probability of this anecdote will not certainly be called in question, whatever may be said of its authenticity.

Though Johnson inherited from his parents but a slender patrimony, he received from one or both of them, or from his nurse, a more enduring inheritance, in the shape of a malignant scrofula; which permanently disfigured his countenance, and affected both his sight and hearing. His physician, Dr. Swinfen, had

* Any one not inclined to the marvelous might, without questioning any of these statements, still think that the story affords but little evidence of either juvenile precocity or early bias of mind. But a reference to the dates of certain collateral events, casts some doubt upon the statements. Anecdotes of the childhood of great men are usually as suspicious as they are marvelous.

but little expectation that he could live to grow up, and used to say, when the disease had been conquered, that he had never known any child reared with so much difficulty. In compliance with the popular superstition, so long maintained among all classes of the English people, and so disingenuously indulged by princes, and cherished by courtiers, as to the curative power of the royal touch, in cases of "king's evil," this remedy was sought for young Johnson. His parents acted in this matter under the advice of Sir John Floyer, an eminent physician, then residing in Lichfield. He was taken to London during Lent of 1712, and was touched by Queen Anne. The touch, of course, availed nothing, and, in reference to his political principles, it used to be said, either seriously or in satire, that he should have gone to Rome, to the Pretender. He was afterward submitted to a surgical operation for the removal of the scrofulous tumors, by which operation the lower part of his face was much sacrificed; and though the scrofulous eruptions were at length cured, the muscles of his face were long subject to spasms, by which his countenance was perpetually subject to violent and horrible contortions.

Johnson received his first lessons, and advanced so far as to be able to read, under the instruction of Dame Oliver, who kept a school for little children in Lichfield. It seems that a good degree of affection existed between the preceptress and her pupil, though sometimes her solicitude for the safety and comfort of her little afflicted protégé, so offended his notions of self-reliance, that he would repay her kindness with blows. Her regard for him, contrary to what is usually the case, continued long after he had ceased to be her pupil; and, when he was about to set out for Oxford, she came to take leave of him, and, in the simple goodness of her heart, presented him with a *gingerbread*, saying that he was the best scholar that she ever had. After quitting Dame Oliver, he attended an English school, kept by Mr. Thomas Brown, of whom the only thing that is known, is that he "published a Spelling Book, and dedicated it to the universe,"—but his chosen patron seems not to have appreciated the offering.

At ten years old, he began to learn Latin of Mr. Hawkins, under-master of Lichfield Free School, whom he characterized as "a man very skillful in his own little way." Two years were passed under Mr. Hawkins, and then he was transferred to the care of Mr. Hunter, the head master of the Seminary. Of this person, and of his method of governing, the pupil has left the following account:—"He was severe, wrong-headedly severe, and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence,—for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it." Yet Johnson confessed himself to have been greatly indebted to Mr. Hunter, especially for his proficiency in the Latin, in which he so greatly excelled. "He whipped me very well," he would say; "without that, I should have done nothing." Indeed, the pupil seems from his own experience of the benefits of this kind of discipline, to

LICHFIELD SCHOOL.

have become fully satisfied of its excellence in all cases. At that time, school-masters were not expected to be wiser than Soloman, and the sole efficiency of the rod, in school discipline, had not then been seriously called in question. Nor did subsequent observation and reflection change his views in this matter. The impulse of fear and reverence for authority, he believed to be quite as effective, and much more healthful in its operations, than that of emulation. "The rod," he would say, "produces an effect which terminates in itself; a child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief." It is pretty evident that this is a subject that admits of something being said on both sides.

At school, and with his juvenile associates, as in later associations, Johnson was always the first among his fellows. His great size and strength were probably the charter by which he asserted and enforced his claims. But in a well-governed school, superior parts and scholarship avail no less than physical prowess; and when, as in that case, these characteristics are found in the same individual, his priority is cheerfully conceded on all hands. Nor was he disposed to decline the position thus assigned him: he seemed indeed to accept it as a matter of course. An instance illustrative of these statements, is given by one who was at this time his school-fellow, and perhaps an actor in the scene he records:—Three boys would come in the morning to conduct him to school, when, one taking him upon his shoulders, and the others supporting him on either side, they would bear him off in triumph. It is probable that Johnson's defective vision and constitutional inactivity, rendered such attentions from his associates the more agreeable. His unrivaled superiority in scholarship was yielded by a kind of tacit consent; the highest praise that any other boy could hope for, was to be compared favorably with him. "He seemed," says one who knew him at that period, "to learn by intuition; for, though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he did more than any one else."

BEARING JOHNSON TO SCHOOL.

When Johnson was nearly fifteen years old, he went to spend some time with his cousin, Cornelius Ford, a clergyman, then residing on a living near the borders of Staffordshire. Ford, though wholly destitute of the qualities of heart that are indispensable to a proper discharge of the duties of his office, was a man of much wit and learning, and possessed a heart of extreme, though reckless, benevolence. He is generally supposed to have been the original of the "Parson" in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation." He soon detected the mental superiority of his young kinsman, and interested himself in his behalf. Some of the instructions given by him to his young friend, indicate his acquaintance with life and manners, and probably were practically useful to their subject. "Obtain," says Ford, "some general principles of every science: he who can talk only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted, and perhaps never wished for; while a man of general knowledge can often benefit, always please." How fully the history of Dr. Johnson illustrates and proves the advantages of the course here recom-

PARSON FORD.

mended, is plain to all who have examined the subject.

On his return, on account of some unexplained difficulty as to his re-entering Mr. Hunter's school, he was placed in the school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was master, to whom he became an assistant as well as a pupil. Of his connection with this school and its master, Johnson remarked, in after life:—"Mr. Wentworth was a very able man, but an idle man, and to me very severe; but I cannot blame him much. I was then a big boy; he saw I did not reverence him, and that he should get no honor by me. I had brought enough with me, to carry me through; and all I should get at his school would be ascribed to my own labor, or to my former master. Yet he taught me a great deal." He remained at this school a little over a year, and then returned home.

The next two years were loitered away about Lichfield, without purpose or effort. His father, embarrassed by his declining affairs, seems to have been at a loss what to do with him. The son discovered an almost total inadaptation for business, and was scolded by the father for his want of application. He had no settled plan of life, nor did he appear to take much thought for the future, but floated carelessly along, regardless as to whither the tide of affairs might carry him. He however read a great deal—not for the sake of instruction, but for occupation and amusement. He had no plan by which books were chosen, but read whatever fancy directed him to, or accident brought under his notice. By clambering to the upper shelf in his father's store, in search of some apples, that he suspected his brother had hidden behind the books, he was brought into contact with a folio volume of Petrarch, and this accident led to the perusal of the volume, and of course, to an appreciating acquaintance with the great restorer of learning. Of his attainments during these two years of comparative idleness, he remarked:—"In this irregular manner I had looked into a great many books which were not commonly known at the University, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by the tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, I was said, by my tutor, to be the best qualified that he had ever known to come there." To such a mind as Johnson's, two years spent lounging about a bookstore, could not be wholly lost. With his prodigious memory and powers of analysis, it may be doubted, whether an extensive course of desultory reading was less valuable than a more systematic method of study would have been. It is certain that in no other portion of his juvenile history, did he foreshadow his future self so faithfully as in this.

It was probably through despair of ever making him even a respectable tradesman, that the elder Johnson, notwithstanding his limited means, determined to give his son a university education. To meet directly the expense of such an undertaking, was beyond his ability; but an expedient was found out and adopted.

The son of a neighboring gentleman, Mr. Andrew Corbett, who had been a schoolmate of Johnson's, was about to proceed to the university, when it was arranged that the two lads should accompany each other, and be at Mr. Corbett's expense, and that Johnson should act as assistant to his more favored companion. He was accordingly entered a commoner of Pembroke College, on the 31st of October, 1728, being then in his nineteenth year. This was an occasion of much interest to the elder Johnson, in whom a father's hopes and fears conflicted violently as to this son. He knew something of his son's aptitude for learning, and also his utter want of adaptation for getting forward in the world by any of the humbler but more available methods. He also knew his constitutional inertness, and yet had not failed to perceive that his whole soul was instinct with an energy which emulation could call into activity. Having accompanied him to Oxford, Mr. Johnson found means to have him introduced to Mr. Jorden, who was to be his tutor, to whom he commended the youth as "a good scholar and poet, and a writer of Latin verses." His figure and manners were strongly rustic, and seemed but faintly to second the encomiums given by his father. He demeaned himself with much modesty in the presence of the learned persons to whom he was thus suddenly introduced, and for some time kept a respectful silence; but at length some new turn in the conversation aroused him, when joining in it, he quoted Macrobius so appropriately as to equally surprise and delight his learned auditors.

CHRIST CHURCH MEADOW.

Of his career in college, but very partial accounts remain. His tutor was a man of many excellences, but of only moderate abilities; and Johnson, with that kind of superciliousness that sometimes affects young men of real or fancied superiority, conceived and manifested great contempt for him. He had never subjected himself to any systematic discipline, and when he came to college he continued to pursue much the same listless and impulsive course. Among his favorite amusements, was sliding upon the ice that overlaid Christ Church meadow, during the winter; and when this exercise invited him, the lectures of his tutor were quite neglected. Having been called to account and mulcted for his delinquencies, he complained bitterly to his tutor, that he had "sconced him two-pence for non-attendance at a lecture not worth a penny." In later years, Johnson expressed great respect and esteem for his former tutor; though he confessed that he profited but little by his instructions, and that it was his moral worth, rather than his learning, that commanded his respect.

A slight incident gave the first occasion for the exhibition of the superiority of his genius. Having failed to produce a required college exercise for the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, which was observed with great solemnity at Pembroke College, he handed his tutor an apology for his neglect, written in Latin verse, in which he feigned that the muse had visited him in his sleep, and forbidden him meddling with politics. This unmeaning production gave Jorden a very exalted opinion of both his genius and attainments. He accordingly asked him to produce for the following Christmas exercise, a Latin translation of Pope's Messiah. With this requirement he complied; and such was the character of the production, that it procured him much applause, and established his reputation for scholarship in the college. It is reported that when this version of his most celebrated ode was shown to Pope, he expressed a very high approbation of it, declaring that it would be a question for posterity, which was the original and which the translation.

While Johnson was yet residing at Oxford, he began to give decided indications of a morbid condition of the brain and nervous system. His father had long been remarkable for certain peculiarities of manner, which were thought to arise from, or to be in some way connected with, his physical constitution; and this tendency of the system seems to have been inherited by the son, in even an aggravated degree. To this cause may doubtless be ascribed the aimless impulsiveness that had hitherto characterized him, and which followed him in some form as long as he lived. During his

twentieth or twenty-first year—there is some obscurity as to the date—this morbid state of his system became more decidedly manifest than had been the case at any former time. While spending a vacation at Lichfield, he became the victim of a terrible *hypochondria*, producing the utmost gloominess and dejection, and rendering him almost intolerably fretful and impatient. From this disorder he was never entirely released, though its maliginity was greatly abated, and its remaining power overborne by the increasing self-controlling energy of a virtuous and noble spirit. It followed him as his evil genius through life, and has left its impress, both for good and for evil, upon the productions of his intellect. Whether we shall call this a mental or a bodily disorder, is perhaps a curious rather than a practical question. The mysterious connection of mind and body, and their mutual action and re-actions, are obvious facts, but their philosophy remains involved in great obscurity.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE GATEWAY.

No one was more fully aware of the morbid tendencies of his mind than Johnson himself. He also used every effort that afforded the least hope of success to dispel or relieve it. He subjected himself to violent bodily exercise, and would frequently walk to Birmingham and back again; but apparently without deriving any advantage from it. To the direct tendency of the disorder, was soon added the effect of a terrible apprehension that he was about to become insane. Yet, at this very time, his intellect was clear and powerful as ever. He carefully noted all the symptoms of his case, and detailed them in a thesis, written in Latin, which he prepared for the use of his physician, Dr. Swinfen,—a paper that evinced in an admirable degree acuteness, research, and eloquence. But at length the healthful tendencies of his system triumphed over the morbid, and the threatened wreck of the noblest of intellects was averted. After a somewhat protracted absence, he return resumed his studies
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veneration." Of the studies pursued by Johnson while in college, no very definite account is given. He disliked mathematics, and paid but little attention to physics. He excelled in metaphysics, though even in that department he read but little. He was a voracious reader of poetry and light literature, though he would seldom read any but short pieces to the end. But living among learned men, and necessarily hearing much on all subjects of learning, and *forgetting nothing that he heard*, he became more learned without application, than were usually the attainments of the most diligent.

Of his intercourse with his fellow-students, it is said that he "was caressed and loved by all about him, was a gay and frolicsome fellow, and passed there the happiest portion of his life." But superficial appearances in such matters are often fallacious. Of this same period he declared himself, that "it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority." It is further related by one of his early associates, that "he was generally seen lounging at the college gate, with a circle of young students around him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiriting them up to rebellion against the college discipline

which, in his mature years, he so much extolled." He formed but few, if any, intimate friendships while in the university, though he always retained a high regard for Pembroke College.

His religious history during this period of his life, is too important to be passed over unnoticed. We have seen that deep and salutary impressions were made upon his mind at a very early period, by the instructions of his mother. These instructions were followed by others as judged suitable; but it would seem not always with equally good success. His mother confined him at home on Sundays, (after Church probably,) and compelled him to read the "Whole Duty of Man," with which he was very little interested, and from which very little good was obtained. His experience in this matter, taught him the necessity of so mingling incidental allurements with grave religious instructions, that those should prove incentives to attention while these shall make their solutary impressions on the heart.

At nine years old a mere incident led him to become a neglecter of public worship. Their own parish church being shut up for some time, undergoing repairs, the family were left to seek accommodations elsewhere; but rather than do this, young Johnson chose to spend the Sabbath in the fields, reading. A dislike to the duty of attending church was thus formed, that continued to trouble him, long after duty had become his sole rule of action in all such matters.

Of a somewhat later period of his life he remarks, "I became a sort of lax *talker* against religion, for I did not much *think* against it; and this lasted till I went to Oxford, where it would not be *suffered*. At Oxford a change was effected in his views which resulted at length in a complete revolution in his character, by reading Law's "Serious Call to a Holy Life." He began reading the book without any serious purpose; but soon found it more than a match for his sophistry. His pride of intellect would not allow him to abandon the contest; and so he continued to read, and unconsciously to be overcome by the eloquence of divine truth.

"This instance," remarks one of Johnson's biographers, "of such a mind being first disposed, by an unexpected incident, to think with anxiety of the momentous concerns of eternity, and of 'what he should do to be saved,' may forever be placed in opposition to the superficial and sometimes profane contempt that has been thrown upon those occasional impressions which it is certain many Christians have experienced." Dr. Johnson stands forth not only a witness of the adaptation of the Christian faith to the most exalted understandings, but also of the power of divine grace to arrest, by feeble means, the erring spirit, and lead it into captivity to itself. From this time his mind took that decidedly religious tendency which thenceforward became a distinguishing trait in his character.

The whole period, from Johnson's entrance at college to his final removal, extended over nearly three years; but of this time a considerable portion was spent at home. Two causes united to interrupt his course at the university,—the mental disease already alluded to, and pecuniary embarrassment, which, after the departure of young Corbett, near the close of the second year, pressed heavily upon him, and aggravated his "vile melancholy." His name was removed from the books of Pembroke College, October 8, 1731, though his connection with that body had virtually terminated some months before. A cloud rests upon this period of Johnson's history, that none of his biographers have seemed willing to penetrate. One of them has remarked that "there are here two important years of his life to be accounted for; and that they were not pleasantly or profitably spent, may be inferred from the silence of Johnson and all his friends about them." It is painfully interesting to contemplate such a proud intellect whirling over the vortex of madness, and thence towering upward to its own empyrean.

A Teacher by Example.—I once escaped at table the well-meant persecutions of the kind-hearted wife of a medical friend, from whom, ever and anon, came the inquiry of what I would take next? This had been so often repeated, that I had begun to look round, fearing that my character, as a teacher by example, might suffer, and replied that, "If she pleased, I would take breath." It was saucy and ungrateful, but it was good-naturedly received and understood. — *Sir James Eyre.*

THE ALCHEMISTS.*

IN our preceding article we brought down the history of the Alchemists to Raymond Lulli. This odd scientific delusion seized upon a mind of nobler character than his.

ROGER BACON.

Roger Bacon firmly believed in the philosopher's stone, and spent much of his time in search of it. His example helped to render all the learned men of the time more convinced of its practicability, and more eager in the pursuit. He was born at Ilchester, England, in the year 1214. He studied for some time in the University of Oxford, and afterward in that of Paris, in which he received the degree of doctor of divinity. Returning to England in 1240, he became a monk of the order of St. Francis. He was by far the most learned man of his age; and his acquirements were so much above the comprehension of his cotemporaries, that they could only account for them by supposing that he was indebted for them to the Devil. To him, and apparently to him only, among all the inquiring spirits of the time, were known the properties of the concave and convex lens. He also invented the magic-lantern,—that pretty plaything of modern days, which acquired for him a reputation that embittered his life. In a history of alchemy, the name of this great man cannot be omitted, although, unlike many others, he only made it secondary to other pursuits. The love of universal knowledge that filled his mind, would not allow him to neglect one branch of science, of which neither he nor the world could yet see the absurdity. He made ample amends for his time lost in this pursuit by his knowledge of physics, and his acquaintance with astronomy. The telescope, burning-glasses, and gunpowder, are discoveries which may well carry his fame to the remotest time, and make the world blind to the one spot of folly—the diagnosis of the age in which he lived, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded. His treatise on the *Admirable Power of Art and Nature in the Production of the Philoso-* [illegible] nslated into F[illegible] and published at Lyons, in 1557. His *Mirror of Alchemy* was also published in the French in the same year, and in Paris in 1612, with some additions from the works of Raymond Lulli.

NICHOLAS FLAMEL.

The story of this alchemist, as handed down by tradition, and enshrined in the pages of Lenglet du Fresnoy, is not a little marvelous. He was born at Pontoise, of a poor but respectable family, at the end of the thirteenth, or beginning of the fourteenth century. Having no patrimony, he set out for Paris at an early age, to try his fortune as a public scribe. He had received a good education, was well skilled in the learned languages, and was an excellent penman. He soon procured occupation as a letter-writer and copyist, and used to sit at the corner of the Rue de Marivaux, and practice his calling; but he hardly made profit enough to keep body and soul together. To mend his fortunes he tried poetry; but this was a more wretched occupation still. As a transcriber he had at least gained bread and cheese; but his rhymes were not worth a crust. He then tried painting, with as little success; and, as a last resource, began to search for the philosopher's stone and tell fortunes. This was a happier idea; he soon increased in substance, and had wherewithal to live comfortably. He therefore took unto himself his wife Petronella, and began to save money; but continued to all outward appearance as poor and miserable as before. In the course of a few years he became desperately addicted to the study of alchemy; and thought of nothing but the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, and the universal alkahest. In the year 1357, he bought by chance an old book for two florins, which soon became his sole study. It was written with a steel instrument upon the bark of trees, and contained twenty-one, or, as he himself always expressed it, three-times-seven leaves. The writing was very elegant, and in the Latin language. Each seventh leaf contained a picture and no writing. On the first of these was a serpent swallowing rods; on the second, a cross with a serpent crucified; and on the third, the representation of a desert, in the midst [illegible] which was a fountain, with serpents [illegible]ng from side to side. It purported

to be written by no less a personage than "Abraham, patriarch, Jew, prince, philosopher, priest, Levite, and astrologer;" and invoked curses upon any one who should cast eyes upon it, without being "a sacrificer or a scribe." Nicholas Flamel never thought it extraordinary that Abraham should have known Latin, and was convinced that the characters on his book had been traced by the hands of that great patriarch himself. He was at first afraid to read it, after he became aware of the curse it contained; but he got over that difficulty by recollecting that, although he was not a sacrificer, he had practiced as a scribe. As he read, he was filled with admiration, and found that it was a perfect treatise upon the transmutation of metals. All the processes were clearly explained; the vessels, the retorts, the mixtures, and the proper times and seasons for experiment. But, as ill-luck would have it, the possession of the philosopher's stone, or prime agent in the work, was presupposed. This was a difficulty which was not to be got over. It was like telling a starving man how to cook a beefsteak, instead of giving him the money to buy one; but Nicholas did not despair, and set about studying the hieroglyphics and allegorical representations with which the book abounded. He soon convinced himself that it had been one of the sacred books of the Jews; and that it was taken from the temple of Jerusalem on its destruction by Titus. The process of reasoning by which he arrived at this conclusion is not stated.

From some expression in the treatise, he learned that the allegorical drawings on the fourth and fifth leaves enshrined the secret of the philosopher's stone, without which all the fine Latin of the directions was utterly unavailing. He invited all the alchemists and learned men of Paris to come and examine them; but they all departed as wise as they came. Nobody could make anything either of Nicholas or his pictures; and some even went so far as to say that his invaluable book was not worth a farthing. This was not to be borne; and Nicholas resolved to discover the great secret by himself, without troubling the philosophers. He found on the first page of the fourth leaf, the picture of Mercury attacked by an old man resembling Saturn or Time. The latter had an hour-glass on his head, and in his hand a scythe, with which he aimed a blow at Mercury's feet. The reverse of the leaf represented a flower growing on a mountain top, shaken rudely by the wind, with a blue stalk, red and white blossoms, and leaves of pure gold. Around it were a great number of dragons and griffins. On the first page of the fifth leaf was a fine garden, in the midst of which was a rose-tree in full bloom, supported against the trunk of a gigantic oak. At the foot of this there bubbled up a fountain of milk-white water, which, forming a small stream, flowed through the garden, and was afterward lost in the sands. On the second page was a king, with a sword in his hand, superintending a number of soldiers, who, in execution of his orders, were killing a great multitude of young children, spurning the prayers and tears of their mothers, who tried to save them from destruction. The blood of the children was carefully collected by another party of soldiers, and put into a large vessel, in which two allegorical figures of the sun and moon were bathing themselves.

For twenty-one years poor Nicholas wearied himself with the study of these pictures, but still he could make nothing of them. His wife, Petronella, at last persuaded him to find out some learned rabbi; but there was no rabbi in Paris learned enough to be of any service to him. The Jews met but small encouragement to fix their abode in France; and all the chiefs of that people were located in Spain. To Spain accordingly Nicholas Flamel repaired. He left his book in Paris, for fear, perhaps, that he might be robbed of it on the road; and telling his neighbors that he was going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, of Compostello, he trudged on foot toward Madrid in search of a rabbi. He was absent two years in that country, and made himself known to a great number of Jews, descendants of those who had been expelled from France in the reign of Philip Augustus. The believers in the philosoper's stone give the following account of his adventures: They say that at Leon he made the acquaintance of a converted Jew, named Cauches, a very learned physician, to whom he explained the title and nature of his little book. The doctor was transported with joy as soon as he heard it named, and immediately resolved to ac-

company Nicholas to Paris, that he might have a sight of it. The two set out together; the doctor on the way entertaining his companion with the history of his book, which, if the genuine book he thought it to be, from the description he had heard of it, was in the handwriting of Abraham himself, and had been in the possession of personages no less distinguished than Moses, Joshua, Solomon, and Esdras. It contained all the secrets of alchemy, and of many other sciences; and was the most valuable book that had ever existed in this world. The doctor was himself no mean adept; and Nicholas profited greatly by his discourse, as in the garb of poor pilgrims they wended their way to Paris, convinced of their power to turn every old shovel in that capital into pure gold. But, unfortunately, when they reached Orleans, the doctor was taken dangerously ill. Nicholas watched by his bedside, and acted the double part of a physician and nurse to him; but he died after a few days, lamenting with his last breath that he had not lived long enough to see the precious volume. Nicholas rendered the last honors to his body; and, with a sorrowful heart, and not one *sou* in his pocket, proceeded home to his wife Petronella. He immediately recommenced the study of his pictures; but for two whole years he was as far from understanding them as ever. At last, in the third, a glimmer of light stole over his understanding. He recalled some expressions of his friend the doctor, which had hitherto escaped his memory, and he found that all his previous experiments had been founded on a wrong basis. He recommenced them now with renewed energy, and at the end of the year had the satisfaction to see all his toils rewarded. On the 13th January, 1382, says Lenglet, he made a projection on mercury, and had some very excellent silver. On the 25th of April following, he converted a large quantity of mercury into gold, and the great secret was his.

Nicholas was now about eighty years of age, and still a hale and stout old man. His friends say that by a simultaneous discovery of the elixir of life, he found means to keep death at a distance for another quarter of a century; and that he [illegible]15, at the age of one hundred [illegible]n. In this interval he made [illegible]tities of gold, though to all [illegible]as as poor as a mouse. At an early period of his changed fortune, he had, like a worthy man, taken counsel of his old wife, Petronella, as to the best use he could make of his wealth. Petronella replied, that as unfortunately they had no children, the best thing he could do was to build hospitals and endow Churches. Nicholas thought so too, especially when he began to find that his elixir could not keep off death, and that the grim foe was making rapid advances upon him. He richly endowed the Church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, near the Rue de Marivaux, where he had all his life resided, besides seven others in different parts of the kingdom. He also endowed fourteen hospitals, and built three chapels.

The fame of his great wealth and his munificent benefactions soon spread over all the country; and he was visited, among others, by the celebrated doctors of that day—Jean Gerson, Jean de Courtecuisse, and Pierre d'Ailli. They found him in his humble apartment, meanly clad, and eating porridge out of an earthen vessel; and with regard to his secret, as impenetrable as all his predecessors in alchemy. His fame reached the ears of the king, Charles VI., who sent M. de Cramoisi, the Master of Requests, to find out whether Nicholas had indeed discovered the philosopher's stone. But M. de Cramoisi took nothing by his visit; all his attempts to sound the alchemist were unavailing, and he returned to his royal master no wiser than he came. It was in this year, 1414, that he lost his faithful Petronella. He did not long survive her, but died in the following year; and was buried with great pomp by the grateful priests of St. Jacques de la Boucherie.

The great wealth of Nicholas Flamel is undoubted, as the records of several Churches and hospitals in France can testify. That he practiced alchemy is equally certain, as he left behind several works upon the subject. Those who knew him well, and who were incredulous about the philosopher's stone, give a satisfactory solution of the secret of his wealth. They say that he was always a miser and a usurer; that his journey to Spain was undertaken with very different motives from those pretended by the alchemists; that, in fact, he went to collect debts due from Jews in that country to their brethren in Paris, and that he charged

a commission of fully cent per cent, in consideration of the difficulty of collecting, and the dangers of the road; that when he possessed thousands, he lived on almost nothing; and was the general money-lender, at enormous profits, to all the dissipated young men at the French court.

Among the works written by Nicholas Flamel on the subject of alchemy, is *The Philosophic Summary*, a poem, reprinted in 1735, as an appendix to the third volume of the *Roman de la Rose*. He also wrote three treatises upon natural philosophy, and an alchemic allegory, entitled *Le Désir désiré*. Specimens of his writing, and a fac-simile of the drawings in his book of Abraham, may be seen in Salmon's *Bibliothèque des Philosophes Chimiques*. The writer of the article, *Flamel*, in the *Biographie Universelle*, says, that for a hundred years after the death of Flamel, many of the adepts believed that he was still alive; and that he would live for upward of six hundred years. The house he formerly occupied, at the corner of the Rue de Marivaux, has been often taken by credulous speculators, and ransacked from top to bottom, in the hopes that gold might be found. A report was current in Paris, not long previous to the year 1816, that some lodgers had found in the cellars several jars filled with a dark-colored ponderous matter. Upon the strength of the rumor, a believer in all the wondrous tales told of Nicholas Flamel bought the house, and nearly pulled it to pieces in ransacking the walls and wainscoting for hidden gold. He got nothing for his pains, however; and had a heavy bill to pay to restore his dilapidations.

BERNARD OF TREVES.

The life of this philosopher is a remarkable instance of talent and perseverance misapplied. In the search of his chimera nothing could daunt him. Repeated disappointments never diminished his hopes; and from the age of fourteen to that of eighty-five he was incessantly employed among the drugs and furnaces of his laboratory, wasting his life with the view of prolonging it, and reducing himself to beggary in the hopes of growing rich.

He was born at either Trèves or Padua, in the year 1406. His father is said by some to have been a physician in the latter city, and by others to have been Count of the Marches of Trèves, and one of the most wealthy nobles of his country. At all events, whether noble or physician, he was a rich man, and left his son a magnificent estate. At the age of fourteen he first became enamored of the science of alchemy, and read the Arabian authors in their own language. He himself has left a most interesting record of his labors and wanderings, from which the following particulars are chiefly extracted. The first book which fell into his hands was that of the Arabian philosopher Rhazes, from the reading of which he imagined that he had discovered the means of augmenting gold a hundredfold. For four years he worked in his laboratory, with the book of Rhazes continually before him. At the end of that time he found that he had spent no less than eight hundred crowns upon his experiment, and had got nothing but fire and smoke for his pains. He now began to lose confidence in Rhazes, and turned to the works of Geber. He studied him assiduously for two years; and being young, rich, and credulous, was beset by all the alchemists of the town, who kindly assisted him in spending his money. He did not lose his faith in Geber, or patience with his hungry assistants, until he had lost two thousand crowns—a very considerable sum in those days.

Among all the crowd of pretended men of science who surrounded him, there was but one as enthusiastic and as disinterested as himself. With this man, who was a monk of the order of St. Francis, he contracted an intimate friendship, and spent nearly all his time. Some obscure treatises of Rupecissa and Sacrobosco having fallen into their hands, they were persuaded from reading them, that highly rectified spirits of wine was the universal alkahest, or dissolvent, which would aid them greatly in the process of transmutation. They rectified the alcohol thirty times, till they made it so strong as to burst the vessels which contained it. After they had worked three years, and spent three hundred crowns in the liquor, they discovered that they were on the wrong track. They next tried alum and copperas; but the great secret still escaped them. They afterward imagined that there was a marvelous virtue in all excrement, and actually employed more than two years in experimentalizing upon it with mercury, salt, and molten lead! Again the adepts

flocked around him from far and near to aid him with their counsels. He received them all hospitably, and divided his wealth among them so generously and unhesitatingly, that they gave him the name of the "Good Trevisan," by which he is still often mentioned in works that treat on alchemy. For twelve years he led this life, making experiments every day upon some new substance, and praying to God night and morning that he might discover the secret of transmutation.

In this interval he lost his friend the monk, and was joined by a magistrate of the city of Trèves, as ardent as himself in the search. His new acquaintance imagined that the ocean was the mother of gold, and that sea-salt would change lead or iron into the precious metals. Bernard resolved to try; and, transporting his laboratory to a house on the shores of the Baltic, he worked upon salt for more than a year,—melting it, sublimating it, crystalizing it, and occasionally drinking it, for the sake of other experiments. Still the strange enthusiast was not wholly discouraged; and his failure in one trial only made him the more anxious to attempt another.

He was now approaching fifty, and had as yet seen nothing of the world. He therefore determined to travel through Germany, Italy, France, and Spain. Wherever he stopped he made inquiries whether there were any alchemists in the neighborhood. He invariably sought them out; and if they were poor, relieved, and if affluent, encouraged them. At Citeaux he became acquainted with one Geoffrey Leuvier, a monk of that place, who persuaded him that the essence of egg-shells was a valuable ingredient. He tried, therefore, what could be done; and was only prevented from wasting a year or two on the experiment by the opinions of an attorney, at Berghem, in Flanders, who said that the great secret resided in vinegar and copperas. He was not convinced of the absurdity of this idea until he had nearly poisoned himself. He resided in France for about five years, when, hearing accidentally that one Master Henry, confessor to the Emperor Frederic III., had discovered the philosopher's stone, he set out for Germany to pay him a visit. He had, as usual, surrounded himself with a set of hungry dependents, several of whom determined to accompany him. He had not heart to refuse them; and he arrived at Vienna with five of them. Bernard sent a polite invitation to the confessor, and gave him a sumptuous entertainment, at which were present nearly all the alchemists of Vienna. Master Henry frankly confessed that he had not discovered the philosopher's stone, but that he had all his life been employed in searching for it, and would so continue till he found it, or died. This was a man after Bernard's own heart, and they vowed with each other an eternal friendship. It was resolved, at supper, that each alchemist present should contribute a certain sum toward raising forty-two marks of gold, which, in five days, it was confidently asserted by Master Henry, would increase, in his furnace, fivefold. Bernard, being the richest man, contributed the lion's share, ten marks of gold, Master Henry five, and the others one or two a-piece, except the dependents of Bernard, who were obliged to borrow their quota from their patron. The grand experiment was duly made; the golden marks were put into a crucible, with a quantity of salt, copperas, aquafortis, egg-shells, mercury, lead, and dung. The alchemists watched this precious mess with intense interest, expecting that it would agglomerate into one lump of pure gold. At the end of three weeks they gave up the trial, upon some excuse that the crucible was not strong enough, or that some necessary ingredient was wanting. Whether any thief had put his hand into the crucible is not known; but it is alleged that the gold found therein at the close of the experiment was worth only sixteen marks, instead of the forty-two, which were put there at the beginning.

Bernard, though he made no gold at Vienna, made away with a very considerable quantity. He felt the loss so acutely, that he vowed to think no more of the philosopher's stone. This wise resolution he kept for two months; but he was miserable. He was in the condition of the gambler, who cannot resist the fascination of the game while he has a coin remaining, but plays on with the hope of retrieving former losses, till hope forsakes him, and he can live no longer. He returned once more to his beloved crucibles, and resolved to prosecute his journey in search of a philosopher who had discovered the secret, and would communicate it to

so zealous and persevering an adept as himself. From Vienna he traveled to Rome, and from Rome to Madrid. Taking ship at Gibraltar, he proceeded to Messina; from Messina to Cyprus; from Cyprus to Greece; from Greece to Constantinople; and thence into Egypt, Palestine, and Persia. These wanderings occupied him about eight years. From Persia he made his way back to Messina, and from thence into France. He afterward passed over into England, still in search of his great chimera; and this occupied four years more of his life. He was now growing both old and poor; for he was sixty-two years of age, and had been obliged to sell a great portion of his patrimony to provide for his expenses. His journey to Persia had cost upward of thirteen thousand crowns—about one-half of which had been fairly melted in his all-devouring furnaces; the other half was lavished upon the sycophants that he made it his business to search out in every town he stopped at.

On his return to Trèves he found, to his sorrow, that, if not an actual beggar, he was not much better. His relatives looked upon him as a madman, and refused even to see him. Too proud to ask for favors from any one, and still confident that, some day or other, he would be the possessor of unbounded wealth, he made up his mind to retire to the island of Rhodes, where he might, in the mean time, hide his poverty from the eyes of the world. Here he might have lived unknown and happy; but, as ill-luck would have it, he fell in with a monk as mad as himself upon the subject of transmutation. They were, however, both so poor that they could not afford to buy the proper materials to work with. They kept up each other's spirits by learned discourses on the hermetic philosophy, and in the reading of all the great authors who had written upon the subject. Thus did they nurse their folly, as the good wife of Tam O'Shanter did her wrath, "to keep it warm." After Bernard had resided about a year in Rhodes, a merchant, who knew his family, advanced him the sum of eight thousand florins, upon the security of the last-remaining acres of his formerly large estate. Once more provided with funds, he recommenced his labors with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a young man. For three years he hardly stepped out of his laboratory; he ate there, and slept there; and did not even give himself time to wash his hands, and clean his beard, so intense was his application. It is melancholy to think that such wonderful perseverance should have been wasted in so vain a pursuit, and that energies so unconquerable should have had no worthier field to strive in. Even when he had fumed away his last coin, and had nothing left in prospective to keep his old age from starvation, hope never forsook him. He still dreamed of ultimate success, and sat down a gray-headed man of eighty, to read over all the authors on the hermetic mysteries, from Geber to his own day, lest he should have misunderstood some process which it was not yet too late to recommence. The alchemists say that he succeeded at last, and discovered the secret of transmutation in his eighty-second year. They add that he lived three years afterward to enjoy his wealth. He lived, it is true, to this great age, and made a valuable discovery—more valuable than gold or gems. He learned, as he himself informs us, just before he had attained his eighty-third year, that the great secret of philosophy was contentment with our lot. Happy would it have been for him if he had discovered it sooner; and before he became decrepit, a beggar, and an exile!

He died at Rhodes, in the year 1490, and all the alchemists of Europe sang elegies over him, and sounded the praise of the "good Trevisan." He wrote several treatises upon his chimera, the chief of which are, the *Book of Chemistry*, the *Verbum dimissum*, and an essay *De Natura Ovi*.

Many pretenders to the secrets of the philosopher's stone appeared in Europe during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The possibility of transmutation was so generally admitted, that every chemist was more or less an alchemist. Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain, Poland, France, and England produced thousands of obscure adepts, who supported themselves in the pursuit of their chimera by the more profitable resources of astrology and divination. The monarchs of Europe were no less persuaded than their subjects of the possibility of discovering the philosopher's stone. Henry VI. and Edward IV. of England encouraged alchemy. In Germany, the Emperors Maximilian, Rodolph, and Frederic II. devoted much

of their attention to it; and every inferior potentate within their dominions imitated their example. It was a common practice in Germany, among the nobles and petty sovereigns, to invite an alchemist to take up his residence among them, that they might confine him in a dungeon till he made gold enough to pay millions for his ransom. Many poor wretches suffered perpetual imprisonment in consequence.

A similar fate appears to have been intended by Edward II. for Raymond Lulli, who, upon the pretense that he was thereby honored, was accommodated with apartments in the Tower of London. He found out in time the trick that was about to be played him, and managed to make his escape; some of his biographers say, by jumping into the Thames, and swimming to a vessel that lay waiting to receive him. In the sixteenth century the same system was pursued, as will be shown more fully in the life of Seton, the Cosmopolite.

The following is a catalogue of the chief authors upon alchemy, who flourished during this epoch, and whose lives and adventures are either unknown or are unworthy of more detailed notice. John Dowston, an Englishman, lived in 1315, and wrote two treatises on the philosopher's stone. Richard, or, as some call him, Robert, also an Englishman, lived in 1330, and wrote a book entitled *Correctorium Alchymiæ*, which was much esteemed till the time of Paracelsus. In the same year lived Peter of Lombardy, who wrote what he called a *Complete Treatise upon the Hermetic Science*; an abridgment of which was afterward published by Lacini, a monk of Calabria. In 1330 the most famous alchemist of Paris was one Odomare, whose work, *De Practica Magistri*, was for a long time a handbook among the brethren of the science. John de Rupecissa, a French monk of the order of St. Francis, flourished in 1357, and pretended to be a prophet as well as an alchemist. Some of his prophecies were so disagreeable to Pope Innocent VI., that the pontiff determined to put a stop to them, by locking up the prophet in the dungeons of the Vatican. It is generally believed that he died there, though there is no evidence of the fact. His chief works are,—the *Book of Light*, the *Five Essences*, the *Heaven of Philosophers*, and his grand work, *De Confectione*

He was not thought a shining light among the adepts. Ortholani was another pretender, of whom nothing is known, but that he exercised the arts of alchemy and astrology, at Paris, shortly before the time of Nicholas Flamel. His work on the practice of alchemy was written in that city, in 1358. Isaac of Holland wrote, it is supposed, about this time; and his son also devoted himself to the science. Nothing worth repeating is known of their lives. Boerhaave speaks with commendation of many passages in their works, and Paracelsus esteemed them highly: the chief are,—*De Triplici Ordine Elixiris et Lapidis Theoria*, printed at Berne, in 1608; and *Mineralia Opera, seu de Lapide Philosophico*, printed at Middleburg, in 1600. They also wrote eight other works upon the same subject. Koffstky, a Pole, wrote an alchemical treatise, entitled *The Tincture of Minerals*, about the year 1488.

In this list of authors a royal name must not be forgotten. Charles IV. of France, one of the most credulous princes of the day, whose court absolutely swarmed with alchemists, conjurers, astrologers, and quacks of every description, made several attempts to discover the philosopher's stone, and thought he knew so much about it that he determined to enlighten the world with a treatise; it is called the *Royal Work of Charles IV. of France, and the Treasure of Philosophy*. It is said to be the original from which Nicholas Flamel took the idea of his *Désir désiré*. Lenglet du Fresnoy says it is very allegorical, and utterly incomprehensible. For a more complete list of the hermetic philosophers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the reader is referred to the third volume of Lenglet's History already quoted.

The further history and present state of the science will be given in another article.

Domestic Life.—Pleasure is to a woman what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves—if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary for the full development of her charms as the shade and the shadow are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

[Translated from the French, for The National Magazine.]

II.

UPON leaving school, Margaret returned to her parents, who continued to reside in Cambridge until 1833, when they removed to Groton. Let us picture her to ourselves in these first years of youth and adolescence. She is now what she will be all her life—seeking and finding not; restless, obliged to sustain herself with her own substance—to feed upon herself, as it may be said, for never had woman a sadder destiny than Margaret; the opportunities which would have required the exercise of her full strength had escaped her; great events were wanting to her life. Margaret was not beautiful, and her appearance was far from engaging: a ridiculous nervous movement, a disagreeable voice, and a haughty accent, were not the qualities with which to conciliate hearts. "Everything was repulsive in her at first sight," says Emerson, "and when I met her for the first time, I said to myself, we shall never get on far. She made such a disagreeable impression upon people who saw her for the first time, that they disliked to be in the same apartment with her." Margaret knew all this, and doubtless suffered from it; however, she endured her homeliness more easily than most women: her inner life had frozen her passions. She applied to herself these lines of Barry Cornwall:—

"She was not fair, nor full of grace,
Nor crown'd with thought nor aught beside;
No wealth had she of mind or face,
To win our love, or gain our pride;
No lover's thought her heart could touch,
No poet's dream was round her thrown:
And yet we miss her—ah, so much!—
Now she has flown."

Her plainness was, it is true, relieved by the art with which she dressed; it was also relieved, as one of her earliest friends tells us—Mr. Henry Hedge—by her abundant and blonde hair, by her brilliant teeth, by her restless eyes,—which threw piercing glances on all with whom she conversed,—and above all, by the graceful attitude of her head and neck, which were the most characteristic features of her personal elegance. "At this time," he adds, to complete the portrait of young Margaret, "she impressed you as a rich possibility, and all her person disclosed a powerful strength, of which it was difficult to predict the future direction." The repulsion excited at first sight, very quickly ceased after hearing her converse. In conversation, she had not her equal in America; she nevertheless charmed less than she astonished; she imposed her judgments rather than insinuated them: reply was not possible with her. Imperious and aggressive, she almost frightened her interlocutors, when she did not wound them by some unexpected sarcasm; for she loved pleasantry, and epigram was not distasteful to her. She doubtless made a terrible avowal of her character when she said that she preferred a mind keen and piercing as an arrow, to the most natural and the most naïve humor. Never has any person made such a despotism of the charms of speech.

No other person ever made friendship such a subject of study; she elevated this sentiment to the rank of an art: to create friends for herself, and to increase them without number, became her principal occupation; her friends were the chief fact of her life. She had an army of them, and she exercised over them the influence of an absolute queen. The instinct of domination which she possessed, always seeking opportunities to employ itself, found its instrument in the practice of friendship; for, as we have before remarked, Margaret was a queen without a kingdom, and she was always seeking this kingdom. Her life may be divided into two parts, which may be called—the first, the progress and apogee of the pride of Margaret Fuller; the second, the decrease and fall of that pride. She had lulled her childhood with chimeras, and had thought, for a long time, that she was not the daughter of her parents; that she was some European princess, some Perdita confided to their care, and that she should eventually be reclaimed from them. She liked to relate how her father, seeing her one day as she walked under the apple-trees of the garden, showed her to his sister, and saluted her with those words of the Latin poet, *incedit regina*. The always-expected kingdom never came, but the power of creating her subjects remained to her. She used it, or, as we think, abused it. It is impossible on this subject to share the enthusiasm of her friends. Notwithstanding their dithyrambic recitals, it is too apparent that she had not in

these relations all the goodness, the *abandon* and the charity which gives them their true value. Her friends were never sustained nor encouraged by her; they were inflexibly judged; their actions were weighed; not the least deception could mislead her as to their merits; her friendship was mathematically proportioned to the intrinsic value of each. A singular interest in the character of others had led her to a quick and exact perception of personal merit; she distinguished clearly those who were worthy her confidence and sympathy, and then she acted upon them with the moral magnetism with which she was gifted. Her power of attraction was remarkable, and those whom she had once enchained never escaped her: they were her subjects, and she marched them triumphantly in her train.

Margaret Fuller thus passed about fifteen years, attended by youth, beauty, talent, and virtue. Her friends, humble slaves as they were, often felt their dependence, and endeavored to escape from it. Vain efforts; she always recaptured them. Mr. James Freeman Clark cites the example of a lady who had broken with her, but who, several years after, was more strongly united to her than ever. She had friends for all the emotions and affections of life, for she did not unite them equally in the same love; she had the talent of maintaining each in a separate place, and never confounding them. "Like a moral Paganini," says Mr. Clark, "she excelled in drawing from each his particular music." No one entered on an equality into her friendship; numerous tests were demanded beforehand. In order that the persons who surrounded her should be elevated to the rank of her friends, they must first tacitly acknowledge their inferiority, and admit that there was inequality in their relations. "Excuse my doubts and my egotistical arrogance," she wrote to her cousin, Mr. Freeman Clark; "those who have sought my friendship, and whom I have often loved with most sincerity, have always learned to content themselves with this inequality in our relations, which I have never sought to conceal. Be content that I

Those were almost sure of friendship of Margaret, who fied with the routine of life, mething better and high- attained; but

wo to him who allowed any indications of a vulgar nature to escape! She had not sufficient contempt for him, and her direct and bitter sarcasm often fastened such speechless to their places. Inexorable in this respect, it too often happened that modest natures were humiliated and treated with disdain, which one day drew from Dr. Channing this severe remonstrance:—"Miss Fuller, when I think how you despise Miss ————, who desires so much to be what you are, that she knows your contempt, and that she loves you nevertheless, I think her place in heaven will be very high indeed." "The pride of Margaret was the most colossal," says Emerson, "that has been seen since Scaliger. She said to her friends with all the coolness in the world: 'I now know all the people who deserve to be known in America, and I have found no intellect comparable to mine.' In vain, on a certain occasion, I expressed my respect for a young man of genius, and my curiosity respecting his future. Ah! no, she replied; she knew his intellect intimately, and I was wrong in appreciating it beyond measure." But this pride had found its punishment, and it had given birth to superstition in her mind, which fastened upon this superb confidence in herself, like the ivy upon the trunk of the lofty oak.

"Margaret," again says Emerson, "had an inclination to believe in precious stones, numbers, talismans, warnings, coincidences, anniversaries, in the influence of birth-days; she had a special love for the planet Jupiter, and believed that the month of September was unfavorable for her. She never forgot that her name Margaret, signified pearl. 'When I remarked the word Leila,' she said to me one day, 'I knew from the appearance and the sound of the name that it was mine; I understood that it signified *night*,—night which causes the stars to spring forth, as grief makes the virtues appear.' She esteemed sortilege, often attempted Biblical, and sometimes chance gave her memorable answers. She submitted to this test every new book which interested her, in order to know if it had anything personal to say; and, as often happens to such persons, the event always justified these chance revelations. She chose the carbuncle for her favorite stone; and when any of her friends wished to present her

with a diamond, it was the former which was preferred. She believed in the truth of an opinion which she had somewhere read upon the sex of carbuncles: the female throws its rays without, the male preserves them within. My gem, said she, is the male. She saw a precious harmony in the names of her personal friends, as well as in her favorites of history; in the first name of Swedenborg, for instance, (Emanuel,) and in the name of the chief of the Rosicrucians, (Rosenkranz.")

It is useless to say after this that she believed in all the mysteries of demonology, in the signification of dreams, in the symbolisms of plants and flowers. Superstitious as an adept of the Alexandrian school, or a philosopher of the new birth, she had the same kind of elevation of mind, and nobleness of character, possessed by all the illustrious believers of the third or sixteenth century. "In her practice and in her creed, Margaret was something of a Pagan," says Emerson, and he is surprised at it; but, accustomed as he is to the study of moral subjects, and the analysis of spiritual combinations, does he not know that superstition always follows in the steps of pride? Why should not Margaret have believed that Fate was interested in her? and why should she not find mysterious relations between herself and the most distant objects? To him who considers himself the first of men, the culminating point of the world, it is very natural to believe that all the phenomena of nature and spirit have a relation with his destiny, and exist only for him. As powerful friends or enemies, all the forces of creation seem to him watching to serve, protect, insnare or warn. Greater geniuses than Margaret have believed in these things; those above all who possessed, like her, the spirit of domination and pride—a Wallenstein, a Bonaparte even, have not been exempt from superstition and foolish credulity. Superstition will always be the most faithful companion of pride, as faith will always be the child of humility. Leaving aside her vague stoicism, the religion of Margaret was really a very small matter; and as for humility, she never had any. When it happened, as was quite frequent, that she wounded any of her friends, she often sought to repair her injustice, and even asked their forgiveness; but Emerson tells us, "this was always an afterthought, never from humility, that she made this abnegation of her pride."

Love had no place in the existence of Margaret; friendship, elevated to the rank of a science and an art, alone occupied her. She loved only once, some time before the accident which terminated her life, when her pride had been tamed and wearied by age, sickness, and grief. "I can say," she wrote in 1839, "that I have never loved. Only in the clouds I see reflected all that my life might have been; there, as in a magic-lantern, I see all I might have felt as a child, wife, mother; but I have never experienced in reality the intimate affections of life. But I have been a sister to many, a brother to many more, a watchful nurse for numberless others." This absence of the passions with such a nature may seem surprising at the first view; but on a little reflection, it will be seen that love was necessarily absent from her life to preserve all the pride of her character. The Amazons proscribed their husbands, and killed all their male children; from the moment they were constituted a republic and had tasted of domination, it was perhaps the most honorable and the least monstrous course to be taken. With her passion for power, Margaret could not yield to that other passion, which claims before everything its entire abnegation. She would have sought in love only what she sought in friendship, curiosity, and loyalty. Now when curiosity mingles in matters of love, it takes a diabolic and almost dishonorable character. Besides, Margaret had meditated upon the story of Psyche, and commented upon it eloquently; she knew then how fatal curiosity had been when carried into love, even in simplicity. When she was very young, she had drawn her ideal of a husband, lover, or friend; but, as ever, it is the spirit of ambition and domination which penetrates all. She does not imagine, as another person would do, as everybody has done, an ideal of perfection, before which to rest in contemplation and ecstasy. No; she imagines an imperfect being, whom she herself would form, load with her gifts, and to whom she would teach the practice of her own virtues. We translate this curious page, which teaches more of her character than all we could say:—

"I have greatly wished to see among

us such a person of genius, as the nineteenth century can afford—i. e., one who has tasted in the morning of existence the extremes of good and ill, both imaginative and real. I had imagined a person endowed by nature with that acute sense of beauty,(i. e., harmony or truth,) and that vast capacity of desire, which give soul to love and ambition. I had wished this person might grow up to manhood alone, (but not alone in crowds;) I would have placed him in a situation so retired, so obscure, that he would quietly, but without bitter sense of isolation, stand apart from all surrounding him. I would have had him go on steadily, feeding his mind with congenial love, hopefully confident that if he only nourished his existence into perfect life, Fate would, at fitting season, furnish an atmosphere and orbit meet for his breathing and exercise. I wished he might adore, not fever for, the bright phantoms of his mind's creation, and believe them but the shadows of external things to be met with hereafter. After this steady intellectual growth had brought his powers to manhood, so far as the ideal can do it, I wished this being might be launched into the world of realities, his heart glowing with the ardor of an immortal toward perfection, his eyes searching everywhere to behold it; I wished he might collect into one burning point those withering, palsying convictions, which, in the ordinary routine of things, so gradually pervade the soul; that he might suffer, in brief space, agonies of disappointment commensurate with his unpreparedness and confidence. And I thought, thus thrown back on the representing pictorial resources I supposed him originally to possess, with such material, and the need he must feel of using it, such a man would suddenly dilate into a form of pride, power, and glory,—a center round which asking, aimless hearts might rally,—a man fitted to act as interpreter to the one tale of many-languaged eyes!"

III.

The character of Margaret is infinitely more remarkable than her writings. We have little difficulty in coinciding with the opinion of Mr. Hedge, that the books of Margaret render her only incomplete justice. Her letters, her fragments, her critical notes, distinguished as they are by exuberance of metaphor, are deficient in clearness, and lose themselves in verbiage. Was she capable of better things had she brought less precipitation to the task? That is doubtful. Margaret was not an artist; she was destitute of that patience in execution which is necessary to the writer and the artist. Her nervous and impressionable nature could not submit to the yoke of assiduous toil. It was a melancholy epoch in her history when she was obliged by the mediocrity of her fortune to make use of her pen. Called to New-York by Horace Greeley, in 1844, to assist in editing the "Tribune," she found it impossible to bind herself down to the mechanical labor of journalism. Her thought was awakened, her faculties were in play, only at certain times and certain moments.

The critical notes of Margaret, occasionally striking, are far less judgments than sensations. In this respect, again, we have one of the characteristics of female literature; women willingly take for thought the expression of the pleasure which they have experienced, and make their own sensations the criterion. Madame de Staël herself is not exempt from this defect. The letters and fragments of Margaret Fuller all revolve around one identical subject,—the interior state of her soul, her wishes, desires, illusions, and disillusions; they have collectively the subjective character which has been remarked in the letters of Madame de Varnhagen. "In her letters," as Emerson judiciously remarks, "are whole sheets of warm, florid writing, in which the eye is caught by magic words—sapphire, heliotrope, dragon, aloes, *Magna Dea*, limboes, stars and purgatory; but when one sifts the real thought, it eludes him, and all these charming words can be connected with no universal experience." Some passages, taken here and there, will enable us to judge of the habitual tone of these fragments and letters. We do not make our quotations as a specimen of the better things contained in these notes, but as an illustration and simple *fac-simile* of the turn of her thoughts and her eloquence:—

"A man whose mind is full of error, can, from this very circumstance, give us the natural sentiment of truth."

"The virginity of the heart, which I believe essential to feeling a real love, in all its force and purity, may be endangered

by too careless excursions into the realms of fancy."

"'Better is it,' said Apollonius, 'on entering a small shrine to find there a statue of gold and ivory, than in a large temple to behold only a coarse figure of terra cotta.' How often, after leaving with disgust the so-called great affairs of men, do we find traces of angels' visits in quiet scenes of home!"

"How variously friendship is represented in literature! Sometimes the two friends kindle beacons from afar to apprize one another that they are constant, vigilant, and each content in his several home. Sometimes, two pilgrims, they go different routes in service of the same saint, and remember one another as they give alms, learn wisdom, or pray in shrines along the road. Sometimes, two knights, they bid farewell with mailed hand of truth and honor all unstained, as they ride forth on their chosen path to test the spirit of high emprise, and free the world from wrong,—to meet again for unexpected succor in the hour of peril, or in joyful surprise to share a frugal banquet on the plat of greensward opening from forest glades. Sometimes, proprietors of two neighboring estates, they have interviews in the evening to communicate their experiments and plans, or to study together the stars from an observatory; if either is engaged, he simply declares it; they share enjoyments cordially; they exchange praise or blame frankly; in citizen-like good-fellowship they impart their gains."

The literary accomplishments of Margaret were numerous and varied. French, Italian, Spanish, English, and German literature were familiar to her, not to mention Greek and Latin, upon which her childhood had been nourished. She loved and appreciated the plastic arts, but music was her preference; and Beethoven, to whose manes she addressed enthusiastic, foolish, and impassioned letters—such as Bettina wrote to Goethe whilst still alive, and all but at her side—was the master, who, in her estimation, took precedence of all others, not excepting Plato and Shakspeare, Cervantes and Jean Paul. The staple of her knowledge is in other respects altogether German, and it is to the German philosophers that she was indebted for her daring and enthusiastic spirit, her notions of reform, and her hopes of an ideal state of things to be realized in the world. This enthusiasm is a malady by no means peculiar to herself; it is shared by her compatriots, and propagates and extends increasingly in the United States. All those philosophical fantasies and dreams which we have been wont to consider as having their exclusive habitation on the opposite banks of the Rhine, have for several years past revisited us from the New World with an air of coarse simplicity and ideal *gaucherie*. The Americans are voracious in their desire for knowledge and instruction, and fall with eager excitement upon the first nourishment that is offered them. Hence must be explained the success which certain books and systems have obtained in the United States, the study of which is preached up to them by every passing day, and of which they take great care to make no application. So long as the doctrines of socialism were presented to them under the brutal form of Mormonism, they recoiled with disgust before such a caricature of Protestant Christianity, and such a corrupt excrescence of the doctrines which make them live, and are peculiar to them; but when they are proffered under a refined and sophistical form, which upsets their imagination, and astonishes their still uncultivated reason, their love, and, we may call it, their rage for knowledge, leads them to adopt them without examination or distrust. Margaret Fuller contributed, more than any other person, to excite in them this thirst for instruction and knowledge; she, in greater measure than any one besides, poured out for them the enchanted draughts; some were, indeed, equivocal in their character, but for the most part they were salutary. She exerted an immense influence over the American literary world, and all who approached her retired from her presence with quite other ideas and inclinations than the old *American* ideas and inclinations.

The influence of Margaret Fuller, as we shall point out, has been real and salutary. She assisted importantly in causing a new current of spiritualism and stoicism to circulate in the intellectual atmosphere of America. Before we show, however, this influence in its really remarkable results, we must confess that she possessed much equivocal singularity. Notwithstanding all her European culture, Margaret remained entirely American, and employed for the attainment of her ends the most

eccentric course of procedure. We know no fact which gives a better idea of that intellectual "*gloutonnerie*" of which we have just spoken, than the conversations of Margaret and her private instruction to the ladies of Boston. During the autumn of 1839, a strange idea entered her mind, and she wrote a letter—we should more correctly term it a circular or prospectus—to Mrs. George Ripley, in which she proposes a plan of weekly meetings for conversation that should occupy the mean between public lectures and familiar conversation, and be destined specially for the "dames" and "demoiselles" of Boston. In these classes were discussed topics the most elevated, and the most interesting questions in religion, philosophy, and art. Every one of the members might take part in the conversation, state her doubts, or her own thoughts on the subject under examination. Margaret played the double part of initiator and instructress; she prepared beforehand the question or subject on which the conversation was to turn, and interposed for the removal of doubts and the explanation of the matter in dispute. Her opinions were always decisive; after she had spoken, the difficulty existed no longer,—*αὐτὴ ἔφη*,—the mistress had spoken. Twenty-five ladies, assembled at Miss Peabody's rooms, composed at first the *personnel* of these conversations; but at a subsequent period the number rose to thirty. The rules which forbade the introduction of gentlemen were not rigorously observed, and by degrees brothers, husbands, and friends, took part in these re-unions, and mingled their opinions with those of their sisters or their wives. These literary meetings, held once a week, were continued for six years, from 1839 to 1844, when Margaret removed to New-York. Nothing resembles more closely the conversations of the hôtel de Rambouillet; the "Carte du Tendre," the analysis of amorous sentiments, the subtilized purity, the precious candor, the pedagogic naïveté, the Alexandrianism brought to bear upon human affections and the relations of life,—all these defects of the hôtel de Rambouillet reappear in another shape in the rooms of Miss Peabody, the

de to the nineteenth century.
turns upon symbolic philoso-
hôtel de Rambouillet every-
upon the analysis of feeling.
of the *danse* in-

stead of the philosophy of billets-doux; in place of having, as in the seventeenth century, the story of Plato's *Banquet*, we are presented with the story of the same philosopher's *Timeous*. Creation and its laws are appreciated in much the same way as Platonic love was appreciated by Mademoiselle de Scudéry. On both sides everything is conducted with discretion, reserve, prudery, and perfect honesty. In this point of view, Margaret stands before us as an American Julie d'Augennes, and under the form that a Julie d'Augennes could assume in the times which have produced Lady Stanhope, George Sand, and Bettina. These conversations are altogether and simply *bizarres;* but are curious in this respect, that the nature of the woman is always disclosed in the midst of their pedantic lucubrations.

Topics familiar to the ladies, questions respecting the carriage and the dance, and, if we may venture so to speak, philosophic *chiffons*, are agitated and discussed. Thus we have the esthetics of all imaginable dances, from the gavotte to the fandango; and when the conversation seeks to rise, and to occupy itself with weightier subjects, the sweet, impressionable, capricious nature of the woman reveals itself by some naïve absurdity,—as, for example, in that *soirée*, where, the question having been proposed, What is life? a certain Miss C—— made the absurd, charming, and very feminine reply,—"It is to laugh or cry, according to our organization."

But the true influence of Margaret was not that for which she was indebted simply to her conversation, and the temporary magnetism which she exercised over every circle where she might happen to be, and which—like the impression made by a great singer or actor—disappeared when she left. It must be sought in the Boston school of transcendentalism; there it bore its fruit, and is ever bearing afresh; it has survived her, and constitutes her title to glory. What, then, is this transcendental school? When the old American doctrines, under whose influence the republic of the United States had been founded, had fallen into desuetude,—when that utilitarian, practical combination of the views of Locke and Voltaire, with Puritan orthodoxy, (a medley of which Franklin has been the most remarkable representative,) had lost all its expounders, those

young minds which laid claim to superior information and elevation of sentiment, found no longer any traditionary doctrine around which they could rally. Everywhere around them the timidity so peculiar to the old doctrines bore sway, even over those who at their outset had displayed the most fearlessness and daring. Two sects alone—the Unitarians and the Swedenborgians—retained that spirit of effusion and audacity so attractive to the young, and it was to these that they instinctively attached themselves. In Unitarianism—submitting every dogma to the examination of the reason, and not excepting from this control that which affirms the divinity of Jesus Christ—they found that spiritual liberty so dear to youth impatient of all authority; and in Swedenborgianism, those marvelous horizons that were suited to the development of religious reverie. Besides, in default of ideas, had they not instincts? Why should not their intuitions avail in place of a guide, and why should not their yearning after ideal excellence be their standard and criterion? This was the party on which they fixed; by self-interrogation it was found that their instincts were absolutely identical with those of their brethren and their parents, and differed only in tendency and degree of power and impulsion. It was American instinct which inspired them, and cried in all,—"Trust, dare, and be;" so that, notwithstanding their repugnance to the spectacle which surrounded them, and the uncouth manners which spread themselves before their view, they returned once more to the national spirit of their fathers, and found themselves led back toward tradition at the very moment in which they most desired to break from it. In this way they entrenched themselves in the love of country, despite their cosmopolitan tendencies. In this sense the transcendental school is thoroughly American. They removed the grossness of this instinct of race by European culture, and chose as guides in the bold exploring voyages to which it impelled them, the most adventurous of the modern philosophical pilots,—Schelling and Hegel, Schleiermacher and De Wette, Novalis, Madame de Staël, Cousin, Coleridge, and Carlyle. Thus armed, they declared war with prejudices and ideas prevailing in America, in the very name of American instincts; they reproached these ideas with perverting, enervating, and materializing their manly intuitions; they appealed in proof to European science, and challenged ancient and modern philosophers to reply to the truth of their assertions; and gave their country to understand that American tendencies were opposed to the proper aims of life, as defined by the sages and religious spirits of all ages. The import of the philosophical reaction has been explained by Margaret herself:—

"Since the Revolution, there has been little in the circumstances of this country to call out the higher sentiments. The effect of continued prosperity is the same on nations as on individuals,—it leaves the nobler faculties undeveloped. The need of bringing out the physical resources of a vast extent of country, the commercial and political fever incident to our institutions, tend to fix the eyes of men on what is local and temporary,—on the external advantages of their condition. The superficial diffusion of knowledge, unless attended by a correspondent deepening of its sources, is likely to vulgarize rather than to raise the thought of a nation, depriving them of another sort of education through sentiments of reverence, and leading the multitude to believe themselves capable of judging of what they but dimly discern. They see a wide surface, and forget the difference between seeing and knowing. In this hasty way of thinking and living, they traverse so much ground, that they forget that not the sleeping rail-road passenger, but the botanist, the geologist, the poet, really see the country; and that to the former, 'a miss is as good as a mile.' In a word, the tendency of circumstances has been to make our people superficial, irreverent, and more anxious to get a living than to live mentally and morally. New-England is now old enough,—some there have leisure enough,—to look at all this; and the consequence is a violent reaction, in a small minority, against a mode of culture that rears such fruits. They see that political freedom does not necessarily produce liberality of mind, nor freedom in Church institutions vital religion; and, seeing that these changes cannot be wrought from without inward, they are trying to quicken the soul, that they may work from within outward. Disgusted with the vulgarity of a commercial aristocracy, they become radicals; disgusted with the

materialistic working of 'rational' religion, they become mystics. They quarrel with all that is, because it is not spiritual enough."

Such were the aims and tendencies of the so-called "transcendental party;" but, before Margaret became the soul of the school, it may be said to have had no real existence. These young persons, ardent and accomplished, had all indeed the same spirit and design; but, separated from each other by distance, profession, and character, they proffered themselves merely as parts and scattered fragments of a school. Margaret reunited them around herself; and, to use an expression of Emerson's, "wore them as a necklace of diamonds about her neck." At her side were grouped at different times Dr. Channing, Emerson, Theodore Parker, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the poet Dana. The influence which her conversation exerted upon them, is incontestable, but it is not exactly appreciable. Probably she was the touchstone to which they repaired, in order to test the worth of their thought, happy when they returned home with the conviction that it did not consist of spurious metal. Probably she resolved and terminated all the doubts which each entertained respecting the direction he had given to his thought, confirmed them in their ideas, enlisted them more deeply in the advocacy of their opinions, and made them more deeply impressed with the belief that their doctrines were true, and that they were not at all mistaken. We have no other proof of this influence, than the admiration of her friends, but this is sufficient to show us how profound it really was. It is a power which is incalculable, and of which written testimonies, whatever their number, could have given but a feeble idea, for it is one of those forces which act, not upon the abstract and analytic understanding, as a book for example may do, but directly upon the whole living being—upon his intellect, his imagination, and even his senses—which defy skepticism and preclude analysis, for they dart illumination with the sudden rapidity of a meteor, and strike, if we may so express ourselves, with all the unexpectedness of the lightning. It is one of those forces against which the will has no power—which seize upon the soul and bind it fast with invisible ligaments. Besides this intractable influence, which we understand well enough, but whose precise effects it is impossible to demonstrate, Margaret possessed another, in some sort more material, in the assistance rendered to the school by her pen and her talent. In the summer of 1840, she established, with the co-operation of R. W. Emerson and Rev. George Ripley, the journal called the "Dial," for the purpose of sustaining the principles of their common friends. She was its editor and chief *collaborateur;* she devoted her life and sacrificed her interests to it; for at this period, under the pressure of the urgent wants of her family, she had been compelled to make money by her learning and talent—at one time as teacher in a school, at another, as writer and journalist. Nevertheless, she undertook the editorship of the "Dial," in consideration of an extremely moderate remuneration, which was never paid her in full, and abandoned it only in 1844, when, at the instance of Horace Greeley, she repaired to New-York.

Notwithstanding the intimacy of her relations with the Transcendentalists, Margaret did not adopt all their ideas, and her sympathy for them never led her to be forgetful of herself. She had found men amongst them, such as those of whom she had always dreamed; but she ever believed herself superior to them all. She was at once less and more advanced than her party. She had had not so much faith in the power of logic to change the habitudes of society, and placed more belief in the power of the sentiments; above all, she valued their tendencies far more than their ideas. "Utopia," she says, "it is impossible to build up. At least, my hopes for our race on this planet are more limited than those of most of my friends. I accept the limitations of human nature, and believe a wise acknowledgment of them one of the best conditions of progress. Yet every noble scheme, every poetic manifestation prophesies to man his eventual destiny, and it is on this ground that I sympathize with what is called the 'Transcendental party,' and that I feel their aim to be the true one." Hence, it is evident that upon certain questions she went much farther than her friends,—especially upon all questions which are connected with education and the position of woman. Is Margaret then a partisan of the *femme libre* and the Saint Simonian and Fourierist opinions

respecting that delicate topic? Here, while stating our objections to the notions she entertained, we must acquit her fully.

She is no socialist, and despite the part she is seen to play in the Italian insurrection of 1848, she never approached those coarse and sensual doctrines without magnanimity and nobleness. Through her whole life she played thus with equivocal and dangerous weapons, without wounding herself. Over all their ticklish and difficult questions, she glided with dexterity, and sometimes expresses herself with remarkable good sense.

A kind of league, of which there are so many in America, had been established during the years 1840 and 1841. Several of her friends took part in its formation, and among others, the Rev. George Ripley, who, joining practice with theory, had organized with his own means, and at the honorable sacrifice of his fortune, position, reputation, and influence, a sort of Fourierist, or joint-stock community, at Brook-farm, in the neighborhood of Boston. Margaret cordially sympathized with these movements and experiments, often visited the association, but distrusted its success. She observes very judiciously, that association exists already, without being recognized, in the mutual influence of our thoughts upon our several destinies, and that the object of the scheme ought simply to be the rendering more numerous, frequent, and, in one word, universal, these reciprocal attractions and moral influences. "It is a constellation, not a phalanx," she remarks, "to which I would belong. . . Why bind one's self to a central, or any doctrine? How much nobler stands a man entirely unpledged, unbound! Association may be the great experiment of the age; still it is only an experiment; it is not worth while to lay much stress on it. Let us try it, induce others to try it,—that is enough."

On the position of women she entertained some exaggerated notions, which sometimes, however, are not destitute of truth. Thus she draws attention to the fact, that the modern education of women has remained completely sterile, that it even corrupts them, and assigns for this very satisfactory reasons. At the present day women are instructed in the branches of learning common to men, and yet, with all their education, it happens that when they enter life they are found inferior, in good sense, to their grandmothers, who never learned more than the accomplishment of spinning. The cause is very obvious; men are compelled by their lives and occupations to reproduce whatever they have acquired, while women are condemned, on the contrary, to the most complete moral immobility. There is evidently a disproportion between the present education of women, and the part they have to play in society.

The conclusions which Margaret would draw from this fact, are easy to divine, and we shall not follow her in her ambitious and innovating hopes; but the grounds upon which they are based are unfortunately too true. Even at the time when she defends her sex with most spirit and energy, her language has, however, an indescribable tone which would cause her to be mistaken, if we had no information to the contrary, for an eccentric Quakeress, and which separates her entirely from the *femmes libres* of Europe. Ardent in alleviating the misfortunes of those of her own sex whom vice and misery had made their prey, to an equal and even greater extent than in claiming a more complete equality in the relations of men and women, she appears before us as a misguided sister of Elizabeth Fry. During her whole residence at New-York, one of her principal occupations was to visit, with other charitable ladies, the prisoners at Sing Sing. There she undertakes the humblest offices, listens to their confessions, and strives to impress their hearts with some religious illumination, and to awaken hopes while giving birth to remorse. There again her love of domination finds occasion for display, and accompanies her always; she maintains her sang froid, her presence of mind, and unalterable and imperturbable pride, which are of signal service in enabling her to overcome the hard-heartedness of these degenerate beings.

Some anecdotes that are told of these charitable visits, display her to very great advantage, as patient, forbearing, full of tact and noble diplomacy. On one occasion, a woman was pointed out to her who bore a very bad character, hardened and impenetrable in her obstinate profligacy. Margaret requested to be left alone with her, and addressed her with the direct and chilling inquiry, "Are you willing to die?"

"Yes," replied the woman; "not on religious grounds though." "That is well—to understand your thought," was Margaret's rejoinder. She then began to talk about her health and her few comforts, with earnestness and persuasive eloquence, through a protracted conference. Rising to depart, she asked, "Is there nothing I can do for you?" "Yes," replied the outcast, "I should be glad if you will pray with me." O! how remote from her brilliant friends and idealistic conversations! but in this religious character, and for once completely a woman, Margaret seems to us no less remarkable than in her philosophic and pagan rôle of prophetess and sibyl.

(To be continued.)

ORTHOGRAPHY—WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

I HAVE lately seen an article in the *Tribune* on phonetical spelling and reading—an innovation which, if it were practically possible, would doubtless be a great improvement in philological literature, and more especially if these learned philologists could succeed in banishing from our language the use of *all* superfluous letters.

Without, however, entering into a discussion of that philological question, I wish to submit a few remarks on the orthography of some words in our language. The entire incongruity between the spelling and pronunciation of many of our words has long been remarked by critical men, and has led to numerous attempts to effect a reformation in English orthoepy.

How, for instance, would a foreigner ever conceive, until taught by the voice of a living teacher, that *trough* is pronounced *trof*, *dough doe*, *rough ruff*, and that *neighbor* is pronounced *nabor?* The same may be said of a multitude of other words, as *might*, *knight*, *knock*, *&c.*, *&c.*

It is true that an apology may be offered for the use by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors of this orthography, as it corresponded with their deep guttural sounds, which cannot well be represented on paper—and here, by the way, our phonetical gentle-[illegible]n, unless they have lost the power of [illegible]ting these ancient sounds, might [illegible] present generation in recovering ancient accents, and in restoring to us the right pronunciation of such words as *tough*, *rough*, *&c.*; and perhaps if they could succeed in resuscitating the *sound* they might reconcile us to the *spelling* of such words.

Equally incongruous is the orthography of all those words ending in *our*, as the diphthongal sound is entirely lost; for the *u* is never sounded at all by public speakers, any more than the *t* is in *fetch* or the *gh* in *light*.

Now I do not hope to live long enough to see all these words reformed in their orthography, as I am getting quite old, though not so old-fashioned as to cleave to old customs and habits without rhyme or reason; (here are two more words containing each a superfluous letter, *h* in *rhyme* and *a* in *reason*;) but I do hope that *our* literature will cease to be encumbered by the old orthography of Walker, Perry, and Johnson, in all those words in which Webster has effected the desirable reformation.

It is a given point, I believe on all sides, that Noah Webster was one of the most profound philologists of modern times, and that he has done more to reform the orthoepy of our language than any linguist who has ever written on that subject. I rejoice to know that his Dictionary is generally adopted in America, and I believe also by many of the learned in Europe—by writers and editors—as the standard of the English language, both in spelling and in definitions. That it exceeds all others in copiousness, none competent to judge will attempt to deny.

Why not adopt universally his orthography, more especially as it is stripped of many of those anomalies to which allusion has been made?

Can the objection be an unfounded prejudice? I would hope not; and yet I can see no other reason for continuing the spelling of such words as hon*our*, splend*our*, &c., with the superfluous *u* instead of adopting the more simple and natural orthography of honor, splendor, &c., and all that class of words in which the double *ll* occurs, such as travelling, instead of traveling.

I remember while quite a youth, when Webster's spelling-book was introduced into our common schools, a Scotch schoolmaster vented his spite at the book, declaring that Noah Webster was an infidel,

for he had the audacity to alter the sacred Scriptures, merely because he had departed from Scripture orthography in certain words. This bigoted *furioso* denounced Webster in no measured terms, and praised Dilworth, as the very acme of wisdom, for retaining what Webster had abandoned.

Later objectors have about as much reason. It is difficult to conquer long-established habits and customs, however unnatural and absurd those habits and customs may be.

There is, in fact, no language of which I have any knowledge, except the French, (and this is even worse than ours in this respect,) that has so many superfluous letters, as the English language. These anomalies are so numerous and so misleading, that our orthography forms no guide to pronunciation.

In the Greek and Latin languages, every letter, with but few exceptions, has its appropriate place and natural sound, so that a foreigner—I am almost tempted to write *forenor!*—may acquire a knowledge of those languages without the aid of a living teacher, though the latter will greatly facilitate his progress. And the Hebrew, without the aid of the vowel points, is free from these exceptions, every letter being sounded.

As I before said, I do not expect to live to see the reformation above indicated established, for though such a man as Noah Webster feared not to brave public opinion so far as to follow out the clear convictions of his judgment in many words of anomalous spelling, we cannot hope for such a master spirit to rise in our day, as will dare to lop off the many useless branches which encumber and disfigure the tree of knowledge, and render its fruit distasteful to the foreign student who may labor in the field of our literature; but I do hope that Webster will be followed as far as he has led the way, in his laudable efforts to restore a harmony between the spelling and the pronunciation of those words which he has pruned of their cumbersome branches. The tendency of the spoken language recognizes this; and we may depend upon it that, however strenuously it may be resisted, the resistance will eventually be overcome by the process of usage, aided by the good taste of those who see a beautiful harmony between written and spoken words.

THE GOOD PRIOR—A TRUE NARRATIVE.

THE island of Majorca, in the Mediterranean, is very lovely in scenery, possesses a beautiful climate, and its inhabitants are a gentle, interesting race, among whom crime is a word almost unknown, and whose honesty is so remarkable that locks are nearly useless. The principal town is Palma, which contains forty-two thousand inhabitants; and though living was and is both cheap and plentiful, it did not prevent the city, some five-and-twenty years ago, from abounding in beggars; while the tumbled-down, ruinous poorhouse, held only a few old persons who were but ill cared for. Outside the town, and surrounded by a grove of almond, olive, and lemon-trees, and above which towered a few noble palms, whose great height and fine feathery branches made them look like kings of the forest, stood the white dwelling of Antonio Battle, with its pretty balcony, shaded by a striped linen curtain to keep out the sun. He was a highly-respected minister of the gospel, and though much beloved for his benevolence and integrity, it had been a source of wonder to his neighbors, for some years past, what subject of meditation could occupy him so deeply, often making him forget to eat his meals, and frequently causing him to wander as far as twenty miles distance into the country, asking all sorts of questions about the products of the island and the occupations of the people.

At length, in 1815, his old housekeeper died, leaving a young girl, her only child, called Maria, without any protector save the good Prior, in whose house she had hitherto acted as her mother's assistant; and this important event determined her master to put into execution, without further delay, the plans which he had been long forming. Having engaged a mild, courteous, elderly woman to keep house for him, he waited until the funeral of his old domestic had taken place, and then, on the evening of the same day, he sought Maria on the cool balcony, where she had been used to water her flowers, and sing her evening hymn, but where she was now sitting in great affliction, her face buried in her hands, as she wept over her mother's loss. In kind and persuasive language he proceeded to try and con-

sole her, by reading and explaining the comforting passages of St. John's Gospel, which relate to the heavenly mansions prepared for those who do the will of God while on earth, and by dwelling on the hopes which she might humbly entertain of being re-united to her deceased parent hereafter. He presently succeeded in quieting her sobs, though she still looked sad and lonely. When she could listen more calmly, Antonio said: "I have two plans, my child, to propose for thy future life—one is, that thou shouldst reside with some respectable family in Palma, where thou mayst learn the art of weaving, by which to maintain thyself; the other is, that thou shouldst remain under my roof, and become the assistant of Bridgettina."

"O, let me stay here, where I have been used to live so happily," said Maria, eagerly interrupting him; "for if I must leave thee, my master, then I should not have a friend left in the world to care about me."

"But, Maria," replied the Prior, very gravely, "I have important schemes in hand which will require much trouble and self-denial to carry out; and as I am not at all rich, thou, as well as Bridgettina, wilt be obliged, if thou remainest with me, not only to work hard day after day, but it will be necessary for thee to give thy whole heart to the work, seeking neither reward nor recreation; for my plans are a labor of love, which cannot be aided except by unflagging industry, and a willing, loving spirit; therefore, think well before thou decidest, since it is a matter of no light concernment."

Maria, however, did not hesitate; and in a low, earnest tone of voice, she replied: "Only let me continue under thy roof, and give me a little bread and salad on which I may live, and I will gladly do all thou desirest, and thank God that he has given me work which will enable me to forget my own griefs, and permitted me, who am only a lowly servant, to help thee in caring for the miserable beings whom I have seen wandering in the streets of Palma, and whom thou hast often visited when they were sick. O, I would willingly work [illegible] to relieve their

[illegible] much pleased [illegible] hand on [illegible]ing [illegible] to

which he had dedicated his life, and which he believed would be effectually aided by this young girl, who, he was well aware, had been endowed by her Creator with a large, warm heart, and a resolute, patient disposition, admirably fitted to enter upon the laborious task which had for so many years been maturing in his own mind. This undertaking Maria had, as we have seen already, partly guessed at, from having heard Antonio converse with her mother about rebuilding the poorhouse. His stipend of forty pounds a year constituted all his resources; and his first step toward the fulfillment of his new plans was to tell Bridgettina that she must immediately diminish the expenses of his household, since he could not ask others to contribute to the new workhouse until he had set the example.

As the Prior already lived so frugally, that persons were in the habit of pitying him for his poverty, the worthy housekeeper began to remonstrate upon the impossibility of further reductions; but her master quietly answered: "I have hitherto allowed eight pounds a quarter for household outgoings; *this* quarter thou must spend only five, or else I must look out for some one else to see after my affairs." And so saying he turned away, without waiting for the old woman's reply, well knowing that her attachment to himself, and the heartiness with which she had entered into his proposed plans, would, by insuring her obedience, prevent his being really obliged to turn her away.

During the intervening months which must elapse before these commencing three pounds could be accumulated, he went to Barcelona, and there, in order to save the outlay of hiring a regular master-builder, he carefully studied machinery, and acquired so complete a knowledge of economical building, and of places where materials could be procured at the cheapest rate, that he was soon able to make his own plans; and he returned to Palma fully qualified to superintend the building himself.

It would take us too long to enter upon the interesting task of detailing the proceedings of the next few years, during which this excellent man, at incredibly small expense, contrived to erect, in a fine airy locality of the town, a well-arranged workhouse of good stone, intended for the reception of all the neglect-

ed, homeless, destitute, blind, deaf, and lame persons, besides the orphan children of Palma. Amply, too, had Maria redeemed her promise of faithful coöperation; indeed, without hers and Bridgettina's help, the undertaking could hardly have succeeded. They rose early and late, going out to fish, and digging the garden, that they might not have to buy food, weaving cotton garments for their master, which they afterward made up, so as to spare the necessity of a tailor's bill, and in every possible way saving him the expense of supporting them; while they both resolutely refused any pecuniary compensation for their services. Yet these home duties occupied, as we shall see, only a small portion of their time.

Much of the actual superintendence of the smaller details of the building, during its erection, fell upon Bridgettina, as the gentle-tempered, honest Majorcans are a little disposed to idle their time in that warm and beautiful climate, unless closely seen after; and Maria, with her own active hands, whitewashed each apartment as it was completed, and employed every spare minute in preparing bedding and other necessaries. As soon as a couple of rooms were ready, some of the poorest and most unfortunate persons were admitted; and every one, according to his or her capacity, who became an inmate in the new Industrial Home, was set to work. It was in this stage of the undertaking that Maria's cordial kindness of heart most fully displayed itself. She it was who received the ragged little beggars, whom her master brought in; her sweet voice winning their confidence; and even the wildest allowed her to wash and cleanse them; and then, cheered by her liveliness, and encouraged by her gentleness, they quickly learned to submit to the sensible rules laid down for their conduct; while, happy in regular employment, comfortable in their clean quarters, and delighted to feel themselves under the charge of those truly interested in their welfare, they soon ceased to regret the squalid liberty of the streets, and began to grow up amiable and industrious.

The old people were particularly warm in their praise of the good Prior, whose benignant smile and friendly courtesy to all made them feel themselves truly welcome; and their declining years were soothed by the gratifying conviction that they need no longer consider themelves paupers, since, by daily performing such work as their stiffened fingers permitted, they, in most cases, nearly maintained themselves. By the regulations of the "Home," its inmates were entitled to half the proceeds of their labor, the other half paying at least in part for their board and lodging; though, whenever their private portion did not suffice to supply them with sufficient clothing, or those small luxuries rightly permitted to the aged, the funds of the house made good the deficiency. The Prior was also greatly loved for the delicacy which he had shown in refusing to establish a workhouse uniform, which badge of poverty he knew was looked upon as a badge of infamy; and this kindly consideration to the feelings of his people brought an important accession to his resources, since it enabled him to make use of the supplies of left-off apparel, which, in compliance with his request, were frequently sent in to the "Home" by the richer inhabitants of Palma. These supplies were made up by tailors, who were inmates, for the rest; and many of the poor being clothed in addition by their friends, the absence of the old customary badge was felt a privilege by all classes.

It was of course only when the institution was in full operation that these latter arrangements were put into practice; and the present state of this excellent Industrial Home, which is, however, not yet quite finished, owing to the scarcity of funds, will be best conveyed by the following letter, with which we shall conclude our account of one of the excellent ones of the earth, who has not only known the will of his heavenly Father, but has performed it so earnestly, so unselfishly, and so modestly, that we should all do well to imitate so bright an example. The whole history of the institution is a striking proof of what may be accomplished by a single individual possessing an undaunted, piously-directed will, when aided by very small pecuniary resources; and truly does the good Prior deserve the affectionate admiration and respectful devotion with which he is universally regarded by his fellow-countrymen.

"Majorca, Palma, 1850.

"My Dear Friend,—It is with great pleasure that I comply with your wish to

hear how Don Antonio Battle is proceeding with his Industrial Home; I have just returned from inspecting it, and shall never forget the scene I have witnessed. There are a thousand persons of every age, from six years old and upward, within its walls; and this includes a company of old worn-out soldiers, who must have died of starvation had they not been generously received into the 'Home.' Two of the most suitable inmates for the purpose, exercise over the rest a careful superintendence, which they do with uniform kindness and consideration, and for which they receive a very small salary; these major-domos, as they are called, in their turn receive constant directions and advice from the Prior, who rules with almost unlimited sway over the institution, since the committee, which meets monthly, have such full confidence in him, that they do little but confirm and approve his acts.

"Not a *single beggar* is now to be met with in the streets of Palma; indeed, there is hardly one to be seen throughout the island; and you cannot imagine a more delightful sight than the different apartments exhibited, filled with decently-dressed, happy crowds of the lame, halt, blind, and destitute, all busily employed. Some of the very old must have numbered fully ninety years; and I was much struck with the peaceful, gentle expression of their countenances, as, plying their knitting and netting, they told stories or repeated verses to the little ones who sat at their feet. Weaving and shoemaking for the colonial market is carried on by the men; and the carpenters, tilers, and smiths received into the house, have hitherto been employed in building it; and it is delightful to relate that, so far, not a single instance of incorrect conduct in the house has ever been brought to the knowledge of the superior. Health is carefully attended to, and illness is consequently rare, and mortality among the children singularly low.

"I had been very anxious to see the two servants of Don Antonio, who he told me had helped him so efficiently throughout the undertaking; and when standing in the school-room I was gratified by hearing a murmur of 'Here comes our good Maria.' Then entered a very pleasing-looking young woman, of five or six-and-twenty, on whose sunny smile seemed to play almost habitually; and I perceived all the little ones striving to catch her eye, as she took her seat among them, while a very tiny boy, who had got the toothache, seemed quite comforted when he managed to hide himself under her apron. In a cheerful, playful manner, I then heard her give an entertaining lesson on objects, which was nearly concluded when I saw one of the children push its neighbor somewhat roughly, on which, stopping the lesson, Maria began to sing a hymn resembling Watts's lines,—

> 'But, children, you should never let
> Such angry passions rise;
> Your little hands were never made
> To tear each other's eyes.'

Many voices immediately joined the soft, sweet strain, and in a few seconds the young offender began to weep audibly, on which the one whom he had pushed flung its small arms round his neck and kissed him.

"A bell sounded at this moment, which Maria told me was to call every one to evening prayers in the chapel belonging to the 'Home;' and marshaling the young ones, she took them down stairs, while I lingered a moment to watch a pretty scene afforded by the procession of the old people. It was headed by an aged, tottering woman, who walked with great difficulty, though supported by the comparatively strong arm of a venerable soldier, with a long white beard, who held up the old woman's gown, that it might not be in her way, and took the greatest care of her; and these two were followed by all the other aged persons, each accompanied by a child or companion, who had evidently joined them for the purpose of guiding their faltering steps, and who appeared to take a pride in performing this duty. In the chapel I was introduced to Bridgettina, who was assisting the old men to sit down, and who went away several times to bring little things which she saw would add to their comfort. In the reading-desk was the good Prior, who opened the service by reading and commenting on a passage of Scripture, which he did in very plain language, but, at the same time, so learnedly, that I was at once surprised and pleased to see how attentively he was listened to by young and old, none of whom looked weary. It was indeed a deeply-interesting sight to look upon that large, mixed congregation, and think what

might have been their condition instead of their present happy course of useful, cheerful existence; and very touching was the evening anthem that succeeded the Bible exposition, Maria leading the treble voices, her mild countenance irradiated with love and devotion to God and man. But still more impressive to me, was the affectionate earnestness with which the good Prior, addressing 'his dear children,' offered up a fervent prayer on their behalf, and finally bestowed his heart-felt benediction upon this large assembly of the virtuous poor. When he rose from his knees he came into the body of the chapel, and the whole congregation filed past him to wish him good-night. He shook hands with them all; and every one in turn said, 'Good-night, dear father,' while the rosy-cheeked little ones held up their mouths to be kissed, and I heard their clear, young voices break forth into one of their household hymns, as, under Maria's guardian care, they ascended the stone stairs which led to their clean, quiet dormitories."

ODYLE AND GHOSTS.

MOST of our readers, we presume, by this time have heard of odyle. It is the name of a certain property perceptible in highly sensitive persons, of both sexes, by which a peculiar influence is produced on such persons whenever they approach a powerful magnet, or by the sun, the fixed stars, the moon, and planets, chemical action, and, indeed, the whole material universe. The discoverer of this extraordinary property was the Baron Von Reichenbach, an Austrian nobleman, of great scientific attainments, who had long devoted himself to making experiments with magnets, and whose discoveries have been verified by numerous witnesses in Germany, and by the English translator of his work—Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry, in the University of Edinburgh.

The sensitives, it appears, are very numerous. At first, Reichenbach thought the sensitive state was essentially a morbid one, and that healthy persons were not subject to it. Wide experience, however, has shown this to be a fallacy. Reichenbach finds fully one-third of the people, in general, to be more or less sensitive. The highest degree of sensitiveness is comparatively rare, but is still common enough even among the healthy.

The peculiar property, called odyle, was first discovered while the author was making magnetic experiments. He found that a certain effect was produced upon the sensitives by making downward passes with strong magnets, having a supporting power of ten pounds. The Baron says:—"The nature of this impression on such excitable persons, who may, however, often be justified in regarding themselves as perfectly healthy, is not easily described. It is rather unpleasant than agreeable, and is associated with a gentle feeling, sometimes of cold, at other times of warmth, which resembles a cold or tepid *aura*, or current of air, which they believe gently blows upon them. Occasionally they experience a dragging or pricking sensation; some complain very soon of headache. Not only females, but also men in the prime of life, are to be met with, who distinctly perceive this influence. It is sometimes very vividly felt by children." To avoid error or deception, a great number of persons were tested; and he has selected a list of nearly a hundred of both sexes, whom he placed under the head of healthy and diseased sensitives. Their avocations and addresses are given. Among them we find noblemen and gentlemen, physicians, divines, military and naval officers, eminent functionaries in the Imperial and public service, tradespeople, servants, and peasants. Aware of the strenuous opposition he would be called to encounter, he has proceeded carefully on the inductive system, and has varied his experiments in every possible way, so as to render his discoveries worthy of the reception of the world.

This property having thus been discovered in the magnet, Baron Reichenbach thought it might also be possessed by other bodies. The same effects he found were produced, though in a less degree, by crystals of quartz, gypsum, alum, borax, and other salts. Similar sensations were also experienced from the end of a wire, whose other end was exposed to a surface connected with the sun's rays. By similar means the solar rays were tested, and it was found that not only the moon, but all the planetary bodies produced a similar effect. Here we have a clew to the influence produced on lunatics by the moon. Aided in this way, Reichenbach elicited some exceedingly curious results from the varied phenomena of the earth's surface.

He also found that chemical action was a source from which this new power could be obtained. During the decomposition of salts, and even in their solution, this agency was liberated, and produced similar effects with those occasioned by magnets, crystals, sun, moon, and stars. The Baron's next step was to attempt to obtain odyle, so as to render it cognizable to vision. For this purpose he selected an inner apartment at Schloss Reisenberg, his residence, near Vienna, which he rendered perfectly dark, and in which, by means of a wire running through a long suite of rooms, he could command a metallic communication with the outer air. Here—not being a sensitive himself—the Baron shut up his sensitives. The lowest class, he found, after being shut up from fifteen to sixty minutes, were enabled to see what they described as a faint, cloud-like smoke, of a grayish-blue color, that issued constantly from both poles of his large, horse-shoe magnet, immediately after the armature or keeper was removed. A higher class of sensitives beside this discovered odyllic sparks; while the highest class of all saw flames issue from both poles of the magnet, from two to six inches in length, which then united and ascended to the ceiling, as a luminous cloud or nebula. They described the flames as being very ethereal, and of a lightning-color; that issuing from the positive pole having a reddish tinge, while the flame from the negative was grayish, tinged with blue. This odyle is described as imponderable. It is influenced by the currents of air or the breath. If the hand is placed over the flame it becomes flattened, and streams around it, rising upward again. Odyle is not magnetism, for it has not the property of imparting polarity to needles, or attracting iron, and can be copiously obtained by chemical action.

By means of this wonderful discovery, many facts now come clearly to be explained. The human body is a vast storehouse of chemical action. Odyle is liberated from the entire body, but chiefly from the eye, the inside of the hands, the tops of the fingers, and the lips. Here we have clearly the philosophy of kissing, [illegible]t of love-making in general.

[illegible]n can now also account for other [illegible]enna, which have been a sad stum[illegible]our philosophers in days gone by. In the decaying graves of our brethren, chemical action takes place, and odyle is liberated. A sensitive perceives it; ignorant and terrified, the spectator swears to having seen a ghost, and the village church-yard is said to be haunted ground. The Baron took Mlle. Reichel, a highly-sensitive female, residing with his family, one night to a cemetery, near Vienna, where she saw a dense vaporous mass of odyllic flame rising to the height of four feet. Had the lady been an ignorant rustic, a fearful ghost-story would have sprung into existence, and long been greedily believed.

We will give another instance of the odyllic exhalation. Some years ago the blind German poet, Pfeffel, engaged a young Protestant clergyman, named Billing, as an amanuensis. One day as they were walking in the garden, Pfeffel observed that as often as they passed over a certain spot Billing's arm trembled, and the young man became uneasy. He made inquiry as to the cause of this; and Billing at last unwillingly confessed that as often as he passed over that spot he was attacked by certain sensations over which he had no control, and which he always experienced where human bodies lay buried. He added, that when he came to such places at night he saw strange things. Pfeffel, with the view of curing the young man of his folly, as he supposed it to be, went with him that night to the garden.

When they approached that place in the dark, Billing perceived a feeble light, and when he drew nearer he saw a ghost-like form hovering in the air. Many experiments were tried during several months. Company was brought to the place, but no change occurred. Still the ghost-seer stuck to his story; and at last Pfeffel had the place dug up. At a considerable depth they came to a firm layer of white lime, about as long and as broad as a grave, tolerably thick,—and on breaking through that the bones of a human being were discovered. The bones were taken out, the grave filled up, and when Billing was again brought to the place the nocturnal ghost was no longer visible. Reichenbach easily explains the phenomenon. A human corpse is a rich field for chemical changes. A layer of dry quicklime, compressed into a deep pit, adds its own powerful action to these affinities.

Rain-water from above is added. The lime first falls to a mealy powder, and afterward is converted by the water, which trickles down to it, into a tallow-like, external mass, through which the external air penetrates but slowly. Such masses of lime have been found buried in old ruined castles, where they had lain for centuries, and yet the lime has been so fresh that it has been used for the mortar of new buildings. The occurrence in Pfeffel's garden is, therefore, quite according to natural principles; and since we know that a continual emanation of the flames of the crystalline force accompanies such processes, the ghost-like appearance is thus explained. It must have continued until the affinities of the lime for carbonic acid, and for the remains of organic matter in the bones were satisfied. So, whenever a sensitive passed over the spot, he would perceive the exhalation of which Billing spoke. Ignorance, and fear, and superstition, would give to the luminous appearance the form of a human specter, and supply it with head, arms and feet, just as we can fancy when we wish any cloud in the sky to represent a man or demon.

Thus the existence and appearance of ghosts may be easily explained. Thus, every day, the mysteries of human life are cleared up, and the wonderful is brought down to the level of the commonest understanding. Thousands of ghost-stories will now receive a natural explanation, and will cease to be marvelous. We shall even see that it was not so erroneous or absurd, as has been supposed, when our old women asserted, as every one knows they did, that not every one was privileged to see the spirits of the departed wandering over their graves. In fact, it was at all times only the sensitive who could see the emanations from the chemical change going on in corpses, luminous in the dark. Thus do we see forever destroyed one of the densest vails of human ignorance and error. What our forefathers called a witch, was often merely a sensitive. It is to be trusted that we are more merciful in these times, because more knowing; and that we shall cease to persecute men who but truthfully narrate what they see, and hear, and feel. Our fathers did this, and the result was the perpetuation of ignorance of every kind

It is time now that we learn to listen to new truths with respect, however they may clash with parties and principles with which we have become identified. The world reaps the benefit, and in that we should rejoice.

THE TRAINING OF A BISHOP.

AN EXAMPLE OF SUCCESS IN LOWLY LIFE.

SOMETHING over twenty years ago, there was a young colored lad in the city of Charleston, S. C., born free. His parents, who had property, were desirous of giving him such advantages of education as were accessible to him at that time; but the youth had no heart for learning, and spent his time in idleness and folly. At length, when he was almost through his teens, something whispered to his inward thoughts that nothing could ever lift the people of color above their present condition unless they should become educated, and that it was his duty to acquire knowledge himself, for the purpose of imparting it to others. He therefore set himself to study, and as soon as he had made a little progress, he opened a school for colored children, the authorities then winking at such things. But to his great surprise, he found the parents quite indifferent as to the education of their children; and, after persevering a considerable time, he dismissed his school, and actually negotiated an engagement to become the attendant of a gentleman who was about to make the tour of Europe. But on the evening when he was to give his final answer to the gentleman, and while he was on his way with the intention of closing the bargain, his steps were arrested by an inward impression that it was his duty to make one more endeavor for the improvement of his people; and he therefore abandoned the European engagement, reopened his school, and went personally to the parents, to set before them the absolute necessity of their educating their children.

He now had his school speedily filled, and found a new interest among his pupils for the acquisition of knowledge. The rudiments of learning were soon mastered, and the scholars advanced with rapidity to the common branches of school study—their devoted teacher all the while driven himself to study, with all diligence, in order to keep just ahead of his pupils. The

school presently attracted the attention of good and liberal men—was visited by the Mayor, and other leading gentlemen, and was regarded with general favor. Geography, grammar, history, botany, and other studies, began to be introduced, and all the hopes of the projector seemed in a train of prosperous accomplishment.

In the midst of these pleasing anticipations there broke upon the city of Charleston a tremendous excitement, arising out of the circulation of certain papers through the post office. The terrible alarm of 1822 was reproduced, and, in a few days, our young teacher was notified that he must forthwith leave the city.

Thus suddenly banished from the place of his birth, from his home, and the scene of his patriotic labors, it is a wonder that our subject was not crushed by the shock. But Providence directed his steps, by means that cannot be detailed in this article, to the Lutheran College and Theological Seminary at Gettysburgh, Pa., where he obtained the kind regards of the excellent Professor Schmucker, who at once put him in the way of prosecuting his studies, until he had completed the usual course of a liberal education. In the mean time his religious convictions, which were not predominant at the outset of his career, became established, and he then entered upon the work of the gospel ministry, and was duly ordained by the authorities of the Lutheran Church. He now went forth among his brethren in the free States, and labored as he found opportunity, in gathering Churches, preaching in various places, and other appropriate services, for several years. He found, however, that his position as a Lutheran minister was not favorable to his influence, there being very few of the people of color connected with that organization, while the great mass of them had decided predilections for Churches of other names. At length, with the concurrence of his venerable patron, Dr. Schmucker, he attached himself to the body known as the African Methodist Episcopal Church, called the Bethel Connection, a body which numbers seven Annual Conferences, one hundred and twenty-seven traveling preachers, and twenty-two thousand members, scattered through nearly all the States of the Union. He was received to the traveling order, and was stationed successively in Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore, in the most important charges.

To those who are acquainted with the disadvantages under which most of these preachers labor in their humble attempts to preach the gospel and administer the affairs of a body of Christian Churches, both from the want of education in their youth, and of opportunities for intellectual cultivation in after life, under the necessity which rests upon nearly all of these of gaining their subsistence by bodily labor, chiefly in the lower walks of life, and often in menial service, it will readily appear that this connection involved no small degree of privation to a gentleman of education and of uncommon natural refinement and taste. Yet he has never wavered in his purpose, nor ever in the slightest degree assumed any airs of superiority, or caused his associates to feel that he was aware of a difference in his own favor from his superior advantages of education. "All we are brethren," has been the language of his demeanor, as it was the feeling of his heart.

But he was at the same time fully sensible how necessary it was that the preachers of the Bethel Church should be awakened to the importance of greater mental culture; and, at the General Conference in 1844, he introduced some resolutions on the subject, recognizing, in moderate terms, the usefulness of education as a means to greater usefulness in the work of the ministry, and directing the appointment of a committee to recommend a suitable course of study for the junior preachers. The proposition met with general disapproval; indeed, it was ridiculed by many, who testified that God was with them in their labors to preach the gospel as they had learned it from the teachings of the Holy Spirit; and asked how it was possible for them to pursue a course of study while they were compelled to daily toil for bread? In short, the offensive motion was rejected by an overwhelming vote, and with marks of general disgust, as well as exultation at a good riddance of the intrusive scheme.

The day's sitting of the Conference was soon closed, and the preachers retired to their lodgings; but were surprised to find everywhere, among the families whose hospitality they were enjoying, dissatisfaction with the late proceedings. The more intelligent young

men, in particular, gave strong utterance to their surprise at the stupidity by which their preachers had consigned themselves to perpetual ignorance. They declared that they would not sit under the ministry of men who were determined not to improve. Some of the older members appealed more tenderly to the consciousness of a few venerable fathers in the ministry. Night furnished to many an opportunity for a calm consideration of the course that had been taken.

Next morning, as soon as the opening exercises were concluded, an aged preacher, highly esteemed for his wisdom and piety, arose and moved a reconsideration of the last evening's vote. He supported his motion by a short speech, in which, referring to his long experience, to the consciousness of them all, and to their sad condition as an afflicted and despised people, he brought tears into every eye, and carried an overwhelming conviction into every heart. The motion was carried by acclamation, without a dissenting voice; the committee was appointed, the original mover being of course the chairman, who prepared a schedule of studies, moderate in its extent, and requiring but a small expenditure of books, so as to be within the resources of all the young preachers. The report was adopted, after full consideration by the Conference.

The next General Conference occurred four years afterward, when the results of the new movement came under consideration. The devoted friend of education was at his post, and moved the appointment of a committee to revise the scheme of study, for the purpose of adding to its extent and completeness. Not a word of objection was offered from any quarter—the motion was carried—the committee was appointed—the more extended list of studies was prepared and reported, and the report was adopted without the show of opposition. The new system was established as a permanent policy of the Bethel Connection.

The General Conference of 1852 brought together a company of preachers, some of whom had been eight years under the influence of this system of self-culture and conscientious pursuit of knowledge, which had been pressed through so many difficulties in 1844. They knew to whom they were indebted for its benefits; and as they felt their minds expanded by knowledge, their hearts glowed with respect and gratitude for him who had been to them a benefactor, in spite of their own prejudice and dullness. The exigences of the Church required a reinforcement of its episcopate; and, by general consent, the man deemed most worthy of this high honor and sacred trust was the author of the resolutions on education—who now wears meekly the title, and discharges faithfully the duties, of "the office of a Bishop" of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Long may his valuable life be spared by a kind Providence, to be, as he has long been, a benefactor to the people of color, "raised up from among themselves." It is through the influence of such men that this proscribed race are winning for themselves, from calm and careful observers, the testimonial recently given by the distinguished Dr. Sewall Cutting, of the Baptist Church, the editor of the *Christian Review* and late Secretary of the American and Foreign Bible Society, who in a late number of the *Christian Watchman and Reflector* published this declaration:—"It is our opinion, the result of some observation, that our colored brethren in this country are doing far more, in proportion to their means, for their own development and progress, than is done by their white brethren."

The example is one which will gratify men of all parties, as an illustration of the self-improvement which all will admit to be a principal means of the elevation of a depressed people, whatever may be the differences of opinion respecting other means.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.—Mankind are indebted to Queen Elizabeth and Lord Burleigh for the first printed newspaper, which was entitled the *English Mercurie*. The earliest number is still in the British Museum library, and bears the date of July 23, 1588. During the civil wars periodical papers, the champions of the two parties, were very extensively circulated, and were edited by such writers as Needham, Birkenhead, and L'Estrange, all men of considerable ability. In the reign of Anne there was but one daily paper, the *Daily Courant*. The first provincial journal in England was the *Orange Postman*, started in 1706, at the price of a penny, but a halfpenny was not refused. The earliest Scottish newspaper appeared, under the auspices of Cromwell, in 1652.

LATIN HYMNS—A GRAND OLD POEM.

WITH respect to the natural genius and quality of the sacred Latin poetry, we cannot forbear inserting the following observations, which we translate from the glowing pages of Fortlage, a German critic:—

"The fire of revelation, in its strong and simple energy by which, as it were, it rends the rock and bursts the icy barriers of the human heart, predominates in those oldest pieces of the sacred Latin poesy which are comprised in the Ambrosian hymnology, a species of song which moves in the simplest tones and seldom uses rhyme. Its chief characteristic is the absence of ornament. Even through thorns and brambles it oftentimes takes its way; but beneath the rugged covering of the words there often glows a fiery energy, the power of that revealed word which interpenetrates the universe. This can well be called the primal song of Christendom, the song of its moral force, for by it Christianity begot in the soul of her confessors a stoicism that overcame the world, and which, by its untiring persistence, at last won victory for the cross. The fire of enthusiasm and sentiment, which in the old Roman song never came to an immediate outburst, gleamed brightly up, however, in Spain, especially in the poesy of Prudentius. If the severe simplicity of the Ambrosian hymns reminds us of the Mosaic mandate to sacrifice to God on altars of unhewn stone, we observe, on the contrary, in Prudentius a bursting forth anew of the old flaming psalmody, blazing in many-colored lights, like the variegated hues transmitted through some stained glass window. As we listen the soul welters in deep and strong emotion. From this has arisen whatever of most sublime, magnificent, and fair, the sacred poesy of Christendom has brought to light. In it the organ-pipes which thunder through heaven and earth seem in full play, and with shudders of inner unworthiness, with cries and melting tears, with jubilant shouts over the goodness of God, and plaints and sighs over Adam's fall, and with triumphant strains that praise the great redemption, they thrill through the universe. It is thus that the heights of a freer and more ecstatic melody were reached, in opposition to the more measured and subdued notes of elder Rome, just as in the profane poetry of the South, the many-colored lights of Calderon differ from the more sombre severity of Dante and the exquisitely-compounded hues of Tasso.

"Under Fortunatus this fuller strain of song proceeded to Italy, in the shuddering notes of his 'Vesilla Regis,' and 'Pange Lingua,' and there unites, as at a later day in France, with the rich veins of song opened by a Peter Domiani, Thomas Aquinas, Adam of St. Victor, Bernard, and Bonaventura, until at last it reached its highest summits in the tenors of the flaming '*Dies Iræ*,' and the pathos of the tearful '*Stabat Mater*.' But that which spans the distance between them both, and in which consists the depth of the Christian poetry, is the element of a deep remorse, in which the wood of the cross appears, like to a wonder-working tree, as the central mystery of Christianity."

We pass, in conclusion, to notice as briefly as possible the literary history and fortunes of one of the choicest specimens of this mediæval Latin verse, and for this purpose select the *Prosa*, which is doubtless the best known to the widest circle of readers; we mean the *Dies Iræ* of Thomas de Celano, for to him we do not hesitate to ascribe its authorship, without at present entering into the controversy which has been waged on this subject, deeming it sufficient merely to state that the claims of Thomas de Celano have been vindicated by those whose research and scholarship best entitle them to pronounce a judgment on this vexed question—by Lisco, and Mohnike, and Geiseler. Neither do our limits permit us to discuss the three rival lections of this celebrated hymn,—that of the Mantuan marble, the text of Hæmmerlin, or the Roman missal,—though we rather incline with Daniel to believe that the last contains it in the shape which it bore on first leaving the hands of its composer, instead of being the residuum of two successive recisions.

Of this majestic hymn, Daniel has forcibly said, "*quot sunt verba tot pondera, immo tonitrua*," and justly ranks it as the highest ornament of sacred poetry, and a most valuable heir-loom of the Latin Church: for even they, he adds, to whom the Latin hymns of the Church are wholly unknown, at least know of this, and if any are found so destitute of taste and culture as not at all to appreciate the sweetness of sacred melody, he thinks even these

must be charmed by its thrilling strains. It is not difficult to understand or explain the wide and general popularity which it has enjoyed. The meter or rhythm so grandly devised, of which Mr. Trench remembers no other example; the solemn effect of the triple assonances having been well likened by Guericke to blow following blow of hammer on the anvil; the aptness of the cadence to the subject-matter; the deep and mighty flow of the verse, like tidal waves in a swelling sea; and, above all, the inimitable dignity, gravity, and condensation of the Latin tongue, have all conspired to give the DIES IRÆ a high place—indeed one of the highest in the world of sacred song.

The first mention of this *prosa*, or *sequentia*, as it is convertibly and technically called, is in a work of Bortholomew of Pisa, who died in 1401. It is found by Daniel in all the Italian missals, but from their date it is evident that it did not come into general use as a part of the Church service earlier than the sixteenth century; and, as its author was a Minorite friar, it doubtless obtained its currency throughout Europe from the missals of the Franciscan order, as did also the STABAT MATER.

"Is is not wonderful," says Mr. Trench, in a note on this hymn, "that a poem such as this should have continually allured and continually defied translators. We have several versions in English, beginning with one by Crashaw, in his *Steps to the Temple*, London, 1648; it is in quatrains, and rather a reproduction than a translation."

It was also rendered into English by the Earl of Roscommon, and Johnson tells us, in his Lives of the Poets, that the dying Earl uttered in his last moments with great energy two lines of his own version. Sir Walter Scott has also introduced an English version of a few of its opening stanzas into the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and in his correspondence, writing to a brother poet, Crabbe, he holds the following language:—

"To my Gothic ear, the *Stabat Mater*, the DIES IRÆ, and some of the other hymns of the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan: the one has the gloomy dignity of a Gothic church, and reminds us constantly of the worship to which it is dedicated; the other is more like a pagan temple, recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities."

Mrs. Piozzi, we may state in this connection, records of Dr. Johnson, that "when he would try to repeat that celebrated *Prosa ecclesiastica pro mortuis*, as it is called, beginning *Dies Iræ, dies illa*, he could never pass the stanza ending thus, *Tantus labor non sit cassus*, without bursting into a flood of tears." Among later English writers who have tested their strength on this Pandar's bow of sacred verse, we may mention the names of Caswall, Irons, Trench, Lord Lyndsay, Isaac Williams, and in our own country, of J. N. Brown, Dr. W. R. Williams, and Dr. A. Coles, which last-named gentleman has given two versions, one of surpassing merit.

In Germany, the translations have been still more abundant, and many of them executed by eminent hands, such as Knapp, Aug. Wm. Schlegel, Herder, J. G. Fichte, Von Meyer, the Chevalier Bunsen, Dr. Daniel, &c. Dr. Frederick G. Lisco, in a monograph which he has published on this celebrated *Prosa*, enumerates forty-four German versions. A single poet, Robert Lecke, in 1842, published twelve several translations of his own. Since that time the number has grown, as appears from a subsequent publication of Lisco's, to sixty or seventy, among which is also given one in modern Greek, executed by the Rev. Mr. Hildner, an English missionary at Syra, and to which we may add still another, composed in Hebrew, by Lewis Splieth, an Oriental scholar of Germany. We need but allude to the sublime use which Goethe makes of snatches of this hymn in his "Faust."

In France there have also appeared several renderings from time to time, though none possessing great merit.

We need scarcely add that it was upon the *Dies Iræ* that Mozart founded his celebrated Requiem, in the composition of which his excitement became so great as to hasten his death before he had finished his task. Among the other great musical celebrities who "have sought to marry its poetry to immortal melody" may be enumerated Cherubini, Pergolesi, Haydn, Jomelli, and Palæstrina.

As this remarkable poem, whose literary history we have briefly sketched, may not be accessible to all of our readers, we append below the original, accompanied by the translation of Dr. Abraham Coles, of Newark, New-Jersey.—*Nat. Intell.*

THE ORIGINAL.

I.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla;
Teste David cum Sybilla.

II.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

III.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

IV.

Mors stupebit, et Natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

V.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

VI.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

VII.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

VIII.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis.

IX.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

X.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

XI.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

XII.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

XIII.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

XIV.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu, bone, fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

XV.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

TRANSLATION.

I.

Day of wrath, that day of burning
All shall melt, to ashes turning,
As foretold by Seers discerning.

II.

O what fear shall it engender
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render!

III.

Trumpet scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchers asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

IV.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

V.

Book where every act 's recorded,
All events all time afforded,
Shall be brought, and deems awarded.

VI.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He 'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

VII.

What shall *I* say that time pending?
Ask what Advocate 's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

VIII.

King almighty, and all-knowing,
Grace to sinners freely showing,
Save me, Fount of good o'erflowing.

IX.

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou enduredst earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season.

X.

Seeking me thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross thy soul death tasted;
Let such labor not be wasted.

XI.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant me perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.

XII.

Culprit-like, I—heart all broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token—
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

XIII.

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Cheer'd'st with hope my lost condition.

XIV.

Though my prayers do nothing merit,
What is needful, thou confer it—
Lest I endless fire inherit.

XV.

Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside thee.

THE ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION.
XVI.	XVI.
Confutatis maledictis, Flammis acribus addictis, Voca me cum benedictis.	When th' accurs'd away are driven, To eternal burnings given, Call me with the bless'd to heaven.
XVII.	XVII.
Oro supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis, Gere curam mei finis.	I beseech thee, prostrate lying, Heart as ashes contrite, sighing, Care for me when I am dying.
XVIII.	XVIII.
Lachrymosa dies illa, Qua resurget ex favilla, Judicandus homo reus, Huic ergo parce, Deus.	On that awful day of wailing, Human destinies unvailing, When man rising, stands before thee, Spare the culprit, God of glory!

THE PROCESS OF SCULPTURE.

BY the word sculpture is understood the art of carving or cutting any material into a proposed shape or form. Though it is generally applied to those works produced in marble and stone, to the molding and modeling of clay—called the plastic art—and the casting of metals and other materials; the word is also used occasionally in reference to engraved gems and the larger kinds of works produced by the goldsmith.

To trace the history of sculpture, we should have to travel backward to almost the infancy of civilization, and recount the triumphs of awakened man over the barbarisms of ignorance and slavery. The recent discoveries of Messrs. Botta and Layard, among the mounds of earth which once formed the city of Nineveh, have brought to light many highly wrought specimens of sculpture, and there is even reason to believe that the art was practiced before the flood. Indeed, the ruins of India and Central America sufficiently attest its antiquity. Almost as universal as language, the art has risen from the rude forms of idol-worship to a perfection which commands the admiration of the educated and refined among all peoples. From a remote antiquity the art of sculpture has been continually practiced; and ancient as well as modern nations have made all kinds of materials subservient to its advancement.

All objects in sculpture may be classed under one or other of the following heads:—The production may be a figure or group, which stands by itself, and may be viewed from all sides, when it is technically called a "round;" or it may be partially raised from a back-ground, in which case it is called a *relievo*. The degrees of relief, as defined by modern artists, are *alto* or high-relief, where the objects project so as to be nearly distinct; *mezzo* or half-relief, where not more than the face and half the figure is raised from the ground on which it is sculptured; and *basso*, or low-relief, in which the chiseled figures are but slightly raised from the back-ground. There is also another variety of relief, which is found principally among the Egyptian and Syrian antiquities. The outline of the figures is sunk into the ground-work or plane of the material, and the different parts are then rounded off in the same manner as in *basso-relievo*. In works produced by this method, no parts project beyond the original face or ground of the stone; and to produce peculiar effects in this kind of *relieved intaglio*, the ancient artists were in the habit of introducing colors into various parts of their sculptures.

Having already said that various materials are used in the production of sculptures, we will endeavor to explain how, from a rude block of marble, the artist is enabled to produce those life-like representations of the human form which delight all beholders. We cannot in our small space attempt to speak of the various schools of art, or the famous works of the ancients; we must therefore confine our remarks to the mechanical process necessary to the artist in marble—leaving the explanation of iron and bronze-casting for a future paper.

Having conceived and determined on his subject, the first object of the artist is

to produce a representation of it on paper. He then goes on to make a model, *in little*, in clay, wax, or some equally plastic material. If this model be well built up, if it be true and natural, its transference to marble or bronze may be intrusted to inferior hands, the finishing touches being given by the artist himself. In the model the taste, genius, and skill of the producer are displayed to an even greater degree than in the statue itself.

The model complete, the next process is the erection of another clay figure, the exact size of the intended group or figure. A sort of skeleton or frame-work of wood or iron is made to assume the rough outlines of the statue, and on this is molded —by means of certain simple instruments, aided by the artist-mind and hand—the clay or other material into the forms designed. Now, whether it is intended that the statue should be draped or not, it has been usual with some sculptors to make their models nude; but this plan has not been adopted to any great extent among modern artists, except where it has been necessary to show the muscular or other development beneath the drapery. It is said of Chantrey that his knowledge of anatomy was inferior to his skill in the disposal of clothes; and it will be recollected, probably, that his statues generally are dressed in the modern costume. To obtain the necessary grace and accuracy, draperies are usually placed upon clay figures, the details of which are copied by the artist; though in some few instances a living model is preferred.

When the clay figure has sufficiently dried and shrunk, a mold is made of it by covering it all over with gypsum or plaster of Paris. After the plaster has become dry and hard, the clay within is carefully removed, and the result is an exact mold of the original design. After being carefully washed, the interior of the mold is brushed over with a composition of oil and soap, and then completely filled in all its parts with a semi-liquid mixture of gypsum, which in a few days becomes so thoroughly hardened as to allow of the removal of the outer body or mold. Means similar to these are employed by all artists, and thus is obtained an exact counterpart of the original clay model.

Having made his plaster cast, the sculptor may then transfer it to marble or other material. Technical rather than inventive skill, however, is necessary to produce the marble figure; and it is not by any means uncommon for the sculptor to confide this part of the work to other hands, reserving to himself merely the right of superintendence, till the figure approaches completion.

Having selected a proper block of marble, the first step is to what is called *point it out*. By means of a long steel needle attached to a pole or standard, and capable of being withdrawn or extended, loosened or fixed, by means of joints, &c., the exact situation of numerous points and cavities in the figure to be imitated are correctly ascertained. Pencil marks on the block of marble are made to show where such and such points occur in the model; and this process being repeated till the various distances to which the chisel may penetrate are discovered—in fact, till, in the technical language of the studio, the figure is entirely *pointed*—the marble is rudely blocked out, and the future statue begins to assume something like an intelligible shape. A superior workman, called the carver, now takes the figure in hand, and with extreme care copies all the minute portions of the model. By means of chisels, rasps, files, and sand-paper, he brings it to a state of semi-completeness. The sculptor then assumes his full authority, and gives the finishing touches to the statue, which stamp it as the work of a master hand and mind. Among the ancients it was not unusual for the artist to begin and complete his work; but the demands of the present day would not allow of such an expenditure of time, even were the sculptor willing to perform the laborious tasks of the carver and blocker-out. The ancients, there is reason to believe, produced their grandest effects by the chisel alone; among the moderns the file and the sand-paper are the roughest instruments which approach the surface of the work. Indeed, as before stated, it is to the perfection to which the clay model is brought that the success of the finished performance is due; harmony of effect, beauty of expression, gracefulness of form and attitude, consistency of detail, and finish of surface, being as much to the painter as the sculptor, both of whom, to achieve complete success, must possess genius and industry, taste and perseverance, fire and patience in almost equal degrees.

SCRAPS FROM SERGEANT TALFOURD.

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

THROUGH such avenues we threaded our way, half blinded, and quite stunned, to the front of the venerable cathedral; an open space, indeed, but more resembling a filthy inn-yard, than the approach to one of the most famous churches in Christendom, where every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate, and rubbish might be cast, not in secret, but under the great eye of heaven. Not a trace of reverential care gave token of Christian piety or antiquarian sentiment; but the poor old majestic pile, neighbored by dirty cafés and bankrupt-looking shops, seemed left meekly to vindicate its claim of respect before heaven, like Christianity in its earliest days, rising above the scorns and the abuses of the world. I was disappointed in the size of the edifice, having received a shadowy notion of an enormous building, from Victor Hugo's great romance, of which it is the scene; but abundantly recompensed by the sense of dim antiquity which it conveys with more hoary power than any pile which I recollect, not in ruins. Its square gray turrets are the haunts of innumerable birds, former generations of which have shivered away the crumbling stones for their posterity to "make their bed and procreant cradle in;" and the low archways over the humble portals, beneath them, seem carved out of wood which has been charred by the action of fire. The interior is naked and gloomy, and struck us with a vault-like chillness. How different from the pride of Paris, the Madeleine, which we visited the next day, elevated on broad platforms of steps, a huge Grecian building of white stone, like an Athenian temple without, like a gaudy music-room within! The interior is still unfinished; but all glowing with purple and gold, without shadow, without repose, shows that in its perfection it will be a miracle of French art, raised to French glory. For such a gew-gaw as this, do the Parisians neglect their own holy cathedral: but no wonder; self is ever rebuked before the embodied presence of ages; Notre Dame is the grave of vanity, the Madeleine will be its throne.

VERSAILLES.

PASSING through some gaps in natural hedges, which English schoolboys might have made, we came in sight of the turrets and chimneys of the famous palace, and overlooked the groves which have shrouded so much pleasure, vanity, sorrow, and despair. Except the huge extent of building traced among the tall trees, there was nothing very striking in the scene; but what ghost-like recollections and fancies did it awaken! How slender compared to this, the voluptuous interest recognized by Pope in

> "Clifeden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love?"

The form of Marie Antoinette haunts these groves and makes them sacred; I say "the form," because it is her beauty, real or imputed, which weaves the spell, and molds her misfortunes into images of grace. How shallow and false is the notion that personal beauty is a frail and fleeting thing! It triumphs over wisdom and virtue, not only in life, but in death; redeems or vails folly and crime; and sweetens the saddest passages of history!

FRENCH CHILDREN.

I OBSERVED some French children: the very small ones, fantastically dressed up as playthings, seemed petted, caressed, and spoiled; but the elder ones, from ten to sixteen, looking careworn, conceited, independent, and miserable. Everything is gay in Paris but childhood. Old age is gay—pleasantly so even when fantastically so—and death itself is tricked out in garlands, and "turned to favor and to prettiness." Why are the children so joyless? It cannot be that they are too harshly restrained, or ruled by fear; for a cruel discipline is no part of the French character, or the French educational practice; on the contrary, a French boy soon becomes his own master, and studies or lounges as he pleases. Is it not that there are no firesides, no homes? It seems a fine independent thing for a Parisian shopkeeper to dispense with the plague of domestic servants, take every day, with his wife, the freedom of the restaurant and the café, and, when he shuts up the shop, leave it to take care of itself, while he lounges, or dances, or smokes, or reads a journal, or does all these in some public garden; or, better than all, goes to the play. But the pleasures and comforts of children are of home growth, and require a home shelter. They are here only sad,

wearied, wandering spectators of the gaieties of their parents, which are all associated with coquetry, gallantry, and feelings akin to these, in which they do not participate; and though some amends is made by an early initiation into their essences, and an early emulation of their symbols, still children, as children, have no food for their affections in the whirling kaleidoscope which dazzles them. In Prussia, children are happier, because they are under a stricter discipline; but England, with all its imputed sins of fagging and flogging, and excess of Latin versification, is the place where childhood is most happy as childhood; happy in restraint; happy in indulgence; happy in the habits of obedience, and respect, and filial love! You would not find such a set of careworn, pale, unhappy faces, in any charity school in England, as you may mark in a throng of wandering, dissipated boys, in the gardens of the Tuileries.

POETRY OF TENNYSON.

I FORTHWITH dived to the bottom of my bag, and eviscerated the first volume of "Tennyson's Poems," which, strange to confess, I had never read before, having been deterred by a most villanous prejudice, adopted from some "false fleeting" criticism which represented them as replete with poetic power, but wild, irregular, and affected; which I translated into meaning something you are bound to admire, and compelled to dislike. I was therefore no less astonished than delighted with the passionate beauty, the intensity of generous pathos, the felicitous expression of a weight of human experience in few words, which, while they charmed, smote me with remorse for my long neglect of a great original, deep-hearted poet. And yet it seemed almost impossible to believe that some of the poems were new to me. With so singular a felicity did they touch on some chords of feeling and memory, that they seemed old but strangely-forgotten things,—strains heard in remote boyhood,—voices breathed with mighty, but homely power, from the depths of years. It seemed to me, as I read, as if I knew what was coming next, as our real life sometimes seems to break on the fragments of a reviving dream:—yet how far beyond all my poor conceptions was the grace and glory with which fragments of my own being seemed invested!

PALM LEAVES.

SELECT ORIENTAL APOLOGUES.

IV. BABA ABDOOLLAH: OR, COVETOUSNESS PUNISHED.

IN the times of old, it was customary for the caliphs of Persia to perambulate their capitals by night in disguise, that they might see and hear what passed among the people. One night the Caliph Haroun el Rashed went forth on his evening patrol, accompanied by his Vizier Jaaffier; and as they passed over the bridge of Bagdad, they were accosted by an old blind beggar, who solicited their charity. The Caliph stopped to put a piece of gold into his hand, and then passed on. But the beggar instantly caught him by the arm, and said, "My friend, I thank you for your charity, but I must request you to confer a further favor on me, by giving me a blow on my face, as a punishment for my sin." The Caliph, surprised at this strange request, tried to escape from the old man's grasp; but the more he struggled, the more the old man clung to him. The Caliph remonstrated, and, in spite of the beggar's entreaties, he resolutely refused to comply with this preposterous request. The old man, finding all his efforts were vain, at length said, "Sir, forgive my boldness and importunity; for I cannot receive your charity on any other conditions, since I have bound myself by an oath not to receive any alms unless my benefactor will also inflict this punishment upon me." On hearing this, the Caliph gave him a slight blow, and passed on. Then, turning to the Vizier, he said, "Jaaffier, do you know the meaning of this strange fancy?" The Vizier replied, "I know not, sire; but I have no doubt the man has some good reason for making such a singular request." "I must know what it is," replied the Caliph; "go back, therefore, tell him who I am, and say that I command him to come to the palace to-morrow at mid-day." The Vizier obeyed the command of the Caliph, and they continued their rambles, and fell in with one or two other singular adventures (which we may relate at some future period), and returned to the palace.

On the following day, the blind beggar made his appearance at the palace; and on being ushered into the presence of the

Caliph, he prostrated himself before him, and earnestly solicited pardon for his conduct on the previous evening. The Caliph bade him rise, assuring him that he freely forgave all that had passed, and said, "I commanded you to come to my palace, that I might ascertain the cause of your singular conduct."

"Commander of the faithful," replied the blind man, "I will briefly relate to you my history, that you may see I have sufficient reason for inflicting this punishment upon myself. My name is Baba Abdoollah. I was born in the city of Bagdad, of respectable parents, who died when I was but a youth, leaving me a small fortune, with which I embarked in business. By diligence and economy, I soon became rich enough to purchase eighty camels, with which I traded to various parts of your majesty's dominions. As my wealth increased, the desire of becoming richer increased also. One day, as I was returning from Bussorah, whither I had conveyed some articles of merchandise, I halted in a shady place to allow my camels to rest and graze. While I was sitting, watching my camels, a Dervise came by; and on seeing me he saluted me, and sat down by my side. I then produced some provisions, and invited him to partake. During our repast we conversed on a variety of topics, and at length the Dervise told me that he knew of a spot, not far from where we were sitting, in which there was such an immense treasure of gold and jewels, that all my camels might be ladened therewith, without sensibly diminishing it. This intelligence filled me with surprise and joy; and hoping to secure these treasures to *myself*, I said to the Dervise, 'As you have no means of carrying any considerable portion of this treasure away, I will give you one of my camels to lade for yourself, if you will conduct me to the place where it is hid.' The Dervise, seeing my detestable covetousness, replied, 'I should be a fool indeed to show you this inexhaustible wealth on such terms. The very least I can require is to share it equally with you; if, therefore, you will give me forty of your camels, I will conduct you to the place forthwith.' Galling though this proposition was, I found that I must either accede to it, or relinquish all hope of possessing the treasure, which my covetous mind could not do; I therefore assented, rose up, and gave him forty of my camels, and we started off on our expedition. After traveling for some time, we arrived at a range of mountains, through a narrow pass of which we entered into a valley. Here the Dervise bade me stop, and prepare the camels for loading. While I was busily engaged in arranging them, the Dervise kindled a fire, and used some cabalistic words and signs, when suddenly the mountain opened, and disclosed to my astonished and enraptured gaze, a magnificent palace, into which we entered. In every part of this spacious building were large heaps of gold, and all kinds of precious stones. Regardless of the beauty of the palace, I set to work at once to fill my bags with these valuable treasures; and my companion did the like, until all our camels were heavily laden. The Dervise then took a small box containing some unctuous matter, and put it into his bosom. After which, we retired from the palace, and the Dervise closed the mountain in the same manner as he had opened it. I was astonished at what I had seen, but was so overjoyed in the possession of such treasures, that I asked no questions. We then left the valley by the same narrow pass through which we had entered.

"On coming into the open plain, I thanked my benefactor for his kindness, and saluted him; we then parted, he to go to Bussorah, and I to Bagdad. Although I had forty camels loaded with riches, my covetous spirit was not satisfied; I began to repent of having given the others to the Dervise, and, forgetting that without his aid I should have had no treasures, I resolved to attempt to regain possession of them. I forthwith stopped my camels, rode after the Dervise, and soon overtook him. He immediately halted and said, 'What brings you here, brother?' 'Regard for your happiness,' I replied; 'for knowing you to be a man unacquainted with the business of the world, and fearing that the care of forty camels would be most irksome to you, I am come to ask you to let me have ten more, that I may relieve you from your burden.' 'Well,' said he, 'I find that forty is a larger number than I can manage—I will therefore give you ten.' This unexpected success encouraged me to be still more importunate, till at length I prevailed on the kind Dervise to restore all my camels. 'Take them,' said

he; 'but remember that if we do not make good use of riches, God often takes them away again.' This admonition was lost upon me; for so completely had avarice got possession of my soul, that I was not satisfied with the riches I now possessed, but I even coveted the box of unguent which the Dervise had brought from the palace, supposing that it must possess some great virtues. After many protestations of gratitude, I had the audacity to ask my friend to give me the box, and to explain to me the virtues of the unguent. The Dervise immediately took it from his bosom, and gave it me, saying, 'Take it, and be content: that unguent possesses such wonderful properties, that if you rub a little on your left eye, it will enable you to see all the treasures hid in the bowels of the earth; but if it touches your right eye, it will blind you at once.' He had no sooner said this than I applied some to my left eye, and immediately I saw such a profusion of riches, that I was almost bewildered. This enchanting spectacle excited my covetous spirit; and it occurred to me, that if the effect on one eye was so extraordinary, it would be still more wonderful if the unguent was applied to both eyes; for I could not believe that what had exalted the powers of vision in one could destroy the sight of the other. I said to the Dervise, 'You must be joking, when you tell me that this unguent will blind me if applied to the right eye.' He replied, 'I have told you the truth: it will most certainly have that effect, if you ever apply it.' I would not, however, believe him, but, deaf to all his remonstrances, urged him most vehemently to apply it to my right eye. At length, being overcome by my importunity, he complied with my request; and lo! to my sorrow, I found that his words were too true, for I became totally blind. I now perceived the misery to which my insatiable desire of riches had reduced me, and I earnestly implored the Dervise to pardon my obstinacy, and once more restore me to sight. 'Miserable, covetous wretch!' exclaimed the Dervise; 'you might have been happy and prosperous as a merchant, had you been satisfied with your condition. I put you in possession of great riches, as a trial of your virtue; and you have shown yourself unworthy of them. If you had taken my advice, you would have escaped this calamity. You have what you deserve; and as you know not how to make a right use of the riches which were given to you, they are now taken from you, and shall be given to some persons more grateful and deserving than yourself.' He then left me to bewail my fate, and I should have perished with hunger, had it not been for a caravan passing near where I was, the merchants in which took compassion on me, and carried me to Bagdad, where I have since subsisted on the bounty of the charitable; and, as a punishment for my folly and covetousness, I have made every person inflict a smart blow upon me."

Baba Abdoollah having finished his story, the Caliph said: "Your folly and wickedness was great indeed; and I am glad to find that you are not only sensible of it, but also sorry for it; I shall therefore order you a small pension during the remainder of your life; and I hope you have so profited by past experience, that you will henceforth be a grateful and happy man."

Baba Abdoollah prostrated himself before the throne, and thanked the Caliph for his generous bounty. He lived some years, a contented and happy man.

Thus does the excessive love of riches destroy their real advantages. Excess in everything is vice—repentance alone can counteract its consequences.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A CANDLE.—It is not everybody who understands the bit of philosophy involved in the burning of a candle. We may readily suppose—and the supposition is not a very absurd one—that the wick is intended to burn and to give light. Such, however, is not the case. The parallel, or nearly parallel fibres of the wick form the walls of numerous minute tubes, up through which any liquid will ascend by the power of what is called capillary attraction; and it is in this minutely divided state that oil of melted tallow is best fitted for combustion. The heat of the candle melts the upper part of the tallow, which then in a liquid state ascends the little tubes of the wick, and is there burned; it is true that the wick is burned also, but this is not a necessary condition of the arrangement—the candle would give forth its light even if the wick were formed of an incombustible material.

EXTRAORDINARY LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

HOAXES, mystifications, forgeries, impostures of every kind — whether for personal or party purposes, or from mere mercenary motives—had long ceased to be a novelty in the literature of the continent, before the literary or learned of England became addicted to the same pleasant pastime. In this country, historians, antiquarians, critics, and readers, had long suffered from the injurious effects of continental ingenuity—from the elaborate writings of scholars who never had any existence, and learned lights thrown upon "historical" events which never came to pass—before the perplexing and poisonous fruits of these practices began to flourish in our more sullen soil; and it is due to "a neighboring nation" to notice that the first literary imposture, which rises into the dignity of a real, elaborate, uncompromising, and mischievous forgery, was an importation. George Psalmanaazaar, the distinguished Japanese, and historian of the island of Formosa, if not a Frenchman—which he is ascertained to have been by education, and most probably by birth—was certainly not a native of these islands.

Daniel Defoe was a master of this species of mystification. Who, among the civilized and sentimental even of the present day, does not—in the face of all fact—believe in his heart in Robinson Crusoe? There is one portion of the history of this wonderful work which, fortunately, we are not bound to believe—namely, the fraudulent appropriation by the author of Alexander Selkirk's notes. This calumny has been long since successfully refuted. Some other of Defoe's "authentic" narratives are not so well known. The Adventures of a Cavalier during the Thirty Years' War were long believed, even by eminent authorities, to be literally and circumstantially true. And true indeed they are, when we have once set aside the fact that the cavalier in question had no existence; for the rest, the adventures are for the most part strictly historical,—and those for which there is no direct authority are valuable probabilities illustrative of the great contest in which the cavalier is supposed to have taken part. In the same manner, the Life of Colonel Jack, Moll Flanders, Roxana, and Captain Singleton, are all living and breathing persons; in their biographies everything is true with the exception of the names and dates; and even these have been widely and implicitly believed by the most matter-of-fact and unimaginative persons. Defoe's most amusing mystification, however, was his pamphlet, entitled, A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's book of "Consolations against the Fear of Death." The story, which is told on the alleged authority of persons then living, details with marvelous minuteness the appearance of the ghost of Mrs. Veal to her friend—not under mysterious and solemn circumstances, with which even Mrs. Radcliffe can scarcely, now, inspire terror—but at noon-day, in Mrs. Bargrave's house, where the ghost gained admission by simply knocking at the door. Neither is the spirit conventionally attired; she is in Mrs Veal's (riding) habit as she lived, and has altogether the appearance of a respectable lady making a morning call. The air of truth which pervades every detail of the interview, throws the reader completely off his guard; and the first hint—which is most carelessly and artistically incidental—of the visitor's immateriality, is something startling as a sensation. Very artful, also, is the ghost's puff of Drelincourt on Death, in which lies the whole object of the pamphlet. The pamphlet was, in fact, a bookseller's puff, concocted to sell off a large edition of M. Drelincourt's work, which had been long lying idle on the publisher's shelves; and so great was the credence given everywhere to the ghost-story, that the not very learned or lively treatise went off like wildfire.

The first important event in the life of Psalmanaazaar—his birth—remains a mystery; and is likely to remain so, in company with the long list of important mysteries which are not worth the trouble of solution. Nobody knows the name of the free-school where his education was commenced, nor of the archiepiscopal city at whose Jesuit college it was continued. The name of the young gentleman to whom on leaving the college he acted as tutor has not been handed down to fame,

and the circumstances which led him to fall into a "mean and rambling life," as one of his biographers describes it, have never been recorded. He seems, from the very first, to have directed his attention to imposture; as much from natural taste as for the means of livelihood. His first crusade was against religious enthusiasts. He was of Irish extraction —so said some credentials which he contrived to procure; left his country, not for his country's good, but for the good of the Roman Catholic religion. Determining to proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome, his first necessity was a pilgrim's garb, which he contrived to carry off, together with the appropriate staff, from a chapel at noonday. The rest of the adventure we gather from no unimpeachable source—himself. "Being thus accoutred, and furnished with a pass, I began, at all proper places, to beg my way in fluent Latin, accosting only clergymen, and persons of figure, by whom I could be understood; and found them mostly so generous and credulous that I might easily have saved money, and put myself into a much better dress, before I had gone through a score or two of miles. But so powerful was my vanity and extravagance, that as soon as I had got what I thought a sufficient viaticum, I begged no more, but viewed everything worth seeing, and then retired to some inn, where I spent my money as freely as I had obtained it."

He seems to have been about sixteen years of age when, while wandering in Germany, he first hit upon the project of passing for a native of the island of Formosa. He set to work immediately, with equal ardor and ingenuity, to form a new alphabet and language; a grammar; a division of the year into twenty months; and, finally, a new religion. In the prosecution of his scheme he experienced many difficulties; but these he surmounted by degrees. He accustomed himself to writing backward, after the practice of eastern nations, and was observed worshiping the rising and setting sun, and practicing various minor mummeries, with due decorum. In short, he passed everywhere for a Japanese converted to Christianity; and, resuming his old pilgrim habit, recommenced his tour in the Low Countries.

At Liege he entered into the Dutch service, and was carried by his commander to Aix-la-Chapelle. He afterward entered into the service of the Elector of Cologne; and finding, it may be presumed, that as a convert he did not attract sufficient attention, he assumed the character of a Japanese in a benighted and unenlightened condition. As he probably anticipated, he immediately became an object of interest. At Sluys, Brigadier Lauder, a Scottish colonel, introduced him to one Innes, the chaplain of his regiment, with a view to a spiritual conference. This was an important step in the life of the adventurer. Innes seems to have been the chief cause of the imposture being carried to its height. That he had an early inkling of the deception there can be no doubt; but he was far too prudent to avow the fact, preferring the credit of the conversion, as likely to favor his advancement in the Church.

It was arranged, in the first instance, that Innes should procure Psalmanaazaar's discharge; but he delayed taking this preparatory step until he should hear from the Bishop of London, to whom he had written on the subject. At length, finding that his *protégé* was paying attention to some Dutch ministers, he saw that no time was to be lost, and resolved at once to baptize the impostor—for such he had now, in his own mind, established him to be. It may be here mentioned that he had arrived at this fact by a stratagem. He had asked Psalmanaazaar to write a passage of Cicero *twice* in the Formosan language, and he noticed some considerable variations in the respective renderings. He advised the adventurer, with some significance, to be more prepared for the future—a warning of which Psalmanaazaar took advantage by perfecting his alphabet and general system, and producing in fact an entirely new language. He subsequently accompanied Innes to England, where he attracted considerable attention among the learned. When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, it was pronounced by some of the first men of the day to be grammatical, and a real language, from the simple circumstance that it resembled no other. Next appeared the Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, with accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a native of that Isle, 1704; which contained, besides the descriptive matter, pictorial illustrations of their dress, religious ceremonies, their tabernacle, and

altars to the sun, moon, and the ten stars; their architecture, royal and domestic habitations, &c. This fabulous history seems to have been projected by Innes, who lent Varenius to Psalmanaazaar to assist him in his task. In the meantime he trumpeted forth the Formosan and his work in every possible direction—to such an extent, indeed, that the booksellers scarcely allowed the author two months for the production of his wonderful volume. The fame of the work spread far and near. The first edition was sold at once; but it was not long before doubts were expressed as to its veracity, and in the second edition the author was fain to publish a vindication. The fact was, he had fallen into some awkward blunders. He stated, for instance, that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants annually; and though this was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island without occasioning depopulation, he persisted in not lessening the number. A lively controversy on the subject was kept up for some years; but eventually the author repented of his imposture, and made a full confession, which he left to be printed after his death. The latter years of his life were spent in useful literary pursuits, notwithstanding that he was guilty of a minor imposture in connection with his great one—nothing less than fathering the invention of a white composition called Formosan japan—which speculation proved a decided failure. Psalmanaazaar was a favorite in cotemporary literary circles, where he was recommended by his powers as a conversationalist. Dr. Johnson took pleasure in his society, and speaks of him with respect. He fared better than his patron, Innes, who, in consequence of another nefarious transaction in which he was engaged, lost his character, and was generally avoided. Psalmanaazaar died in May, 1763.

In the year 1752, there was born at Bristol, of poor parents, a boy who was destined, some sixteen years after, to occasion a literary controversy which can scarcely be considered settled, even in our own day.

In the year 1768, at the time of the opening of the New Bridge, at Bristol, there appeared in Farley's Weekly Journal, (October 1,) an Account of the Ceremonies observed at the opening of the Old Bridge, taken, it was said, from a very ancient manuscript. The performance attracted attention; and, after much inquiry, it was discovered that the person who brought the copy to the office was a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton. He was at first very unwilling to discover whence he had obtained the original MS., and returned some evasive answers. Ultimately he stated, that he had received this, together with many other MSS., in prose and verse, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in an upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe Church.

The evidence of the boy's mother and sister is corroborative of his statement. Mrs. Chatterton tells us that her husband's uncle, John Chatterton, being sexton of Redcliffe Church, furnished her husband, the schoolmaster, with many old parchments for covering the boys' copy-books—these parchments having been found as described by her son. The best of them were put to the use intended; the rest remained in a cupboard. She thinks her husband read some of them, but does not know that he transcribed any, or was acquainted with their value. It was not until years afterward—in another house, whither the parchments were removed with the family—that her son made the important discovery. Having examined their contents, he told his mother that he had "found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it." He then took possession of all the parchments, and was continually rummaging for more. "One day," she says, "happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of these parchments, he swore a great oath, and, stripping the book, carried away the cover in his pocket."

After the affair of the Bridge, Chatterton imparted some of the MSS. to Mr. George Calcott, pewterer, of Bristol; namely, the "Bristow Tragedy," and some other pieces. These Calcott communicated to Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who had been long engaged upon a History of Bristol. Most of the pieces purported to have been written by one Thomas Rowley, a monk or secular priest of the fifteenth century, and his friend, Mr. Cannynge, an eminent Bristol merchant of the same period. Notwithstanding some prevarications in Chatterton's

story, Mr. Barrett believed the main portion of it, and even inserted some specimens of Rowley in his History.

In March, 1769, Chatterton sent Horace Walpole, who had not then long completed his Anecdotes of Painters, an offer to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had once flourished at Bristol—sending him at the same time a specimen of some poetry of the same remote period. Receiving some encouragement on the score of the verses, he again wrote to Walpole, asking for his influence and assistance in a project which he had then formed of "seeking his fortune" in the metropolis—not on the ground that he himself was a man of genius, but because he was acquainted with a person, as he said, who possessed great manuscript treasures, discovered at Bristol. It was this person who had lent him the former specimens, and also the "Elenoure and Inga," which he transmitted with his second letter. Walpole was at first deceived by these alleged antiquities; but Gray and Mason having pronounced them to be forgeries, he returned them to Chatterton with a cold reply. There are various reports about Chatterton's personal conduct at this period; he is said to have become an infidel and a profligate—but neither charge has been proved. All that we know for certain is, that he contrived to get to London without Walpole's assistance; that he there subsisted by writing satires and miscellaneous pieces—being employed, it is said, in some cases, by the government, for party purposes. He made the acquaintance of Wilkes, Beckford, and others; but failed to procure any substantial benefit from them.

Owing to some change in his affairs—the nature of which is unknown—he seems, soon after, to have abandoned all hope of gaining the objects of his ambition—advancement and distinction. He removed from Shoreditch to a lodging in Brook-street, Holborn, and here he fell into poverty and despondency. "The short remainder of his days were spent in a conflict between pride and poverty. On the day preceding his death he refused with indignation a kind offer from Mrs. Angel (his landlady) to partake of her dinner, assuring her that he was not hungry—though he had not eaten anything for two or three days. On the 25th of August, 1770, he was found dead, in consequence, it is supposed, of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell, in the burying-ground belonging to Shoe-Lane workhouse. Thus was the seal put upon Chatterton's secret.

Warton, one of the most distinguished opponents of the genuineness of these poems, makes a general onslaught against them in his History of Poetry. He does not even consider them to be very skillful forgeries. The characters in several of the manuscripts are of modern formation, mixed up most inconsistently with antique. The parchment is old, but made to look still older by yellow ochre, which can easily be rubbed off; the ink also has been tinctured with a yellow cast. In some coats of arms, drawn upon the MS. of Cannynge's Feast, the hand of a modern herald is clearly traceable. He remarks, also, upon an unnatural affectation of antique spelling and obsolete words side by side with combinations of words and forms of phrases, which had no existence at the pretended date of the poems. In the Battle of Hastings—said to be translated from the Saxon—Stonehenge is called a Druidical temple; while, at the period when the poem might be supposed to have been written, no other notion prevailed concerning this monument than the supposition that it was erected in memory of Hengist's massacre. After urging several similar arguments, Warton concludes by giving the whole of the poems to Chatterton; if for no other reason, on the very probable supposition that the author of the Execution of Sir C. Baudwin might easily be the writer of the rest.

The sad and solemn conclusion of poor Chatterton's career, leaves us no heart to dwell upon the feeble waggeries of some literary mystificators who succeeded him. Nor, indeed, under any circumstances, are such frolics worthy of any special notice. It was more than a score of years after the publication of the Rowley Poems, before any deep-meaning forgery was brought to light. With the author of Vortigern and Rowena is associated no vulgar mystery. He has told us all about himself with most touching confidence.

Mr. Ireland's first essay at literary imposture was unwittingly suggested by his father, whose estimation of the works of Shakspeare was without bounds. It was

not a mere matter of literary taste,—it was not merely enthusiasm,—but a creed and a faith. The most minute matters associated in the most distant manner with his idol, were carefully treasured. To please his father, young Ireland hit upon the notion of concocting nothing less than an autograph of the great poet. This duly made its appearance in the form of a mortgage deed, drawn up with a careful imitation of the legal handwriting of the reign of James the First, and the "signature" of Shakspeare—cramped, eccentric, and unmistakably genuine!

Who but the son can properly describe the father's joy when this precious parchment was presented to him, as having been found among some (unspecified) documents in the (imaginary) library of some *château* belonging to some (fictitious) friend! The deed, which purported to be between Shakspeare and one Fraser and Elizabeth his wife, was inspected by crowds of antiquaries, to whom it gave the greatest satisfaction.

Then, as the novelty of the discovery wore off, came the increased voracity which follows the first taste of blood. The old gentleman became eager and inquiring. There were probably more Shakspeare papers in the same place; and it was the duty of the son to make further researches. In vain did the unfortunate fabricator resist and return evasive answers. The antiquaries, and his father at the head of them, became more exacting. To save himself from importunities, and perhaps exposure, Mr. Ireland now penned Shakspeare's Profession of Faith, and a few letters, all of which passed muster; in many instances documents produced as two hundred years old, had scarcely been in existence two hours. Then followed a decisive step. An original play by Shakspeare was pronounced to be extant; and to support his assertion, Ireland, to the great joy of the happiest of parents, produced the Vortigern and Rowena, which distinguished critics admitted to private readings pronounced to be a genuine work of the poet; and it was ultimately arranged to bring it out at Drury Lane.

Prior to this, however, some suspicions of the validity of the production had crept abroad, and were now made the subject of controversy in pamphlets and newspapers. Malone, one of the most distinguished among the opponents, made a collection of documents intended to prove the forgery; but he did not succeed in bringing them out before the representation of the piece. He issued, however, a notice to the public, warning them of the imposture, which he intended to expose. To this the elder Ireland replied by a hand-bill, which he caused to be circulated among the multitude, who, toward the hour of performance, were choking up the avenues to the theater.

Meantime, there were enemies within as well as without Drury Lane; and the principal of these was no less important a personage than Kemble, the manager. The latter brought all the force of his wide and weighty influence against the piece; by which he called forth a very severe rebuke from Sheridan, who reminded him that he was forgetting his duty as a servant of the theater. Ireland had also an important opponent in Mrs. Siddons, who refused to lend her aid in palming Vortigern upon the public.

The piece, however, was announced for representation, "positively," on the 2d of April, 1796. Kemble had, it seems, endeavored to fix the previous night for its production, "in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of All Fools' Day." Being detected in this damaging attempt, probably by the quick perception of Sheridan, the uncompromising manager succeeded in announcing "My Grandmother" as the farce to follow—a sarcasm obvious enough to a thoroughly London audience. This was not all; leagued with Malone, and the rest of the sworn opponents, and with a real literary enthusiasm to which he was cheerfully prepared to sacrifice the interests of the theater, Kemble had recourse to every expedient prior to, and on the night of representation, in order to crush the play. He arranged with a number of devoted adherents, who were carefully posted in the house, to give himself the signal for the uproar. The signal agreed upon was the line which happened to occur in one of his own speeches,—

> And when this solemn mockery is o'er,—

which line he took care to deliver in a sufficiently pointed manner, and with a tremendous result. Never had such an uproar, and such derisive laughter and

hooting been heard within the walls of that theater. Waiting with great patience until he could obtain a hearing, Kemble came forward, and reiterated the line "with an expression," as Mr. Ireland tells us, "the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive."

The demonstration upon this assumed all the indignity of a "row;" and it was kept up with such effect that not one syllable more of the play was intelligible. The line occurs toward the close of the second scene of Act V.—being the last scene but one of the drama—prior to which no hostility had been manifested. Indeed, so decided was the applause, that many—even of the performers—were confident of success. This was notwithstanding that Kemble had given several parts of the play not only to the most incompetent, but to the most absurd actors he could find. He had also placed Dignum purposely in a subordinate part, wherein, speaking of the sound of trumpets, he had to say, "Let them bellow on," "which words were uttered with such a nasal and tin-kettle twang that no muscles, save those of adamant, could have resisted."

Malone's "Investigation," which was a final blow to the pretensions of the play, was not long in making its appearance. After this, Mr. Chalmers published, first his "Apology for the Believers," and then a "Supplemental Apology," wherein, says Mr. Ireland, "though advocating the untenable side of the question, he displayed a far greater depth of antiquarian research and scholastic reasoning than his opponent; in short, there is scarcely one position laid down by Malone that is not most satisfactorily refuted by Chalmers."

Ireland adds that this warfare affected him only in so far as it caused suffering to his father, who was even himself accused of having fabricated the papers; and this, he avows, was his sole reason for satisfying "the world" on the subject. The play of Henry the Second was another Shakspearian attempt by the same author; but it deceived few, and attracted generally but little attention. Mr. Ireland has since made his appearance as the author of a novel called "Rizzio." He had previously taken up his residence in Paris, where Napoleon showed him favor and attention. In England he was never forgiven by the distinguished critics, among whom was Boswell, whom he had deceived. He returned eventually, however, to his native country, and died in London not many years ago.

The last successful, and, perhaps, most pardonable of literary forgeries, came forth under the title of Maria Schweidler, the Amber Witch. The story (which is supposed to be told by one Abraham Schweidler, Lutheran Pastor at Coserow, during the early part of the Thirty Years' War) appeared at Berlin in 1843, "edited" by Doctor Meinhold. At that time a school of criticism, of which Dr. Strauss was the head, gave great offense to faithful and pious people, by an assumption of critical infallibility, so nice as to discriminate, even in the Gospels, between what is true and what the critics were pleased to say is false! Dr. Meinhold determined to play the infallibles a trick. He wrote the Amber Witch, and pretended it had been brought to him by his sexton, who had found it in a niche in the church, where it had lain for centuries among a heap of old hymn-books and parish accounts. Strauss and Company were fairly caught. They published an acute analysis of the fiction, and pronounced it to be a genuine chronicle of the seventeenth century. Dr. Meinhold having thus trapped his prey, confessed the deception, and extinguished the authority of the till then dreaded critics.

The Language of Young Ladies.—The Rev. A. Peabody, in an address which has been published, enlarges upon the use of the exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech used by young ladies—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid or horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands or myriads for any more than two. "Were I," says he, "to write down for one day the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvelous adventures and hairbreadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for a dozen common lives."

THE RE-CUTTING OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

THIS celebrated gem, of which the world of visitors saw so much in the Great Exhibition of last year, is now in progress of transformation, an operation which it is hoped and believed will develop its beauties to a greater extent than hitherto has been the case. Before proceeding to detail the process, of which we were witness on yesterday sennight, a brief outline of its history may be given. The Koh-i-noor was found in the mines of Golconda about the year 1550, and was presented by the Viceroy of the Deccan to the Great Mogul. The diamond subsequently became the property of Pandoor Rajah, Chief of all India, Cabul, and Cachmere, from whom it was taken by Timur, and subsequently from Mohammed Shah by Nadir Shah. On the assassination of Nadir Shah, it was seized, with his treasury, by his general, Ahmeed Shah, who took it to his native country, Affghanistan, of which he became Sovereign. His descendant, Shah Sooja, when obliged to fly his country, took it with him, and threw himself upon the protection of Runjeet Singh: the latter, taking advantage of this circumstance, by a little torture skillfully applied to the mind and body, induced its surrender into his own possession. On Runjeet's death, it was inherited by Dhuleep Singh. The recent war in Mooltan, and disturbances in the Punjaub, induced the British resident at Lahore to secure as a hostage the person of the boy-king Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and at the same time to seize the Koh-i-noor. Upon the defeat of the Sikhs it was yielded to the British Crown, by special clause in the treaty then concluded.

The Hon. W. C. Osborne, in his work, "The Court and Camp of Runjeet Singh," gives the following graphic description of the mode in which this famous diamond was worn by its equally famous possessor by right of conquest, Runjeet Singh:—"Cross-legged upon a golden chair, dressed in simple white, wearing no ornaments but a single string of enormous pearls round the waist, and the celebrated Koh-i-noor or Mountain of Light on his arm, (the jewel rivaled, if not surpassed, in brilliancy by the glance of fire which every now and then shot from his single eye, as it wandered restlessly round the circle,) sat the Lion of Lahore."

Upon the gem falling into the hands of its present possessors, enormous and exaggerated ideas of its value (under all circumstances a difficult matter to decide) were formed, and even in the Exhibition Catalogue the lustrous cynosure was set down as representing a (fictitious) value of two millions sterling. Professor Tennant, however, has, upon a careful calculation, arrived at the more moderate estimate of £276,768, as the market value, supposing it to be perfect in every respect. A minute examination, however, showed that the Koh-i-noor was not perfect, arising from the unskillful mode in which it had been dealt with, both in the original cutting and subsequent setting. To remedy these defects was desirable. How? was the question. Professor Tennant and the Rev. W. Mitchell were consulted, and, in an elaborate report, were favorable to the proposed re-cutting as a means of improvement, but threw out doubts as to its complete practicability, unaccompanied with danger to the integrity of the stone. Upon this report Messrs. Garrard, of Panton-street, Haymarket, the Crown jewelers, were instructed to obtain the opinion of practical diamond-cutters, and with this view those gentlemen consulted Mr. G. Coster, of Amsterdam; the trade of diamond-cutting having entirely left this country, and being at present chiefly confined to Holland. This practical lapidary, while not disputing possible danger from various causes, expressed his belief that, with the requisite care and skill of experienced artists, it might be avoided. These reports were duly considered, and eventually Messrs. Garrard were instructed to execute the work of re-cutting the diamond, and converting it from its present imperfect shape to that of an oval brilliant, with corresponding alterations of the two smaller diamonds, its accompanying pendants. Two skilled workmen were brought over from Holland, and a steam-engine was erected, to assist in the intended operation. An engine of from two to four horse power was erected under the direction of Mr. Joshua Field, of the firm of Maudslay, Sons, and Field, and yesterday sennight the apparatus was for the first time practically employed; on which occasion his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who had evinced great interest in the undertaking, honored Messrs. Garrard's factory with his presence, and inaugurated

the work by himself cutting the first *facet*, and thus commencing an operation which it is expected will occupy some months.

We will now endeavor to explain the *modus operandi*, which, from its novelty in this country, cannot fail to be interesting. In a copper vessel or cup, called the *dop*, is melted a quantity of solder—a mixture of tin and lead—which is allowed to cool until it attains a certain consistence, when by means of tongs the diamond is embedded in the metal until entirely covered with it, except the salient angle intended to be polished. The *scaife* is the next piece of machinery brought into operation. This consists of a wheel horizontally revolving in the center of the lapidaries' table, at a velocity of upward of two thousand revolutions per minute, upon which the exposed portion of the diamond is placed by means of forceps fixed to the table, and steadied by the pressure of heavy weights of lead. The rapidly revolving wheel or *scaife* is kept constantly supplied with diamond dust, the only known medium for cutting diamonds; and the intense heat generated by the friction, which if not guarded against would speedily melt the metal bed in which the stone is deposited, requires that the jewel should be frequently cooled in a pan of tepid water, which is kept at hand for that purpose. From the anxious care and cautious skill required in the performance of these operations may be inferred the length of time which the undertaking is likely to occupy—an operation, the parallel of which has not occurred in Europe for at least a century.—*Illustrated London News.*

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THIS delightful story-teller is the son of a Scotchman, established in New-York, and of an English lady. His feeble infancy and delicate youth were passed in the neighborhood and in the city itself, "which at that time," says an American, "was little like a metropolis, or even a city of Europe. You still found an ingenuous morality in this growing city, where all the pleasures of a progressing prosperity, all the enjoyments of an internal well-being, were combined with the pleasant liberty and easy pleasures of an almost country life. The advantageous situation of the port caused an affluence of dollars to the coffers of the merchant; for the inhabitants of other parts of the province had not yet come to colonize this fortunate spot, and to demand their share of its profits. The felders of the city saw the falling of the commercial manna, and busied themselves rather in enjoying the present, than in thinking of the future. They had not yet recognized the necessity of habituating their children to the discipline of labor and prudence. The cupidity engendered by gain, the close egotism of local concurrence, had not yet dried their hearts. You saw in these rapidly-enriched families, patriarchal manners: they believed in domestic happiness; they did not resign their children for ten hours a day to the mercenary care of the pedagogue; they feared the suffocating atmosphere of the school-room; they found time to bring them up themselves, and then sent them into the free air of the fields, and the neighborhood of New-York was admirably adapted to this sort of education. A few minutes' walk brought the city youth out into green fields—under fresh shadows—to the brink of fair streams, which, covered in the winter with thick ice, invited the skaters to rival the exploits of their Dutch ancestors. The city of New-York possessed the most picturesque site; Edinburgh alone, in Europe, could compare with it. Now, its rustic environs no longer exist. Brick houses replace the verdure; the mason has chased away the gardener; a railroad has destroyed even the fresh grots of Hoboken."

What Irving has of inmost and truest, comes from these almost Dutch souvenirs of his childhood.

He went no farther than the flowery isle of Manhattan, or the neighboring shores. His imagination was cradled in citizen and peaceful memories. Never had he dreamed of far forests; nor of the plumes that fall from the golden-robed flamingo, nor of the desert-flower, nor of the columns of wild rock which edge the Mississippi. What grace and nobleness he has, belonged to this primitive and simple sphere. His youth was passed in the midst of an active, commercial population; nor had he longed for living brooks which murmur through the heart of antique woods, nor for the deer that crosses them, nor for the colonist's lodge, nor for lakes with gleaming waves. He early saw himself surrounded with

small provincial rivalries; and his delicate observation, worthy of Teniers and of Wouvermans, was already in action.

"The city," says a cotemporary, "fifty years ago, exhibited the singular spectacle of various races, distinct in origin, character, physiognomy, struggling for a puerile preëminence. Time has done justice to those very little quarrels, and showed us their innocent absurdities in relief. All those shades are now confounded into one: but, in that day, the Dutch American stuck to his jargon as to a holy thing; his bitterness of a vanquished race, it is true, being much softened by his natural good temper. With the Dutch mingled the French Protestants, banished by the edict of Nantes, and tempered the Dutch phlegm with Gallic vivacity. Then came the gentry and cavaliers of old England, proud of their genealogy, and always citing their ancestors, who had come to the once Dutch colony, and transformed it into a British province, given by Charles II. to his brother, the Duke of York. You remarked, too, the New-Englander, the real American, distinguished by his intelligent activity, and already beginning with the Batavian that strife which has terminated in the nearly total disappearance of the patronymics of old burgomasters from the commercial streets. Finally, the last, the least numerous of this population, but, at the same time, the most important, by their acquired wealth, and mercantile influence —the Scotch—formed a clan, canny, calculating, enterprising,—and joining to their habits of knowledge and economy, hospitable manners, and a love of good eating."

The most lovable works of Irving are those in which the delicate observation of his youth is naïvely set forth. His satiric "History of New-York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,"—a parody on the Dutch minuteness and the microscopic importance claimed for themselves by the very little, —the "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," and the "Tales of a Traveler,"—works which will remain, and which, indeed, are refined continuations of the style of Addison,—constitute what one may call Irving's first manner. Criticism had accused him of feebleness. He wished to rise higher, and wrote the "History of Christopher Columbus," and that of his companions; that of the "Conquest of Granada;" and, at last, the "Alhambra." In this second manner, there is a little too high coloring and emphasis; but the research is conscientious, and the style brilliant.

Returned among his compatriots, who had made him their ambassador to Spain, he undertook a voyage throughout the United States.

The Falls of Niagara, the Lakes of Champlain and Erie, the banks of the Ohio, the majestic course of the Mississippi, formed the theater of his first excursions. Then, with a troop of mounted pioneers, he penetrated into the territories of the warlike Pawnees, explored the prairies and forests, chased the wild horse and the buffalo, slept in the open air by the campfire or in the Indian wigwam. This expedition inspired a charming book. The recent "Life of Mohammed and his Successors," is not a very clever production for so lovable and gracious a talent.—*Philarete Chasles.*

The Rapidity of Thought in Dreaming.—A very remarkable circumstance, on an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited, in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind at one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind; for, if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated; so that, while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie's dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

PHOTOGRAPHY—ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE.

THE importance of Photography, whether we consider it simply in its relation to art, or as an aid to those investigations which promise to advance our knowledge of those radiant forces which perform most important offices in regulating the physical constitution of organic matter, is so great, that we feel some historical notices of its progress cannot be otherwise than interesting to our readers.

The slow advancement of abstract truth is exemplified in a very remarkable manner in the department of science which is devoted to the consideration of the physical phenomena of the sunbeam. It is tolerably certain that in the sixteenth century the darkening of horn silver (*fused chlorid of silver*) was observed by the alchemists; but it was not until the eighteenth century that any examination of the phenomenon was made. Even then the influence of light on the crystallization of salts first attracted attention, and memoirs on this subject were published by Petit in 1722, by Chaptal in 1788, and by Dizé in 1789.

In 1777, Scheele, the celebrated chemist of Sweden, writes:—"Fix a glass prism at the window, and let the refracted sunbeams fall on the floor. In the colored light put a paper strewed with *luna cornua*, and you will observe that this horn silver grows sooner black in the violet ray than in any of the other rays." Senebier, in 1790, ascertained that this white salt of silver darkened in the violet ray in fifteen seconds to a shade which required the action of the red ray for twenty minutes. In 1801, Ritter, of Jena, demonstrated the existence of rays beyond the spectrum, having no illuminating power, but possessing active chemical properties. A similar set of researches were undertaken by Dr. Wollaston about the same time, which also proved the remarkable differences existing between the differently colored rays.

These researches led the way to the experiments of Wedgwood, the celebrated porcelain manufacturer of Etruria, in Staffordshire, which, beyond all dispute, must establish him as the first photographic artist. From the journal of the Royal Institution of 1803 we copy the title of Mr. Wedgwood's memoir, and a few of his remarks, with the notes of Sir Humphrey Davy:—

"An account of a Method of Copying Paintings upon Glass, and of making Profiles by the Agency of Light upon Nitrate of Silver; with Observations by Humphrey Davy." A solution of nitrate of silver spread on white paper or white leather was the photographic material employed; and he remarks:—"The alterations of colors take place more speedily in proportion as the light is more intense. In the direct rays of the sun, two or three minutes are sufficient to produce the full effect; in the shade several hours are required; and light transmitted through different colored glasses, acts upon it with different degrees of intensity. When the shadow of any figure is thrown upon the prepared surface, the part concealed by it remains white, and the other parts speedily become dark. For copying paintings on glass, the solution should be applied on leather; and in this case it is more readily acted on than when paper is used. After the color has been once fixed on leather or paper, it cannot be removed by the application of water, or water and soap, *and it is in a high degree permanent*. Besides the applications of this method of copying that have just been mentioned, there are many others; and it will be useful for making delineations of all such objects as are possessed of a texture partly opaque and partly transparent. The woody fibre of leaves, and the wings of insects, may be pretty accurately represented by means of it; and in this case it is only necessary to cause the direct solar light to pass through them, and to receive the shadows upon prepared leather." Sir Humphrey Davy adds, "*The images formed by means of a camera obscura* have been found to be too faint to produce in any moderate time an effect upon the nitrate of silver. *To copy these images was the first object of Mr. Wedgwood in his researches on this subject.* In following these processes I have found that the images of small objects produced by means of the solar microscope may be copied without difficulty on prepared paper. In comparing the effects produced by light upon muriate of silver with those produced upon nitrate, it seemed evident that the muriate was the most susceptible. Nothing but a method of preventing the unshaded parts of the delineation from being colored by exposure

to the day is wanting to render this process as useful as it is elegant."

No further investigation of the subject appears to have been made for many years. The failure on the part of Wedgwood and Davy was due entirely to the want of these chemical agents, which were afterward employed as the fixing materials. Hyposulphate of soda was not discovered by Sir John Herschel until 1819, when he at once detected and described the habitudes of the salts of silver in connection with hyposulphuric acid. Iodine was not known before 1812, when it was discovered by Courtois, a manufacturer of saltpetre at Paris; and bromine was a yet later discovery, by M. Balard, of Montpelier. Without these agents photography could not have advanced beyond the point at which Wedgwood and Davy left it.

In 1814 M. Niepce, of Chalons, on the Saône, turned his attention to the chemical agency of light, his object being "to fix the images of the camera obscura;" and he discovered the peculiar property of solar radiations in altering the solubility of several resinous substances. By spreading bitumen on a glass or metal plate, and placing this in the camera obscura, Niepce found that in five or six hours a *dormant image was impressed on the plate*, which was rendered evident by placing the prepared material in any solvent of the bitumen or resin employed. This development of a dormant image has been patented as though it were a new discovery of Mr. Fox Talbot, whereas it was known exactly twenty years before he commenced an experiment on the subject. Niepce resided at Kew in 1827; and still pursuing the subject, he produced many of these pictures, some of which are still in the possession of his friends in this country. They possess much of the air of daguerréotypes, but are necessarily imperfect as pictures when compared with the photographs which we are now producing. In 1824, Daguerre commenced his researches, employing, as Wedgwood had, the nitrate and chlorid of silver. In 1826, Niepce and Daguerre became acquainted, and they pursued their inquiries together; and in 1829, Niepce communicated his processes to Daguerre, from which communication we must make a few extracts of great importance in the history of photography:—

"The discovery which I have made, and to which I give the name of *Heliography*, consists in producing spontaneously, by the action of light, with gradations of tints from black to white, the images received by the camera obscura." He then describes his process, and says:—"The plate thus prepared may be immediately submitted to the action of the luminous fluid in the focus of the camera. But even after having been thus exposed a length of time sufficient for receiving the impression of external objects, nothing is apparent to show that these impressions exist. *The forms of the future picture remain still invisible. The next operation, then, is to disengage the shrouded imagery*, and this is accomplished by a solvent."

In 1829, *iodine* was first employed by Niepce and Daguerre to "black the resinous plates on which the heliographic pictures were obtained." Daguerre appears, however, to have noticed some peculiarity in the action of the light on silver plates, as Niepce, in a letter to him, speaks of "a decoction of thlapsi (shepherd's purse), fumes of phosphorus, and particularly of sulphur, as acting on silver in the same way as *iodine*, and that caloric produced the same effect by oxydizing the metal, for from *this cause proceeded in all these instances this extreme sensibility to light.*"

Niepce died in 1833; and in January, 1839, Daguerre's great discovery was announced, and specimens were shown to the *élite* of Paris. In July following, a bill passed the Chamber of Deputies securing to M. Daguerre a pension for life of 6,000 francs, and to M. Isidore Niepce, the son of the originator of Heliography, a pension of 4,000 francs, as the purchase price of the secret of the process of Daguerréotype—*for the glory of endowing the world of science and of art with one of the most surpassing discoveries that honor their native land.*" "This discovery France has adopted; from the first moment she has cherished a pride in liberally bestowing it—*a gift to the whole world.*" Such was the language of M. Arago, and we find M. Duchâtel saying, "*the invention does not admit of being secured by patent, for as soon as published all might avail themselves of its advantages.*" Notwithstanding these assertions, made no doubt with the utmost honesty, by these distinguished Frenchmen, we find M. Daguerre trafficking in the English patent

market; and on the 15th of July, 1839, Mr. Miles Berry patents for "*a certain foreigner residing in France*," this process which her Minister declares cannot be patented.

The Daguerréotype patent has nearly expired, and, from the circumstance that some points of legality remain undecided, it may already be regarded as having run its period.

On the 31st of January, 1839, Mr. Fox Talbot published "Some account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing;" and on the 21st of February, 1839, he gave the mode of preparing the paper employed. This included a mode of covering paper with chlorid of silver, which he rendered, by repeated washings, sufficiently sensitive for the camera obscura. There we have the same agent used as Davy recommended to Wedgwood, and employed himself, there being scarcely any difference in the manipulation recommended. Mr. Talbot advised the fixing of these pictures by a solution of common salt; but this was of the most imperfect kind — the pictures turning blue in the white parts after the slightest exposure.

The next publication in order of date, of any novelty, was that of Sir John Herschel to the Royal Society, 14th of March, 1839, which was followed by his admirable memoir on the "Chemical Action of the Rays of the Solar Spectrum," &c., read 20th February, 1840. In the first of these, Sir John Herschel recommends the use of the *hyposulphate of soda* as a fixing agent; and, in the second, he advises its being used *hot* for iodid of silver, as being less soluble in it than the chlorid. Sir John Herschel also introduced the use of the hydriodate of potash for the purpose of converting the dark oxyd into iodid of silver; and what is still more to the purpose, published the peculiarities of "*iodized paper*." We quote his words:— "The preparation of this paper (with hydriodate of potash and nitrate of silver) is very variable in its results, according to the strength of the solutions used. If strong solutions of the hydriodate be used, it is nearly or quite insensible; if weak, the reverse."

At the meeting of the British Association at Plymouth, in July, 1841, Mr. Robert Hunt made a communication "On the influence of the Ferrocyanate of Potash on the Iodid of Silver, producing a highly sensitive photographic preparation," in which he gave particular directions for the preparation of *iodized paper*, as follows:— "Highly glazed letter-paper is washed over with a solution of one drachm of nitrate of silver to an ounce of distilled water; it is quickly dried, and a second time washed with the same solution. It is then, when dry, placed for a minute in a solution of two drachms of the hydriodate of potash in six ounces of water, placed on a smooth board, gently washed, by allowing some water to flow over it, and dried in the dark, at common temperatures."

Iodized paper was also employed by Mr. Ryan, Lassaigne, and others, from which it appears quite certain that any dealer in photographic materials may make and sell any of the iodized papers prepared as published by Sir John Herschel, Mr. R. Hunt, or others, previously to the date of the Calotype patent.

In Sir John Herschel's paper, already referred to, we find particular mention of the use of *gallic acid* as an exciting agent; but this able experimentalist says that he failed "*of any marked success in this line, with the somewhat problematical exception of gallic acid and its compounds.*"

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Rewards and Punishments of Opinions. —The only rational aim of rewards and punishments is to encourage and repress those actions or events to which they are applied. When they have no tendency to produce these effects, it is evidently absurd to apply them; since it is an employment of means which have no connection with the end to be produced. In this predicament is the application of rewards and punishments to the state of the understanding, or, in other words, to opinions. The allurements and the menaces of power are alike incapable of establishing opinions in the mind, or eradicating those which are already there. They may draw hypocritical professions from avarice and ambition, or extort verbal renunciations from fear and feebleness; but this is all they can accomplish. *The way to alter belief is not to address motives to the will, but arguments to the intellect.* To do otherwise, to apply rewards and punishments to opinions, is as absurd as to raise men to the peerage for their ruddy complexions, to whip them for the gout, and hang them for the scrofula.

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

THE walls of the Lapidarian Gallery at Rome, (as noticed in a former article,) being covered with inscriptions belonging to professors of the rival religions, we may trace a contrast between the Pagan, and that of Christian society, in the ancient metropolis. The funeral lamentation expressed in neatly engraved hexameters, the tersely worded sentiments of stoicism, and the proud titles of Roman citizenship, attest the security and resources of the old religion. Farther on, the whole heaven of Paganism is glorified by innumerable altars, where the epithets, Unconquered, Greatest, and Best, are lavished upon the worthless shadows that peopled Olympus. Here and there are traces of complicated political orders; tablets containing the names of individuals composing a legion or cohort; legal documents relating to property, and whatever belongs to a state, such as the Roman empire in its best times is known to have been. The first glance at the opposite wall is enough to show that, as St. Paul himself expressed it, "not many mighty, not many noble," were numbered among those whose epitaphs are there displayed; some few indeed are scarcely to be distinguished from those of the Pagans opposite, but the greater part betray by their execution haste and ignorance. An incoherent sentence, or a straggling misspelt scrawl, inscribed upon a rough slab destined to close a niche in caverns where daylight could never penetrate, tells of a persecuted, or at least, oppressed community. There is also a simplicity in many of these slight records not without its charm; as in the annexed:—

"BIRGINIVS PARVM STETIT AP. N."

(Virginius remained but a short time with us.)

The slabs of stone used for closing Christian graves average from one to three feet in length. In this they differ remarkably from the sepulchral tablets of the Pagans, who, being accustomed to burn their dead, required a much smaller covering for the cinerary urn. The letters on Christian monuments are from half-an-inch to four inches in height, and colored in the incision with a pigment resembling Venetian red. Whether this pigment originally belonged to all the letters, is uncertain: many are now found without it. * * * The orthography of these epitaphs is generally faulty, the letters irregular, and the sense not always obvious.

* * * Another difference between the inscriptions belonging to the Pagans and Christians of the early centuries, is too remarkable to be passed by unnoticed. While the heathen name consisted of several essential parts, all of which were necessary to distinguish its owner, the Christians in general confined themselves to that which they had received in baptism. Thus the names of Felix, Sevas, Philemon, and Agape, are found on tombs, unaccompanied by any of the other designations which belong to those individuals as members of a Roman family. Occasionally we meet with two, and perhaps even three names on their monuments, as Aurelia Agapetilla Largia Agape; but these are not common. The first believers, when not forced by the multiplicity of persons christened alike, to add a further distinction, appear to have regarded their Christian name as the only one worthy of preservation on their sepulchers.

The merely classical student will not find much to repay his perusal of these simple records; but they serve a higher purpose than he has in view, inasmuch as they express the feelings of a body of Christians, whose leaders alone are known to us in history. The Fathers of the Church live in their voluminous works: the lower orders are only represented by these simple records, from which, with scarcely an exception, sorrow and complaint are banished; the boast of suffering, or an appeal to the revengeful passions, is nowhere to be found. One expresses faith, another hope, a third charity.

The genius of primitive Christianity, "to believe, to love, and to suffer," has never been better illustrated. These "sermons in stones," are addressed to the heart, and not to the head—to the feelings rather than to the taste; and possess additional value from being the work of the purest and most influential portion of the "Catholic and Apostolic Church" then in existence.

The student of Christian archæology must never lose sight of the distinction between the actual relics of a persecuted Church, and the subsequent labors of a superstitious age. When Christianity, on the cessation of its troubles, emerged from

these recesses, and walked boldly on the soil beneath which it had been glad to seek concealment, the humble cradle of its infancy became a principal object of veneration, almost of worship. To decorate the chapels, adorn by monuments the labyrinth of sepulchers, and pay an excessive regard to all that belonged to martyrs and martyrdom, was the constant labor of succeeding centuries. Hence arises a chronological confusion, which calls for caution in deciding upon the value of any inference that may be drawn from these sources, respecting points of doctrine. Yet it may not be amiss to premise generally, that, in the inscriptions contained in the Lapidarian Gallery, selected and managed under Papal superintendence, there are no prayers for the dead, (unless the forms, "may you live," "may God refresh you," be so construed,) no addresses to the Virgin Mary, nor to the Apostles or earlier saints; and with the exception of "eternal sleep," "eternal home," &c., no expressions contrary to the plain sense of Scripture. And, if the bones of the martyrs were more honored, and the privilege of being interred near them more valued, than the simplicity of our religion would warrant; there is in this outbreak of enthusiastic feeling toward the heroic defenders of the faith, no precedent for the adoration paid to them by a corrupt age.

Perhaps it may safely be asserted, that the ancient Church appears in the Lapidarian Gallery, in a somewhat more favorable light, than in the writings of the Fathers and historians. It may be that the sepulchral tablet is more congenial to the display of pious feeling than the controversial epistle, or even the much-needed episcopal rebuke. Besides the gentle and amiable spirit everywhere breathed, the distinctive character of these remains is essentially *Christian*; the name of Christ is repeated in an endless variety of forms, and the actions of his life are figured in every degree of rudeness of execution. The second Person of the Trinity is neither viewed in the Jewish light of a temporal Messiah, nor degraded to the Socinian estimate of a mere example, but is invested with all the honors of a Redeemer. On this subject there is no reserve, no heathenish suppression of the distinguishing feature of our religion.

On stones innumerable appears the Good Shepherd, bearing on his shoulders the recovered sheep, by which many an illiterate believer expressed his sense of personal salvation. One, according to his epitaph, "sleeps in Christ;" another is buried with a prayer that "she may live in the Lord Jesus." But, most of all, the cross, in its simplest form, is employed to testify the faith of the deceased; and, whatever ignorance may have prevailed regarding the letter of Holy Writ, or the more mysterious doctrines contained in it, there seems to have been no want of apprehension of that sacrifice whereby alone we obtain remission of our sins, and are made partakers of the kingdom of heaven.

We have already alluded to the "hope beyond the grave," expressed in many of the inscriptions by the use of the word *cemetery*, or *sleeping-place*, or some of its derivations. In one, we read the simple epitaph—

"VICTORINA DORMIT,"

(Victorina sleeps.)

In another—

"Zoticus, laid here to sleep;"

and, in a third—

"Gemella sleeps in peace;"

but there is one peculiarly affecting, for many reasons which will suggest themselves to the reader. It is as follows:—

"PEACE.

"This grief will always weigh upon me: may it be granted me to behold in sleep your revered countenance. My wife Albana, always chaste and modest, I grieve, deprived of your support, for our Divine Author gave you to me as a sacred (boon.) You, well-deserving one, having left your (relations,) lie in peace—in sleep—you will arise—a temporary rest is granted you. She lived forty-five years, five months, and thirteen days: buried in peace. Placus, her husband, made this."

Nor was the hope of the Christians confined to their own bosoms. They published it abroad to all the world, in a manner which, while it provoked the scorn and malice of many, proved also a powerful inducement to others to join their community. The dismal annihilation of the soul taught by the Pagans, or the uncertain Elysium which, though received by the uneducated, was looked upon as mere matter of superstition by the learned, had in it something so utterly unsuited to the

wants and longings of mankind, that the spectacle of a Christian, thoroughly assured of a future state, so blessed and so certain as to have power to draw him irresistibly toward it, through the extremest tortures, must have awakened in the heart of many a wishing, doubting Pagan, a feeling in favor of Christianity not easily suppressed.

It is singularly remarkable how few are the epitaphs actually inscribed on the grave of a martyr, specifying him to be such. Those who suffered were doubtless sustained by the purest motives; they were noted for their modesty and humility, and, whatever of earthly renown attaches to them, arose from the mistaken zeal of the Church in the *fifth* century, when the necessity for having some relic of a martyr as a palladium to a Church was generally felt. It is to be lamented that the strong reproof of Cyprian was not received with better effect, when he exclaimed, "It is not martyrs that make the gospel, but the gospel that makes martyrs." Bearing in mind, then, how contrary to the principles and practice of the early Christians is the martyr-worship of the modern Church of Rome, the following inscriptions will be read with interest:—

"Primitius in peace: a most valiant martyr after many torments. Aged thirty-eight. His wife raised this to her dearest well-deserving husband."

"In Christ. In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with his blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears, and in fear. On the sixth ides of December."

The concluding sentence shows this monument to have been erected during a time of actual persecution.

By the following inscription, it will be seen that the practice of the early Christian priests, with respect to marriage, did not agree with the discipline of the modern Church of Rome:—

"Petronia, a priest's wife, the type of modesty. In this place I lay my bones: spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace on the third nones of October, in the consulate of Festus," (*i. e.* in 472.)

It may also be stated, that those dangerous innovations of the Church of Rome, the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope, and the worship of the Virgin, meet with no sanction from the Church in the Catacombs. The doctrine of the primitive Church respecting the departed souls of believers may also be gathered from the inscriptions; they are not said to be in heaven, nor in purgatory, but in a state of refreshing by means of God's presence. The expression, "May God refresh thee," occurs several times, thus:—

"Bolosa, may God refresh thee. She lived thirty-one years. She departed on the thirteenth kalends of October."

"Amerimnus to Rufina, my dearest wife, the well-deserving. May God refresh thy spirit."

"Nicephorus, a sweet soul, in the place of refreshment."

The expression in the next example, "borne away by angels," applied by our Lord to Lazarus, can scarcely be supposed to imply a conveyance to expiatory flames:—

"Laurentius to his sweetest son Severus, borne away by angels on the seventh ides of January," &c.

There are many symbols employed in the Catacombs, some of which are supposed to represent instruments of torture, indicating that the deceased had died a martyr; but the greater number of these symbols refer to the profession of Christianity, its doctrines, and its graces. Another class, of a purely secular description, only indicate the trade of the deceased, and the remainder represent proper names. The cross, as an emblem of our faith, is constantly used. How soon it began to be used as a symbol of Christianity, it is difficult to say; the gradual change to a crucifix, is much more easily traced; but, in undergoing this change, the original intention of the symbol is entirely lost; from being a token of joy, an object worthy of being crowned with flowers, a sign in which to conquer, it became a thing of tears and agony,—a stock subject with the artist, anxious to display his power of representing anguish.

We cannot follow further in these interesting and valuable researches. We must, however, pause to select a few inscriptions, which appeal touchingly to the sympathies of humanity, and belong to all places and all time. Let not the reader smile if in the following inscriptions

he recognizes the superlatives of the modern tombstone. The strongest language is weak and poor for the utterance of affection.

"To Adsurtor, our son, dear, sweet, most innocent, and incomparable, who lived seventeen years, six months, and eight days. His father and mother set up this."

"To the holy soul, Innocens, who lived three years, more or less." (*Plus Minus.*)

"To Claudius, the well-deserving and affectionate, who loved me. He lived twenty-five years, more or less. In peace."

"Cecilius, the husband, to Cecilia Placidina, my wife, of excellent memory, with whom I lived well ten years, without any quarrel. In Christ."

"Sweet Faustina, may you live in God."

The principal events which affected the Church of the third and fourth centuries, are, as might be expected, scarcely noticed in the Christian cemeteries. If the persecutions have been left unmentioned by the survivors of martyrs, so also has the most striking incident of secular history, the sudden and universal establishment of Christianity over the Roman world. No record of this circumstance can be found in the Catacombs, where the Church appears as little elated by triumph, as before depressed by adversity. The increased number of epitaphs, after the conversion of Constantine, indicates a sudden spread of Christianity in the metropolis, although the worship of the gods lingered in the *pagi*, or smaller villages; hence is generally derived the term Paganism. Every means, short of actual persecution, was adopted to erase the ancient superstition; and, as the character of the augurs had sunk extremely low, they were summarily abolished by law. Divination was made a capital crime; and the use of lights, frankincense, and garlands in worship, was forbidden. The civil privileges of heathen priests were abolished, and corresponding immunities conferred upon the regular clergy. But the religion of the Cross, in its first plentitude of worldly power, did not forget its heavenly character; the manumission of slaves, as an act of mercy, was the only business permitted on Sundays; and the crime of cursing the Emperor was treated with magnanimous indifference. "If the curse be uttered in ty," decreed Theodosius, "it is to be ed; if in madness, to be pitied; if given."

THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

SOME people seem to think that they pay too much for everything, and that it is a positive duty to employ those who will work the *cheapest;* they are never satisfied with anything that is not a bargain, and although the money saved is very often of but little importance to them, they rejoice in these little acts of parsimony as commendable domestic economy, disregarding the privations of those whom they compel to labor for reduced wages.

Mrs. Willoughby was a person of this description; she lived sumptuously; her daughters dressed elegantly; we will not call them extravagant, because people who have plenty of money are not obliged to give an account of their expenses to their neighbors. They were, however, discussing the very subject themselves, when a servant entered and presented a seamstress's bill. The nicely-folded paper attracted the attention of the family, and, having glanced at the amount, Mrs. Willoughby exclaimed,

"Dear me, how high!"

They then proceeded to examine the contents of the bundle which accompanied the bill.

"The work is done beautifully," said Henrietta, "how delicately it is hemstitched; it is done so much better than I can make it look, that I will never attempt anything of the sort again."

"But you forget," said Mrs. Willoughby, "that it costs a large sum to pay for all the sewing of a large family, even if it were done at the cheapest rate."

"I wonder," said Sophia, a tall, graceful girl of sixteen, to the little waiting seamstress in the entry, "I wonder what you would charge to make papa ten shirts? I have engaged to have them done by the first of May, and it is a long job, and so vexatious, I wish I could transfer them to you to finish."

The child was sent home to inquire of her mother what she would charge to make ten linen shirts, with hemstitch fronts and with nicely-stitched wristbands? It was not long before she returned, and in her artless way replied,

"Mother said she would charge two-and-sixpence; but if the young ladies would not give that, she would say two shillings a-piece, rather than lose the job."

Amused with the simplicity of the poor child, Sophia pretended that two shillings was all that she expected to give; she had hoped to get them done for eighteenpence. Thus, that which ought to have excited sympathy was immediately seized upon as the means of a bargain; and as, like most bargain-hunters, she did not scruple at equivocation, the little child was told that Mrs. Simpson got work done much cheaper; forgetting to mention that Mrs. S.'s shirts were cotton, and that very common work was put in them. After some hesitation, the bundle was brought down and dispatched to the seamstress, Sophia saying, as the pale child of the needlewoman left the room:

"Now my poor head and eyes will be relieved."

And through the busy noisy street the child passed on to a humble court in the south of London, where in one small room her widowed mother and two young children grappled with the hard fate of poverty. They had seen "better days," and in their poor dwelling there were still some trifling articles that told of better fortune in the days gone by.

"Do you think, mother," said little Ellen, as she brought in the work, "the young lady really *thought* she ought to get the shirts made for eighteenpence a piece? She *said* she did; but, mother, she did not know how hard it is to keep on sewing every day, and all day long, and sometimes through the night, or else she never would have said so."

The mother brushed a tear away, saying, "No, child, she never *sewed for a living*."

"And, mother, she told her sister she was so glad to get rid of the tiring work, and she said her father would never know but every stitch was done by her, and that she should clear eighteenpence a piece by them. What could she mean?"

The widowed mother had heard before of such deception, but she refrained from telling her child that the young lady was to receive three-and-sixpence for each shirt. She felt that her business was to complete the work as soon as possible, and at once commenced cutting out and getting the plainer parts ready for Ellen to hem. But it was weary work—stitch, stitch, stitch; her eyes were weak from continual use, and when the long job was patiently accomplished, who could tell the aches and pains by which it was attended, and how wearily the aching head lay down?

Long before the promised time, Ellen carried home the shirts. Miss Sophia severely scrutinized them, examining the bosoms, looking at the gathers, next at the stitching, finally tossing them in a heap, saying,

"Tell your mother they are worth no more than eighteenpence each, and I will pay you that if she will receipt the bill."

The child returned with a heavy heart to tell the sad news. The seamstress wept, and her tears fell faster as she looked at a small picture of her husband which hung upon the wall. "If *he* were but alive," she said, "I should have some protector from wrong usage. Fifteen shillings for ten shirts! Here, Ellen dear, bring me back just what Miss Willoughby pleases to give; but say, mother has toiled very hard, early and late, upon them."

Ellen did so, and Sophia paid her the amount, adding, "This is a great deal of money for poor people to spend—it will buy you a number of calico dresses."

"But mother's rent is due," said the child.

"Pshaw, rent is nothing; make your landlord trust you." And so saying she left the room.

The seamstress never closed her eyes that night. Think you no unseen eye kept watch? Think you the oppressed will never be vindicated—that the poor and the needy have no helper? There is a husband for the widow, and a father for the fatherless. * * * * * *

Some days had passed, but the "bargain" had not been forgotten; and when one morning Miss Charlotte Wickham called in to gossip about fashionable friends, and the scenes of gaiety and pleasure which constituted their "world," the shirts were exhibited by Sophia, and the story of their cheapness told. "And where did you get this beautiful fan?" asked Charlotte, "it is really elegant;" and she lifted from the table a fan of very beautiful workmanship.

"I saved it," replied Sophia, "from money father gave me to make these shirts. I put them out at half-price; only think of that; was it not a bargain? and he never knows it to this day."

Poor girl! your fan should be used as a screen to hide the hard spot in your heart.

PROSPERITY NEVER LONG FOLLOWS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF OPPRESSION.

SCOTLAND IN "AULD LANG SYNE"—WILL AND THE WITCHES.

"The open field—a cottage in a glen,
An auld wi' a spinnin' at the sunny en':
At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,
Wi' fauldet arms an' half-raised looks, ye see
Bauldy his lane."
The Gentle Shepherd, Act ii, Scene 2.

THE history of every country, and of every age, demonstrates that a belief in supernatural agency is deeply implanted in the human mind. Even in the present comparatively enlightened days, many of the grosser kinds of delusion and superstition are not entirely exploded, but are still to be found, here and there, lingering in remote parts of the country. Step into a farm-steading, for instance, in almost any rural parish in Scotland, and, ten to one, you find a horse-shoe nailed upon the back of the stable-door; or a slip of rowan-tree (mountain-ash), with a bit of red thread twisted round it; or it may be a bottle of the famous Lee-water, snugly placed above the door-head of the cow-house, (byre.) If you ask the honest farmer for what purpose these things are placed there, he will shake his head gravely, and tell you "he canna say; it's maybe a fract, but they can do nae ill, an' they hae been ken'd to do guid:" but more than this you will not get out of him. Very different, however, was it at the commencement of the present century, and indeed for some time after it. Then every parish had its "wise women," (for few liked to pronounce the dreaded name of witch;) every village had its "ghost" and "apparition" story; and almost every man and woman had either seen some "strange sight," or heard some "unaccountable sound," in their time.

About the period mentioned, perhaps there was no place in the whole kingdom so much pestered with "witches" as the mining village of which we are about to speak. The population of the whole did not amount to more than five hundred, or thereby, great and small; and yet, among this limited number, there were no fewer than seven or eight reputed witches.

It will very naturally be thought that in a place where Satan had such a vast number of emissaries, the inhabitants must have had a very miserable time of it; yet it was otherwise; for, beyond being kept in daily, or rather hourly, fear of "skaith," no one met with any serious calamity, traceable directly or indirectly to the influence of the witches. True, seldom a month passed but somebody or other got themselves well frightened; one (so it went) was surrounded with cats (the witches' invariable accompaniment) as he went to his work; another saw a great many hares (their favorite guise) limping about; a third saw a number of old women skipping about, and gathering dew of a summer morning,—then he remarked, coincidently, that the cattle which fed on that field gave no milk; a fourth heard a strange "whirring" sound in the air, which was, doubtless, the "canny neighbors" on some aerial journey—and so on. But no one had ever come into contact with them in their bodily shape during their midnight excursions, save a man of the name of William Black, alias "Rich Will." As the testimony of this man was held to be quite conclusive as to the existence of witches, it may be well to give a sketch of the personal character of Will himself, one of the most unique, antique, queer beings of *our* "auld lang syne."

In person, Will was a strong, hard-grown, gaunt-looking "carle," somewhat bent forward with age. In his disposition, he was a genuine Scotchman to the backbone—that is to say, a Scotchman of the old school; and, as such, would have been a perfect treasure to Sir Walter Scott. To him there was no country in Christendom like Scotland, and no men on the face of the earth equal to Scotchmen of former generations. As for those of his own time, he held them for the most part to be base, degenerate slaves, and followers of the hated English in everything, and quite unworthy of their gallant forefathers. Although he could read only imperfectly, he had, somehow or other, picked up a wonderful knowledge of Scottish history, and knew all about the Black Douglas and the Red Douglas, from the days of the "dark gray man" downward; and talked as familiarly of the Hamiltons, the Hays, the Livingstones, and the Setons of former days, as if he had lived among them. But his hero of heroes was Sir William Wallace; to him all your "Graysteeles," "Bell-the-cats," and he of "Otterburn," were mere children. He had a copy of the poem of "Wallace," by Blind Harry, which he kept along with the family Bible, in a green baize bag, which no one was allowed to touch on any account, and both of which he held to be alike

sacred. If any one were thoughtless enough to seek to contradict a single statement of Blind Harry's narrative, the fire flashed from his keen gray eye, he knocked up the front of his broad blue bonnet with the back of his hand, and wo to the poor wight if he did not instantly retract or retire.

He was born on the estate of Callander, and was a devoted adherent of the house of Livingstone, which he looked upon to be little inferior, if inferior at all, to the house of Douglas. In his youth he was a violent Jacobite; and, although but then a mere boy, he was one of the very few retrievers of the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock who made their appearance at Callander House on the morning on which that nobleman set off to join the standard of "bonnie Prince Charlie." As matters stood, his services could not be accepted; but his fidelity was not overlooked, for Lady Kilmarnock (the celebrated Lady Anne Livingstone) with her own hand placed the "favor" of Prince Charles Edward on his bonnet—a relic he never parted with but with life itself, or ever spoke about without emotion. The fatal field of Culloden, and the sanguinary measures which followed it, broke the spirit and crushed the hopes of the adherents of the house of Stuart; so, in course of time, Will, like many of his betters, transferred his allegiance from that ancient and unfortunate family to the house of Hanover, and, in his own way, the ranks of Toryism could never boast a more pure or disinterested member. He held it as a thing not to be disputed, that the nature of man was retrograde, not progressive; consequently every generation appeared to him shorter-lived, weaker of body, and more infirm of mind, than its predecessor; therefore, with him the "wisdom of our ancestors" was all and in all.

For innovation or change of any kind, King George III. had not himself a greater hatred; this he carried even to the very cut of his clothes, which he would on no account allow to be altered so as to comply with the fashion of the day in the remotest degree. Nor was this all: when age had impaired his eyesight, somebody advised him to use spectacles. "Na, na," quoth Will, "nane o' yer new-fangled whig-maleeries for me; I read in my Bible, 'that God made man upright, but he soon sought out many inventions.' My faither afore me never used them, nor his faither afore him; sae ne'er sall the spectacles gang across my nose."

It happened that one of his children (his favorite child) fell into a lingering illness—a thing common enough, certainly, among children and young folks. This, however, in course of time, was imputed to the influence of an "evil e'e," and was perhaps the more readily believed in that Will, in his hasty, out-spoken way, had sometime before given offense to a near neighbor whom no one thought it safe to trifle with. Then, again, all this was more than confirmed by the testimony of one of those scourges of the credulous, the ignorant, and the superstitious—a female oracle; who, by virtue of being the "seventh daughter," as she affirmed, could not only cure all manner of diseases, but could foretell future events, and knew about everything in the world—past, present, and to come.

This worthless impostor was well qualified, both by nature and art, for the character she assumed: tall and commanding in person, with a set of features not unpleasant though rather masculine, and on which dissipation had set its unmistakable stamp. She generally contrived, however, on "consulting days," to appear sober, clean, and gaudily dressed. Round her waist she wore a broad sky-blue belt, or girdle, on which were stamped in gold-leaf, the figures of stars, lions, bears, scorpions, &c., and from one side of which were suspended bags and boxes, containing powders, pills, ointments, &c., and on the other side were stuck a number of little phials filled with various-colored liquids. Over all she threw a black satin mantle of ample dimensions, in the management of which, in showing off her person, (for which she had no little vanity, as well as impudence,) or the splendid girdle which she wore, she possessed no little skill.

In her peregrinations, for she seldom stopped any great length of time in one place, she was attended by two servants—a man and a woman—who, by one means or another, generally contrived to worm out of the deluded fools who went to consult their mistress, what the subject of their grievances or curiosity was, as the case might be. The sums drawn by this artful impostor must have been considerable: for it was not only the poor and illiterate

who flocked to her for cures, or to learn what should befall them—but the more wealthy, and those whose education ought to have placed them above such delusions; all of whom she agreeably deceived less or more, and made every one of them pay according to their circumstances.

Will Black so far justified his soubriquet of "Rich Will," by having saved a few pounds of his hard-won earnings. Firmly believing in (at least) the probability of individuals being possessed of the "second sight," it naturally occurred to him to apply to the "wise woman" on behalf of his child. On his admittance, she named him at once; mentioned where he came from; hinted at some parts of his early history; and told him that, touching the health of his child, she thought she could do something for him; but it was a bad case, and would take both time and money to effect a cure, as the disease was brought on by the malignity of one of his neighbors, over whom she confessed she had no power; that the said neighbor had an image of the child made of tallow, which she now and then placed near a fire; and, as the image melted slowly, the child fell off in the same proportion. To counteract this charm, she gave him a small bottle, out of which he was to give the child a few drops every evening, and call back in a day or two, by which time she should have something more potent prepared—warning him at the same time to take care of himself, for, by applying to her, he had incurred the wrath of others of his neighbors.

The drops were duly administered, and so were other things of a more costly description; but all without any visible effect. Then she made a visit to the child in person, for which she took care to make an extra charge, and at last became so extortionate, that a few visits more would have left the poor man without a shilling; but in this she overshot the mark. Superstitious as Will certainly was, he had a good deal of shrewdness about him; and he had for some time entertained a suspicion that he had been imposed upon. With him, suspicion was nearly equivalent to certainty,—so that his first act was to kick the "seventh daughter" to the door—belt, bottles, and all; his second, now that he had taken the matter into his own hand, was to snatch up a gullie-knife, and rush in on the supposed witch, with the design of "cutting her abune the breath,"—a purpose he was only prevented by main force from accomplishing. Foiled in this, and after a good deal of altercation, he agreed to a compromise, namely, that she should go to his house, and pronounce a benison of his own preparing over the child, which the poor terrified creature at once consented to do. He then laid the child across her knees, and made her place her right hand on its head, and her left under its feet, and made her pray that God would soon restore to health and strength, and thereafter prosper and thrive, all that was between her hands; that if any one attempted to injure it, directly or indirectly, in thought, word, or deed, they might never rest in time nor eternity. He then made her swear, on the family Bible, that she would never do harm to him or his, in any manner of way. All this having been done, he then addressed her as follows: "Noo, Annie, happen what may, I'll haud you sakeless, but that is mair than I'll say o' yer kimmers. Ye may tell them frae me, that, gif me, or ocht belangin' to me, comes to skaith frae them or their cantrips, I'll score ilka ane o' them abune the breath, an', if that winna do, I'll roast every soul o' them alive, if I sud string for't; sae tell them that." Strangely enough, in a short time after the child actually got better.

In less than twelve months after this took place, Will was returning from a neighboring town late on a Saturday evening, when, somewhere on the road, he heard a "soughing" noise in the air, as if a flock of wild-geese had been flying over him, which ceased all at once, and he was on the instant surrounded by seven or eight old women, every one of whom he knew. They spoke not a word to him, nor he to them; but every one of them, one after another, after making a circuit round him, came up and peered earnestly in his face,—one with a scowl of malice in her countenance, others with a grin of wicked mischief in their looks; then, all joining hands, they commenced a sort of hobbling dance around him, uttering all the while an unearthly, squeaking gibberish, in a kind of chant; but one word of what was said, or rather sung, he knew not. Will, it may be well supposed, did not greatly relish a concert and dance of this kind, so he tried to break through

the ring, and move on; but found himself "resisted" (spellbound) to the spot. He was not the man, however, to give in without a struggle, so he aimed a blow with his "kent" at the leader of the band; but his stick met with no resistance. Defeated in this, he let fly at another, and another; but still with no better success. He now became almost frantic, and laid about him manfully, pell-mell; but he might as well have been striking at his own shadow all the time.

Exhausted at length with beating the air, and gasping for breath, he stood stock-still, and heard his exertions rewarded with a horrid guffaw—a laugh, to use his own words, "that amaist dried up the very marrow o' his banes." This "eldrich" shout was followed by another equally horrifying, and a cry of "The stang! the stang!" and in a moment his staff was snatched out of his hand, and thrust between his legs,—one seizing on it before, and another behind, while the others supported him on each side; then up they mounted with him, cleaving the air at a fearful rate, until they came unto the "Earl's Hawthorn," in Callander Park, and there they set him down, and told him to take a farewell look of his beloved Callander House, for it was the last sight he should ever have of it. Then, mounting him again, away they went, until they came to the little island of Craigannet, in the Frith of Forth, at that time occupied as a fishing station by the New-Haven fishermen. Here they placed the object of their resentment on the point of a rock, and pelted him with mud, sea-weed, &c. Tired of this amusement, one was dispatched to "elf shoot," a cow in the parish of Airth, and another to scuttle a boat in the harbor of Kincardine; while the remainder amused themselves with raveling and entangling the nets, swamping the boats, and so forth. Having at length accomplished their various purposes, they once more mounted their prisoner on the stang, and away they went whizzing through the air with him, until they came to an old coal-pit on a barren moor, and there they set him down.

A consultation was now held as to what should next be done with him; and one or two seemed, by their gestures, to be inclined to pitch him down the pit at once; but this was overruled by the others. At last, it was resolved to place him at the mercy of his friend Annie, under the condition, as it would appear, to do him no serious bodily skaith. The permission was no sooner given, than she attacked him with all the rancor of impotent fury. She mounted him on the stang, and made him fly over and over. She grinned in his face, and then spat in it. She pinched his arms until they were black and blue, and bored his ears with her withered, skinny fingers, poked at his eyes, and mumbled at his throat with her hideous yellow teeth, while all the while her sisterhood kept up a wild unearthly screeching.

When his tormentor had somewhat exhausted her strength and her enmity, the queen or leader stepped forth, and placing poor Will on his feet, admonished him to keep a better tongue in his head for the time to come, for, if ever he gave occasion to them to "ride the stang" on him again, he would have a very different story to tell; that he was at liberty to tell, if he had a mind, everything that had taken place on that night, but he was on no account to mention names, or he should soon have cause to rue it. Then, joining hand in hand, they struck up a chant, and capering three times round him, each, as she came in front at the last round, pressed her fingers to her thin lips, as if to impress the latter portion of the admonition, and then the whole band mounted into the air and vanished. * * * Will had taken a "little too much," and saw this vision in a dream.

When Will recovered his senses a little, he thought he knew something about the place where he was, and, on further recollection, found, to his great joy, that he was within less than a quarter of a mile of his own house, (in a park of sheep, among which were also a donkey and a goat,) to which he made the best of his way. When he entered his own door he was deadly pale, and staring wildly, while the perspiration stood on his face and forehead like dew-drops. Before he reached the middle of the floor he fell down in a convulsive fit,—during which he struggled, writhed, and twisted his body to and fro, as if he wished to edge himself from under some prodigious weight that was pressing upon him; nor was it until after several days had passed that he was restored to anything like ordinary composure.

Whatever others might think of Will's narrative, he himself was a firm believer in every syllable of it, nor did he seem in any way adverse to speak about it, provided the subject was introduced with a becoming air of solemnity; but, to the day of his death, no one ever heard him mention the names of any of the parties concerned in the transaction. When in ordinary discourse he had occasion to allude to any of them, he designated the individual, "her east the gate," "her wast the gate," "her up the way," or "her foryont," as the case might be, giving a significant wink and nod with his head, and turning the point of his thumb in the direction at the same time. As for Nancy Drum, for whom he seemed to retain a sort of gratitude—for he believed that it was to her influence that his life was spared—to her, by way of dignity, he invariably gave the name of "my aunty." The story itself met with almost universal belief, for it accorded with the preconceived opinions of ninety-nine, at least, of every hundred of the inhabitants, not only of the neighborhood, but of the district. Then there was the woful plight he came home in, and the soiled clothes, which were seen and examined by scores. The greatest consternation prevailed, and no one durst venture out singly in the dark; and the workmen for long afterward, if they had occasion to go to their work before the cock crew, would rather lose a day's work than turn out, if they could find no one to accompany them.

Before dismissing this veracious story of "Rich Will and the witches," we may be allowed to give nearly the last words that ever this singular man spoke, as they are highly characteristic. Some years before he died, he had removed with his family to the village of Carronshore, in the parish of Bothkennar, a place he never liked. When on his deathbed, he called his son to his bedside, and addressed him as follows:—"Noo, Willie, I fin' my time is at han', an' ye maun promise me before I gang to tak' gude care o' "Wallace," the muckle Bible, an' yer mither. Mair than this, ye 'll promise me that ye 'll no bury me in Bothkennar, for there I 'll no lie, lie whare I like; sae ye maun carry me up to the bonnie green kirkyard o' Fa'kirk, an' if ye can get a bit mark there, near the dust of Sir John the Graham, or the Stuart o' Bute, sae muckle the better, for there my banes wad rest in peace. But, if ye tak' me to that nasty, stinkin' place, Bothkennar, I 'll rise an' be hame afore ye. Noo, dinna forget what I 've said to ye."

And thus ends our sketch of the "Witches," in the existence and doings of whom such implicit belief was placed in Scotland in our "auld lang syne." We might greatly multiply our instances; but meantime the present may suffice.

CHOCOLATE.

THIS word is a corruption of the Mexican term *chocolatl*. The infusion, as we learn from Humboldt, does not appear to have been equally relished by the early travelers in that country. Benzoni, in 1572, described it as a drink "fitter for hogs than men;" and the Jesuit Acosta asserts "that it takes time to overcome the disgust created by the mere sight of the froth which swims on the black beverage, like yeast on a fermented liquor." Fernando Cortez and his page, the *gentil hombre del gran Conquistador*, whose memoirs were published by Ramusio, on the contrary, highly praise chocolate as an agreeable drink, and a nutritious substance. Father Gili has clearly shown, from two passages in Torquemada, (*Monarquia Indiana*, lib. xiv.,) that the Mexicans originally prepared the infusion *cold*, and that the custom of using boiling water with the cacao paste was introduced by the Spaniards. It was this early method of preparing the drink that the page of Cortez alludes to, when he says, "He who has drank one cup can travel a whole day without any other food, especially in very hot climates; for chocolate is by its nature cold and refreshing."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TESTIMONY TO THE WORTH OF THE POOR.—I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly-cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of the poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe, yet gentle heroism, under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE periodicals of not only England, but of the civilized world, have been largely occupied during the past month with references to the life and death of the Iron Duke. Our readers are too familiar with his history, both from books and from the recent newspaper sketches, to need from us a detailed view of his life at this date. We can but glance at it.

He was the fourth son of the Earl of Mornington, and was born May 1st, (it is said,) 1769, at Dangan Castle, county of Meath, Ireland. This statement is, however, considered doubtful. The London Times says that neither the time nor place of his birth is known. A Dublin baptismal register shows that he was christened in that city on the 30th of April, and the

Duke himself always observed the 18th of June, the date of his Waterloo victory, as his own anniversary.

He began his studies at Eton, and completed them at the military college of Angiers, France. He early entered the army, being an ensign at eighteen, and a colonel at twenty-seven. In 1790, he represented an Irish borough in Parliament, but made no impression there. His regiment was sent to India in 1796, where, under the administration of his brother, the Marquis Wellesley, he had the most favorable opportunities of distinguishing himself. He did signal service at the storming of Seringapatam, was made governor of the city, and subsequently of the district. A series of brilliant successes followed, and in 1802 he was made Major General. He immediately gathered new laurels in the Mahratta war, and was honored with a vote of thanks from Parliament, and the Order of the Bath from the King. Returning to England, he married, in 1806, Catharine, the daughter of the Earl of Langford. A portion of the same year was spent in Parliament, and in other civil services; but in 1807 he resumed military service in the expedition against Copenhagen. He was subsequently sent to Spain against the French, but being speedily superseded, returned home, and took charge again of the Irish Secretaryship. Returning to the Peninsula in 1809, he distinguished himself by the passage of the Douro and the battle of Talavero, for which achievements he was raised to the Peerage, and received again the thanks of Parliament, with a pension of $10,000 per annum. A series of remarkable successes in the Peninsula followed—the protection of Portugal by the lines of the Torres Vedras, (considered one of the greatest examples of strategy in history,) the victories of Fuentes d'Onaro, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca. In 1813, he entered Madrid crowned with entire success. His services were acknowledged by distinguished honors, among which were his appointment as Generalissimo of the Spanish forces, and the new title from the Prince Regent of Marquis of Wellington. He continued his successful career in Spain, reaping and new pensions, until the achievements was transian campaign, in which consummated his fame, and ended his active military career.

Since 1818 he has occupied numerous civil positions in Parliament and in the English Ministry, and has been virtually the head man of the empire—the most successful and most honored man of his age.

He died suddenly of an apoplectic attack at his seat, Walmer Castle, near Dover, on the 14th of September, 1852. The list of his titles is remarkable. His English ones are Duke and Viscount Wellington, Baron Douro, Knight of the Garter, Grand Cross of the Bath, Commander-in-chief, Colonel of Grenadier Guards, Colonel-in-chief of the Rifle Brigade, Constable of the Tower and Dover Castle, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, *custos rotulorum* of the Tower Hamlets, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Master of Trinity House, Vice-President of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy, Governor of King's College, and D. C. L.

His continental titles are, Prince of Waterloo, in the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Grandee of Spain, Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Count of Vimiera, in Portugal, Knight of the Foreign Orders of the Guelph of Hanover, St. Andrew of Russia, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Golden Fleece of Spain, the Elephant of Denmark, St. Ferdinand of Merit and St. Januarius of the Two Sicilies, Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, Maria Theresa of Austria, the Sword of Sweden, of William of the Netherlands, Field Marshal in the armies of Austria, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, and Captain General of Spain. Besides his pension of $10,000, he has received government grants to the amount of $3,500,000.

We need add but little respecting the characteristics of the Duke. They were too definite to admit of any vague or equivocal estimate, and the world has settled, with little or no ambiguity, his claims to fame. *The London Times*, which devotes, in a single number, twenty-one columns to a biographical sketch of him, says:—

"In war, in politics, and in the common transactions of life, the Duke of Wellington adhered inflexibly to the most precise correctness in word and deed. His temperament abhorred disguises and despised exaggerations. The fearlessness of his

action was never the result of speculative confidence, of fool-hardy presumption, but it lay mainly in a just perception of the true relation in which he stood to his antagonists in the field or in the Senate.

"The greatest exploits of his life, such as the passage of the Douro, followed by the march on Madrid, the battle of Waterloo, and the passing the Catholic Relief Bill, were performed under no circumstances that could inspire enthusiasm. Nothing but the coolness of the player could have won the mighty stakes upon a cast apparently so adverse to his success. Other commanders have attained the highest pitch of glory when they disposed of the colossal resources of empires, and headed armies already flushed with the conquest of the world. The Duke of Wellington found no such encouragement in any part of his career. At no time were the means at his disposal adequate to the ready and certain execution of his designs. His steady progress in the Peninsular campaigns went on against the current of fortune, till that current was itself turned by perseverance and resolution. He had a clear and complete perception of the dangers he encountered, but he saw and grasped the latent power which baffled those dangers, and surmounted resistances apparently invincible. That is precisely the highest degree of courage, for it is courage, conscious, enlightened, and determined. * * * * * *

"When men in after times shall look back to the annals of England for examples of energy and public virtue among those who have raised this country to her station on the earth, no name will remain more conspicuous or more unsullied than that of Arthur Wellesley, the great Duke of Wellington.

"The actions of his life were extraordinary, but his character was equal to his actions. He was the very type and model of an Englishman; and, though men are prone to invest the worthies of former ages with a dignity and merit they commonly withhold from their cotemporaries, we can select none from the long array of our captains and our nobles who, taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him who is gone from amongst us, an inheritor of imperishable fame."

Some remarks on his moral character will be found elsewhere in this number. Our statuette likeness, is from a model by Alfred Crowquill. The *Illustrated London News* says the model "was shown at the *soirée* given by the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, at the close of last session. The likeness of the great original, and the unstudied life-like position of the figure, were the subject of general admiration throughout the evening; and we are happy to find its high character has been appreciated by one of our leading art-manufacturers. The statuette has been beautifully executed, in Parian, by Messrs. Samuel Alcock & Co., of Burslem. 'The Duke' is represented as seen seated in the House of Lords; and in addition to the merits we have mentioned above, the dignified expression of the features is very characteristic."

A FOX'S REVENGE.

A RESPECTABLE man of the county of Montgomery resided on the banks of the Hudson River. One day he went to a bay on the river, to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river, he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore, and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then, keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared; placed in it the goose and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was away the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole, and resolved to await the issue. In about half an hour, the fox returned with another fox in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both.—*Murray's Creation.*

THE LOST HUNTER.*

BY A. B. STREET.

Numb'd by the piercing, freezing air,
And burden'd by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragg'd on his shivering frame;
The rifle, he had shoulder'd late,
Was trail'd along, a weary weight;
His pouch was void of food;
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the long keen winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
Sweep round an anxious eye,—
No bark or ax-blow could he hear,
No human trace descry;
His sinuous path, by blazes wound
Among trunks group'd in myriads round,
Through naked boughs, between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild
Had met his eager gaze,
And far his wandering steps beguiled
Within an unknown maze;
Stream, rock, and run-way he had cross'd
Unheeding, till the marks were lost
By which he used to roam;
And now, deep swamp and wild ravine
And rugged mountain were between
The hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept
On high, now darken'd there,
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
Athwart the thick gray air
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen
Of glimmering motes was spread,
That tick'd against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound,
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung
Close roll'd around their stems,
And the sear beech-leaves still that clung,
Were white with powdering gems.
But hark! afar a sullen moan
Swell'd out to louder, deeper tone
As surging near it pass'd,
And bursting with a roar, and shock
That made the groaning forest rock,
On rush'd the winter blast.

As o'er it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,
Caught by its swooping wings,
The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist,
Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings;
And now 'twas swept with lightning flight
Above the loftiest hemlock's height,
Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds,
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,
There, clinging to a limb,
The suffering hunter gasp'd for breath,
Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim;

* a collection of American poetry, entitled "...ts and Poetry of America," published at ...

As though to whelm him in despair,
Rapidly changed the blackening air
To murkiest gloom of night,
Till naught was seen around, below,
But falling flakes and mantled snow,
That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
Seem'd through his nerves to fly,
The blood was freezing to his heart—
Thought whisper'd he must die.
The thundering tempest echoed death,
He felt it in his tighten'd breath;
Spoil, rifle, dropp'd; and slow
As the dread torpor crawling came
Along his staggering, stiffening frame,
He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne—
He dream'd that summer-hours
Again around him brightly shone
In sunshine, leaves, and flowers;
Again the fresh, green, forest-sod,
Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—
He heard the deer's low bleat;
Or, couch'd within the shadowy nook,
Was lull'd by music of the brook
That murmur'd at his feet.

It changed;—his cabin roof o'erspread,
Rafter, and wall, and chair,
Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed
Its warmth, and he was there;
His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now
Her gentle kiss was on his brow,
His child was prattling by;
The hound couch'd dozing near the blaze,
And, through the pane's frost-pictured haze,
He saw the white drifts fly.

That pass'd;—before his swimming sight
Does not a figure bound?
And a soft voice, with wild delight,
Proclaim the lost is found?
No, hunter, no! 'tis but the streak
Of whirling snow—the tempest shriek—
No human aid is near!
Never again that form will meet
Thy clasp'd embrace;—those accents sweet
Speak music to thine ear!

Morn broke;—away the clouds were chased,
The sky was pure and bright,
And on its blue the branches traced
Their webs of glittering white.
Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,
The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,
Down bent the burden'd wood;
And, scatter'd round, low points of green,
Peering above the snowy scene,
Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high,
A wave-like heap was thrown,
Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
A diamond blaze it shone;
The little snow-bird, chirping sweet,
Dotted it o'er with tripping feet;
Unsullied, smooth, and fair,
It seem'd, like other mounds, where trunk
And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
But, O! the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
Soft suns, and melting rains;
And, touch'd by her Ithuriel wand,
Earth bursts its winter chains.
In a deep nook, where moss and grass
And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass,
Some scatter'd bones beside;—
A mother kneeling with her child,
Told by her tears and wailings wild,
That there the lost had died.

THE LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

A TRUE HISTORY.

IT was a still, clear night in the month of May, 1543; the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and all the good people were asleep in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thoughts; but his eye kindled with the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks over his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived: the long, straight robe with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

This old man was the great astronomer, *Nicholas Copernicus*, doctor of philosophy divinity and medicine, titular canon of Wernica, and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his work "*On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies.*" In the midst of poverty, ridicule, and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unvailed heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career, just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical sciences.

On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book, which his disciple, Rheticus, was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the results of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon.* No shadow of a doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had *indeed* destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and, folding his attenuated hands across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these His glorious works. He then returned to the table, and seizing a pen he wrote on the title of his book, "Behold the work of the greatest and the most perfect artisan: the work of God himself." And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded with a collected mind to write the dedication of his book:—

"To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III.:—I dedicate my work to your holiness in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanders, notwithstanding the proverb which says, that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c.

"NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, of Thorn."

Soon the dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leaned his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration: it was abridged by the entrance of an aged servant, who with slow and heavy step ascended the tower stairs.

"Master," said he to the canon, as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, "the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is waiting for your proof-sheets and letters."

* Tycho Brahe has preserved to us a drawing of this instrument, which was the means of accomplishing such wonderful discoveries, and which was sent to him after the death of Copernicus, by John Hanovrius, Bishop of Wernica. It is difficult for us to conceive how a triangle so rude in its formation, and so irregular in its movements, can have supplied, in the hands of this great man, the place of those infallible telescopes which have since served to confirm his discoveries.

The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair, as if wearied by the effort.

"But that is not all," continued the servant; "there are ten poor, sick people in the house waiting for you; and besides, you are wanted at Frauenberg to look after the water machine, which has stopped working; and also to see the three workmen who broke their legs in trying to set it going again."

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Copernicus. "Let my horse be saddled directly." And with a resolute effort shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.

The house of Copernicus was in outward appearance one of the most unpretending in Wernica: it was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio, in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome or Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlor on the ground floor, which was open for all who came to him for remedies, for money, or for food. Over the door, an oval aperture had been cut, through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical gnomon of Copernicus; and the only ornament the room contained were seven verses written by his own hand, and pasted up over the chimney-piece.

It was in this parlor that the good canon found room to tend invalids who had come to claim his assistance; dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to others, and on all bestowed alms and words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labors, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out for Frauenberg, when a horseman, galloping up to the door, handed him a letter. He trembled as he recognized the handwriting of his friend Gysius, Bishop of Culm. "May God have pity on us," wrote this latter, "and avert the blow which now threatens thee! Thy enemies and thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets, the priests excommunicate thee from their pulpits, and the university, hearing that thy book was to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing-press of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late."

Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horseman who had been charged to escort him back, asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

"I must set out directly," replied the old man in a resigned tone; "but not for Nuremberg or for Culm; the suffering workmen at Frauenberg are expecting me; they may perhaps die if I do not go to their assistance. My enemies may perhaps destroy my work—they cannot stop the stars in their courses."

An hour later, Copernicus was at Frauenberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon the town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of the river Bouda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering like their fathers, from continued drought, had now only to turn a valve, and the plenteous stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.

This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very inopportunely, because this was the festival of the patron saint of Frauenberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water flowed freely into the town. His first care, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy men who had received injuries while working in the sluices: he set their fractured limbs, and bound them up with his own hands; then commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return and visit them on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself, which was destined to crush him to the dust.

As he crossed the square, while passing through the town on his return home, he perceived among the crowd a company of strolling players, acting upon a temporary

stage. The theater represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all kinds of ridiculous instruments; in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing were in exact imitation of those of Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking, that he directly recognized himself, and paused, stupefied with astonishment. Behind the merry-andrew, whose business it was to hold up the great man to public derision, there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated Satan, and who caused the pseudo-Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears—which were no other than asses' ears, of considerable dimensions. The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and trampled a crucifix under foot; in the second, he explained, by juggling with apples in guise of planets, while his face was transformed into a likeness of the sun by means of torches of rosin; in the third, he became a charlatan, a vender of pomatum and quack-medicine, he spoke dog-Latin to the passers-by, sold them water, which he had drawn from his own well, at an exorbitant price, and became intoxicated himself with excellent wine, in such copious draughts of which he indulged, that he finally disappeared under the table; in the fourth and closing act he was again dragged forth to view, as one accursed by God and man, and the devil, dragging him down to the infernal regions amid a cloud of sulphurous smoke, declaring his intention to punish him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downward throughout eternity.

* * * *

When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole life held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his enlightened faith branded as impiety, and his self-denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself, of mankind, and even of Providence itself, rushed upon his mind. At first he hoped

e Frauenbergians, the children of
n, to whose comfort and happi-
devoted himself for fifty years,
hort the disgraceful scene.

But alas! he saw his defamers welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by the emotion and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labors of the morning, he sunk exhausted to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognize their benefactor; the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip; they heard that he had come that very morning to the town to relieve their distress. In a moment the current of popular feeling was turned, the crowd dispersed the actors, and crowded anxiously around the astronomer. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days—days of trial and anxiety—during which the lamp of genius and faith still shed its halo around the dying man.

On the day succeeding his visit to Frauenberg, a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the Bishop of Culm: thrice had the students of the university made an attempt to invade the printing-office whence the truth was about to issue forth. "Even this very morning," wrote his friend, "a set of madmen tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all of our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts, either day or night, guarding the entrance, and keeping watch over the workmen; the printers perform their work with one hand, while they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand our guard for two days the book is saved; for let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. But if either to-day or to-morrow our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand"—Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want; he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day, another messenger made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings:—"A compositor, gained over by our enemies, has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book, and it has been burned in the public square. Happily the impression was complete, and we are now putting it to press. But a popular tumult may yet ruin all."

Such was the state of suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence! Life was ebbing

fast, and the torpor of death had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloped up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom; it was the *chef d'œuvre* of Copernicus; *this* messenger was the portent of victory.

The spark of life, so nearly exhausted, seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man; he raised himself in his dying bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, glancing at its contents with his dim expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features, the book fell from his grasp, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed: "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!" Hardly had he uttered these words before his spirit fled from earth to return to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the twenty-third of May—heaven was lighted with stars—the earth was fragrant with flowers—all nature seemed to sympathize with the great revealer of her laws—and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed its earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the departed, and seemed in his turn to say:—"The king of creation gives the kiss of peace, for thou hast been the first to replace him on his throne."

Persecution followed Copernicus even in the grave. The court of Rome replied to his dedication by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of his own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome itself, which at last recognized, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling-house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last *oboles*, to raise a monument to his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him in Warsaw.

ART EDUCATION AMONG ALL CLASSES.

EVERYTHING which surrounds us is an influence. We are surrounded with beautiful things in the world, and it is our duty to make our houses look as beautiful as possible. Everything we have in our houses—every glass and jug, every painted door and table—is an influence, an association, out of which the mind receives its instruction, even more than that which the pedagogue conveys in the school. Therefore, art is nothing more nor less than the recognition of the example set us by God. I should be sorry to limit art to a mere canvas and statuary exposition of it. The basis of all good art—of painting, and statuary, and architecture, and the ornamentation of domestic vessels—is a constant acknowledgment of the beauty of the external world, out of which can only come good art. The craving for this art is perfectly universal. The savage who carves his spear and war instruments evinces a leaning toward things that are beautiful. The commonest hind who cultivates his small plot of land with flowers is declaring an inward and conscious sense of the beauty alluded to. Therefore, the manufacturer, the designer of every class, and the workman, instead of working from the thought that he is merely catering to a luxurious feeling, should labor rather with the consciousness that he is laboring to cultivate and raise that which in the human mind is a natural instinct. To the designer—and house painters and architects are among this class—a true sense of art is indispensable—that he should think for himself, and not be continually reproducing what has been done before. Take the ordinary house-painter: a man thoroughly educated for his business would, for a few dollars, make a cottage a specimen of beauty. Shop-fronts, and signs, and all these things, are influences. But supposing the designer of every character were perfect: the best would be thrown away upon us with ill-educated workmen. If the design be not realized by the workman, it must lose all its vitality and beauty. We are continually talking of our inferiority to France and Germany in designs. In those countries every man has received an education in art, from the designer to the lowest class of workmen, to enable him thoroughly to understand and to love the work to be done. In Lyons I have seen workmen bring into their shops quantities of flowers and draw them, merely for their beauty, not because they were obliged to do so. These are the men to make work beautiful, and to do justice to the designer. But even supposing the designer and the workman to be well educated, it is no less important that the user of a thing should

be able to appreciate it too. "People in this country," say manufacturers, "are not in a position to tell good things from bad ones." I have no belief in the statement that the people are not prepared for beautiful things in art. That they want education in art, I readily admit; but that they have an instinctive love for it I fully believe.—*J. A. Hammersley.*

SCHILLER AND GOETHE IN RELATION TO CHRISTIANITY.

[From "Hagenbach's Ecclesiastical History of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries."]

WE leave it to others to draw the parallel between Schiller and Goethe as poets. Our business is to compare these two heroes of German literature in relation to Christianity. On this point, too, there is great divergency of judgment. While there are some who, without further investigation, reject both poets as unchristian, there are others—and those, too, of strict views on the subject of Christianity—who, in a remarkable manner, accord to Goethe more grace than to Schiller. Seldom does the reverse of this appear. The justice of this decision depends on what we assume as the standard of Christianity; whether insight, will, or inclination. As it regards insight into Christian truth, Goethe unquestionably stands higher than Schiller—as, in other things, he discovers a more comprehensive mind, and one less vailed by the prejudices of the schools. He could honor, e. g., the Biblical history and the dogmas of Christianity far more sincerely than Schiller, who is often passionately excited against them. How, indeed, could the man, in whose hands everything received a living form—how could he avoid taking up the world-historical phenomenon of Christianity in this forming process, and incorporating it into his great world-picture? What a wealth of profound Christian intuitions meet us in Faust! What an apprehension of the most delicate shades of Christian life in the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul!" Even the Moravian view of Christianity he approves in its place, as his intercourse with the gifted ein von Klettenberg proves. What nd correct judgments concerning alue of the Bible and its educa- tance we encounter in his ccasionally, also, in the observations scattered through the "Theory of Color," and especially in the "Conversations with Eckermann." To cite a single example: what stronger word can be brought against the despisers of the Bible than that of Goethe:—"The higher the centuries ascend in civilization, the more the Bible will be found and made available, not by pretenders indeed, but by truly wise men—partly as basis and partly as instrument of education." There are many similar utterances. In fact, it is certain that modern Christian apologetics may adduce from the writings of Goethe a far greater number of confirmatory passages than from those of Schiller, in which heresy is almost everywhere apparent.

Also in the province of practical religion, Goethe, as it regards insight into existing relations, showed himself practical; Schiller, on the contrary, generally unpractical. Schiller, e. g., dreamed of improving the world by means of the theater; he commended the stage as a moral institution, as it were a second Church. In conformity with these views, many of the clergy of that period introduced poetic phrases and theatrical declamation into the pulpit. But Goethe rebuked this mischief in the most masterly manner in his Faust. Wagner says to Faust, "I have often heard it boasted that an actor may teach the parson." Faust replies, "Yes, when the parson is an actor, as may sometimes happen." And then he continues, "If you do not feel it, you will never obtain it by chasing after it." . . . . "Seek an honest gain; be no bell-jingling fool. Good sense and right feeling need little art for their delivery. If it is your earnest desire to say something, is it necessary to chase after words?"

In these few words, Goethe has concentrated more homiletic wisdom than is to be found in many a complete theory of pulpit eloquence.

In like manner, he discovers a sure tact in all things pertaining to public worship. He felt very truly himself, that of all his poems, though he had written so many, there was not one that could be introduced into a Lutheran hymn-book. All blending of the provinces of the sacred and profane was offensive to his sound taste. A music, he says among other things (in Wilhelm Meister's journeyman years), which combines the sacred and profane character, is

godless. . . . But, if insight is not the only standard of Christianity; if that standard is rather to be sought in the tone and inclination of the feelings, we should be tempted to believe (without doing Goethe injustice) that Schiller at times experienced more profound Christian emotions than Goethe. You remember those "Morning Thoughts" of Schiller, and his struggles after truth and certainty in religious matters. This kind of struggle we nowhere encounter in the life of Goethe. It is true, he doubted, even while a boy, of many things in the Bible, and demanded an explanation of them from his religious teacher; but, as he himself says, he cared more about bringing forward his doubts, than he did about the solution of them. . . . . Afterward, in his youthful years, Goethe experienced many fermentations in his interior life, and it cost him a mighty conflict before he could assume toward the world that quiet and commanding position which he maintained in his riper years. But the struggle was not a religious one; it was the conflict of a tempestuous, on-rushing genius against the settled relations of the natural and moral world; like the storming of a Titan, who would possess himself of heaven by his own godlike power. But after the "nightly tempest," Goethe soon recovered the shore. "The wet one"—so he speaks of himself—"dried himself; and the next morning, when the glorious sun came forth again on the gleaming waves, the sea wanted more figs."*

Neither Schiller's life nor Goethe's is free from moral aberrations. But Goethe treated them more lightly; and, unquestionably, Schiller's moral endeavor was more earnest than Goethe's. A saint he would on no account be; but neither would he be reckless and unholy. Piety, according to his own language, was not, with him, the end of life, but only a means by which, through the purest repose of mind, he might attain to the highest culture. To maintain a just measure in all things—that was Goethe's first principle in moral and religious matters as in art. Hence, the position he assumed in relation to unlimited enlightenment, as well as to what seemed to him unlimited piety or religious extravagance. It is a significant fact that precisely in his younger years, he took part, as a friend, with Stilling and Lavater, and maintained their cause in opposition to the Illuminists.

As Goethe did not choose to look within himself, so he does not lead others to look within. He teaches a man to find his true place in the world; and in this regard all may learn and should learn of him. But he touches no man's conscience; he does not mean to do so; he would have every one act according to his kind. This absence of design, which constitutes the character of a true work of art, is what makes Goethe, in certain moments, appear so great, contrasted with the petty and passionate driving of every-day men. We may, indeed, refresh and elevate ourselves in the contemplation of this passionless greatness, when the world would drag us down into its own tumult; but I insist again, that there is a wide difference between artistic contemplation, and the moral problem which every man should propose to himself. . . . . To say that great minds are not subject to the universal moral law; that they, as darlings of the Godhead, are emancipated at the outset; that they carry the measure by which they are to be judged exclusively within themselves; that they are their own law; in a word, that they are not amenable to the law of God and the divine order—this is making gods of men. And let it be observed that this rage for deifying men is found especially there where pantheism has destroyed the belief in the true and living God. When man worships and adores, he cannot content himself with a vague and general idea, he must adore something personal; and when he has lost the personality of the Creator, he transfers his homage to the creature. There is One who lived as men among men, in whom dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily; and of him it was said, that he was made subject to the law; that he became obedient and fulfilled all righteousness; and *therefore* even has God exalted him and given him a name which is above every name; consequently, above the highest and most renowned; and only that which harmonizes and adjusts itself with this order, is counted valid in the kingdom of God. The grandeur of the name does not therefore perish. It shines on undimmed, like a star in the great star-picture, unconfined and untroubled, like an emerald in the throne of the Eternal.

* Allusion to a Greek proverb.

This let us hold fast in reference to Goethe.

The fairest and noblest of Goethe has already been considered in this connection; and as the apostle says, "all things are yours," so Christianity, in the strong consciousness of this right, has availed itself of Goethe also. . . . . "Every productiveness of the highest kind," says he, "every important *aperçu*, every invention, every great thought which bears fruit and has consequences, is in no man's power; it is exalted above all earthly might. These things are to be regarded as unlooked-for gifts from above; as pure children of God, they are to be received and honored with grateful joy." Such utterances we occasionally meet in the life of this wonderful man. Out of the seemingly cold rock-breast, there flashes often a surprising flame of the deepest religious freedom. . . . . Although we cannot allow that Goethe is to be judged by a moral standard different from that which we apply to other men, we will gladly acknowledge that the ways by which God leads such men are often hidden from us. Remarkable in this connection is an intimation of Goethe himself to Lavater: "My God, to whom I have remained true, has richly blessed me in secret; for my fate is wholly concealed from men; they can see and hear nothing of it; but so much of it as may be made manifest I hasten to deposit in your heart." In conclusion, one passage from his last Conversations with Eckermann:—"Let intellectual culture continue to advance; let the natural sciences grow in ever increasing extension and depth, and the human mind expand as it will; it will never advance beyond the elevation and the moral culture of Christianity, as it shines and gleams in the Gospels."

DETACHED THOUGHTS FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Of differing themes the veering song was mixed."

WHO has followed and examined reality, even to its deepest valleys, like the twin stars of poesy, Homer and Shakspeare? As art ever labors in the school of na the richest poets of bed and industrious her portrait to e would st, we must grant to genius a metempsychosis through all nations, times, and circumstances, and send him to circumnavigate the world. What higher and bolder representations of its infinite form would he not project? The poets of the ancients were men of business and warriors, before they were bards; and the epic poets in particular steered the helm through the waves of life, before they took up the pencil to describe the voyage. It is with the children of the mind, as the Romans thought of the children of the body—they must touch the earth, if they would learn to speak.

The praters about the happy consciousness that rewards good actions, have themselves performed none; else they would have experienced, that, in proportion to the cultivation of the moral taste, it becomes more delicately susceptible of falling below its high standard; and, therefore, the best men reproach themselves more than the worst.

When the heart is made the altar of God, then the head, the mental faculties, are the lights on that altar.

He who, when calm and cool, presses his rights to the utmost, will, when actuated by passion, overstep them.

The good man feels no injustice so strongly, as that done to others; that committed against himself, he sees not so clearly; the bad man feels only injury to himself.

Domestic life is the most delightful, because it repeats our childhood.

In order not to be made servile by the great, let us place before our minds a still greater.

A single odor awakens a whole host of old associations; it has more influence than even the eye upon the imagination.

We have a certain complacency in witnessing an air of defiance in a criminal before his judges, because he thereby lessens our consciousness of subjection to authority.

We sympathize more readily with excess of sorrow than with exuberance of joy. Sympathy increases with the former, not with the latter.

Our dislike to the sight of our faults we vent upon the way in which our friend has discovered them to us. If he have done it boldly, we cry out against his abruptness, his roughness; if delicately, gently, we exclaim at his duplicity, his dissimulation.

Editor's Table.

We begin in our present number a series of illustrated articles on the *Life and Times of Johnson*. They will extend over one of the most interesting sections of the literary and the religious history of England. The illustrations will be quite numerous, and include many authentic portraits of the leading characters of the times. Boswell's Life of the "Great Moralist" is the most entertaining biography in the language; but while its unmatched interest has prevented any attempt at a new memoir, its voluminousness has rendered it unfit for extensive popular use, and a really popular Life of Johnson is yet a want of our literature. Our articles will aim at a thoroughly popular adaptation, and yet at a comprehensive estimate of the man and his times.

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Our third article on "*The Christianity Required by the Times*," is displaced from the present number; it will appear in the next.

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The translation of the article on *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, from the *Revue des deux Mondes*, will be completed in the December number.

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The new *Postage Law* will be found, it is hoped, advantageous to the whole periodical literature of the country. Remember that the mail charge for the National is but *two cents* to any part of the nation, if *prepaid*. Only two dollars a year, and only two cents per month for postage—are not these cheap enough terms for a work like this, good friends?

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We commence in the present issue a series of articles on *American Writers;* they are from the pen of a gentleman who himself ranks high among them as a poet. So far as may be practicable, these papers will be illustrated with portraits and engravings of residences.

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The history of the *Alchemists* will be continued in our next with further engraved illustrations.

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We receive frequent complaints from our brethren of the press that our past numbers have reached them very irregularly, and some of them not at all. We regret this defect, as a loss to ourselves, and are using all possible means to rectify it. Our exchanges will please accept our sincere apology, and the assurance that the failure is not attributable to any carelessness, much less design, on the part of the publishers. We offer our apology particularly to our *confreres* of the West and South, where the failure has occurred in a manner quite mysterious to us. Wherever may be the cause, whether in the mail, or elsewhere, we are determined to ferret it out, and correct it at once.

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Quite a beautiful little ceremony of respect to *Montgomery the Poet*, (*the* Montgomery,) took place at the late Wesleyan Conference in Sheffield. It is well known that Montgomery is a Moravian. His own religious denomination being very limited in England, he has maintained an intimate sympathy and communion with the Wesleyans, with whose origin the United Brethren had an important historical connection, as is shown in the various lives of Wesley. Dr. Hannah introduced the aged poet to the President of the Conference in full session. The latter, after alluding to the services Montgomery had rendered, by his character and writings, to the cause of religious truth and moral purity, and to the delight which his poetry had ministered to so many, said:—"We feel under great obligation to yourself, and to the religious body to which you belong, and beg to assure you of the kindest affection of the Conference."

The old poet's reply was beautifully characteristic. It was in the following brief words:—"My Christian friends, fathers, and brethren in the Lord, I dare not waste one moment of your time, and I have very little to say, but that little will be of the greatest import. It is this: 'The Lord bless you and keep you! The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you! The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace!' in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Quite a pleasant scene of brief gratulatory speech-making, in the English style, ensued. The venerable Dr. Bunting expressed his sympathy with the President in his observations just made, and was most happy to see Mr. Montgomery among them, and find him able to visit them at his advanced time of life. He would assure Mr. Montgomery, through the President, of the respect and reverence with which they saw him among them to-day. On many occasions he had met him in former years, and now observed, that he, still more than himself, (Dr. Bunting,) had undergone the alteration of age; but they both knew who was the strength of their heart, and trusted that God would be their portion forever.

Dr. Beaumont could not look upon Mr. Montgomery without feeling the truth that genius, combined with holiness, vibrated music in the ear of God. In him were combined genius with holiness, and he believed that he had not written "a line which, dying, he would wish to blot." His writings were distinguished by a combination of purity, beauty, and truth. He thought that Mr. Montgomery's presence among them that morning was a most happy fellowship. He would say, May the Lord cause his face to shine upon him and give him peace, and crown his useful and honorable life with a happy and peaceful end.

Wm. M. Bunting remarked, that this had been a beautiful Conference, by the blessing of God, and all that had occurred had served to enhance and illustrate the unanimity which prevailed among them. The public ministrations of the Conference had been remarkable for the unction which had attended them. Next to this, no incident would tend so much to brighten and beautify the Conference of 1852 as the presence of their venerable friend. This happy meeting had now taken place, and they were gathered together, old and young,

with one accord, to honor the venerable poet who was now before them; and even—(to understand the allusion the reader should be informed, that a sparrow had gained admittance, and had for some time been chirping above the organ)—even, he might add, the sparrow had found a house for herself, and contributed her note of triumph on the joyful occasion.

Other remarks followed, and the whole scene formed a most delightful interlude in the proceedings of the session. Enviable indeed is the pure repose and unsullied reputation with which Montgomery's career is closing. What a contrast between his latter years and those of his libertine compeers, Byron and Moore! Virtue looks beyond this world for its rewards; but often even here—the battle of life well fought—it crowns its votary with its benediction, visible as a halo of light around his head.

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We take pleasure in reminding the young men into whose hands this Magazine may fall, of the formation of "*Young Men's Christian Associations*" in several parts of the country. The Association in this city has commenced its career with much spirit and promise. Its rooms are at No. 659 Broadway. The Association in Boston has advanced rapidly. It now has the finest hall in that city, furnished with genuine elegance, and supplied amply with periodicals. Its library is also rapidly augmenting.

An Association, we observe, has been formed, recently, in the city of Washington; and we doubt not that similar institutions will soon be organized in all our principal cities.

This most interesting provision for our young men originated in the example of the London Young Men's Christian Association—an institution which now occupies a commanding place among the public religious schemes of the English metropolis. Besides a well supplied library and reading-room, it has in the same building a spacious hall for public lectures, a saloon for conversation, an apartment for refreshments, well guarded against intemperance, bath rooms, &c. The Christian young men of various denominations find it a capital substitute for the ordinary city clubs, and similar resorts. All persons who are considered entitled to membership are considered also entitled to each other's confidence and friendship. Important acquaintances are thus formed, tending to both the social and business advantage of the members. Young men from the country, especially, find it a favorable resort, as it affords them intellectual and social entertainment, and valuable introductions to the safest society.

We hope our American Associations will soon be able to provide all the conveniences, and even luxuries, of their London model. Every innocent attraction should be given to the scheme.

The following rule of the New-York society will show more fully its designs:—

Strangers.—The members of the Association shall seek out young men taking up their resi[dence] in New-York and its vicinity, and en[deav]or to bring them under moral and religious [influ]ences, by aiding them in the selection of [suit]able boarding places and employment, by introducing them to the members and privileges of this Association, securing their attendance at some place of worship on the Sabbath, and, by every means in their power, surrounding them with Christian associates.

This is not the place for prolonged observations on any subject; but we deem the present measure one of the most interesting of our modern Christian movements, and must be permitted two more brief remarks.

And first, we submit to the rich Christian men of not only this city, but of the interior, that they can hardly do a better service to the Church and to public morals than by giving a hearty and practical encouragement to these Associations. And it should be given now at their commencement. Let them not fail nor falter even, for want of pecuniary resources. Visit them, old men and rich men; inspirit them with good words and good donations. You will reap a recompense in the moral protection of your sons and clerks.

Our second remark is to the young men of the country. We would advise them, in every case where it is practicable, to keep away from the cities, and not to despise rural life and rural labors; but if they do come into these Babels, let them seek the friendly sympathies and moral shelter of such associations. Go at once and enroll your name, and enjoy the courtesies and friendship of the young men who are successfully fighting their way through the temptations and business conflicts of these crowded communities. You will find there the best young manhood of the land—such as deserve your regard, and will honor you by theirs.

The Rev. Dr. Ferris, in an address at the organization of the New-York Association, spoke in the following warm terms of the project:—

"The blessing of many a young man will be yours—the blessing of many a family from which the young stranger comes, will be yours—the blessing of many a widowed mother will be yours—the blessing of many a pastor, over whose young men you exercise your liberal, enlightened influence, will be yours. We shall all bless you; for you will lead on to usefulness many who will take their place by the side of those who came here as stranger lads, but are now the pillars of our Churches. I have spoken of many ruined, but we should not forget that multitudes, multitudes of those who came here "to seek their fortune," strangers, friendless, almost penniless, are now our most worthy citizens—ornaments of piety—the reliance of all our benevolent societies—the actors and liberal promoters of all useful enterprises and improvements. The fact is a striking one, that the once strangers and their children, are the life of our city, as they are most amazingly the majority. May you have the privilege of adding many to this number, and with even a more consecrated influence."

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We give elsewhere an engraving and a sketch of the *Duke of Wellington*. Though always before the eye of the world for more than half a century, and the best known military man of his age, except Napoleon, it would be difficult to give a moral estimate of his character. Its most noticeable trait was his cool, indomitable

impassiveness. The London Times says "he lived, commanded, and governed, in unconscious indifference, or disdainful aversion, to those common incentives of human action which are derived from the powers of imagination and of sentiment. He held them cheap, both in their weakness and in their strength. The force and weight of his character stooped to no such adventitious influences. He might have kindled more enthusiasm, especially in the early and doubtful days of his Peninsular career; but in his successful and triumphant pursuit of glory, her name never passed his lips, even in his addresses to his soldiers. His entire nature and character were molded on reality. He lived to see things as they were. His acute glance and cool judgment pierced at once through the surface which entangles the imagination, or kindles the sympathy of the feelings."

It is fortunate, perhaps, for our times that such was the character of the most successful military chief of the age. Except in the rewards which he received, his example affords little incentive to military enthusiasm. War, in his history, is divested of much of its sentimental ardor and fictitious glory. It is a stern, denuded, terrible reality; necessary, useful, perhaps, in special circumstances, but with no imaginative illusions. Quite in contrast does he appear, in this respect, with Napoleon. The latter has given more glory to war, and thereby demoralized more the sentiment of the world respecting it, than any other man in the history of the infernal art. Admitting all that he did for the advancement of Europe, the terrible portrait which Lamartine has drawn of him is true. He was the great scourge, not only of France, but of Europe—the butcherer of the nations. And his history *written* (written as it usually has been) is perhaps as great a calamity as it was *living*. It has inflamed not only France, but the civilized world, with military sentiments, and spread poetic splendors over camps and battle-fields. If there is any genuineness in the spirit of Christianity, blood is the only ink with which that history should be recorded. Most histories of him have thus far been but splendid moral caricatures—barbarous and sanguinary in their tendencies, however splendid. No man is competent to write that history who does not take his stand upon Napoleon's battle-fields with the Christian revelation of the moral universe in his hand—heaven opened above and hell unvailed beneath. It is fortunate for the world, we repeat, that Napoleon's conqueror—the man who plucked success from his grasp, and enjoyed it himself through a prolonged life, however inferior to him in other respects—presents so few of the meretricious glories of war.

The two men impressed their characters on their mighty hosts. The French, carried away by Napoleon's enthusiasm, his incessant visions of *gloire* were ever fired for the onslaught, but not self-sustained under disaster. The English, assured by the cool, inexorable resistance of the Iron Duke, stood like the forest beneath the blasts, the lightning and hail of the storm waving, broken down, but rooted to their position. No two military men, perhaps, in history, ever stamped their own individuality more entirely on such masses of men. And this fact is certainly the truest proof of their real greatness.

In respect to higher moral traits, we can say little of Wellington. The London Times remarks, "that though singularly free from every trace of cant, his mind was no stranger to the sublime influence of religious truth, and he was assiduous in the observances of the public ritual of the Church of England. At times, even in the extreme period of his age, some accident would betray the deep current of his feeling, which he never ceased to entertain toward all that was chivalrous and benevolent. His charities were unostentatious, but extensive, and he bestowed his interest throughout life upon an incredible number of persons and things which claimed his notice and solicited his aid."

Wellington was a duelist and a libertine in his earlier days at least. These vices would brand any man in ordinary life, and just men know, and God knows no moral code for the private citizen that does not apply to the ruler or hero. It is to be hoped that his later life afforded good proof of the eulogy of the Times.

The Roman-like severity of his public character has hardly been relieved in the public mind by any knowledge of his social traits and habits. The Times, however, gives us a very pleasant glimpse of him in this respect. It says:—"Every social duty, every solemnity, every ceremony, every merry-making, found him ready to take his part in it. He had a smile for the youngest child, a compliment for the prettiest face, an answer to the readiest tongue, and a lively interest in every incident of life, which it seemed beyond the power of age to chill."

Should we judge from the number of great military men and great military events which have belonged to our own age, we could hardly affirm that we are in advance of any former period of history in our prospect of the final extinction of war. Still, that "good time is coming," unquestionably, in which this diabolical barbarity will pass away from our civilization. There are many and most impressive moral indications of the fact. The growing and complicated economical interests of the nations all lend force, more and more, to these indications, and are pressing governments gradually, but surely, up to the absolute necessity of peace. Under the beneficent light of that day, history will be called upon to make a new estimate of such characters as Cæsar, Napoleon, and Wellington. One thing is morally certain, that no fame is destined to be more inevitably and more thoroughly revised and refuted than that of military heroism. The name that has no other halo than this around it will go out in the blackness of darkness forever. God and all his angels speed that time.

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Apropos to military characters, we find a very interesting "Pen and Ink Portrait" of our own good and great *Washington*, translated from the lately published journals of M. de Broglie, for the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. M. de Broglie visited Washington in 1782. He says:—

"The General is about forty-nine years of age; he is large, finely made, very well proportioned. His figure is much more pleasing than the pictures represent it. His physiog-

nomy is pleasant and open; his address is cold, though polite; his pensive eye is more attentive than sparkling; but his countenance is kind, noble, and composed. He maintains, in his private deportment, that polite and attentive decorum which satisfies all, and that reserved dignity which does not offend. He is the enemy of ostentation and vain-glory. His manners are always equable; he has never shown the least temper. Modest even to humility, he seems not to estimate himself duly; he receives with good grace the deference paid to him, but rather shuns than courts it. His society is agreeable and pleasing. Always serious, never constrained; always simple, always free and affable, without being familiar, the respect he inspires never becomes painful. He talks little in general, and in a very low tone of voice; but he is so attentive to what is said to him, that you are satisfied he understands you, and are almost willing to dispense with a reply. This conduct has often been of advantage to him in various circumstances; no one has more occasion than he to use circumspection, and to weigh well his words. He unites to an unalterable tranquillity of soul, a fine power of judgment; and one can seldom reproach him for a little slowness in determination, or even in acting, when he has formed his decision. His courage is calm and brilliant. One can at least give him the title of an excellent patriot, a wise, virtuous man; and one is tempted to grant him all qualities, even those which circumstances have not permitted him to develop. Never was there a man more fitted to lead the Americans, nor one who has evinced in his conduct more consistency, wisdom, constancy, and reason."

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We have several times referred to the improved appreciation of American literary works in Europe. Our authors are fairly breaking their way through the barriers of the German and French languages, and are beginning to be hailed with spirited applause by the critics and reading public of both these lands. John Bull himself, as we showed in our last, is really waxing warm in his surprise and admiration of our recent literary progress. He has lately laid his hand upon his bulky breast, and uttered some passages of almost doating parental fondness for us. In our October number we gave an extract from the London Quarterly Review, which declared that during the late season American works were the new staples of the English book market. The *London Times*, the leading newspaper of the world, recently devoted three columns to Hawthorne, and began its article with the following significant remark:—"We must look out! America is going ahead, and threatens to outstrip us in a direction altogether unexpected. It has taken the energetic people of the United States not quite eighty years to convince the world of their unapproachable skill in the art of material development. Another half-century may enable them to prove their superiority over contrary nations in labors purely intellectual."

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last *North British Review* damps somewhat the self-gratulation expressed in the preceding item. It contains an article on American poetry as flippant as it is caustic, and evidently from a "green hand." The absolute nonchalance with which the critic betrays his limited knowledge of our poetic authors is amusing. Some of the best of them, such especially as are most thoroughly national, have evidently never been read by him; but he proceeds, with the genuine air of a pedagogue, to apply his critical birch to the whole country; and, after plying the castigation till he is apparently exhausted by the effort, sits down, wipes the perspiration from his brow, and condescendingly adds some Sophomorean prelections on the ethics and prosody of poetry. Bryant's muse is dispatched as a virtual abortion, though in the Thanatopsis he "has only just missed writing a fine poem." Longfellow is lashed most lustily. The whole of the "Psalm of Life" is quoted, but clinched with the following anecdote:—"A certain Frenchman, not being quite master of our language, is reported to have exclaimed, in a rapture of admiration at something or other, 'superbe! magnifique! in short, pretty well!' This exclamation expresses the sort of feeling one has upon reading verses like these for the first time."

Poe is praised deservedly, though, by the reviewer's canons, he ought to be reprobated. Thomas Buchanan Read is pronounced our most hopeful poet. His "Closing Scene" is "the best American poem" the critic has "met with," and "is worth a whole album of 'Excelsiors,' 'Psalms of Life,' and other such drum-and-trumpet moralities which are so abundantly supplied to an applauding public on this and on the other side of the Atlantic." It "merits the fame that Gray's celebrated 'Elegy' has obtained without deserving it nearly so well." We should be nationally thankful for the credit accorded us in the case of Mr. Read, though with regret that it is given at the expense of our other bards. Finally, the critic dismisses our trembling aspirants from his inexorable bar with the following summary judgment:—"The number of 'respectable' versifiers who have come into existence in America, during the last few years, is surprising. The fertility of the New World in the production of mediocre poets exceeds even that of our own land. Indeed, almost every American seems to be possessed of the 'accomplishment of verse' to some considerable degree. But that American poets are deficient in the 'faculty divine,' which shows us thoughts, and feelings, and facts, from a totally new point of view, and spiritually enriches us with the revelation of an individuality quite different from our own, or any other with which we have hitherto become acquainted, must be abundantly manifest to those of our readers who possess the amount of originality which is requisite to enable them to recognize true originality in others."

The *North British* has dishonored itself in this twaddling pretension to criticism. The article is evidently from an incompetent hand, and its self-conceited contemptuousness is itself supremely contemptible.

Book Notices.

We are indebted to *Messrs. Harper* for a batch of valuable books, among which are the four volumes of *Chalmers's Memoirs*,—a work which will take rank among the permanent biographies of our literature, notwithstanding its diffuseness and an enormous amount of heavy quotations. The last volume presents a noble portrait of the Doctor, taken in advanced life. *Abbott's Mother at Home* and *Child at Home*, two excellent works, too well known to need commendation, are attractive looking duodecimoes, abundantly illustrated; some of the cuts are very good, others might be improved. *Kirwan's Letters* to Judge Taney are full of the pungency, the peremptory eloquence and downright logic of their well-known author. They disclose the moral condition of Italy as a strong-handed sexton would unlock the iron door of a tomb, letting out the very stench, and showing all its horrors. The *Life and Letters of Niebuhr* have already become familiar to the reading public—a noble memoir of one of the finest minds of Germany. *Butler's Analogy* is the best edition of that standard work in our language, accompanied as it is with the masterly analysis of the late Dr. Emory, (the best yet made, not excepting Bishop Wilson's;) a new life by Professor Crooks; a new index, based upon one made by Dr. Bentham, of Oxford, under the approval of Butler, and recently brought to light; and some able notes by Chalmers. *Anthon's Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary* is chiefly an abridgment of Riddle's translation of Freünd, and contains the chief contributions of late European scholars to Latin Lexicography. Professor Anthon's labors as a compiler of classic books are so multiform, that he is liable to incur the unenviable reputation of a mere literary jobber; this, however, would be quite beneath his real merit as a scholar and writer. His labors have been invaluable to classic students. Much as he avails himself of foreign resources, he nevertheless thoroughly elaborates his works, and places them in advance of all his auxiliaries. The London Athenæum, some time ago, paid him an unusual compliment, (quite unusual from John Bull to Brother Jonathan,) when it declared that he "had done more for sound classical school literature, than half-a-dozen Englishmen."

Three very neat juvenile volumes, entitled "Stories for the Young," have been issued by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. They are stories or narratives from the French of Malan, and exceedingly entertaining as well as thoroughly evangelical in their moral lessons—such books, as the dullest child will be tempted to read if he once begins them, and can hardly read without receiving a permanent impression. The mechanical style of the volumes is very good; we would especially commend their distinct and liberal type, an excellence of no little importance to the eye in these days of early and incessant reading.

Voices of Nature: by the author of *A Reel in a Bottle; Pioneer Women of the West*, by Mrs. Ellet; *Prose and Poetical Writings:* by Richard H. Dana. *Scribner, New-York.* 1852. —The Voices of Nature, the first on our list of Mr. Scribner's recent publications, is a pleasantly written volume of natural descriptions, interspersed with moral reflections. The author traces some of the analogies between the forms and processes of the material world and the mind and nature of man. We have his interpretation of nature as opposed to that of the Pantheists, and a succession of spring, summer, autumn, and winter pictures and moralities. Prefixed to the different chapters are fine quotations in prose and verse, from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Jane Porter, and the almost forgotten, but rare old poet, Henry Vaughan. The Pioneer Women of the West, some fifty or sixty of whom have found a fitting historian in Mrs. Ellet, will hereafter rank with their elder sisters—"The Women of the American Revolution." The sketches and biographies are, we are assured, in all cases authentic, being derived from private and reliable sources, while the descriptions of the life and manners of the early pioneers are vivid and interesting. Richard H. Dana is one of the eldest of the American poets and critics, and one of the most original. "The Buccaneer," is yet the most unique poem in our literature, and the critical articles and the prose of "The Idle Man," are excellent. But more of this in some future number.

The Methodist Quarterly for *October* contains the following articles:—I. The Mosaic Account of the Creation—one of the best discussions we have met of the "Geological Question,"—by Professor Thompson, of Indiana. II. Hannah More—a comprehensive and very well written review of her life and character. III. The Theory of Reasoning—hard metaphysics —written with unquestionable erudition and skill, but in a style that a Saxon ought to be ashamed of. IV. Merritt Caldwell, by Professor Vail—a very entertaining sketch of a very good and able man, the narrative of whose death is especially sublime. V. The Genealogies of Christ, an able paper by James Strong, Esq., on a very difficult critical question. It contains some important original suggestions. VI. Jacob Abbott's Young Christian Series—a very good paper on some very good books. *Short Reviews, Literary Intelligence*, and *Religious Intelligence*, follow. This work ranks high among the Quarterlies of the country, and it deserves well its reputation.—*Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*

Up Country Letters. Appleton, New-York. 1852.—A volume of fresh and pleasant essays, about country life, and men, and books, and whatever else comes into the mind of the dreamer in the height of June days. Who the author is, we know not; but we should say he could, if he chose, make a name in the world of letters. His *bonhomie* and personal babble remind us of Irving and Ik. Marvel, either of whom might have written the "Up Country Letters" without disparagement.

Literary Record.

Rev. Soloman Howard, of the Ohio Conference High School, at Springfield, has been elected to the Presidency of the Ohio University at Athens, in place of the Rev. Dr. Tomlinson, resigned. Rev. James G. Blair has been elected Professor of Natural Science, and Rev. James F. Given, Principal of the Preparatory Department.

Mr. Henry Stevens is still in London, engaged upon his catalogue of works relating to early American History.

Prof. Whedon, late of the Michigan University, has opened a classical and commercial school at Ravenswood, near New-York city. He is an accomplished teacher; a better one cannot be found in the land. The school is to be limited in the number of its pupils. Price, $125 per term; two terms per year.

A late letter from Toronto to the *New-York Commercial Advertiser*, says that there are in Upper Canada five colleges possessing university powers, viz.:—1. The University of Toronto—a provincial institution supported out of the public funds, i. e. by the sale of lands set apart for that purpose; 2. Trinity College—Church University—an Episcopalian institution, recently projected and established by Bishop Strahan, at Toronto; 3. Queen's College, at Kingston, a Presbyterian institution, in connection with the Church of Scotland; 4. Victoria College, at Coburg—a Methodist institution, under the control of the Wesleyan Conference; and, 5. Regiopolis College, at Kingston—connected with the Roman Catholic Church. In addition, there are in Upper Canada the following institutions, which are, properly speaking, superior grammar or high schools, viz.:—1. Upper Canada College, Toronto, a provincial school. 2. Knox's College, Toronto, a Presbyterian (Free Church) theological school. 3. Bytown College, a Roman Catholic theological school; and very recently, 4. St. Michael's College, Toronto, a Roman Catholic theological institution also.

In Lower Canada there is but one college possessed of University privileges,—M'Gill College, Montreal. Besides, however, a great number of very superior Roman Catholic colleges, theological and secular, there is one Episcopalian theological institution—Bishop's College, Lennoxville. The Baptists had a college at Montreal, which has been recently closed.

Lord J. Russell's Life of Moore, the poet, to make eight volumes 8vo., will, by the arrangements of Little, Brown, & Co., Boston, be issued simultaneously with the edition of the London publishers.

The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* learns, through a private source, that Dr. D. W. Clarke is to be the successor of Professor Larrabee, as editor of the Ladies' Repository.

Mr. Putnam announces a new edition of "The World's Progress, with Additions and Corrections," and a supplement to his "Book Buyer's Manual."

The Catalogue of the New-York Trade Sales, by Bangs & Co., this fall, occupied four hundred and sixty solid pages, embracing at least sixty thousand items, from three hundred different contributors, whose locations ranged from Boston to St. Louis. The amount of property which changed hands during these sales is valued at about half a million of dollars.

Among the manuscript curiosities in the Loganian Library, Philadelphia, is a copy of the Bible on parchment, attributed to the eleventh century; also an illuminated *Psalter* of exquisite beauty, on vellum, without date, but supposed to be a specimen of Italian art, and executed about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The library also possesses a copy of the "Golden Legend," printed by Caxton, 1483, of which early specimens of English printing, only five perfect copies are known to our bibliographers.

The *New-York Recorder*, speaking of Mr. Strong's Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels, lately issued by Carlton & Phillips, New-York, gives it the praise of being superior, as a commentary, to anything that has yet emanated from the American press.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, we learn from the *Bangor Mercury*, will shortly put to press another work, treating upon the lives of fishermen and seamen.

The *Boston Transcript* recently stated that Mr. Thackeray had expressed a wish that the lectures he purposes delivering in this country "may not be reported by the American press, as he does not come to write a book of travels, but merely to see the country, and deliver his lectures."

Dr. Valentine Mott, of this city, has been elected an honorary Fellow of King's and Queen's College of Physicians, in Ireland. He is the first American who has received this distinction.

The *Portsmouth* (N. H.) *Gazette* has been published ninety-eight years, and the *Newport* (R. I.) *Mercury* ninety-one years. Both are clever papers, and bid fair to live as much longer.

The papers, secular and religious, are very severe on Herman Melville's last work, called "Pierre; or the Ambiguities." A Boston paper pronounces the volume "abominable trash—an emanation from a lunatic rather than the writing of a sober man."

A decided movement is making in Boston for the establishment of a free public library, open to all classes, for reference and circulation. Libraries are also being formed at Stamford, Conn.; Alexandria, Va.; and at Scranton, Luzerne County, Pa. The St. Louis Mercantile Library having collected eight thousand volumes, are about removing to their new building, the cost of which we learn is nearly $100,000, the whole amount of which, and greatly to their honor, has been subscribed by the merchants of that city.

The Rev. Dr. Ludlow, formerly Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, was on the 1st October inaugurated to the Professorship of Pastoral Theology, Church History and Government, in the New-Brunswick (N. J.) Theological Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church, recently vacated by the decease of the Rev. Dr. Cannon.

The Hon. D. A. White, of Salem, has presented the town of Lawrence, Mass., with lands, valued at $20,000, the proceeds of which are to accumulate for the establishment of a Free Library, and Annual Lectures on Literature and Science.

Mr. Schoolcraft, says the *National Intelligencer*, has a full vocabulary of the language of the Puebla Indians. It abounds in monosyllables, a trait not common, in its elementary forms, with our western tribes.

Professor Jewett, of the Smithsonian Institution, has been engaged, for some time past, in maturing a plan for the preparation of Library Catalogues, and for stereotyping the titles of books.

Dr. Hawkes, of this city, has been elected Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island. It is said to be in contemplation to call him to the rectorship of Grace Church, in Providence.

From three to five columns weekly, of the *Christian Observer*, published at San Francisco, California, are printed in *Spanish* for the benefit of that class of California citizens.

The first term of the Richmondville Union Seminary commences on the 25th of October. It is located in Richmondville, Schoharie County, New-York, forty-five miles from Albany. A plank-road passes through the place, and the Albany and Susquehanna railroad, when completed, will bring it within one hour's ride of Albany, thus rendering it easy of access from all parts of the State. This institution possesses every facility for a complete and thorough classical education. The Principal, Rev. J. L. G. M'Koun, is a graduate of the Wesleyan University, and a member of the Oneida Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The terms for board and tuition, in common English branches, are only seventeen dollars per quarter.

Brown University.—An error escaped in our late notice of Brown University, or rather in the paper from which we copied. Instead of sixteen graduates, it should have read thirty-one, sixteen of whom took part in the commencement exercises.

Carlton & Phillips have now in press a course of Lectures to Young Men on the formation of a manly character, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. George Peck. Pursuing an original course of remark, it promises to rank above the ordinary works, now so abundant, for young men.

Wong Fun, a young Chinaman, from Hong Kong, has carried off the first prize in the junior division of the botanical class, under Professor Balfour, at the Edinburgh University.

Religious Summary.

The first Conference of the United Brethren in Christ, was held in Baltimore, Md., in 1789, and numbered seven members. In 1800 the Conference embraced thirteen ministers. Now, the General Conference embraces fourteen annual conferences.

The New-York Young Men's Christian Association, assembled for the first time at their new rooms in the Stuyvesant Institute, in September last. "Though the origin of this praiseworthy Association," says a cotemporary, "is of recent date, yet it now numbers, we are happy to learn, something like four hundred members, and twenty life-members, representing some six of the evangelical denominations. The prospects of the Association are of a most promising character; and it is the intention of the managers to establish a reading-room upon an extended basis, which, it is confidently hoped, will prove a valuable auxiliary in accomplishing the object in view."

The increase of membership in the Ohio Methodist Conference, during the year just closed, was eight hundred and forty-eight.

The *Presbyterian Herald* says: a glance through the Minutes of the General Assembly (Old School) reveals the fact, that there are at the West two hundred and ninety-one Presbyterian Churches which have neither pastors nor stated supplies. A history of the division of the Presbyterian Church, prepared by Rev. G. N. Judd, D. D., as chairman of a committee of the Synod of New-York and New-Jersey, is completed, and will be laid, in print, before the synod at its next monthly meeting.

The Irish Society of London seems to be very successful in its missionary labors and operations. Large numbers are reported as constantly leaving the Roman Catholic Church.

According to the Census Reports, the Baptists have increased in Canada, during four years past, more rapidly than any other denomination. In this period of four years they have advanced from 28,052 to 45,457, which is nearly doubling their numbers. The Presbyterians are next in order.

The Roman Catholic orators of Canada maintain, that to attack tithes is to attack religion, for, were they abolished, not half-a-dozen priests would remain in Lower Canada! It is but a weak "religion" that has no better foundation than the forced contributions of a priest-ridden populace.

Bishop Scott will proceed to Africa in time to be present at the annual session of the Liberia Methodist Conference, in January next. The Rev. James H. Perry, now pastor of the Mariner's Bethel, in this city, has been appointed

superintendent of the Liberia Mission. He goes out in company with the bishop, as does also the Rev. Mr. Horne, who is to take charge of the Methodist Academy at Monrovia.

The last number of the Presbyterian Quarterly Review has an earnest article on the inadequate salary of ministers in the Presbyterian Church. The clergy of Connecticut are making the same complaints.

The Pope has requested Louis Napoleon to permit the re-establishment of the order of begging friars in France.

Rev. William M. Daily, D. D., Indiana, has in course of preparation a treatise on the obligations of parents and the Church to baptized children, and the reciprocal relation and obligations of such baptized children to the Church.

There are in the United States, Universalist societies, 1,091; clergymen, 640; and Churches, 828.

Rev. George M. Berry, late of the Baltimore Methodist Conference, has been transferred to that of Oregon.

The Parent Conference of Wesleyan Methodism, in England, at its recent session, suggested to the Wesleyan Methodist connection in Canada, the organization of a federal union of the Methodism of British North America, embracing Eastern and Western Canada, the Hudson Bay territory, New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, the whole of which to be governed by a federal conference, after the manner of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. This suggestion, however, must be discussed and acted upon by the Canada preachers, before it can become a reality.

Rev. Dr. Meade, Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia, publishes in the *Southern Churchman* a prayer, to be used in view of the great want of preachers in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Louisville Methodist Conference met on Wednesday, the 8th September, Bishops Andrew and Soule presiding. About ninety members belong to this conference.

The Baptists in Oregon possess eleven churches, and ten ordained ministers, with a membership of eleven hundred and seventy-five.

By a list published in the *Churchman*, we observe that there are eighty-three clergymen of the Episcopal Church residing immediately in New-York city and its vicinity.

The revenue for the rents and sale of the Clergy Reserves in Canada, amounted, in 1850, to £53,737.

Rev. Robert Newton, D. D., for fifty-three years an effective and able Wesleyan Methodist minister, has been placed, at his own request, on the superannuated list.

The Rev. Dr. Wainwright was on the ninth ballot elected Provisional Bishop of New-York, at the late Episcopal Convention.

New-York Tract Society.—Among the statistics presented at the late meeting of this society, we find that twenty-five missionaries had been zealously engaged in promoting the objects of the society; 976,343 tracts had been distributed, 949 Bibles, and 1,505 Testaments supplied to the destitute children and others; 4,582 volumes had been lent from the ward libraries, and 754 children had been gathered into Sabbath schools.

The British Wesleyan Conference, at its last session, resolved to organize Methodism in France into an independent body, in order that it may claim the protection of the authorities as a duly organized Protestant Church. From the reports presented at this Conference, we gather that Methodism is rather retrograding in Scotland.

There are in Virginia 550 churches, 90,000 members, and 413 ministers. The Rev. John Clay, the father of Henry Clay, was a Baptist preacher, and resided in Hanover County.

Late accounts state that the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council, in Prussia, had forbidden the Protestant clergy to admit Irvingites to the sacramental rites.

In consequence of the great influx of population to Australia, the British Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Committee have resolved to send six additional missionaries to that country. The Rev. Robert Young, we learn from the *London Watchman*, is to proceed to the colony for the purpose of establishing an Australian Conference.

Letters from San Francisco state that efforts were making for a general closing up of the stores on the Sabbath.

The Northern portion of the Methodist Episcopal Church has in its communion at least 725,000 members; and it is estimated that nearly three millions of the population of the United States is connected with that body.

The Friend—a Tahitian journal—of a recent date, states, that among the persecuting acts of the French Protectorate Government, "no official native would be allowed to preach without sanction;" and that the Rev. Mr. Chisholm, a German, employed by the London Missionary Society, has been prohibited from preaching out of a certain district, under pain of arrest and banishment.

There are fifteen missionaries and assistants employed by the Baptists in China, and three more are soon to sail for that country. In West Africa there are seventeen missionaries and assistants, and one in Central Africa.

The London City Mission has now two hundred and seventy missionaries in that metropolis.

The Scotch Free Church have at this time ten congregations in the city of London. There were but six Scotch Churches at the period of the disruption, and three of them continued with the state.

From the report of the *Maine Congregational Conference* it appears there are two hundred and seventeen Churches attached to that body, which are represented by fourteen local conferences. Whole number of members reported, 16,709; settled pastors, 152; stated supplies, 50.

Art Intelligence.

M. Adolphe Martin in the *Paris Comptes Rendus* of July, recommended the substitution of iodide of ammonium for that of potassium, in the collodian process of photography; Mr. Hockin of London has made a similar discovery, by which method he obtains "good positive pictures of buildings in a *fraction of a second*, without otherwise departing from the usual process."

The very interesting and extensive collection of curiosities obtained by *Clot Bey, in Egypt*, and purchased by the French Government, are to be exhibited at the Palace of the Louvre. The collection comprises articles of *vertu* in bronze, ivory, carved woods, curious stuffs, instruments of music, and utensils of all sorts.

A colossal statue of *Bergen Jare*, "the founder of the kingdom of Sweden,—who lived in the tenth century,"—is to be cast at the Royal Foundery, Munich. The monument is the work of the Swedish sculptor *Fogelbjerg*, and is to be the property of his native country.

Incited by the acquisitions already made of so many precious monuments at Rome, the *Princess of Canino* has determined on new excavations between the Tiber and the Garigliano.

The *King of Saxony*, as we learn from the *London Builder*, has instructed M. *Hanel*, a Dresden artist, to proceed to Berlin, to execute a colossal statue of M. Cornelius, one of eight figures of the greatest artists of all ages selected for erection in the hall of the new Museum at Dresden. M. Cornelius is the only living artist to whom this honor has been accorded, and his statue is to be placed next those of Raphael and M. Angelo. Thorwalsden is also named as one of the number decided on.

The *Society of British Artists* has lost one of its most distinguished members, by the death of Mr. Allen, the landscape painter.

Professor Senff has lately exhibited at Halle, (Saxony,) two interesting pictures intended as floral illustrations of Thorwalsden's celebrated "Night and Morning." In his treatment of this subject, the artist represents the opening day by the *sun-rose*, the power and strength of the day by the *oak*, the reward of action by the *laurel*. The gay and stirring movements of man are symbolized by *roses, pomegranates, oranges, and passion-flowers* intertwined. The pure blue heaven is represented by *corn flowers*, "because heaven is supported on the material earth." Ears of *corn* and bunches of *grapes* conclude the wreath. The *majesty of night*, the subject of the second picture, is shown in the wonderful *cactus grandiflora;* her attendants are mourning and peace, the *cypress and olive*, with psyche. The *night violet* tells of the nocturnal stillness, while the *poppy* symbolizes sleep and death. The finiteness of rest, or the rest of all things, is indicated in the *asphodel*, the death-flower of Homer. The poetical treatment of these pictures is German in the extreme; while the artistic delicacy with which the different flowers are arranged and colored, has excited marked attention from admiring crowds.

The total subscriptions to the *London Art Union* for the year ending 31st March, 1852, were £12,903, ($64,515,) being an increase of £1,933 ($9,665) upon the sum collected during the preceding year. The amount of the prizes was £6,449, ($32,245,) being an increase of £1,791 ($8,955) upon that of the previous season.

The exhibition of the *Berlin Academy of Art*, which is held every two years, was opened in September last. Though containing one thousand three hundred and fifty-two paintings, with a few pieces of sculpture, there was none of any remarkable peculiarity for conception or execution.

A large sculptural monument by the *Brothers Zandomeneghi* has been consecrated to the memory of *Titian* in *Venice*. The base of the monument is adorned with five bas-reliefs of the most celebrated of Titian's pictures.

Some calotypes, as we learn from the *Art Journal*, have been taken by Mr. Townsend, at Abbrokerton, a large town in the interior of Africa. The specimens, the artist says, though not very perfect, for want of time and proper attention, yet evince that the climate and the light are well adapted to the practice of the art.

Tony Johannot, the graceful artist, and painter of conversation pieces, whose death we have announced, was first introduced to English connoisseurs by Mr. Alaric Watts. To his reputation as a painter he added that of a happy and characteristic book-illustrator; of his skill in which department, the edition of *Moliere*, with his sketches, vignettes, &c., is one of the most beautiful, and artistically worthy books among the series of which it forms a part.

The donations to the American Musical Fund Society of New-York, which received its charter in March, 1849, have amounted to $4,000. Of the eleven donators, Mrs. F. A. Kemble gave $1,000; Madame O. Goldschmidt, $2,000; Miss C. Hayes, and the President of the Society, Henry Orcut, Esq., $200 each; the remaining seven, including Ole Bull, gave $100 each.

Further discoveries have been made by M. Beule, in the Acropolis, at Athens, of the last steps of the staircase that led to the principal entrance, and the surrounding wall of the citadel. This latter is adorned in the upper part with entablatures, as employed in the Doric temples anterior to Pericles, while at the rear are pedestals and fragments of the Roman epoch. Among several fragments of architecture by M. Beule, are twenty-three inscriptions in bas-relief, well executed, representing eight young Athenians dancing.

A clever adaptation of ornamental zinc, with colored designs, and suitable for pillars, trays, flooring, chimney-pieces, &c., has been exhibited in London, which, from its novel and handsome purposes of ornamentation, is likely to have great demand.

Scientific Items.

New-York Historical Society.—At the last monthly meeting, it appeared from the financial statement made by the Treasurer, William Chauncey, Esq., that there was a balance on hand at the time the last report was made of $847 48; amount received for dues, $4,215; total, $5,062 48. Disbursements, $4,529 02. Balance in the Treasury, October 1st, $533 46. The above receipts included $3,200 paid by sixty-four members in commutation of yearly dues.

The following corresponding members were elected:—Richard Hildreth, Boston; Franklin B. Hough, *Ogdensburg*. As resident members: Henry F. Hunter, Daniel Shepherd, and F. A. Talmadge.

Mr. De Peyster read a letter descriptive of the general tenor of certain documents recently donated to the society, and stated particulars relative to the public career of Lieutenant Governor Colden. The collection contained Governor Colden's investigations in natural science, history, zoology, and other branches of learning; his work—a celebrated one in its day—upon the principle of action in matter, published in 1755; his History of the Five Nations; dispatches to the English Government; correspondence with celebrated men in both the scientific and political world, with Franklin, Linnæus, Sinovius, &c., &c.; his discoveries as to a new mode of stereotyping.

In the year 1760, Governor Colden, writing to a friend in England, said that he was of opinion, that when the woods were cleared off, the climate would materially improve—so much so as to render this country, in time to come, a resort for pulmonary patients, &c.

Mr. Moore, librarian, read a very lengthy communication from Hon. John R. Bartlett, of the Mexican Boundary Commission, descriptive of his journeyings in Sonora, Chihuahua, Lower California, &c., while prosecuting the object of the commission. He stated that so far as he had traveled as yet, he had discovered no ruins of an antiquity prior to the present style of building. He has also made some valuable collections in mineralogy, botany, zoology, and of the Reptilia, some of which are rare specimens. The paper also described what Mr. B. noticed of the hot springs, or "geysers," situated in a gorge of the Nappa Valley, Oregon; and concluded by stating that he (Mr. B.) had discovered the original manuscript journal of the journey made from the city of Mexico to San Francisco by Padre Pedro Font, in the year 1776–7, a rare and interesting document indeed. At the close of the reading of this interesting communication, the audience expressed their satisfaction by hearty applause.

Cholera.—Considerable sensation was excited by one of the speakers at a meeting held at Exeter-Hall, in London, who stated the "undeniable fact, that the tax levied upon salt by Warren Hastings, during his tyrannical rule in India, was the cause of the Asiatic Cholera," a disease, said the speaker, "unknown before the period alluded to, and which made its appearance immediately following the edict which deprived the lower castes of Hindoos of a healthful ingredient in their food." In connection with this subject, we learn from the report of a French medical commission, both at Paris and elsewhere, that rain water is a prophylactic of cholera, and that this disease has never proved an epidemic in any city where rain-water is exclusively used.

The *British Archæological Institute* held their annual session at Newcastle lately, under the patronage of the Duke of Northumberland and the presidency of Lord Talbot de Malahide. In the course of business, a paper was read on the character of *Robin Hood*, in which it was maintained that he was a "mythical personage." (This opinion, however, seems to be entirely controverted by a statement of the Rev. Joseph Hunter, assistant keeper of the British Public Records, who, in one of his Critical and Historical Tracts, has collected a mass of information, tending to show that this "Greenwood hero" was one of the malcontents connected with the Staynton family, of the time of Edward II.; that he was born between 1285 and 1295; and that he was living in the early part of the reign of Edward III.)

A member of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Beulin, lately reported that by nourishing a silk worm on the leaves of the *bignonia chica*, he succeeded in giving to the cocoon of the worm a uniform *red tint*. As the *chica* is well known as furnishing the red pigment used by our Southern Indians, this hint may not be unworthy of a further demonstration.

The twenty-second meeting of the *British Association for the Advancement of Science* was held at Belfast in September last, Sir R. Murcheson in the chair. A vast variety of business, relating to every branch of science and art, was brought before the members, to which our limits will only permit us summarily to allude as follows:—Observations on the Nebulæ by Lord Rosse's Telescope; the Mathematical and Physical Theories of Light and Heat; Terrestrial Magnetism; Tides of the Ocean; Lunar Atmospheric Tides; and the Index of Friction in different gases. The meetings were numerously attended, and the general prosperity of the society is shown by the constant addition to its members, and increase of its funds and correspondence. Among the visitors was Professor Fowler, of the United States.

The *Mountain of Light.*—We give elsewhere an account of the recutting of this famous diamond. The last London Illustrated News says that the operation has been entirely successful, and has developed to a wonderful degree, the brilliancy and beauty of the gem. It has proved it to be of the first water, and it is now, perhaps, the most valuable diamond in the world.

The foreign journals announce the death, in Germany, of Dr. Herbert Mayo, a well-known contributor to the physiological researches of his day.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1852.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

IN the long list of English poets, chiefly those of the latter days—for most of the early bards were earnest, poor men, who wrote because they loved to, and because they had to;—among the latter of the English poets, we say, are to be found many amateurs of verse, in the person of lords and right-honorables—the terms are not always synonymous—and gentlemen in easy circumstances, who, having nothing else to do, occasionally produced trifles in rhyme. Nothing can be more absurd than these gentlemen, unless it be their pretension and success; for they are often more successful than men of real merit and genius. The world knows its own. Not standing in need of the world's applause and money, they are pretty sure of obtaining both: for the world is willful and cur-like in this matter, and fawns upon those who hate it; the public, as an immense mob, looks with reverence on these gilded shams—

"These ape-Apollos of a dwindled growth."

Among this class,

"This mob of gentlemen, who write with ease,"

have been and still are true poets; poets who were *born*, not *made*. Such, for instance, were Suckling and Lovelace,

among the triflers of the age of Charles the First and Second; Cowley and Shenstone, among the garden-pastoral poets; and Rogers and Moore, among the *vers du société* poets of the present age; and such, it has always seemed to us, is Halleck among the poets of America. Differing widely from his good-natured puffing friends, who compare him with the greater poets, and from the general public, who buy his works by editions, we are yet disposed to consider him a man of genius and a poet; for no man save a poet could have written "Alnwick Castle," "Burns," and "Marco Bozzaris." To what class of poets he belongs, or the poetical value of the class, is another consideration, upon which we may hereafter dwell; at present it is enough for us to consider him as a poet simply, to investigate some of the merits and demerits of his poems, and, if possible, to discover their cause: to do which we will glance over what little of his biography has been made known to the public. That it is not more full is to be regretted; for the lives and actions of all men, especially poets, depend oftentimes on apparently insignificant events, an ignorance of which is fatal to a proper appreciation of their characters. Were we fully acquainted with the life of Halleck, the body and soul life of the man and poet, his poetry would strike us in other lights, and seem other and better than it is. As it is, however, we must do our best.

The author of "Fanny," "Burns," "Marco Bozzaris," etc., says the Rev. Rufus Griswold, was born in the town of Guilford, Connecticut, in August, 1795: consequently he is now in his fifty-eighth year. It is said he evinced a taste for poetry, and wrote verses, at a very early period. What kind of poetry delighted his boyish taste, and what kind of verse emanated from his boyish pen, is open to conjecture: the last we venture to pronounce "most tolerable, and not to be endured," that being the cast of most juvenile verse. Nor is it much more difficult, we fancy, to determine the poets he read in youth, supposing his taste did not come to him by nature, like Dogberry's reading and writing. If he began to read poetry in his twelfth year—and he could hardly have read it before—he must have read Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion," and Moore's "Odes and Epistles," and still later, his "Twopenny Post-bag," and "Fudge Family," besides the standard poets of the previous age, and the age of Elizabeth. These last, however, he would not be likely to admire much, or to imitate; the young seldom having taste enough to follow the old, rather delighting in the new; consequently the new poet, like the rest of the world, was delighted with Scott and Moore; and their mingled influence, and the influence of Byron, as developed in "Beppo," and "Don Juan," both of which were published during Halleck's noviciate, pervaded his manner of thinking and writing. The versification of Scott and Moore, who were both masters of the octo-syllabic measure, is reproduced in "Alnwick Castle," and "Marco Bozzaris," and the *ottiva rima* of the Italian poets, first introduced into English by Byron, or rather by Frene, in his "Whistle-craft" poems, is reproduced, or, more strictly speaking, its style is reproduced—for Halleck wrote the verse in six lines instead of eight—in "Fanny." Setting aside the fact of his borrowing other people's measures, which he had a right to do if he pleased, it is to be regretted that he borrowed their style with them—reflected their tendency to badinage and burlesque; neither of which qualities was natural to him, or worthy of his naturally serious genius. But of that more, perhaps, anon.

In his eighteenth year, says Dr. Griswold again, Halleck removed to New-York, where he has since resided; that is, up to the time of his (the doctor's) writing biographies of "The Poets of America." From his eighteenth year, we know next to nothing of the young poet; nor much, indeed, afterward; nor even to-day, though he is to be seen occasionally in our streets, healthy and rubicund. We should say he made a good use of his time in youth, as far as education went. He is said to be a good English scholar, beside being a proficient in several of the modern languages. There is a certain air of taste about his compositions which can only be the result of thorough scholarship. In 1819, his twenty-fourth year, we hear of his publishing what Dr. Griswold calls his "effusions," in the Evening Post, under the signatures of "Croaker," and "Croaker & Co." In the production of these pleasant satires, still says the biographical doctor, he was associated with Dr. Drake,

the author of "The Culprit Fay," a man of brilliant wit and delicate fancy, with whom he was long intimate. Drake died in 1820, and his friend soon wrote for the New-York Review, then edited by Bryant, the lines to Drake's memory, beginning, "Green be the turf above thee."

What the Croaker poems were, if "The Recorder" and "The Epistles," included in some of the editions of Halleck, are not among the number, is more than we can say. They created a sensation, if that be anything in their favor. "The curiosity of the town," says William Leggett, "was greatly excited to know by whom these poems had been written, and they were ascribed, at different times, to various literary gentlemen, while the real authors were for a time entirely unsuspected."

Near the close of 1819, Halleck published "Fanny," his longest poem. The success of "Fanny," as far as readers and editions went—for it is unsuccessful as a poem—was decisive. "Who," says one of the critics of the time,—"who has not read Fanny—both the first and second editions of it—that delightful bagatelle, which some unknown and highly-favored *protégé* of the muses has brought out, to turn care into mirth, gravity into light-heartedness, *ennui* into self-complacency, and pride, pedantry, affectation, extravagance, folly, and the 'first society,' into fun?"

Fanny may be said to have established Halleck's reputation. In 1827, he published a small volume containing Alnwick Castle, Marco Bozzaris, and a few other poems which had previously appeared in various miscellanies. Between this volume and the publication of "Fanny," if we may credit passages in "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," Halleck visited Europe. In the former poem he says:—

> "I've wander'd through the lofty halls
> Trod by the Percies of old fame,
> And traced upon the chapel walls
> Each high heroic name."

And in the latter:—

> "I've stood beside the cottage bed,
> Where the bard-peasant first drew breath,
> A straw-thatched roof above his head,
> A straw-wrought couch beneath.
>
> "And I have stood beside the pile,
> His monument, that tells to heaven
> The homage of earth's proudest isle
> To the bard-peasant given."

England and Scotland then, if there be any truth in song, were thus visited by Halleck. In 1836 he published another volume, or rather another edition of his poems, including all his serious pieces then written. What his occupation has been for so many years is not distinctly stated. He is said to have been engaged in commercial pursuits. In "The Poet's Daughter," one of his cleverist serio-comic poems, he classifies himself as being "in the cotton trade and sugar line." It is certain that he was for some years one of the superintendents of the affairs of John Jacob Astor. He must have been a good business man to have enjoyed the confidence of such a shrewd old capitalist. Yet Astor's leaving him a paltry legacy of two hundred dollars per annum, does not say much for his estimation of him, either as a man or poet. It was a shabby affair, make the best of it.

That Halleck has written so little is not to be wondered at, when we remember the circumstances of his life. That he was able to attend to his business and write poems at all is somewhat remarkable. Not that a poet cannot be a good business man if he likes, but being that he must soon cease to be anything else; for Apollo is jealous of Plutus, and Plutus is jealous of Apollo. Plotting, scheming, and overreaching one's rivals in trade; giving notes of hand at thirty, sixty, and ninety days, and paying the same when due; hanging about Wall-street, and talking the jargon of the brokers; sitting on three-legged stools, and balancing accounts from sunrise to sunset; adding up or subtracting rows of black figures in parallel red lines; being, in fact, a commercial man—either as head of the firm, partner, or silent partner, or even clerk or book-keeper,—is not the way to become, nor the way to remain a poet, even a poor one. That Halleck, and Sprague, and Rogers, and many more whom we might name, have been able to unite the two professions, is a little surprising, and would be worthy of praise, had they only united them effectually; but the merchant has swallowed the poet, as the rod of Aaron swallowed the rods of the Egyptian enchanters.

For our single selves we wish that Halleck had never been a poet, or that, having been one, he had always remained one, excluding from his mind the merchant and man of the world. How far a man of talent is bound to work that talent for the benefit of the world, to the detriment of his

fortune, and the endangering of his luxuries and needs, will always be a matter of opinion; with genius it is never a question. Pure genius fulfills its duty and performs its mission regardless of consequences; regardless of needs and luxuries and all private considerations. And its self-sacrifice and abnegation is always repaid tenfold. When Genius begins to suffer for its *genius*—it sometimes suffers for its *folly*—it begins to grow good and great. There always seems to have been a want of earnestness in Halleck, a want of abiding faith in the beautiful and true. He is possessed by a spirit of *persiflage*, which leads him to laugh at his serious thoughts—we do not mean at his religious, but simply at his serious thoughts, and to cross his serious poems by touches of comic humor. What he may have written since the death of Astor, when he "cut" business, and went back to Guilford again; and what he may have on hand, in the shape of poems, if he has anything, is best known to himself and friends. A fragment, entitled "Connecticut," published some months ago, was unworthy of living, though as good as the general run of his comic verse; it was trumpeted loudly, but made no sensation. If he has any more of the same sort left, we advise a bonfire somewhere in his neighborhood. The woods and fields which surround him at Guilford, may be inspiring to his genius. If the fountain of song be not altogether dried up in his heart, it should flow at Guilford again gladly and brightly; yet with a certain solemnity withal, the result of years of intercourse with men.

To thoroughly analyze Halleck's poetry, we should require pages; not because he has written so much, or because what he has written is of so much consequence, but because much of it violates many of the fundamental rules of taste and art, which would have to be stated and perhaps defended in full. Having neither space nor time to do this, we must content ourselves with a few examples of his merits and demerits, and a few brief remarks thereon.

We open the volume at the beginning, at "Alnwick Castle," one of his best poems. In "Alnwick Castle," we see the effect of Scott's romances, both in their versification, and in their recalling the memory of the feudal, or, as poor Tom Hood used to call them, the *foodle* ages. There is something prompt, terse, and business-like, in the management of the poem. Though a true poem, it does not strike us as the work of a poet, so much as the work of a practical man poetically inclined—a man with rhetoric, and the other helps to poetry, at his finger-ends. A poet, we think, would have dwelt upon its beautiful side alone; would have lingered over

> "The legend of the Cheviot day,
> The Percy's proudest border story;"

over the pictured dome, the soldiers' march, and Kate and Hotspur on the hill, to the exclusion of

> "Oxen, and bleating lambs in lots,
> Northumbrian boars, and plaided Scots,
> Men in the coal and cattle line," etc.
> o o o o o
> "And him who, when a younger son,
> Fought for King George at Lexington,
> A major of dragoons;"

not forgetting that "ten-and-sixpence sterling," the loss of which left such an aching void in the poet's heart and pocket. Alnwick Castle belongs properly and only to the past—the feudal, chivalrous past—and should never be numbered with the present—the poetically common-place, but prosaically useful present. The contrasts are too glaring to meet in the same picture; the two elements will not unite. There is a quiet grace and pensive thoughtfulness about parts of the poem, which makes us forget, and almost atones for, the blemishes we have mentioned. The second stanza is beautiful:—

> "A gentle hill its side inclines,
> Lovely on England's fadeless green,
> To meet the gentle stream which winds
> Through this romantic scene;
> As silently and sweetly still,
> As when at evening on that hill,
> When summer's wind blew soft and low,
> Seated by gallant Hotspur's side
> His Katharine was a happy bride,
> A thousand years ago."

Poe admired the opening of the fourth stanza, and praised it highly. When Poe *did* praise anything there was no half-way work about it:—

> "Wild roses by the abbey towers,
> Are gay in their young bud and bloom:
> *They are born of a race of funeral flowers,*
> That garlanded in long-gone hours
> A Templar's knightly tomb.

"This," says Poe, "is gloriously imaginative; and the effect is singularly increased by the sudden transition from iambuses to anapests. The passage I

think the noblest to be found in Halleck, and I would be at a loss to discover its parallel in all American poetry." Fine it certainly is, especially the line italicized, that about the race of funeral flowers, the beautiful mutes of nature.

"Marco Bozzaris" it is impossible to judge. Like Hamlet's Soliloquy, Young Norval's Grampian-Hill speech, and the other crack pieces in the school-books, it has been drilled into us till we are thoroughly tired of it; we know it so well, we cease to know it at all. Poe says it has much lyrical, without any great amount of ideal beauty. Force is its prevailing feature,—force, resulting rather from a well-ordered metre, vigorous rhythm, and a good disposal of the circumstances of the poem, than from any of the truer lyric material. "I should do my conscience," still says Poe, "great wrong, were I to speak of 'Marco Bozzaris' as it is the fashion to speak of it, at least in print. Even as a lyric, an ode, it is surpassed by many American, and a multitude of foreign compositions of a similar character." There is nothing puny in "Marco Bozzaris," nor in that manly poem, perhaps Halleck's best, which commemorates the bard-peasant, Burns. In this last occur the felicitous lines, now familiar "as household words,"—

> "The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind."

"Wyoming" is a serious poem, partly descriptive of that famous locality, and partly reflective. It would be excellent but for a few weak lines, and one horribly comic point, which we have italicized. The poet has been speaking of woman, who is too high—

> "To be o'erpraised even by her worshiper,
> Poesy."
>
> "There 's one in the next field of sweet sixteen,
> Singing, and summoning thoughts of beauty, born
> In heaven—with her jacket of light green,
> 'Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn,'
> *Without a shoe or stocking—hoeing corn!*"

What was intended to be accomplished by that forced, coarse, and unnatural part, is more than we can conceive. If it is an attempt to raise a laugh, it is a failure, unless we laugh at the author's expense. It is out of "keeping," and wholly irrelevant to the matter and manner of the poem, and to the matter and manner of poetry generally; nay, we say plumply, to all poetry. For there is no such thing as a coarse, burlesque, mocking poem; no more than a coarse beauty, a burlesque truth, a mocking religion. The divine element of the beautiful, which is the only true element of poetry, admits nothing of the kind; and, so far as a poet raises a laugh at his poetry, just so far does he degrade himself and the muse. He, of all men in the world, should be the last to doubt his inspiration, and to mock his work. If he has no faith in himself, who can have?

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Something better than "Wyoming," and poems of that description, is the poem on the death of Drake:—

> "Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of my better days!
> None knew thee but to love thee,
> None named thee but to praise.
>
> "Tears fell when thou wert dying,
> From eyes unused to weep,
> And long where thou art lying,
> Will tears the cold turf steep.
>
> "When hearts whose truth was proven,
> Like thine, are laid in earth,
> There should a wreath be woven,
> To tell the world their worth.
>
> "And I, who woke each morrow
> To clasp thy hand in mine,
> Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
> Whose weal and wo were thine,—
>
> "It should be mine to braid it
> Around thy faded brow;
> And I 've in vain essay'd it,
> And feel I cannot now.
>
> "While memory bids me weep thee,
> Nor thoughts nor words are free,
> The grief is fix'd too deeply
> That mourns a man like thee."

Somewhat different is the fine poem of "Red Jacket." Never has the Indian character generally, and the character of Red Jacket particularly, been more happily analyzed and described, than in the concluding stanzas. The poem opens with a rather equivocal compliment to Cooper:—

> "Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven,
> First in her files, her pioneer of mind,
> A wanderer now in other lands has proven
> His love for the young land he left behind;
>
> "And throned her in the senate-hall of nations,
> Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought,
> Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
> And beautiful as its green world of thought."

Setting aside the nonsense of weaving a name, it is absurd to call Cooper the pioneer of American mind. That he wrote the first strictly American novel, in the popular way of talking, we are willing to admit; but surely other kinds of writing required mind as well, and engaged the attention of American minds before Cooper was thought of. There were great men living in Greece before Agamemnon, and mind-pioneers in America before James Fennimore Cooper. In writings of pure mind, we have as yet produced nothing superior, if indeed anything equal, to old Jonathan Edwards's "Treatise on the Will," the arguments of which a recent French critic has pronounced to be equal to those of Descartes. Equally absurd is the picture of America robed in the deluge rainbow! Fancy the *tableau*. Here is Asia, with the dust of ruin on her mantle; there Africa, the fetters on her hands; yonder Europe, the stately Amazon, stern in her mailed charms;* and here, towering before us, our own great country, robed in a deluge rainbow, magnificently enough! But how magnificent? we want a comparison here. "Magnificent as his (Cooper's) own mind's creations,

"And beautiful as its green world of thought."

Really, gentlemen, you are too modest entirely; it really can't be so grand, this little America of ours. To be sure we have some tolerable forests, mountains and prairies, a few great lakes and rivers, and the falls of Niagara, (but never a poet to sing it!) some odd number of battle-fields stained in the old time with free blood, but certainly nothing from Maine to California equal to Cooper's novels and Halleck's poems. A few words here from Poe. He has been speaking of the early American writers, and their extravagant fame. "Those rank first," says he, "who were first known. The priority has established the strength of impression. Nor is this result to be accounted for by mere deference to the old saw—that first impressions are strongest. Gratitude, surprise, and a species of hyper-patriotic triumph have been blended and finally confounded with admiration or appreciation in regard to the *pioneers* of American literature, among whom there is not one whose productions have not been grossly overrated by his countrymen. Hitherto we have been in no mood to view with calmness, and discuss with discrimination, the real claims of the few who were *first* in convincing the mother country that her sons were not all brainless, as at one period she half affected, and wholly wished to believe. Is there any one so blind as not to see that Mr. Cooper, for example, owed much, and Mr. Paulding nearly all, of his reputation as a novelist to his early occupation of the field? Is there any one so dull as not to know that fictions which neither of these gentlemen *could* have written, are written daily by native authors, without attracting much more of commendation than can be included in a newspaper paragraph? And again, is there any one so prejudiced as not to acknowledge that all this happens because there is no longer either reason or wit in the query, 'Who reads an American book?'"

But to return to Halleck, to whom this will apply as well as to Paulding and Cooper. The local allusions in many of Halleck's poems interfere greatly with one's enjoyment in reading them. The epistles and comic poems refer to men, manners, and politics obsolete and forgotten, and should be elucidated with notes, those sinking millstones on verse, but necessary in such cases, even if the poem must founder; it had better founder than strand and decay away on the sands. In some instances the *locale* is confined to a line or two; in others it is the warp and woof of the poem. This is to be regretted, as it will be a serious drawback to their future and permanent fame. Your true and profound artist, we remark *en passant*, be he poet, painter, or sculptor, works for the future, in preference to the present; laboring for all time rather than for the day, shaping from time whatever of the permanent it embodies, recasting its ideals into creations for eternity. Every real work of art is complete and perfect in itself; in so far as art needs explanation, needs to be labeled and commented upon, needs accessories and surroundings, just so far it is imperfect and incomplete. Halleck, if we may judge of his feelings by a clever passage in his clever epistle "To the Recorder," does not agree with us in this matter, and in that of future fame. "For me," says he, in his graceful and melodious lines,—

* It is scarcely necessary to say that these impersonations are taken from Bayard Taylor's fine poem, "The Continents."

"For me,
I rhyme not for posterity;
Though pleasant to my heirs might be
The incense of its praise,
When I, their ancestor have gone,
And paid the debt, the only one
A poet ever pays.
o o o o o
No: if a garland for my brow
Is growing, let me have it now,
While I'm alive to wear it;
And if, in whispering my name,
There's music in the voice of fame
Like Garcia's, let me hear it."

A few words on "Fanny," and the class of compositions to which it belongs, and we have done.

"Fanny" is popular, we conceive, because it is written in a "taking," but false school of verse. This is emphatically the age of smartness, and "Fanny" is, comparatively speaking, a smart poem. It is, as we said before, an imitation of "Don Juan," which, in our opinion, is the most execrable school of verse ever in vogue, the very incarnation of mockery and infidelity. We leave to others the discussion of its moral tendencies, and take it up solely on the ground of taste and feeling. Not only does it violate the commonest principles of taste,—we speak of the school now, not of any particular poem,—but the best and purest feelings of the human heart; robbing man of faith in himself and his fellows, checking him in his nobler aspirations and emotions, or holding them up in such a ridiculous light that he is ashamed of them, even stripping the material world itself of its beauty and comfort. Nothing is safe from its sneers; it lays its irreverent hands on everything; is an universal image-breaker, a caster down of all temples and altars, false and true; its only aim is to be smart, to make a point, to raise a laugh, at any cost, at any sacrifice; purity and beauty of style, symmetry and proportion, sense and meaning, everything gives place to what its vitiated taste considers wit and humor, bearing the same proportion to true wit and humor that the galvanized grins of a corpse do to the hearty natural laugh of a jovial living man.

"Don Juan," despite its inherent faults, is in many of its parts truly poetic, and rarely missed being a true and exceedingly beautiful poem. It is beautiful, and sublime, in parts, because Byron was a great poet, with infinite capacities of mind.

"He should have been a glorious creature; he
Had all the energies which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos, light and darkness,
And mud and dust, and passions and pure thoughts,
Mix'd and contending, without end or order,
All donnant and destructive."

The wit of Don Juan is of the keenest; the humor, for there is real humor in it, genial and hearty, and its melancholy and pathos are positively beautiful. Everywhere are scattered

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The "Fanny" of Halleck, and all other of the Don Juan imitations that we are acquainted with, are at best but faint copies of their wonderful original, without its faults, and without its merits, or possessing both in such homœopathic doses that they were better without them. "Fanny" has no merit as a story—indeed it pretends to none; and in our opinion—we may err, however—but little point as a satire. It is very thinly spread and diffusive; running on stanza after stanza, and page after page—for there are some eleven or twelve hundred lines of it to no palpable end, save that of making points, and saying smart things, both of which it does with considerable success. Once allow the legitimacy of the school of writing to which it belongs, and "Fanny" proves itself quite a poem.

In conclusion, let us say that we consider Halleck a good poet spoiled: he is a good poet in "Alnwick Castle," "Marco Bozzaris," "Burns," "Red Jacket," and "Magdalen;" and a good poet spoiled in "Fanny," and the other comic poems. Whether the spoiling process was owing to his circumstances of life, his bad models, the spirit of the age, or to himself, Fitz-Greene Halleck, individually, we shall not attempt to determine; perhaps their combination is the nearest to the truth. But the deed is done, and can't be helped. If one is not too critical, and we hope we have not been so, there is a good deal of pleasure to be got out of Halleck's volume. We must not look the gift horse too closely in the mouth.

A Golden Rule.—"I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back."

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

THE city of Lichfield, a hundred and twenty years ago, was reckoned, next to Exeter, the most considerable town in all the midland counties of England. It was the seat of a bishopric, and possessed its venerable cathedral. In yet earlier times also it was a place of some note; a castle crowned its hill-top, where scenes of war and revelry were witnessed by turns. In the times of the heptarchy, Lichfield was the capital of the kingdom of Marcia; and after their junction, of Marcia and East Anglia. Though not the shire-town of Staffordshire, in which it was situated, it enjoyed, by virtue of its franchises, most of the immunities of a county-town; and, in fact, its municipal corporation embraced in its domain a large portion of the county of Stafford, quite outside of the city. In the progress of affairs, during the seventeenth century and the former part of the eighteenth, this region kept pace with other parts of the kingdom. Its population was a settled one, chiefly occupied in husbandry, but not more rustic than the same classes in other parts. Among the principal families were a fair proportion of educated persons, whose attainments and social position entitled them to the, at that time, somewhat definite distinction of "the gentry." Out of these old families have arisen, especially during the last century, a large number of individuals who have achieved for themselves imperishable reputations.

Compared with modern English towns of very moderate pretensions, however, Lichfield, in 1732, was a place of but little elegance or wealth. It was a long straggling town lying on both sides of the Trent, with only a few good houses, and in its whole aspect evincing very little taste or regard for personal convenience in its inhabitants. It might, indeed, boast of its cathedral, its free-school, and an extensive hospital for the sick and the poor. It had, however, but little trade, and its manufactures were inconsiderable. It lay on the great post-route leading to the northwest, and was a resting-place for the royal mail stages; so that the town was often filled with travelers, and its taverns were its most important establishments. But even then the growth of trade was beginning to effect those changes by which so thorough a revolution has been wrought in the social affairs of the nation. The old families that had long enjoyed hereditary opulence, with incomes of two or three hundred pounds, were, by

the relative depreciation of money, becoming reduced to comparative poverty. Thus forced to increased activity, the younger members of such families began to seek more lucrative occupations, by which to maintain their position in society. In this manner began the movement of the country people to the cities and larger towns, by which the urban population has been greatly increased, and the interests of commerce and manufactures advanced beyond those of agriculture. Into this city of Lichfield, with all its provincial simplicity, we must now follow the subject of our observations.

Johnson's connection with the university ceased, nominally, on the eighth of October, 1732, but it had virtually terminated some months before that time. In addition to the personal affliction already named, pecuniary want stood in the way of his completing his academical education. The resource on which he had depended when he first went to Oxford had failed in consequence of the return home of young Corbett; and the remittances from his father, which had never been large, were now wholly suspended by reason of the almost complete wreck of the affairs of the Lichfield bookseller. He, therefore, left college finally, without a degree, and returned home, himself wholly destitute of the means of a livelihood, and his father's fortunes in ruins.

There are periods in human life when the severest calamities seem to come in troops, overwhelming all earthly hopes in a common ruin. Such seemed now to be Johnson's case. Only two months after the formal dissolution of his connection with Pembroke College his father died; and such was the reduced condition of his estate, that upon its distribution, only *twenty pounds* fell to his eldest son. In a little diary kept by Johnson at that time, is the following significant entry,* indicating at once his poverty and the greatness of his spirit in that dark hour: "I this day lay by eleven guineas, having received twenty pounds from my father's estate, which is all I can expect before the death of my mother, which I pray may be far off. I am henceforth to fashion my own fortune. In the mean time let me take care that my spirit be not depressed by poverty, and that want do not betray me into baseness." He had now come to the threshold over which he must pass from the protection of parental care and go forth alone to the battle of life. The world was indeed rising up before him, but without smiles or promises. Everything in prospect was dark, cold and forbidding.

The respectability of Johnson's parents, as well as his own good character and education, gave him ready access to the best society in Lichfield, and it is known that he maintained a good degree of intimacy with some of the best families of the place. He has himself informed us, in his Life of Edmund Smith, of his intimacy with and esteem for the family of Mr. Gilbert Walmsley, Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court of Lichfield, a man of much learning and politeness, to whose conversation Johnson confessed himself always indebted. He was also on terms of friendship with the family of Captain Garrick, father of him who has made that name renowned throughout the world. The professional relations of Dr. Swinfen to his father's family and to himself individually, readily opened an intimacy between them. Besides these there were others of the same class of society to whom Johnson had ready access, and by whom he was treated with the consideration due to his character and the social condition of his family. Intercourse with such society probably did something toward smoothing the natural roughness of his manners, and also toward giving him practical notions of social life.

There was a time in the history of most persons who have achieved their fortune, and risen from poverty and obscurity to independence and renown, when the first wants of our nature became the all-engrossing subjects of interest,—when the questions, "What shall I eat?" and, "What shall I drink?" and, "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?" were painfully forced upon the attention, much less by avarice than by stern necessity. That period was to them a season of discipline, in which their souls gathered the strength by which subsequent triumphs were made, though many sink under its burdens and

* The entry is in Latin, as follows: "Undecim aureos deposui, quo die quicquid ante matris funus (quod serum sit precor) de paternis bonis sperari licet, viginti scilicet libras accepi. Usque adeo mihi fortuna fingenda est. Interea, ne paupertate vires animi languescant, nec in flagitia egestas abigat, cavendum."

are heard of no more. Upon this probation Johnson was now entering, and for a somewhat protracted season he must be contemplated in the low valley of humiliation, struggling against want, and looking forward with only a dim and distant prospect, to the great world before him.

The improved condition of his health, both physical and mental, not long after the death of his father, enabled him to comply with the demands of his circumstances, and look about for some remunerative employment.

MARKET-BOSWORTH SCHOOL.

The situation of usher in the school of Market-Bosworth, in Lichfield, was accordingly accepted by him; but, as might have been anticipated, that occupation proved irksome to the last degree. In a letter to a friend, a companion of his childhood, Mr. Hector of Birmingham, he complained of it as altogether intolerable, and declared that because of its monotonous routine of daily duties, one day contained as much as a whole lifetime; and that he scarcely knew whether it were more disagreeable for him to teach or for the boys to learn the grammar rules. To his discomforts in the school were added yet greater trials in his domestic affairs. He was domiciliated in the family of Sir Wolston Dixie, the patron of the school, where he officiated as a kind of domestic chaplain, and was treated with so much indignity that his situation became intolerable, and such was the impression made on his mind, that in his subsequent life this period was never referred to without evident horror. It is very probable that his host was proud, and of a violent temper, and looking upon his usher-chaplain as a kind of domestic servant, he treated him accordingly; but in forming a judgment of the whole matter the state of Johnson's mind and nervous system should not be forgotten. After enduring the complicated misery of his situation for a few months, he relinquished it with most positive disgust.

Not long afterward he visited Birmingham at the invitation of Mr. Hector, but without any definite purpose as to finding employment there. Birmingham was then an inconsiderable country town, giving very little promise of the activity and progress that has raised it to the grade of a second-class city of the present time, and made it one of the most extensive seats of industry in the whole world. A few years before, there was no bookseller's shop in all the town, and the father of Dr. Johnson was accustomed to open a stall there on market days. But at this time a Mr. Warren had become established there as a bookseller; with him Mr. Hector boarded and lodged, and Johnson also now became an inmate of his house. The acquaintance thus accidentally formed seemed fortunate for both parties, as Johnson was able to be serviceable to his host both in his shop and in furnishing matter for a small newspaper issued by him. It is matter for regret that none of these earliest productions of the pen that afterward achieved so much in that very department, remain to the present time; for though their intrinsic value might be small, yet, as the first essays of a mighty genius, they could not fail to possess great interest.

Having no settled plan of life, he remained at Birmingham longer than he expected when he first came there. The list of his acquaintances was gradually enlarged; and among the families with whom he became somewhat intimate were those of Mr. Porter, a mercer—whose widow he afterward married—and Mr. Taylor, who subsequently accumulated a fortune by his mechanical ingenuity.

BIRMINGHAM IN 1730.

His principal inducements for continuing at Birmingham were, however, the pleasure of being near his friend, Mr. Hector, and the employment and remuneration afforded him by Mr. Warren. It was while he was thus tarrying at this place, that he undertook and executed the first literary work, which deserves to be ranked in the long list of the productions of his pen. An arrangement was made between himself and Mr. Warren, that the one should translate out of the French, and the other publish, the account of a voyage to Abyssinia, by Father Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit missionary, which Johnson had read at Pembroke College, and now spoke of in high terms of praise. The volume was accordingly procured, and a part of the work speedily accomplished, which was at once put into the hands of the printer; but the whole work was presently brought to a stand, by the indomitable indolence, or rather mental and bodily lassitude, of the translator. In this emergency his friend Hector, who knew his character, plied him with a motive to action that he knew would be most likely to prevail. Representing to him that the printer could do nothing else till this was finished, and that a helpless family were depending on his labor for their sustenance, this kind-hearted man entreated Johnson, for their sakes, to arouse himself to activity. The expedient was successful. Taking the volume before him, as he sat up in his bed, he dictated his translation, while Hector wrote it down from his lips. In this way the work was completed; and, though printed at Birmingham, the date on the title-page is, *London*, 1735. The work performed by Johnson was one of no literary pretensions,—the design being simply to render into English the account of the Jesuit missionary. It however very satisfactorily demonstrated his capacity for the work of a translator. An original preface was prefixed, in which the hand of the future Johnson may be distinguished, though as yet it had not attained the force or facility that so distinguished its later performances. It appears that this narrative made an enduring and lively impression on Johnson's mind; as there can be no doubt that to this cause we are indebted for at least the form and imagery of "Rasselas," and the fiction of "Seged, King of Ethiopia," found in the Rambler.

In August, 1734, a literary project was laid before the public, issuing from the city of Lichfield. This was no other than proposals to publish by subscription "the Latin poem of Politian, with a history of Latin poetry from the age of Petrarch to the times of Politian, edited by *Samuel Johnson*." Such an undertaking certainly evinces on the part of the proposed editor a good degree of confidence, though not an exaggerated one, in his own abilities. Not much, however, can be said in favor of the enterprise in its commercial aspects, as it could not be reasonably expected that a volume of Latin poems, issued by an obscure individual in a re-

mote country town, would meet with such demand as to justify the undertaking. Had the work been performed, the historical and critical portion would, doubtless, have made a valuable contribution to the history of literature; but as the progress of the undertaking depended on the success of the subscription, it is no cause of surprise that the book was never issued.

The same year he was again at Birmingham, where we trace him by an affair sufficiently trifling in itself, yet connected with the circumstances by which he at length rose from his present depression. A few years previous to that time the "Gentleman's Magazine" had been projected, and given to the public by Mr. Edward Cave. This man was a native

EDWARD CAVE.

of Newton, in Warwickshire; but during his childhood and youth his father resided at Rugby, following the trade of a shoemaker. The celebrated grammar school at Rugby was then, as it has continued to be, among the best in the kingdom; and as by the rules of the foundation he had a right to be instructed there, the opportunity was not neglected. Having thus obtained a good classical education, young Cave was apprenticed to a printer, and thus kept in close relation with literature and learned men. His mind naturally inclined to projects and untried expedients, in many of which he engaged, and most of them proved wholly abortive. Having acquired a large amount of information on all current topics, he at length fancied that he could make his knowledge available in the form of a monthly pamphlet, which with self-complacent assurance he called the Gentleman's Magazine. By great diligence and indomitable perseverance, seconded by a good degree of tact, the work became an interesting and attractive vehicle for facts, fancies, good-humored gossip, and fugitive literature. Encouraged by his success, the compiler now sought to give his magazine the character of a journal of polite literature. Being a great lover of poetry, though a very incompetent judge of that article, he offered a prize of fifty pounds for the best poem on "Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell;" and supposing that so great a prize would call out all the great poets of the kingdom, he offered the allotment of the reward to the universities: but neither the great poets nor the universities would have anything to do with the business—greatly to the surprise, but not to the discouragement, of the indefatigable publisher.

Cave's proposal came under Johnson's notice at Birmingham; but whether he entered the list of competitors for the prize is not known, though it is presumed he did not. He however addressed an anonymous letter to the publisher suggesting certain improvements in the conduct of the magazine, and proposing to supply him, "on reasonable terms," with "short literary dissertations, remarks on authors, ancient or modern, forgotten poems that deserve revival, and loose pieces worth preserving." The correctness of his taste and judgment, as to what a literary magazine should be, is very fully displayed in that letter. An answer was returned by the publisher, addressed as Johnson had desired; but it is not known that anything was done in the matter till some time afterward.

After the experiment at the school of Market-Bosworth, Johnson would not be very likely to incline strongly to the office of a school-teacher; but the stern demands of want seldom wait upon tastes or caprices. The mastership of the grammar school of Solihull, in Warwickshire, being vacant, his faithful friend, Mr. Walmsley, endeavored to procure the place for him; but the application was unsuccessful, on account of "the roughness of his manners," and "an involuntary habit of distorting his face." A similar attempt to obtain a more humble situation in the school at Brewood, met with no better success, and for the same reasons. His affairs had certainly reached a very deep depression; and one

may hesitate between pausing for a little while to sympathize with his sorrows, and hastening forward to consider the next portion of the story, by which the gloom of this dark picture gives place to the serio-comical exhibition that soon followed.

From quite an early period of his youth Johnson had been susceptible to the influence of the "tender passion." While at Stourbridge school he became enamored of a young Quaker girl; but the affair resulted in nothing more than a few amatory verses. He had indeed exercised his muse in the same service before he left Lichfield, in a piece addressed to "a Young Lady [Miss Hickman] playing on a Spinet;" and while residing with Mr. Hector at Birmingham, he composed a little piece for that kind friend to be sent to a lady from whom Hector had received a "sprig of myrtle." But these were only superficial impressions made upon the surface of a susceptible heart, and they were as transitory as they were superficial. But in the early part of 1735, he became the victim of a deeper and more enduring influence, from which he was quite unable to free himself. His friend Porter, the mercer of Birmingham, had died not long after his first acquaintance with the family; and now, strange enough, Johnson became desperately enamored of his widow. Though both of them were persons of real respectability, and not very widely separated in their social positions, yet beyond this every thing seemed to forbid their union. Johnson wanting the means to obtain his daily bread, it seemed sheer madness for him to think of providing for a family, and Mrs. Porter had but little to bring to him. Then the disparity of their ages presented a scarcely less formidable obstacle: she was almost fifty years old, and he short of twenty-seven. But such was the power of passion upon him, that all these things were neglected; and strange enough, his love was reciprocated with an equally blind impetuosity.

A gossiping anecdote is told relative to the style of their courtship, which, though rather wanting in authenticity, is sufficiently characteristic. Johnson informed Mrs. Porter that "he was of mean extraction, had no money, and had had an uncle hanged." Mrs. Porter was not to be outdone in condescension; she replied,

MRS. JOHNSON.

"that she valued no one more nor less for his descent; that she had no more money than himself; and that though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty that deserved hanging." Johnson therefore hastened to Lichfield to obtain his mother's consent to their marriage; and though she well knew the madness of the whole movement, she was too wise to offer a futile opposition to the foregone determination of her son.

In matters of love and matrimony, personal appearances are subjects of some consideration; it may not be amiss, therefore, in this place to gratify the reader with such descriptions of the persons of the pair thus brought together, as are within reach. Of Johnson, we have the following account from Miss Porter, who, by his marriage, became his step-daughter: "When first he was introduced to my mother his appearance was most forbidding; he was lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, separated behind; and he often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule." The account of Mrs. Johnson is by Mr. Garrick, whom the love of mirth may be suspected to have led to some degree of exaggeration. He described her as "very fat, with an unusually full bust, with swelled cheeks of a florid red—the color produced by thick painting, and a liberal use of cordials. She was flaring and fantastic in her dress,

and affected both in her speech and her general behavior." After all this, the reader will be ready to credit the declaration of Dr. Johnson, made to an intimate friend in the days of his greatness: "Sir, it was a love-marriage on both sides."

For some unexplained reason, the marriage was solemnized at Derby, and not at Birmingham. The journey thither was performed by the happy pair on horseback, and on the way a somewhat curious case of lovers' quarrels occurred. Johnson thus related the affair to Boswell, who of course incorporated it into his biography of his "illustrious friend:"—"Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end; I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me; when she did, I observed her to be in tears."

This probably will be thought a singular beginning of a course of connubial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnson was a most affectionate and indulgent husband as long as his wife survived, and that he mourned her loss, when she was taken away, with a deep and sincere sorrow.

EDIAL HOUSE.

Being now a man of family, Johnson bethought himself to find out some reliable means of subsistence. He accordingly set up a private boarding-school, and for this purpose hired a large house called Edial Hall, situated not far from his native city. In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1736, may be seen an advertisement in these words: "At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by *Samuel Johnson*." But this undertaking failed to answer the expectations with which it was taken in hand. He obtained only three pupils, two of whom were the afterward celebrated David Garrick, and his younger brother, George. As a pecuniary enterprise, this school was of course a failure, and Johnson seems to have had no better relish for the office of master than he had before found for that of usher. Nor did he succeed in commanding the reverence of the few pupils that were committed to his

care: his oddities and awkwardness became subjects of merriment with them, and especially his clumsy caressings of his wife, whom he constantly designated his *Tetty*—a provincial diminutive for Elizabeth.

That Johnson was not successful as an instructor of youth can be matter of surprise to no one at all acquainted with the character of his mind. Great abilities are not only uncalled for in that business, especially where elementary instruction is to be given; they may, by leading the mind to other subjects, and by causing an overlooking of the difficulties through which common minds must force their way to knowledge, become a positive disqualification. The mind of the teacher needs to rest calmly in its occupation, while the theme of instruction fills the whole field of intellectual vision. Great gentleness of temper and inexhaustible patience are also indispensable; and to all these must be added certain habits of order and regularity, by which the requisite knowledge shall be always at hand, and ready to be communicated. It is almost useless to say, that Johnson lacked almost every one of these qualifications. However much he might respect the office of an instructor of youth, it was an office whose duties he could never successfully perform. After struggling against his multiplied embarrassments for a year and a half, he at length abandoned the enterprise as utterly hopeless.

Of his literary occupations during his residence at Edial, we have but little information. The duties of his family and his school would necessarily afford all the employment that one so little inclined to activity might desire. It was also the beginning of his married life; and however ludicrous the idea may appear, he was unquestionably a most devoted and romantic lover, long after he had passed to the sober relation of a husband. It is probable, therefore, that literature received less of his attention during this period of his life, than during any previous term of the same length. It is known, however, that within this time he projected, and in part executed, the tragedy of *Irene*, of which a fuller account will be given in another place.

He borrowed a Turkish history of Mr. Peter Garrick, elder brother of the actor, out of which to draw the materials; and as the work advanced it was submitted to the friendly criticism of Mr. Walmsley, whose lively appreciation of the talents of the writer, and genial kindness of heart toward one so gifted and yet so depressed, caused him to take much interest in the unfinished production, and to recommend an attempt to have it brought forward on the London stage.

And now Johnson was again unmoored upon the open ocean of life. The world was before him, but it offered very little to awaken his hopes and to elicit efforts to obtain the little that it had to offer. But a more potent influence was operating upon him, and impelling him to action. One may consent to forego the honors and pleasures of life, but the demands for daily sustenance are not so easily thrust aside; and when to one's own personal necessities are added those of the objects of the heart's warm affections, if there be any spirit in him, all the energies of a man will be called forth to battle against want and to bear up against despair. This was now Johnson's condition; how well he sustained himself in it will appear in the sequel.

THE OLD COURT-HOUSE OF SPLUGEN.

THERE was something to me peculiarly affecting in this wreck of humble power: it touched at least a new modification of the feelings with which we regard the remains of old time, which violence has battered, and nature has rendered lovely. From visions of knightly banquets, desperate defenses, regal sufferings, which the silent dignity of the "child of loud-throated war" revives, it is pleasant for once to muse over the vestiges of common men who made an attempt at perpetual succession—to feel the spirit of antiquity hallowing the poor remains of a place where authority, ever needed by man, once held its narrow sway—perhaps not less revered by the old or less feared by the young, than the wisdom which grew immortal in codes, or the power which was terrible in blood. Here, at all events, in old time, was humanity struggling for a date beyond the span of individual life—the ambition, the pride, the vanity of civic power; and here is dust, silence, and, therefore, interest for the human heart.—*Sergeant Talfourd.*

THE ALCHEMISTS IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

DURING the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the search for the philosopher's stone was continued by thousands of the enthusiastic and the credulous; but a great change was introduced during this period. The eminent men who devoted themselves to the study totally changed its aspect, and referred to the possession of their wondrous stone and elixir, not only the conversion of the base into the precious metals, but the solution of all the difficulties of other sciences. They pretended that by its means man would be brought into closer communion with his Maker; that disease and sorrow would be banished from the world; and that "the millions of spiritual beings who walk the earth unseen," would be rendered visible, and become the friends, companions, and instructors of mankind. In the seventeenth century more especially, these poetical and fantastic doctrines excited the notice of Europe; and from Germany, where they had been first disseminated by Rosencreutz, spread into France and England, and ran away with the sound judgment of many clever but too enthusiastic searchers for the truth. Paracelsus, Dee, and many others of less note, were captivated by the grace and beauty of the new mythology, which was arising to adorn the literature of Europe. Most of the alchemists of the sixteenth century, although ignorant of the Rosicrucians as a sect, were, in some degree, tinctured with their fanciful tenets.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

THIS alchemist has left a distinguished reputation. The most extraordinary tales were told and believed of his powers. He could turn iron into gold by his mere word. All the spirits of the air and demons of the earth were under his command, and bound to obey him in everything. He could raise from the dead the forms of the great men of other days, and make them appear, "in their habit as they lived," to the gaze of the curious who had courage enough to abide their presence.

He was born at Cologne in 1486, and began at an early age the study of chemistry and philosophy. By some means or other, which have never been very clearly explained, he managed to impress his

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

cotemporaries with a great idea of his wonderful attainments. At the early age of twenty, so great was his reputation as an alchemist, that the principal adepts of Paris wrote to Cologne, inviting him to settle in France, and aid them with his experience in discovering the philosopher's stone. Honors poured upon him in thick succession; and he was highly esteemed by all the learned men of his time. Melancthon speaks of him with respect and commendation; Erasmus also bears testimony in his favor; and the general voice of his age proclaimed him a light of literature and an ornament to philosophy.

He was made secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, who conferred upon him the title of chevalier, and gave him the honorary command of a regiment. He afterward became professor of Hebrew and the *belles-lettres* at the University of Dôle, in France; but quarreling with the Franciscan monks upon some knotty points of divinity, he was obliged to quit the town. He took refuge in London, where he taught Hebrew and cast nativities, for about a year.

He was afterward invited by Margaret of Austria, governess of the Low Countries, to fix his residence in her dominions. He accepted, and by her influence was made historiographer to the Emperor Charles V. Unfortunately for Agrippa, he never had stability enough to remain long in one position, and offended his patrons by his restlessness and presumption. After the death of Margaret he was imprisoned at Brussels, on a charge

of sorcery. He was released after a year; and quitting the country, experienced many vicissitudes. He died in great poverty in 1534, aged forty-eight years.

While in the service of Margaret of Austria, he resided principally at Louvain, in which city he wrote his famous work on the *Vanity and Nothingness of Human Knowledge*. He also wrote, to please his royal mistress, a treatise upon the *Superiority of the Female Sex*, which he dedicated to her in token of his gratitude for the favors she had heaped upon him. The reputation he left behind him in these provinces was anything but favorable. A great number of the marvelous tales that are told of him relate to this period of his life. It was said, that the gold which he paid to the traders with whom he dealt, always looked remarkably bright, but invariably turned into pieces of slate and stone in the course of four-and-twenty hours. Of this spurious gold he was believed to have made large quantities by the aid of the devil, who, it would appear from this, had but a very superficial knowledge of alchemy, and much less than the Maréchal de Rays gave him credit for.

Naudé, in his "*Apology for the great Men who have been falsely suspected of Magic*," takes a great deal of pains to clear Agrippa from the imputations cast upon him by Delrio, Paulus Jovius, and other such ignorant and prejudiced scribblers. Such stories demanded refutation in the days of Naudé, but they may now be safely left to decay in their own absurdity. That they should have attached, however, to the memory of a man who claimed the power of making iron obey him when he told it to become gold, and who wrote such a work as that upon magic, which goes by his name, is not at all surprising.

PARACELSUS.

This philosopher, called by Naudé "the zenith and rising sun of all the alchemists," was born at Einsiedeln, near Zurich, in the year 1493. His true name was Hohenheim; to which, as he himself informs us, were prefixed the baptismal names of Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastes Paracelsus. The last of these he chose for his common designation while he was yet a boy; and rendered it, before he died, one of the most famous in the annals of his time. His father, who was a physician, educated his son for the same pursuit. The latter was an apt scholar, and made great progress. By chance the work of Isaac Hollandus fell into his hands, and from that time he became smitten with the mania of the philosopher's stone. All his thoughts henceforth were devoted

PARACELSUS.

to metallurgy; and he traveled into Sweden that he might visit the mines of that country, and examine the ores while they yet lay in the bowels of the earth. He also visited Trithemius at the monastery of Spannheim, and obtained instructions from him in the science of alchemy. Continuing his travels, he proceeded through Prussia and Austria into Turkey, Egypt, and Tartary, and thence returning to Constantinople, learned, as he boasted, the art of transmutation, and became possessed of the *elixir vitæ*. He then established himself as a physician in his native Switzerland at Zurich, and commenced writing works upon alchemy and medicine, which immediately fixed the attention of Europe. Their great obscurity was no impediment to their fame: for the less the author was understood, the more the demonologists, fanatics, and philosopher's-stone hunters seemed to appreciate him. His fame as a physician kept pace with that which he enjoyed as an alchemist, owing to his having effected some happy cures by means of mercury and opium—drugs unceremoniously condemned by his professional brethren. In the year 1526, he was chosen professor of physics and natural philosophy in the University of Basle, where his lectures attracted vast numbers of students. He denounced the writings of all former physicians as tending to mislead; and publicly burned the works of Galen and Avicenna, as quacks

and impostors. He exclaimed, in presence of the admiring and half-bewildered crowd, who assembled to witness the ceremony, that there was more knowledge in his shoe-strings than in the writings of these physicians. Continuing in the same strain, he said, all the universities in the world were full of ignorant quacks; but that he, Paracelsus, overflowed with wisdom. "You will all follow my new system," said he, with furious gesticulations, "Avicenna, Galen, Rhazis, Montagnana, Memé —you will all follow me, ye professors of Paris, Montpelier, Germany, Cologne, and Vienna! and all ye that dwell on the Rhine and the Danube—ye that inhabit the isles of the sea—and ye also, Italians, Dalmatians, Athenians, Arabians, Jews—ye will all follow my doctrines, for I am the monarch of medicine!"

But he did not long enjoy the esteem of the good citizens of Basle. It is said that he indulged in wine so freely, as not unfrequently to be seen in the streets in a state of intoxication. This was ruinous for a physician, and his good fame decreased rapidly. His ill fame increased in still greater proportion, especially when he assumed the airs of a sorcerer. He boasted of the legions of spirits at his command; and of one especially, which he kept imprisoned in the hilt of his sword. Wetterus, who lived twenty-seven months in his service, relates that he often threatened to invoke a whole army of demons, and show him the great authority which he could exercise over them. He let it be believed that the spirit in his sword had custody of the elixir of life, by means of which he could make any one live to be as old as the antediluvians. He also boasted that he had a spirit at his command, called "Azoth," whom he kept imprisoned in a jewel; and in many of the old portraits he is represented with a jewel, inscribed with the word "Azoth," in his hand.

If a sober prophet has little honor in his own country, a drunken one has still less. Paracelsus found it at last convenient to quit Basle, and establish himself at Strasbourg. The immediate cause of this change of residence was as follows. A citizen lay at the point of death, and was given over by all the physicians of the town. As a last resource Paracelsus was called in, to whom the sick man promised a magnificent recompense, if, by his means, he were cured. Paracelsus gave him two small pills, which the man took, and rapidly recovered. When he was quite well, Paracelsus sent for his fee; but the citizen had no great opinion of the value of a cure which had been so speedily effected. He had no notion of paying a handful of gold for two pills, although they had saved his life, and he refused to pay more than the usual fee for a single visit. Paracelsus brought an action against him, and lost it. This result so exasperated him, that he left Basle in high dudgeon. He resumed his wandering life, and traveled in Germany and Hungary, supporting himself as he went on the credulity and infatuation of all classes of society. He cast nativities—told fortunes—aided those who had money to throw away upon the experiment to find the philosopher's stone—prescribed remedies for cows and pigs, and aided in the recovery of stolen goods. After residing successively at Nuremburg, Augsburg, Vienna, and Mindelheim, he retired, in the year 1541, to Saltzbourg, and died in abject poverty, in the hospital of that town.

If this strange charlatan found hundreds of admirers during his life, he found thousands after his death. A sect of Paracelsists sprang up in France and Germany, to perpetuate the extravagant doctrines of their founder upon all the sciences, and upon alchemy in particular. The chief leaders were Bodenstein and Dorneus. The following is the summary of his doctrine, founded upon the supposed existence of the philosopher's stone; it is worth preserving from its very absurdity, and is altogether unparalleled in the history of philosophy. First of all, he maintained that the contemplation of the perfection of the Deity sufficed to procure all wisdom and knowledge; that the Bible was the key to the theory of all diseases, and that it was necessary to search into the Apocalypse to know the signification of magic medicine. The man who blindly obeyed the will of God, and who succeeded in identifying himself with the celestial intelligences, possessed the philosopher's stone; he could cure all diseases, and prolong life to as many centuries as he pleased, it being by the very same means that Adam and the antediluvian patriarchs prolonged theirs. Life was an emanation from the stars—the sun governed the heart, and the moon the brain. Jupiter governed the liver, Saturn the gall, Mer-

cury the lungs, Mars the bile, and Venus the loins. In the stomach of every human being there dwelt a demon, or intelligence, that was a sort of alchemist in his way, and mixed, in their due proportions, in his crucible, the various aliments that were sent into that grand laboratory, the belly. He was proud of the title of magician, and boasted that he kept up a regular correspondence with Galen from hell; and that he often summoned Avicenna from the same regions to dispute with him on the false notions he had promulgated respecting alchemy, and especially regarding potable gold and the elixir of life. He imagined that gold could cure ossification of the heart, and, in fact, all diseases—if it were gold which had been transmuted from an inferior metal by means of the philosopher's stone, and if it were applied under certain conjunctions of the planets. The mere list of the works in which he advances these frantic imaginings, which he called a doctrine, would occupy several pages.

JACOB BOHMEN.

Jacob Böhmen thought he could discover the secret of the transmutation of metals in the Bible, and invented a strange heterogeneous doctrine of mingled alchemy and religion, and founded upon it the sect of the Aureacrucians. He was born at Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia, in 1575, and followed till his thirtieth year the occupation of a shoemaker. In this obscurity he remained, with the character of a visionary and a man of unsettled mind, until the promulgation of the Rosicrucian philosophy in his part of Germany, toward the year 1607 or 1608. From that time he began to neglect his leather, and buried his brain under the rubbish of metaphysics. The works of Paracelsus fell into his hands; and these, with the reveries of the Rosicrucians, so completely engrossed his attention, that he abandoned his trade altogether, sinking, at the same time, from a state of comparative independence into poverty and destitution. But he was nothing daunted by the miseries and privations of the flesh; his mind was fixed upon the beings of another sphere, and in thought he was already the new apostle of the human race. In the year 1612, after a meditation of four years, he published his first work, entitled *Aurora, or the Rising of the Sun;* embodying the ridiculous notions of Paracelsus, and worse confounding the confusion of that writer. The philosopher's stone might, he contended, be discovered by a diligent search of the Old and New Testaments, and more especially of the Apocalypse, which alone contained all the secrets of alchemy. He contended that the divine grace operated by the same rules, and followed the same methods, that the divine providence observed in the natural world; and that the minds of men were purged from their vices and corruptions in the very same manner that metals were purified from their dross, namely, by fire.

Beside the sylphs, gnomes, undines, and salamanders, he acknowledged various ranks and orders of demons. He pretended to invisibility and absolute chastity. He also said that, if it pleased him, he could abstain for years from meat and drink, and all the necessities of the body. It is needless, however, to pursue his follies any further. He was reprimanded for writing this work by the magistrates of Görlitz, and commanded to leave the pen alone and stick to his wax, that his family might not become chargeable to the parish. He neglected this good advice, and continued his studies; burning minerals and purifying metals one day, and mystifying the word of God on the next. He afterward wrote three other works, as sublimely ridiculous as the first. One was entitled *Metallurgia*, and has the slight merit of being the least obscure of his compositions. Another was called *The Temporal Mirror of Eternity;* and the last, his *Theosophy Revealed*, full of allegories and metaphors:—

> "All strange and geason,
> Devoid of sense and ordinary reason."

Böhmen died in 1624, leaving behind him a considerable number of admiring disciples. Many of them became, during the seventeenth century, as distinguished for absurdity as their master; among whom may be mentioned Giffiheil, Wendenhagen, John Jacob Zimmermann, and Abraham Frankenberg. Their heresy rendered them obnoxious to the Church of Rome; and many of them suffered long imprisonment and torture for their faith. One, named Kuhlmann, was burned alive at Moscow, in 1684, on a charge of sorcery. Böhmen's works were translated into English, and published, many years afterward, by William Law.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

'T is Christmas Eve, and through the ancient town
Rest and rejoicing meet—
A little child comes wandering sadly down
The silent street;
Alone and very sorrowful is he,
Fatherless and motherless;
He has no friend on earth a Christmas-tree
For him to dress.

With tearful gaze he turns his steps aside
Where gleams the light
From a tall house, and youthful figures glide
Before his sight,
As each, with festal dress and happy brow,
Surrounds a gorgeous tree;
And there he asks, "Amid these is there now
No place for me?

"They look so happy, surely they are kind,"
With trembling hand
He gently knocks, and craves a place to find
Where he may stand,
Contented but to gaze upon the show,
With grateful prayer,
That they the sad reverse may never know
Which brings him there.

Alas! alas! no place for him is there,—
With scornful jest
They drive him forth into the cold night air,
To seek for rest
'Neath some more modest roof, where warmer hearts
A nook may spare,
And gladly own that sharing joy imparts
More to their share!

Hark! 'tis a burst of hearty merriment—
The child draws nigh,—
'T is from a burgher's simple tenement.
With longing sigh
He watches the glad group of faces bright,
And so for him
He thinks the fir-tree once was deck'd with lights;
His eyes grow dim,

And timidly he knocks, again to tell
His piteous tale.
Alas! for him—on stony ears it fell
Without avail!
The door is closed against him, and in vain,
With grief indeed,
He gazes through the latticed window pane—
No one takes heed!

Weeping he turns away, and passes by
Both light and sound,
From many a humble roof and mansion high
Scatter'd around:
Then pauses meekly by the lowliest door,
Where a faint ray
Breaks through, and shows how fast the little store
Of tapers wear away.

Alas! alas! his latest hope is vain—
By word and blow
Of harsh unkindness driven forth again,
Where shall he go?
The night is dark—but the poor orphan child,
Amid his wo,
Bethinks him of the infant Saviour mild,
And kneeleth low

In prayer to Him who is not slow to hear
He kneeleth there;
And soon he sees a little child draw near,
Exceeding fair,
With whitest raiment shining like the day
And crown of light,
And as he moves along the darken'd way
All becomes bright!

So to that patient wanderer came he
And bade him raise
His wond'ring eyes where springs a glorious tree,
And offer praise
To God who heareth the sad orphan's cry,
And sendeth aid
When earthly hope is none, and misery
Maketh afraid.

No longer sad and fearful is that child—
He turns to see,
Where stands at bidding of the infant mild
His Christmas-tree!—
A wondrous tree, radiant in heavenly light.
With one glad bound
He leaves the gloom of sorrow's bitter night—
His home is found!

THE CHRISTIANITY REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

IN our last article on this subject, we affirmed that the great requisite of the Church, in this age, is a wider and profounder realization of the *spiritual life* of Christianity—that the materialistic tendencies, especially the materialistic infidelity of the times, do not require the old polemic defenses of Christianity so much as its more general spiritual demonstration in the life of the Christian world. We contended that this resuscitation of the primitive spiritualism of the Church, as an offset to the materialism of modern life, is the only security of Christianity in this and the coming age—that the fact must not be admitted merely with the ordinary religious commonplaces, but become a powerful conviction of the Christian world, and work out a revolution in its condition—that the next characteristic phase of Christendom must be either a general and thorough renewal of its spiritual life, subordinating to this its usual dogmatic, sectarian, and economical modes of defense, or general and materialistic Rationalism, with a correspondent loss of spiritual energy and moral purity. One thing is certainly obvious, viz.: that the dogmatic and sectarian characteristics of the Church cannot, in their present form, long survive these times; they must give way; they must be substituted by something better, or something worse; and let all good men rejoice that the providence of God is pressing the Church up to this necessity. It is a good augury.

We endeavored to show, also, in our last article, that such a restoration of the "primitive ideal" of the Church would, first, present an invincible reply to the prevalent infidelity by verifying the spiritual pretensions of Christianity; second, it would promote dogmatic orthodoxy, though without attaching fastidious importance to it—for the heart, rather than the head, is the source of heterodoxy; and, third, it would give increased energy to all the practical schemes of Christianity. Thus is it the great and final vindication of Christianity. Devout men intuitively see it to be such. Alas, that the sheer truism of the sentiment should render its admission as heedless almost as it is universal!

Next to this great general truth, and inseparable from it, these times require, as we have intimated, an *abatement of the sectarianism of the Church.* We place our foot here, we are aware, on very delicate ground; but we must be allowed to do it with an unhesitating step. We have bespoken a liberal exemption from fastidious criticism in these articles; presenting, as we do, a plea for our common Christianity, allow us to do it without petty precautions. In no form would we present that plea more fearlessly than in a protest against the driveling, the enormous, the intolerable sectarianism of the times, and especially of our own country.

There are some advantages alleged in favor of this great evil, and it would be anomalous, indeed, even among disasters, if it had no good tendencies. War, famine, and pestilence have some in the providence of God; but most of the usual apologies for this sad deformity of the Church are, we think, of very questionable character, and Christian men would help their cause better by acknowledging and lamenting the occasion of objection which it affords their opponents, than by disguising, or excusing the evil.

One of its alleged advantages is the

accommodation which it affords for varying opinions among good men. But what does this amount to, other than an admission that it is a substitute for that forbearance in matters not fundamental, which the temper of Christianity should itself secure; that it is, in other words, a substitute for Christian charity, and in precisely the case where, if anywhere, that virtue should be most manifest. A thing inherently evil like this cannot be thus sanctified. Christianity cannot thus admit a moral evil that good might come of it; such an evil can find no analogy in those calamities or providential evils which, in the form of chastisements, are often found intrinsic blessings. Far otherwise. Nor let it be pleaded that this almost endless division and subdivision of the Church has an analogy in the civil and social divisions of mankind. If the former, like the latter, were founded in local necessities, and were promotive of good reciprocal relations, the argument would be more plausible; but it originates in, and is kept up by, sentiments of mutual variance; there is moral defect at the core of it, and inseparable from it, and this moral defect, whatever may be said of the contrary possibility, *is*, and, from the known tendencies of human nature, will ever inevitably be essential in it. It becomes the more startling when we remind ourselves how little real occasion there is in our dogmatic differences for such egregious organic distinctions. A sensible writer remarks* :—"We believe that were the whole class of topics whose substance or essential forms are disputed among evangelical Christians, wholly separated from our creeds and instructions, the symmetry of gospel truth would not be marred by the excision." The remark needs some, but not much qualification.

The question whether our common Christianity is more honored and promoted by that squeamish persistence in such differences, which has filled Christendom with polemic babble, and estranged its rended communities, in many instances, quite beyond any practical relations, if not beyond any mutual recognition, except a mere theoretical one—the question whether it is thus honored and promoted more than it would be by the tolerance which would be necessary to allow these differences of opinion without such organic differences, is one upon which we decline here to speak; it would be trifling with the common sense and best feelings of the reader.

Nor is the argument, which is founded on the practical rivalry of sects in Christian labors, much more plausible. A sad reflection would it be, not only upon our poor human nature, but upon our faith, if the latter had to avail itself of the petty jealousies and bickerings occasioned by our differences on secondary subjects, to promote its works of love and mercy in the world. The man who so teaches is rebuked by the whole tenor of the Scriptures, and the whole temper and ideal of Christianity. He has yet to learn the elementary sentiment of his religion. Such a concession would befit the worst form of Jesuitism; it would justify practical Jesuitism.

And it is not only theoretically, but practically, false. No prominent scheme of Christian usefulness extant can be shown to be promoted by any such course. Only in very limited spheres, where sects are brought into close proximity, will it be found to give them energy, and then usually in a manner to do more mischief than good—embittering good men, and provoking the contempt of worldlings and infidels. On the contrary, it will be found that in proportion as an individual man becomes addicted to the great practical purposes of Christianity, will his spirit rise above his sect to the catholic sentiments of his faith; and what is thus found true of Christians personally, is found true also of them collectively. But enough of this.

While the advantages of sectarianism are so equivocal, what may not be said of its manifest evils? We can here but refer to a few of them.

One of the worst of them is, that by *the importance which it gives to secondary opinions, it allows them to interfere so much with what we have called substantive Christianity.* Upon the latter we can all stand, (all included in this discussion,) and standing there we are bound absolutely to mutual sentiments and offices with which our sectarian alienations are nearly as incompatible as light with darkness. We have been contending in these articles for the "spiritual life" of Christianity; this spiritual life is its spiritual

* Article on Jacob Abbott's Christian Series, in the last Methodist Quarterly Review.

substance. Substantive Christianity consists of this infinitely more than it does of the dogmas or even the ethics of the system. The former always presupposes what is essential in the latter; but the latter do not necessarily presuppose the former. The Christian world recognizes this distinction theoretically; why can it not do so practically? Why not drop most (we will not say all) of its merely sectarian pleas and endeavors in a common devotion to this common interest? Why? The reason, alas! is too egregious to be doubtful. Our sympathies are more enlisted for our sectarianism than for what is common and substantive in our faith. The charge is a daring one, but it is a true one. And yet, for the honor of our common cause, let it have what qualification it can; true we soberly believe it is, as an actual fact; but it is to be hoped that it is so in the sense in which often good citizens, at heart loving their country and ready to vindicate it unto death, yet, in the strifes of politics, come almost to forget their country in their party. Whatever may be the alleged defects of the Church, it is yet the refuge of the virtue and the hope of our race: it has been tossed on the billows of disastrous centuries, and the storms have left their effects upon it; but it still outrides them—the only ark of the surging world—and freighted with most, if not all, the moral heroism, the saintship, and martyrdom of history. Let this be said of it confidently. Yet let it confess and deplore its errors. Let it bear in mind the case and the threatened judgment of the Church of Ephesus, which, while it could "not bear those which were evil," and could boast of its "works, and labor, and patience," and "tried them which said they were apostles and were not, and found them liars," and "hated the deeds of the Nicolaitanes," nevertheless had "left its first love," was pronounced "fallen," and admonished to "repent," and threatened with the removal of its "candlestick out of its place."

Napoleon, in his conversations at St. Helena, said that "hundreds of thousands of men had died for Jesus Christ;" yes, and hundreds of thousands are there now on the earth who would die joyfully for him, should the occasion come. Christianity still has its hold on the hearts of men, notwithstanding the lamentable defects of Christendom. These defects, however, have, in the Church, their retributive reactions; and few retributions which have befallen it are more calamitous than that degree of judicial blindness which has come of its polemical and sectarian strifes, and by which the non-essential in its system has been made so much to eclipse the essential, and distinctive prejudices to supersede the law of universal charity. It is a calamity far more disastrous than those more ostensible afflictions with which God sometimes chastises and reclaims his people.

Another, and in this country a sore effect of this evil, is *the waste of resources* which is occasioned by our sectarian rivalries. What expenditures of time, talent, and money are engulfed in this vortex? The evil is national among us. Where is the State, at least a free one, in our confederation which does not show it in the superfluous multitude of its colleges. Not a third of those now in existence are really needed; not a tenth of them are self-supporting, or can ever expect to be. They neither live nor let live. The higher education of the land is almost universally deteriorated by their inefficiency. Their pupils suffer for want of thorough means of training; their faculties suffer for want of competent support; the Churches suffer by incessant and yet unavailing contributions for their endowment. The evil is a most palpable one; it stares us in the face all over the country, and the leading minds of all denominations feel it to be an egregious folly, and its remedy a formidable problem.

Nor is this waste confined to our educational provisions. In the denser sections of the country it is seen, in its most repulsive form, in even our smallest villages. Such is the subdivision and jealousy of sects that denominations and chapels are multiplying among us, especially in our rural communities, beyond not only the wants of the people, but beyond their means of support. In the Eastern States, particularly, this evil is growing formidable. Villages are everywhere to be found having at least twice the number of chapels needed by their population; none of them adequately supported, and yet each sect struggling almost to agony to maintain the impotent, the worse than useless, we were about to say the abhorrent, competition. This, too,

among sects which acknowledge their differences not to be fundamental! What a proof of the first consideration urged above against this enormous evil!

The Christian leaders of the country must yet come to a more serious examination of this subject. If not by its general moral aspects, it will yet by its local and fiscal results compel the attention of the American Church. We doubt not that it has a close connection with the declension of the Christian ministry, now so much deplored by nearly all denominations. Churches thus subdivided and wasted in competition cannot support their teachers, and young men will not be found willing to suffer martyrdom by starvation for this miserable warfare of sects. Even could they get their bread, yet the moral repugnance which the better class of minds must feel for the office of leadership in such petty guerilla strifes, must discourage many of them from entering a profession, the nobler fields of which appeal to every sentiment of devotion and heroism of which the human heart is susceptible.

A third, and very serious result of this evil, *is its moral effect on the Church.* We need not enlarge on this phase of the subject; it is at once too manifest and too repulsive for much remark. Is there a catholic-minded man among us who does not see it and deplore it? Is there a sect among us which does not show it? Not only does its moral ugliness deform sects as public bodies, but it often marks characteristically their individual members, and men of habitual intercourse with the various denominations find it not very difficult, now-a-days, to discern the sectarian relations of a man by indications entirely personal. Such is the penetrating, the assimilating power of class sentiments—those sentiments which the good sense of the world has characterized as *prejudices* in contradistinction to generous and universal truths—that they modify often the subtlest habits of thought, the features, the very tones. Truth is great, and it must prevail, says the old Roman maxim; but error has a quicker, if not a more durable power, over human nature than truth. It finds in the corruption of human nature a readier susceptibility than truth finds in its reason and conscience. False religions always have a stronger hold on the people than those which are comparatively pure. The Papist is more devotional, if he is not more devout, than the Protestant. Petty errors mixed with great truths will thus often work out a more characteristic effect on men than the great truths themselves: the latter may be comparatively neutralized by perverse incidental accompaniments. Popery has every essential truth of Christianity in its theology, but scarcely one of them in its ecclesiastical life. Let us be thankful that there is so much genuine piety among our numerous sects; but let not this be a reason why that piety should be marred and distorted by bigotry for secondary opinions. It is well that the Protestant world should consider the question whether a larger exhibition of evangelical charity would not be more valuable to the truth than the sectarian maintenance of the dearest of these opinions.

We mention but one more of the many disadvantages of our prevalent sectarianism, and that is the occasion it affords to infidel scorners—and not to them only; for it must be admitted that the egregious character of the evil has become loathsome to many honest minds, and repels them to the opposite extreme of irreligious liberalism, and a practical disregard, if not denial, of Christianity. This is their error, but we give the provocative to it. It is unreasonable, to be sure; for Christianity, as presented in its revelations, and also as extant amid the infirmities of the Church, transcendently distinguishes itself above these incidental detractions, and the many good men who, in all sects, exemplify its power, even while trammeled by such defects, may, pointing to its living substantive truth in their midst, say, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish,"—but is that a reason why we should afford an occasion, however fallacious, for such offense? On the contrary, is there not ground here for deep humiliation before God, and for most earnest amendment before the world?

These times, we insist, require a reform throughout Protestant Christendom in this respect. The internal condition of the Church requires it. Its external relations to Popery, and the growing infidelity of the day, and the general sentiment of the civilized world, require it. There is not a good instinct in our own hearts, as Christian men, that does not demand it. We may apologize for it, and hypothesize about its possible advantages, or its un-

avoidableness, or the practical difficulties of any remedy, or "the better day coming," in which, if we are patient, we may "see eye to eye"—yet there is not a large and devout mind among us which does not feel that every day the evil is endured in its present inveterate character, is a humiliation to the Church, and a concession to her enemies—be our apologies and hypotheses what they may.

But what is the remedy? The question, we are aware, has beset the reader through all these paragraphs. It is one, however, that, we confess, troubles us very little, and we shall not here perpetrate the folly of proposing any original scheme of reform, or of indorsing any old one.* Great ameliorations, like that needed in this case, seldom or never take place, with any permanence, in either Church or State, suddenly or by any unique mechanism of means. The creation of *a right public sentiment, not the contrivance of schemes*, is the task of the true reformer. Such a sentiment is all we are concerned about in these articles. Is the evil we have discussed real? Can Christian men be made to see and feel it as such? That is all we now care about. Any other question we thrust aside as irrelevant to the moment. Create such a public sentiment, and you have done "the duty nearest to you," and, according to the Goethean maxim, all others will reveal themselves in due order. Such a sentiment, without perhaps the slightest outline of a scheme, would work its effects by a thousand subtile and gradual processes, which in due time would consummate themselves in an aggregate and conclusive result. The most inexorable evils of history have thus given way before the progressive power of public sentiment. The Torture, the Duel, Feudalism, the absurdities of Astrology, Witchcraft, and Knight-errantry, have melted and disappeared under its light, with no systematic machinery for their extinction.

Let us not then ask here for remedies. We begin with the legitimate remedy when we discuss the evil. Settle once the conviction of its moral enormity, its incompatibility with the best Christian sentiments, and with the good reputation of the Church among those who are without, its injurious local and financial effects—drag it out before the gaze of the Church, thus with its genuine attributes of deformity and mischief—and you will compel Christian men to think, and talk, and pray, against it; they will emancipate themselves personally from its influence; one after another of its manifestations will give way, one after another of its modes of action be denounced and abandoned, and thus might we hope that slowly but surely it would give place to an era of genuine and general catholicism.

* It must not be inferred from this remark that we give our humble verdict against the movement of the World's Convention — the Christian Alliance; on the contrary, we look upon it as an indication full of good import. Had it adopted a less cumbersome machinery, and especially had it been more hopefully approved by the Protestant world, its results might have been more appreciable. It was at least a memorable proof of the conviction felt by good men in all parts of Protestant Christendom, that our sectarian variances need reform, and the beginning, we trust, of further efforts toward it.

MEXICAN BOA SNAKES.

I STEPPED aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of large purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers toward the path, a sensation as of a flash of lightning struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent boa, of a black and yellow color, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry, he was crushed and dead. The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my own narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest.—*Mason's Pictures of Mexico.*

DON'T GET IN DEBT.—"Men generally," says a philosopher, "look upon a debtor as in some degree their own property. Pecuniary difficulties break all ties, absolve from all courtesy, raise the creditor to the eminence of a despot, and often inspire him with the desire of exercising the arbitrary powers of one. The helpless debtor must be suspected, accused, insulted in silence."

A VISIT TO "THE TIMES" OFFICE.

HAVING obtained an order to view the printing-offices and machinery of *The Times*, upon arrival at the Printing-house, at eleven o'clock in the morning, we were attended by the printer; and found that we had come just in time to witness not the least interesting part of the process which daily goes on in this wonderful establishment.

As we entered the "Lower News Room," a special messenger arrived from the Dover railway, bringing with him a paper parcel, which was immediately opened, and its manuscript contents—"our own correspondent's" budget from Paris—were in an incredibly short period published in a second edition. All was excitement, but not confusion. The compositors were summoned from the "Advertisement Room," and the "copy" was cut up into numerous bits, consisting of eight or ten lines each, for the purpose of being distributed among them. As one after another finished his few lines, he was supplied with another portion. The news that morning was important and lengthy. Column after column was composed, read, and corrected nearly as quick as thought. The overseer glanced at the work, and found that it extended to five columns. This was more than he had room for, as the intelligence which constituted the second edition of the day previous—and which was to be replaced by that just finished—had made scarcely half the quantity. No time was to be lost, however, in hesitation. The page of type in which the second edition was to appear was accordingly taken to pieces—the fresh "matter" made up, the less important general news being excluded to make room for the extra quantity.

Having watched this interesting operation, we followed our conductor up a handsome stone staircase, into the "New Machine Room," to witness what may well be regarded as one of the most singular and important inventions of the age—printing from forms of type in a vertical position. *The Times*, as every reader of that paper is aware, on being spread out, presents a surface of four pages on each side. In technical phrase, four pages make a "form;" and there being two new machines, the "outer form," consisting of the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth pages, is placed on one; and the "inner form," pages two, three, six, and seven, on the other. The page of which we had just seen the completion, was fixed upon the center cylinder of one of the machines, along with its three companion pages, which had already done duty that morning in the first impression. The notice "all right" was speedily given, when whirl went the machine with an astonishing velocity. Round the large cylinder there are placed eight smaller, or printing, cylinders; and, as the "form" comes in contact with the printing cylinders, there are eight copies of *The Times* produced at every revolution. The general speed is at the rate of ten thousand copies an hour; but, when the paper is late, and the "saving of the post" to be effected, twelve thousand an hour, or two hundred a minute, are printed. The principle upon which this vast number of impressions is obtained is capable of almost indefinite extension; in fact, a sufficiently large cylinder, with corresponding apparatus, could as easily produce one hundred thousand as ten thousand copies an hour. This invention, for which the world is indebted to Mr. Applegath, has been in use upward of three years, and its complete success is placed beyond a doubt. During that period, we were given to understand, no interruption has occurred; and as many as fifty thousand impressions have been made in one day without any occasion to brush the types over. The two machines are driven by Bishop's Patent Disc Engine—also a new and important application of steam to rotary motion—the principal characteristics of which are, economy in space, simplicity of construction, and the ease with which it may be driven at from fifty to two hundred revolutions a minute.

The circulation of *The Times* had, it appears, increased to such an extent that, previous to Applegath's invention, the publication was frequently not completed before eleven or twelve o'clock in the forenoon; while, with the increased circulation of the present time, it would have been still later before the printing could be finished by the old method; so that a vertical machine, or a duplicate set of types, became absolutely necessary to supply the constantly augmenting demand. *The Times* can now be had in the remotest corner of London as early as eight o'clock.

By the time the first edition is digested, the second edition—which was established to meet the growing wants of the public, and one day's printing of which we had just witnessed—is ready; and we could see by the number of anxious newsmen outside the publishing-office, that the circulation even of this mid-day publication is large. In the city it is much sought after, on account of the continental news, the prices on the London Stock Exchange, and the telegraphic, ship, and other intelligence from Liverpool and Southampton, which it invariably contains.

The Times was the first newspaper ever printed by steam. On the 24th of November, 1814, the public were informed, through the columns of that paper, that the experiment of printing with cylindrical machines, with steam as the motive power, had proved completely successful; and that the reader held in his hand one of many thousand impressions thus procured. The achievement, however, had not been accomplished without the exercise of judgment, patience, and perseverance. The pressmen were so determined in their opposition, that the preliminary operations had to be conducted with the greatest secrecy; and they were only reconciled to this innovation upon what they conceived to be the rights of manual labor, by the assurance on the part of the proprietor of *The Times*, that they would not be losers by the change—that their wages would be guaranteed them. The pressmen in *The Times* office were thus protected; but they saw nothing in prospective for their trade but absolute ruin. Mark the groundlessness of their fears—the fallacy of their reasoning! In 1814, we do not suppose there were more than half-a-dozen pressmen engaged; now, exclusive of an overseer and engineers, there are about fifty hands employed in the machine department of this establishment! The two vertical machines alone, when at work, require the attention of thirty-four men!

We next visited the "Wetting Room," which is situate immediately under the "New Machine Room." Several men are here constantly employed in damping the paper, and preparing it for printing. On entering, we found immense piles stacked about in every direction; and the scene resembled more the warehouse of a wholesale stationer than the damping-room of a single newspaper. Some idea of the quantity consumed may be formed from the fact, that the excise duty on the paper used by *The Times* amounts to $80,000 a year. This large contribution to the revenue is irrespective of the stamp duty, which reaches nearly the sum of $350,000 annually.

The advertisement department, to which we were next conducted, presented many interesting features. *The Times*, as almost every one knows, is the most extensive medium in Europe for advertising; and the nicety of system and spirit of business so apparent could alone produce the results for which this branch of the establishment is so noted. For every advertisement received, a numbered receipt is given, with printed directions how to act in case of its non-appearance. The number, description, address, and date of reception of every advertisement are entered in a book; so that, on any inquiry being made, a reference to the entry at once gives the necessary information. The "copy," received in the counting-house, is sent up-stairs to the "Advertisement Room," where there are about forty compositors engaged in the daily work of converting into types the wants and wishes of the community. Some of those wants and wishes, however, if given literally to the world, would convey anything but the meaning of the advertisers, and would show marks of a very imperfect acquaintance with either Dr. Johnson or Lindley Murray; but, with the skill of the compositors and the care of the readers, the "rarest manuscript" is made out, and proverbial accuracy is insured. Rectifying defective orthography is one of the easiest of the many difficulties a compositor has to contend with. There can be no doubt, for instance, as to the meaning of "a young man who rites a good hand" wanting a "city-washing (situation) as klarke or lite portre;" but objectionable syntax is quite another matter. It sometimes occurs that a housemaid offers "to do for a whole family;" or a laundress, to "scrub children by the dozen;" while advertisers, with higher pretensions, would be nothing the worse for consulting Archbishop Whately's "Book of Synonyms" before volunteering to undertake "to impart tuition to the sons of gentlemen." Considering the mass of advertisements that daily appear in the "leading journal," were there no pains bestowed upon their

arrangement, the object of the advertisers would be comparatively unaccomplished. But under the system of classification which prevails, the public can at once fix its eye upon the particulars of anything which its real or imaginary wants may suggest the possession of—the whereabouts of articles of luxury as well as of necessity can be discovered without any difficulty; or the collector of such mysterious announcements as "Pray, return to your disconsolate and broken-hearted wife," and "Doormat and beans to-night," as instinctively glances at the top of the second or third column as the politician turns to the fourth page.

When it is mentioned, that about £100,000 is paid as duty on the advertisements inserted every year in *The Times*, the public will form some conception of the vast extent of business transacted with the advertising world; but, great as that sum is, the amount would have been much larger were it not for the strict *surveillance* exercised to detect and exclude everything which is in any degree doubtful in character. The disgusting quack notices, which disfigure so many of the provincial, and not a few of the metropolitan papers, have no admittance in *The Times;* nor will the most extravagant sum procure the insertion of a line which is susceptible of the slightest immoral tendency. We were given to understand that even advertisements with the words "apply, inclosing a postage stamp," are excluded. But, the more this department is pruned, the more it grows. The advertisement current, it appears, flows on so increasingly, that the publication of a supplement is rendered necessary almost every day, even during the recess. The expense thus involved, as the supplement is given gratis, is enormous; and there is no doubt the circulation of the paper is hampered thereby. We believe this to be the "consideration" alluded to in the following sentence, from the evidence given by the manager of *The Times*, when examined last year before the Parliamentary Committee on Newspaper Stamp Duties:—"He had no doubt in the world, that if there were no consideration beyond a mere desire to circulate the paper, it could be made to double itself in a couple of years." Were we inclined to encroach on the province of Adam Smith, or to read a lecture on modern political economy, the above quotation would form a good groundwork for urging upon the attention of the Legislature the immediate repeal of at least that part of the Newspaper Stamp Duties Act which confines the size of newspapers within certain limits. The supplements issued with *The Times* are a mass of taxation; the advertisements are taxed thirty-six cents each; every sheet is taxed one cent; and the excise duty on the paper amounts to something considerable. When the circulation reaches a given point, the value of the advertisements in the supplement, and the value of the stamps and paper balance each other; and, it is obvious, every copy of *The Times* sold beyond that point, is disposed of at a positive loss. Hence the necessity of limiting the circulation.

During what is known as the "busy season," frequent recourse is had to double supplements—or the issue of *The Times* twice the size of itself—to clear off the advertisements. We were informed that, a few weeks ago, as many as between eighty and ninety columns of advertisements were ready for insertion in one day; and, in the middle of last March, the influx was so great that it became necessary to publish three double supplements in the course of one week. On such occasions, although nothing additional is charged to the public, the Stamp-office exacts four cents for every impression. Following up the curious calculations made by a writer in "Notes and Queries," regarding the publication of *The Times* on the 10th of February, 1840, containing an account of the royal nuptials, we find that, were the whole of the issue of the three supplements just alluded to, cut into single columns and tacked together, it would extend a distance of nearly two thousand miles. By another calculation, were all the supplements of the three publications opened out and joined together, they would stretch out a length of upward of ninety miles; or, beginning at Euston-square, would cover the rails of the London and North-Western line to within twenty miles of Birmingham!

The day of our visit happening to be a "Mail day," we witnessed the process, which takes place three times a-week, of issuing *The Times* without the advertisements, under the title of the *Evening Mail*. The *Mail* circulates principally in the

country, where it is better known than in London.

Preparations were making for getting the supplement ready; and, as a heavy debate was expected in both Houses of Parliament, the most urgent advertisements were selected for insertion, as only the first page of *The Times* could be calculated upon for the use of advertisers. At six o'clock the "forms" were "imposed" and sent to press. The supplement is printed on the old, or horizontal machines—each of which is, to use the words of Mr. Savage, in his "Dictionary," "the mechanism of four single machines combined in one frame, all being worked simultaneously; thus, there are four places at which to feed it with paper, four printing cylinders, and four places at which the sheets are delivered when printed." This skillful combination of machinery, which is the production of Mr. Applegath, the patentee of the vertical machine, produces about five thousand copies an hour.

It may be worthy of remark (and we give this statement, as well as all that relates to the circulation of the paper, and the sums paid to Government, from the evidence of the manager of *The Times* already alluded to) that at this season of the year as many as from twenty to thirty columns of advertisements are daily kept out for want of room.

The news compositors, numbering upward of sixty, "take copy"—one class at six, another at seven, and the third at eight o'clock—and go on, without interruption, until the parliamentary and other intelligence is composed. By the systematic division of labor, both in the literary and mechanical arrangements of this establishment, a parliamentary report, in the very perfection of typography, and extending to twenty-three or twenty-four columns, is ready for publication within a few minutes after the last reporter leaves the gallery of the House.

In the writer's estimation—and in this we believe all shades of politicians are agreed—one of the most interesting features connected with the literary department of *The Times* is the genius displayed in the leading articles commenting upon, and which appear simultaneously with, the debate. These articles, although necessarily written in a very short space of time, invariably show marks of great research and extensive acquaintance with men and manners, and not unfrequently symptoms of the fire, force, and sarcasm of a "Junius."

There is a scramble at the publishing office of *The Times* between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, after the large dealers have been supplied. When the paper is late, or when any news of importance is expected, the scene is a truly exciting one; and it frequently happens that, even with the vertical machine throwing off ten thousand copies every hour, the demand cannot be supplied. Mr. W. H. Smith, the well-known news-agent, in his evidence before the Committee on Newspaper Stamps, stated that it was often the case that he could not get as many copies of *The Times* as the public would buy; and added (which we quote to illustrate the manner in which the publishing business is conducted)—"*The Times* will always supply the ordinary number as soon as they possibly can, for the subscribers; but any extra demand is placed behind other orders, and will, probably, only be supplied in the order in which the demand is created. Consequently, if the paper itself is late in going to press, the extra demand would not be supplied in time to render it of any service to you."

Having thus endeavored to give an idea of the intellectual and mechanical expedition attendant on the publication of this influential paper, we will briefly glance at the "social condition"—so to speak—of the workmen, in the hope that any employer who may find a leisure hour to peruse these pages, may be induced to imitate conduct which is as creditable to the proprietor of *The Times* as it is productive of happiness and substantial blessings to those in his service. Some years ago a Sick Fund was instituted, which has been the means of effecting much good. A quotation from the introduction to the rules, with a copy of which we were favored, will show the benevolent objects it has in view and the safe foundation upon which it rests:—"The administration of a provision for the future as well as for the present—for seasons of sickness and infirmity as well as of health—shall be considered henceforward a part of the business of the printing department of *The Times*." The institution provides, on the equitable principles of mutual insurance, a regular weekly allowance in

sickness, and a sum at death; and it is, we believe, ultimately intended, by the encouragement of a modified system of insurance, to provide small annuities for widows and fatherless children. Although it is self-supporting, the fund receives donations from the principal managers; and the proprietor, in addition to being an annual subscriber of a considerable sum, has, on more than one occasion, contributed as much as £100 at once. The regulations for deposits in the Savings Bank also display wisdom, and an interest in the real welfare of the employed. Every compositor whose earnings exceed 40*s.*, 50*s.*, and 60*s.* a week, pays 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, and 5*s.*, respectively, to the Savings Bank account; and, when the savings amount to £100, or before, at the option of the contributors, it is expected that subscribers will effect an insurance on their lives for a sum of at least £200. It ought also to be stated that the proprietor pays out of his own pocket a handsome sum yearly to a gentleman for attending to the Sick Fund and Savings Bank accounts. When to this is added the fact that there is allowed, every year, to all persons in the operative department, a holiday of two weeks, with pay, it may justly be conceived that, whatever may be thought of the political opinions of this eminent journal—a subject on which the writer desires to observe the strictest neutrality—this country can scarcely boast of a more intelligent, contented, and happy body of workpeople than that which it was our privilege to observe during our visit to *The Times* office.

PHOTOGRAPHY—ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE.

[*Concluded from the November Number.*]

THE production of positive pictures by the first operation in the camera, was the next subject which claimed attention. A darkened photographic paper was washed with a hydriodic salt, and placed in the camera; here it was bleached by the solar radiations, and the image produced had the lights and shadows correct as in nature. Dr. Fyfe and Mr. Robert Hunt were the most successful operators. The latter gen-
'eman published some papers in the "Phil-
osophical Magazine," in September and October, 1840, on "the use of the Hydriodic salts as photographic agents." This variety of picture, and papers prepared for obtaining them, were sold by Messrs. Ackermann and Co.; and Sir John Herschel says, in the memoir already quoted, "a positive paper of this nature is actually prepared for sale by Mr. Robert Hunt, of Devonport." Such is the evidence which our researches enable us to give relative to the use of iodized paper, before the date of the Calotype patent under which the extensive privilege of employing "iodized paper" paper was claimed. This Calotype patent is dated 1841, and involves the use of *iodized paper*, of gallic acid, acetic acid, and particularly *the development of a dormant image.* That we are indebted to Mr. Fox Talbot for the Calotype no one will deny; and that gentleman has now given his process to his countrymen as a free gift, which will be received with all due honor. The discovery appears to have been one of those which the world are fond of classing, much too commonly, under the term of accidental discoveries. We are not ourselves believers in accidents in science, since the mind of the observer must be previously prepared to receive and improve the fact observed, and this necessarily removes it from the condition of accident.

Mr. Talbot was engaged in a series of experiments with various chemical compounds, his object being to increase the sensibility of his preparations, and among others gallic acid was employed. Some papers upon which no impression was visible were thrown aside, and on these there were afterward discovered well-defined images which had developed spontaneously in the dark. Investigation now established the important use of the gallic acid, and the manipulatory details of the Calotype process undoubtedly were the invention of Mr. Talbot. When the early examples of these pictures were circulated among the scientific men of this country and of the continent, they created no small sensation, although the pictures then produced were exceedingly inferior to those now obtained. Mr. Fox Talbot had an undoubted right to patent his invention, and appropriate to himself all the profits which might arise from any commercial transactions, either by himself or his licenses. The questionable character of this patent, as of the Daguerréotype patent, consisted, as it appears to us, mainly in its imperfect nature. Mr. Fox Talbot

still reserves his right, as far as taking portraits for sale is concerned; but this can affect the public little, as the Daguerréotype and Collodion portraits are far superior to those produced by the patent processes. As specified, it is not easy to use the Calotype for portraiture, or, indeed, for any purpose requiring much rapidity of action; and it was not until the process was fully developed by Mr. Cundell, in a paper published in the "Philosophical Magazine" for May, 1844, that much progress was made in this direction. In the same way, when Daguerre gave up his process to the French Government, it required a period of twenty minutes to produce a picture. In 1839, Mr. Towson published his views, and suggested the use of large lenses, and the adjustment required to bring the sensitive surface into the chemical, as distinguished from the luminous focus; and Dr. Draper, of New-York, in 1840, by adopting these suggestions, obtained the first Daguerréotype portrait. In this year a vastly increased sensitiveness was obtained on the Daguerréotype plate by the discovery of Mr. Goddard, and of M. Claudet, that the iodine vapor, combined with bromine or chlorine, offered a chemical surface of the most unstable character, which was consequently disturbed by the slightest influence of the sunbeam. Thus, in both instances, the processes remained unprofitable as they came from the inventors. Eventually, by the scientific investigation of others, they are improved. The utmost obstruction was given to the progress of the art by the patents, since few parties were disposed to waste time in investigations from which they could reap no advantages themselves, and from which the public would derive no benefit. In 1844, at the York meeting of the British Association, Mr. R. Hunt published the use of sulphate of iron as a developing agent—now so commonly employed—and Dr. Woods, of Parsonstown, communicated his process called the "Catalysotype," in which the iodid of iron is an active ingredient. At that meeting the merits of these processes were fully discussed, Mr. Talbot being present, and acknowledging their importance.

The next step in the way of improvement was the use of albumen upon glass plates. M. Niepce de Saint Victor published his mode of applying this organic body to glass, in the "Technologist," in 1848. The most successful operators with this material in this country are Messrs. Ross and Thompson, of Edinburgh, in whose views of that picturesque city we see realized the production of fine middle distances and those half-tones which it is so unusual to meet with in ordinary Photographs. An attempt was made to patent the use of glass in this country, but that was defeated by a well-devised application for a counter patent. Glass plates were first employed by Sir John Herschel, in 1840. He precipitated chlorid, iodid, and bromid of silver on the glass, and obtained very well-defined images, and he then described the conversion of *negative* into *positive* pictures, which has not long since become the subject of a patent. Sir John Herschel's words are: "Exposed in this state to the focus of a camera, with the glass toward the incident light, it became impressed with a remarkably well-defined negative picture, which was direct or reversed, according as looked at from the front or back. On pouring over this cautiously, by means of a pipette, a solution of hypo-sulphite of soda, the picture disappeared, but this was only while wet; for, on washing in pure water, and drying, it was restored, and assumed much the air of a Daguerréotype when laid on a black ground, and still more so when smoked at the back, the silvered portions reflecting most light, *so that its character had, in fact, changed from negative to positive.*"

We need not detail the peculiarities of the more recent patents of Mr. Fox Talbot: porcelain plates form the subject of one of them, but these we believe have never been employed; and the difficulties of their manufacture are so great that there is little probability of their ever being useful to the photographer. In the last patent we have a combination of the sulphate of iron and iodid of iron, producing a very decidedly instantaneous action. In a letter from Mr. Fox Talbot, published in the *Athenæum* of December 6th, 1851, we read:—"In the process which I have now described, I trust that I have effected a harmonious combination of several previously ascertained and valuable facts, especially of the photographic property of iodid of iron, which was discovered by Dr. Woods, of Parsonstown, in Ireland, and that of sulphate of iron, for which science is indebted to the researches of Mr. Rob-

ert Hunt. In the true adjustment of the proportions, and in the mode of operation, lies the difficulty of the investigations." Mr. Talbot concludes his communication:—"I venture to recommend it (this process) to the notice of your scientific readers." Here we have Mr. Fox Talbot's own acknowledgment that he is indebted to two experimentalists for his process; he admits that the only thing he has done is to adjust the proportions. In this way a most serious check has been given to investigations of the greatest value. Sir John Herschel stopped in the midst of a series of the most valuable researches on the chemistry of the sunbeam; and Dr. Woods abandoned his promising inquiry, after some angry letters between him and Mr. Talbot in one of the Irish scientific journals. We have now disposed of the processes which are in any way connected with the English patents, of which we hope to hear no more. Mr. Talbot has resigned the rights which the patent laws of this country allowed him to assume. Several of these patents would never have been granted had there been a scientific board to examine the merits of them, and test their originality. For a long time several gentlemen have been endeavoring to make terms with Mr. Talbot, and it is through their exertion that the patentee has been at length induced to make a reluctant surrender of his patents. They failed as a commercial speculation, as might have been expected they would do. Mr. Talbot made a great mistake; but now he has done his utmost to redeem that error by handing over to the public all his patents as a free gift. We hope the portraits will soon follow, and that the Talbotype, as the Calotype process should now be called, will, in its freedom, advance to its highest pitch of excellence in this country. The use of waxed paper by M. Le Gray, involved no new process, although we believe waxed paper may be used for several processes beside the Calotype. M. Le Gray has published a work on his modes of manipulation. M. Blanquart Everard has published several papers in which we have that perpetration of injustice which no feeling of nationality can justify. If the Frenchmen refer to the works of Mr. Robert Hunt or any of the smaller manuals which have been published in this country, they will find the utmost credit given to them for their labors. We believe no modification which has been devised by the photographers of the Continent is mentioned without the name of the inventor or improver. Now M. Le Gray never mentions an English name in his books, and M. Blanquart Everard coolly appropriates Mr. Talbot's processes, and accepts the honors of the Academy as the reward for his audacity. We have no desire to return evil; we therefore acknowledge that, after Daguerre, Fizeau, Becquerel, Niepce de St. Victor, Le Gray, and Everard have been most successful investigators of Photographic phenomena. On the Continent, every improvement has its full value, is very readily appreciated, and it is soon in the hands of the most skillful manipulators. The consequence is that Photography puts on an entirely different feature in Paris from what it does in London. In London, the trade being centered, up to this time, in the hands of three licensees, who are under obligations of the most stringent kind, we are required to pay as many pounds for a picture as it costs shillings on the Continent. Wedgwood was the undoubted originator of Photography; and in this country, next in time, and the first in merit, as the originator of a most highly beautiful process, is Mr. Henry Fox Talbot.

The art of Photography has not, however, yet attained that point of excellence to which it must soon arrive.

With the advantages of the stereoscope, what may we not expect to see realized! Every scene hallowed to our memories by its associations with human progress, in all its varied phases, may be revived before our eyes in all the truthfulness of nature. From the East we may copy the temples and the tombs which tell the story of a strange but poetic creed. Assyria and Egypt may disclose their treasures to those who cannot travel to survey them, in such a form that all doubt of authenticity must vanish. The harmonious elegance of the remains of Greece, and examples of Roman art, may thus be easily collected and preserved; and every time-honored fane of Europe may be brought home and made to minister to our pleasures—instructing and refining our tastes, and teaching all the mysteries of the beautiful, behind which, as under the shelter of a zephyr-woven vail, we may survey all that is good, and gaze upon the outshadowing of the Divine.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE poetry of Southey has many admirers. Few delight in it, and none, we think, make it a study. His versification is generally faultless. He was master of rhythmical cadences, and well understood the niceties—the beauty and the harmony—of numbers. Occasionally there flash from his pages scintillations of the true poetic spirit; but for the most part the labor of the verse-maker is unpleasantly apparent, and his elaborate productions resemble specimens of mosaic, curiously inlaid and gorgeous. They excite emotions of wonder at the ingenuity of the artist, but lack the ethereal spontaneity which chains the imagination to the pages of Scott, and are utterly void of the philosophic naturalness, which, in the poetry of Wordsworth, requires from the reader concentrated thought, and renders every reperusal a fresh delight. *Thalaba*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and *The Tale of Paraguay*, are things to be wondered at. They make, however, but a faint impression upon the heart, and are not embalmed in the memory of the reader.

His prose, on the other hand, is delightful. It is clear as crystal; conveying always the writer's thought, the whole of it, and nothing else. *Transparent* is the one word by which it is most fittingly described. It places the least conceivable obstruction between the writer's sentiment and the mental vision of the reader, and it is only by an effort that we notice its singular destitution of any peculiarity or mannerism. He has something to say, and he says it. That seems to be the whole secret. "People talk," said he, "of my style! I have only endeavored to write plain English, and to put my thoughts into language which every one can understand. Inasmuch as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault, and the proof of this is the easiness with which it is imitated. You forgive it in the original for its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power. Sallust and Tacitus are examples among the Latins; Sir T. Browne, Gibbon and Johnson, among our own authors; but look at the imitations of Gibbon and Johnson! My advice," he continues, "to a young writer, is that he should weigh well what he says, and not be anxious concerning *how* he says it; that his first object should be to express his meaning as perspicuously, his second as briefly as he can, and in this everything is included."

The public rightly appreciated his prose; so they did his poetry, although they rated it vastly lower than he did. His most elaborate poems, upon which he spent his strength in revising and publishing, yielded a very meager pecuniary remuneration; while, for a single prose article of some twenty or thirty pages, dashed off without revision, and in the intervals snatched from the labor of verse-making, he was paid a hundred pounds sterling. He lived, indeed, and supported his family by his contributions to the periodical literature of the day. In each number of the Quarterly Review he generally had one, and sometimes two articles. They extend over a period of thirty years, and are upon almost every conceivable subject:—religious and secular; biographical, ethical, historical, and poetical; military and naval; on Protestantism and Romanism; Methodism and Calvinism; in short, on whatever theme the editor wanted an article Southey was ready. Ready too was the article, always at the time appointed, conveying generally more information, in a pleasing style, than the volume professedly reviewed, of which he gave the essence, and then condensed into pure pulp the fruits of his own well-stored researches upon the subject.

His *Life of Nelson*, originally written for, and published in the Quarterly Review, is allowed to be one of the best specimens of biography in the language. So far as the style is concerned, we think it inferior to his *Life of Wesley*, which, considered from the stand-point Southey occupied, is as candid, and perhaps as honest, as could have been expected. At the time he wrote it he was a pensioner and a bigoted Churchman, and it is gratifying that so well-paid a champion of "the Establishment," and so keen-scented a flaw-hunter, could rake up so little with which to bespatter the name and the memory of that apostolic minister.

But Southey was dissatisfied with the world's estimate of his literary efforts. He rated his poetry far above his prose. In fact all through life he quarreled with his labor and its emoluments. Review-writing he stigmatized as "the ungentle craft;" he denounced it as positively

immoral, and beneath the dignity of an honest man. Again and again he resolved to abandon it. "It is," said he, "an irksome employment, and this year —he was then thirty-two—I take my leave of it forever. A good exercise," he adds, "it certainly is, and such I have found it; but it is to be hoped that *the positive immorality* of serving a literary apprenticeship in censuring the works of others will not be imputed wholly to me." In these reiterated resolutions he was doubtless sincere. He did intend to quit the irksome business, and to wash his hands of the immorality. And so he would, had he been able to induce the public to love and pay for his poetry; but they, being obstinate and self-opinionated, left him no alternative but review-writing or poverty; the latter, if not as immoral as the former, in Southey's judgment more dreadful. And so he wrote on, and continued to review and repent, to scold the public for their lack of discernment, and, as Byron has it, to butter his bread on both sides. Our purpose, however, is a sketch of his life, rather than criticism.

At the close of Southey's school-boy days, of which he gives a minute history in a series of letters simply and beautifully written, he applied for admission to Christ Church College at Oxford. The dean refused to receive him, because, forsooth, the boy had been engaged in the publication of a satirical paper at Westminster school. A very silly reason, which, it seems, did not affect the other magnates of the university, for he was admitted to Baliol College, where he commenced his residence in the nineteenth year of his age. At college he made little improvement; the only two things he learned being, according to his own account, to row and to swim. He began to rebel as soon as he was matriculated. The discipline and the etiquette were alike repugnant. It was the custom for all the members to have their hair regularly dressed and powdered, and a professional gentleman waited upon the young Freshman for the purpose of putting him through the operation. To the dismay of the *friseur*, and the astonishment of his associates, Southey refused to be thus disguised, and in spite of the entreaties of the official, and in defiance of the laws of fashion, he continued to refuse, and carried his head in its natural state all through his career at college.

At the university he became acquainted with Coleridge, then an undergraduate at Cambridge. A friendship which lasted during life sprang up between them, and much of their time at college was spent in maturing a grand scheme of emigration to America, where they purposed to establish a community upon the most thoroughly republican and social basis. "We preach," says he, in a letter to his brother, "we preach Pantisocracy and Aspheteism everywhere. These, Tom," he continues, "are two new words,—the first signifying the equal government of all; and the other, the generalization of individual property." Some twenty of their personal friends were induced to unite with them in this magnificent scheme. All were to be happy, all were to labor a little, and all were to have a great deal of leisure. On a glorious farm, somewhere on the banks of the Susquehanna, because there they supposed they would be free from the fear of marauding and murderous Indians, they were to make one harmonious family, loving and being loved. Coleridge originated the scheme. Southey was its most enthusiastic advocate. It occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of every other subject. His mother deemed him mad. His aunt, upon whom he was dependent for his college expenses, was provoked, and so displeased that she withdrew her support, and not until he had alienated her affection beyond hope of recovery, and was necessarily obliged to abandon his collegiate studies, did he begin to perceive the gross absurdity of the dream he had been indulging. "My days," he says, "are disquieted, and the dreams of the night only retrace the past, to bewilder me in vague visions of the future."

Having left the university, the serious question now arose, How am I to obtain a livelihood? "I have not," says he, "the gift of making shoes, nor the happy art of mending them. Education has unfitted me for trade, and I must, perforce, enter the muster-roll of authors." To work accordingly he went, and fortunately found a bookseller, inexperienced like himself, who agreed to print his verses, and to give him fifty guineas for the copyright of his *Joan of Arc*. This was a bright spot, an oasis in the desert of his perplexities.

It proved to be the foundation of his literary fame. While this poem was in the press, he had many causes for legitimate unhappiness—uncertainty for the future, and immediate want in the literal and plain meaning of the word. He often walked the streets at dinner time, for lack of a dinner, when, as he says, he had not eighteenpence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at his lodgings. But he was not unhappy. His spirits were buoyant and elastic. Indeed, all through life he was most cheerful when most busily engaged, and a more resolutely industrious man never lived. "It is the pleasure of pursuit," he says, in a letter to a friend, "that makes man happy,—whether the merchant, or the sportsman, or the collector; the *philobibl*, or the *reader-o-bibl* and *maker-o-bibl*, like me: pursuit at once supplies employment and hope."

With the prospect of the promised fifty guineas, and while his poem was passing through the press, he was married to a young lady, poor like himself in this world's gear, but rich in every virtue, and hopeful. He had previously inoculated her with Pantisocracy, and she was to have been his companion in his Utopian elysium on the banks of the Susquehanna. There is no telling what she might have been, had the mad scheme been carried into execution. As it was, she proved herself, in their quiet home at Keswick, the most devoted of wives, and a most affectionate mother to his children.

At the instance of his uncle, Southey now began to study law, devoting the daylight to Blackstone, and the night to the muses; but he seems to have measured his time by the number of verses he manufactured, rather than by the amount of legal knowledge he obtained. "Robert Southey, and law, and poetry, make up," says he, "an odd kind of triunion, but we jog on easily together, and I advance with sufficient rapidity in *Blackstone* and *Madoc*. I hope to finish my poem and to begin my practice in about two years." The hope was realized so far as the poem was concerned, but law became more and more irksome, and its study was soon abandoned. "I commit," he remarks in a letter to Coleridge,—"I commit willful murder on my own intellect by drudging at law, but trust the guilt is partly expiated by the candle-light hours allotted to Madoc." And again, soon after, he thus writes to his friend Bedford:—

"In my present state, to attempt to undergo the confinement of legal application were actual suicide. I am anxious to be well, and to attempt the profession; *much* in it I shall never do. Sometimes my principles stand in my way, sometimes the want of readiness which I felt from the first—a want which I always know in company, and never in solitude and silence. Albeit I will make the attempt; but, mark you, if by stage-writing, or any other writing, I can acquire independence, I will not make the sacrifice of happiness it will inevitably cost me. I love the country, I love study—devotedly I love it; but in legal studies it is only the subtilty of the mind that is exercised. Howbeit I need not philippicize, and it is too late to veer about. In '96 I might have chosen physic, and succeeded in it. I caught at the first plank, and missed the great mast in my reach; perhaps I may enable myself to swim by-and-by. I never thought it possible that I should be a great lawyer; I should as soon expect to be the man in the moon. My views were bounded—my hopes to an income of £500 a year, of which I could lay by half to effect my escape with. I am not indolent; I loathe indolence; but, indeed, reading law is laborious indolence—it is thrashing straw. I have read, and read, and read, but the devil a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention and have attempted to command volition. No! The eye read, the lips pronounced, I understood, and reread it; it was very clear; I remembered the page, the sentence; but closed the book, and all was gone!"

Next to his legal studies, Southey seems to have disliked living in the great city of London. He had "an unspeakable loathing for that city." Thus he writes, poetically, to Edith, his beloved wife, in stanzas that we believe have not found their way into any collection of his poems:—

"To dwell in this foul city—to endure
The common, hollow, cold, lip-intercourse
Of life; to walk abroad and never see
Green field, or running brook, or setting sun!
Will it not wither up my faculties,
Like some poor myrtle that in the town air
Pines on the parlor windows?"

The study of law being now abandoned, he made a voyage to Portugal, in company

with his uncle, by whom the expenses were defrayed. While there his time was occupied with poetry. *Thalaba* and *Madoc* were both on the anvil at the same time, and on his return he published a delightful volume, entitled "Letters from Spain and Portugal." As usual, his prose paid far better than his poetry, and in his correspondence he frequently gives utterance to his disappointments and regrets at the slow sale of "Thalaba," which was published in the year 1801. "It will bring me," he says, "but little solid pudding."

Through the influence of friends Southey now received the appointment of private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, with a salary of £400 per annum. The duties of this office were very slight, and the Chancellor, having really nothing for his scribe to do, suggested the propriety of his undertaking the education of one of his sons,—an ingenious scheme, whereby the secretary would have employment for the time which hung heavily upon his hands, and his honor would save the expense of hiring a tutor for his boy. In a fit of indignation, Southey at once resigned his office,—a situation which was "all pay and no work," and by no means suited either to his taste or his conscience.

Soon after he took up his abode at Keswick, among the hills of Cumberland, where he spent the remainder of his life, reviewing, translating, editing, and versifying,—drudge, drudge, drudge, as himself expressed it; and yet, in the bosom of his family, with an income sufficient to meet all his wants, there was not a happier man in England. "Labor," said he, "is my amusement, and nothing makes me growl but that the kind of labor cannot be wholly my own choice,—that I must lay aside old chronicles and review modern poems; instead of composing from a full head, that I must write like a school-boy upon some idle theme on which nothing can be said or ought to be said."

About this time Southey's social, political, and religious opinions underwent an entire revolution. His republicanism vanished away; and from being a radical of the most ultra stamp, he became a bigoted Tory, the most zealous defender of Church and State, and, in the opinion of his former associates, little better than a toad-eater to the aristocracy. In common with others who have passed through a similar transformation, Southey professed to believe himself perfectly honest, and labored in many a well-turned paragraph to prove that his total change of sentiment was the result of increasing wisdom. However this may have been, it resulted greatly to his pecuniary advantage, and the Tories being in power, Southey, in his thirty-third year, was placed on the Pension List, and received from the government an annual stipend of two hundred pounds. "And so," he says, in a letter to his friend Wynn, "I am a court pensioner! It is well that I have not to kiss hands upon the occasion, or, upon my soul, I do not think I could help laughing at the changes and chances of this world." Doubtless he did laugh in his sleeve at his own strange metempsychosis, and the jingling of the first quarter's bag of unearned guineas must have had a funny sound in the ears of the ci-devant Pantisocrat. In the same letter he deems it necessary to account for his present position, and he does it metaphorically, on this wise:—"Mine has been a straight-forward path! Nothing more has taken place *in* me than the ordinary process of beer or wine—of fermenting, and settling, and ripening."

Being now, in his own judgment, "ripe," he begins, in a little while, to quarrel with the smallness of his pension, and is especially vexed that a tax is levied on the two hundred pounds. There was a time when that sum would have seemed very large; but having fingered it for a few years, it seems to dwindle, in his imagination, to a very paltry remuneration for having passed so successfully through the "fermenting" process. He calls it "my poor mutilated pension," and says, "it makes me disposed to swear every time it comes." He is now perfectly satisfied that he deserves something more from the powers that be, and his letters to his friends are filled with applications to procure it for him. It matters not how—by doubling his pension, by bestowing upon him any office with a good salary and little to do, or by creating a new office expressly for his accommodation. He would be Consul, or Secretary of Legation to Portugal, or steward of some large estate in his own country; or, in his own words, "royal historiographer for England, with a salary of £400."

This last office, it seems, he was not aware was already created and filled, but was merely honorary, without emolument. Of course he did not want it on such terms, and the Portuguese mission being otherwise provided for, he stoops to request the interest of Sir Walter Scott in obtaining for him the stewardship of the Derwentwater estates—an office not then vacant, but expected to be soon. He knows not, he tells another friend whose interest he also invokes, what the precise salary may be — six or eight hundred pounds he thinks—nor of course how long the present occupant might have to live, but is satisfied that it will make *him* "comfortable," and be but a small tax upon his time.

Disappointed in all these applications, he appears to have allowed his temper to be a little soured, for he really thought he had not been well used, seeing how zealous he had been in the service of the dignitaries of Church and State—how he had slashed "Methodism" and "dissent," and poured vials of wrath and ridicule on "the Reformers." Luckily for him, about this time the office of Poet Laureate became vacant by the death of the venerable Henry James Pye, who had held it for many years. It was at first offered to Scott, who declined it on the plea of being "incompetent to the task of annual commemoration," declaring its duties inconvenient, and liable to ridicule. Southey's friends urged his claims, and he obtained it, announcing his good luck to his wife in the following doggerel, written, apparently, for the purpose of seeing how wretchedly he could write:—

"I have something to tell you, which you will not be sorry at—
'Tis that I am sworn in to the office of laureate.
The oath that I took, there could be nothing wrong in—
'Twas to do all the duties to the dignity belonging.
Keep this I pray you as a precious gem;
For this is the laureate's first poem."

The office was far from meeting his expectations. The salary was but about £90 a year, and he was required to write poetry on demand, to commemorate births, marriages, and deaths in the Royal family; to glorify, in verse, all important public events; and "*to obey the Lord Chamberlain* in all matters of the King's service." He readily took the oath to do all this; but made an unsuccessful effort to alter the tenure by which he was to wear the laurel — to render the yoke easier, and to make the office a little less like that of a lackey in livery. His masters, however, would not consent to this, and accordingly the new laureate was obliged to tread in the steps of his predecessors, "bound," says his son, "by the same rules and etiquette." His first effort in his new office was an ode entitled "*Carmen Triumphale*," which he was obliged to curtail and alter at the dictate of the Chamberlain. O, with what bitterness of spirit did he run his pen through the obnoxious lines, and, in his own language, "spoil his poem by cutting out all that related to Bonaparte, and which gave strength, purport, and coherence to the whole." The ninety pounds, multiplied by the number of years he held the ridiculous office, could scarcely compensate for his mortification. But Southey endured it, and grew fat. His tasks became less and less irksome, and he went on, year after year, prostituting his great powers in the fulsome adulation of royalty, until he reached a point beyond which there was no lower deep. His "*Carmina Aulica*," as he was pleased, fantastically, to style his courtly odes, and his "*Lay of the Laureate*," with other similar pieces, are, indeed, of a little higher order of poetic merit than those of his predecessor, Pye; but that is not saying much. They add nothing to Southey's reputation, while his "*Vision of Judgment*," which none but a master could have written, is, without exception, the most damnable—we use the word thoughtfully—the most damnable piece of poetry in the English language. Assuming the prerogatives of the Most High, the poet is not satisfied with glorifying, in the next world, that hoary lecher, George IV., but must needs doom to perdition, in carefully manufactured hexameters, those who died holding political opinions that he himself once gloried in. The thing well deserved the satiric lash so mercilessly laid on by Byron; and Southey's best friends lamented that he had written it. His son, to whom was committed the task of editing his correspondence, "thinks it right to express his own regret that such a subject should have been chosen, as, however solemnly treated, it can hardly be said to be clear from the charge of being an injudicious attempt to fathom mysteries too

deep for human comprehension; and it must be allowed, that to speculate upon the condition of the departed, especially under the influence of strong political feelings, is a bold, if not a presumptuous undertaking."

Some time previous to the publication of his "Vision of Judgment," the laureate, in his peaceful home at Keswick, reveling in the smiles of the great, was startled by an advertisement in the London papers. It fell upon him like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. It announced as "Just published—*Wat Tyler*, a poem by Robert Southey, Poet Laureate." Letter after letter was sent to him by his friends at court, urging him to come out and deny the authorship of so scandalous a production—a production full of the most fiery democracy, and advocating, by its *dramatis personæ*, the most agrarian and leveling sentiments. Of course his friends were well satisfied that the poem must be a forgery, and that it could not have emanated from the author of the "*Carmina Aulica*." But alas for the laurel-crowned poet. It was really his own production, written in his twenty-first year, and now, having fallen into the hands of a knavish bookseller, sent forth to the world at precisely the time when the sentiments of the laureate could be most strikingly contrasted with those he then held, and when the popular feeling was excited to the very verge of rebellion, or, as Southey's biographer expressed it, was "in that state in which such opinions as those put forth in the poem were likely to be productive of the greatest mischief." The consternation of the pensioned laureate and his friends was truly ludicrous, and their efforts to put a stop to the circulation of the obnoxious poem utterly vain. An injunction against the bookseller was denied them, and the law of England was so construed by the Chancellor that the poet was not allowed to reclaim his own property. Sixty thousand copies were sold in a short time, and beyond question "Wat Tyler" was the most popular, and, to the bookseller, the most profitable of his poems. In a letter explaining the manner in which the manuscript fell into the hands of the knave by whom it was published, Southey thus justifies the change in his political sentiments:—"In those times, and at that age, and in the circumstances wherein I was placed, it was just as natural that I should be a republican, and as proper, as that now, with the same feelings, the same principles, and the same integrity, when three-and-twenty years have added so much to the experience of mankind, as well as matured my own individual intellect, I should think revolution the greatest of all calamities, and believe that the best way of ameliorating the condition of the people is through the established institutions of the country." Plausible as this appears, it did not exactly satisfy himself, and some time after, he writes to an intimate friend:—"I was more vexed than I ought to have been about this publication of 'Wat Tyler;' for though I shook off the first thoughts, or, rather, immediately began to consider it in the right point of view as a thing utterly unimportant, still there was an *uneasiness working like yeast in my abdomen*, and my sleep was disturbed by it."

In 1821, he published, as already intimated, his "*Vision of Judgment*," which was followed by the "*Book of the Church*," an ecclesiastico-historical work in two volumes. The poem and the history were alike admirably calculated to do away with any suspicion relative to his subserviency and his orthodoxy. Neither of these works, so far as we know, caused him any uneasiness in his abdomen; and the latter, which is an elaborate attempt to prove "the Establishment" a constituent and necessary part of the *British Constitution*, was the means of his being elected to Parliament—a member of the House of Commons for the borough of Downton. Information of the honor thus put upon him was conveyed in the following anonymous note, which shows the ground upon which it was conferred, and is a curious illustration of that kind of individual management by which seats are obtained in what is farcically styled the *popular* branch of the British government. The note, though without signature, was ascertained to be from Lord Radnor, a Tory peer of great wealth and greater bigotry. It was as follows:—"A zealous admirer of the British Constitution in Church and State, being generally pleased with Mr. Southey's 'Book of the Church,' and professing himself quite delighted with the summary on the last page of that work, and entertaining no doubt that *the writer of that page really felt what he wrote*, and consequently would be

ready, if he had opportunity, to support the sentiments there set forth, has therefore been anxious that Mr. Southey should have a seat in the ensuing Parliament; *and having a little interest, has so managed* that he (Southey) is at this moment in possession of that seat under this single injunction: Ut sustineat firmiter, strenue et continuo, quæ ipse bene docuit esse sustinenda."

Highly gratified as he was with the honor, for prudential reasons he declined it. It would have broken up his domestic quiet; and he feared would prove injurious to his health. Besides, he was conscious of an utter inability to "speechify;" and although a seat in the House would have thrown him in the way of preferment, there was unavoidable expense attending it, and no immediate pecuniary recompense. For much the same reasons —chiefly, indeed, the *res angusta domi*— he afterward refused a *baronetcy*, tendered to him by Sir Robert Peel. In his letter to that nobleman, declining the proffered honor, he enters into a somewhat minute statement of his pecuniary circumstances, —his baffled hopes, the small returns for his literary labors, and the prospect of leaving his family unprovided for at his death. He concludes his letter with an ingenious hint to Sir Robert, in the words following: "Under these circumstances, your letter would in other times have induced me to ask for such an increase of pension as might relieve me from anxiety on this score. Now that lay sinecures are in fact abolished, there is no other way by which a man can be served, who has no profession wherein to be promoted, and whom any official situation would take from the only employment for which the studies and habits of forty years have qualified him. This way, I am aware, is not now to be thought of, *unless it were practicable as a part of the plan for the encouragement of literature; to such a plan, perhaps, these times might not be unfavorable.*"

Sir Robert took the hint, and granted him an additional £300 per annum, which, added to his former pension, and the salary attached to the laureateship, made up a very handsome income. True, the whole of it was wrung, by taxation, from the people of Great Britain; but the Premier received credit for *his* generous appreciation of literary merit, and Southey was full of gratitude to His Majesty and his ministers. Thus, then, in his sixty-first year, he reached the goal for which he had been so long striving. He had a competency; and was no longer under the necessity of toiling at task-work for the booksellers. "So far," says he, "as relates to the means of subsistence, I am at ease for the remainder of my days." But he was not more happy. On the contrary, he found by experience the truth of what he had previously taught theoretically, namely, that happiness is found in the pursuit rather than the possession; and that a man "at ease as to the means of subsistence," may, nevertheless, be called to drink of a cup far more bitter than was ever pressed to the lips by honest poverty.

A few words now relative to Southey's private character and domestic life. In the social, and especially in the family circle—as a friend, a father, and a husband—he was truly amiable. Frank, generous, and hospitable, he was ever ready to sympathize with the afflicted, and, to the extent of his means, to succor the distressed. He found his chief gratifications by his own fireside; and his greatest delight was in directing the studies and sharing the amusements of his children. He was their play-fellow as well as their instructor. He romped with them when at home, and when absent wrote them letters; and such letters no other children were ever blessed with,—humorous and comical, entertaining and instructive. How full of all these qualities is his epistle to his precious trio of girls—Bertha, Kate, and Isabel—giving them an account of his being made Doctor of Laws, or, as he phrases it, ell-ell-deed. "It might be proper," he tells them, after dwelling upon all the minutiæ of the ceremony at Oxford—his scarlet robe and velvet cap, and the appearance of the other "issimis,"—it might be proper for me now to wear a large wig, and to be called Doctor Southey, and to become very severe, and leave off being a comical papa. And if you should find that ell-ell-deeing has made this difference in me, you will not be surprised. However, I shall not come down in a wig, neither shall I wear my robes at home."

It has been remarked that poets are to some extent naturalists. Cowper's fondness for *hares* is well known. Gray, it

is said, delighted in *gold-fish;* and Sir Walter Scott loved *dogs* so well, that he doubted the truth of stories which attributed madness to his favorites. Southey's predilection was for *cats.* In a grave letter to a clergyman, he devotes a paragraph to the qualities of "a most worthy Tom Cat, a great favorite," to whom he gave the name, Rumpelstilzchen, and whose death, ten years afterward, he thus bewails, in an epistle to another friend: "Alas! this day poor old Rumpel was found dead, after as long and happy a life as cat could wish for, if cats form wishes on that subject. His full titles were, 'The Most Noble the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waowhler, and Skraatch.' As we have no catacombs here, he is to be decently interred in the orchard, and catmint planted on his grave. I believe we are more sorry for his loss, or rather more affected by it, than any one of us would like to confess. I should not have written to you at present had it not been to notify this event." Rumpelstilzchen was succeeded by another feline favorite, upon whom he seems, in his sportive humor, to have conferred the title which he himself had declined. It was fitting that there should be one *baron* in the family. "Rejoice," he says, in a letter notifying his speedy return from a journey,—"Rejoice, Baron Chinchilla, for I am coming again to ask of you whether you have everything that a cat's heart can desire."

Happy indeed was that little circle of which Southey was the center; and all his own enjoyments were found in the bosom of his family, where, he was wont to say, happiness dwelt like a vestal watching the fire of the Penates. What a beautiful and vivid picture he gives in the following stanzas:—

"O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, They come, they come!
And hope's impatience quicken'd every eye!
Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss
More glad return, more happy home than this.

"Aloft on yonder bench, with arms dispread,
My boy stood shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there, a younger group, his sisters came:
Smiling they stood, with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

"Here, silently, between her parents stood,
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she woo'd
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wish'd caress.

"The younger twain in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel;
Long of our promised coming, day by day,
It had been their delight to hear and tell;
And now, when the long-promised hour was come,
Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb."

He loved his children—his boy, his dark-eyed Bertha, his gentle Kate, and his sweet Isabel—with an intensity that produced a terrible re-action when death entered the little circle, and one after another was taken from him. The loss of his first-born, a daughter of uncommon promise and loveliness, who nestled but a twelvemonth in his bosom, affected him deeply; but when his son died—he who "waved his hat around his happy head," his Herbert, who had been for ten years his companion and play-fellow—his heart seemed crushed within him, or buried in the coffin with the dead child. There is nothing more touchingly affecting than the tender pathos with which, in numerous letters, he dwells upon the little incidents in the short life of his boy,—his studies and pastimes, his sufferings, his gentleness and patience. And when Isabel died,—"my sweet Isabel," as he always called her,—the fond father, after the first burst of uncontrollable anguish, sat down and wrote—by the side of the dead body—a long letter, of which he made three copies,—one for each of his remaining daughters. It is a letter full of the yearning tenderness of his heart; and, in composing and copying it, he found some of that consolation which he endeavored to impart to them. "I copy," he says, "this letter for each of you, with my own hand. It will be read with grief now; but there may come a time when you may think of it with a solemn rather than a melancholy pleasure, and feel grateful for this proof of love. Take it, then, with the blessing of your afflicted but affectionate father."

A heavier sorrow than death itself broke upon the remaining members of the little circle at Keswick. She who had been "the life of his life" for forty years, was borne away—not to the grave, but to a lunatic asylum; and Southey's hearth was indeed desolate. About a year his

"beloved Edith" continued in this pitiable state of existence; and on the 16th of November, 1837, he chronicles her death as "a blessed deliverance." Less than six years afterward, namely, on the 26th of March, 1843, the same language—"a blessed deliverance"—was the spontaneous utterance of those who stood by the bedside of a beloved father, whose spirit then passed peacefully away. He appears never to have recovered fully from the shock of the repeated afflictions that had befallen him in his latter days. Though for a while he rallied a little, made several journeys, married a second wife—Miss Bowles, the poetess—it was evident that he was sinking into a state of mental imbecility. Memory gradually failed him; and for a year preceding his death his days passed in a state of dreamy unconsciousness—a melancholy spectacle, a powerful intellect eclipsed; humanity existing, but in ruins!

LITTLE LELIA.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

LITTLE LELIA!—how like a young angelic apparition—arrayed in beauty, and yet wearing a mysterious but saintly aspect of sorrow—her image rises before us as we write her name. Her figure was exquisitely molded; her little face—that dear face!—wore a delicate beauty, derived from her mother, but enhanced by a native and indefinable expression of grace and tenderness, while her brow possessed the nobleness of her father's intellectual head. There are some faces which fascinate us with an almost painful interest—an interest which is never satisfied, but is always, yet in vain, demanding an explanation of their mystical magic; such was little Lelia's. Early but guiltless sorrows had given a precocious development to her faculties, and still more to her sensibilities; and the soul that looked out from those wondrous features seemed such as might belong to a young angel, who—conscious of innocence, and yet shrouded in darkness—was anxious to learn the reason of its fate, and yet tremblingly afraid that its anxiety might be wrong and fatal. Precocity in childhood is usually repulsive, because it is unnatural, but in little Lelia it was otherwise, as it seemed rather a precocity of virtue than of faculty, with a sufficient prematurity of the latter to sustain the overgrowth of the former. Sometimes, while gazing on her unperceived, the tears which her history awakened, have been suddenly repressed by an unconquerable feeling of awe, produced by the strange mystery of beauty and character which clothed her. We have felt fascinated to kiss the angel child, and yet restrained by the consciousness that she was not of our poor race, and was too sacred for the caresses of our human affections.

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We have referred to her parents; they are essential characters in her history. Let us therefore speak more fully of them.

Her father was one of "nature's noblemen;" in person, athletic and dignified, with features expressive of generosity and capacity, and a strongly characterized head. Mackintosh ascribes the power of Bacon's intellect to the peculiar "fusion of reason and imagination" which distinguished him. There may be few minds equal to Bacon's, but there are nobler ones—minds which show the fusion of reason, imagination, and *sensibility*. Such was the early character of this promising man, and such the character inherited by his child. He began his public life in the legal profession, with the best promises; the career of success was daily widening and extending before him, and his friends (numerous and ardent as they always are with such men) were preparing to exalt him to distinguished positions.

He married early, and from *first love*,—a matter much more equivocal, usually, in actual life than in fiction. A mind like his—a heart like his, warm as it was, could not have blundered in so important an affair as the affections, and the sacred and permanent relations which grow out of them, at a later period in life. A beautiful image suddenly dashed across his path. "Accomplishments" (so called) were not lacking to enhance her charms. The more solid and practical qualifications of the sex, those which befit the household rather than the ball-room, were not staple virtues in the community were he then resided, and his course of life, in the academic edifice or the professional office, had not rendered him skillful in judging of them.

Goëthe believed that noble minds are beset with the interference of the demons, good and bad—that even their penmanship

shows the varying preternatural influence, much more the great events of life upon which their destinies pivot. The grand soul of this man seemed ever to exemplify the thought, and never more than now when all its superb faculties were dazzled and deluded by the illusion of superficial beauty. The evil demon prevailed. He married, and his life was a failure.

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We are attempting no biography, but a series of brief, hastily touched biographic pictures. Let us transport ourselves then over about twelve years, and to a new scene. We enter a house, abounding with the evidences of former elegance, and even prodigality, but negligence and decay mark everything about it. A noble figure walks the floor—noble still in its manly outlines, though bending under the weight of insupportable sorrow and of a mighty vice; the fine character of the face is blurred, and bloated, and branded with the impress of conscious degradation. The strong man armed has been despoiled of his strength and dignity. Desperate words, which belie the whole natural character of the man, are addressed to a figure meretriciously dressed, and reclining with a manifest air of nonchalance in an armed chair. At a distance, retiring with fear, and yet gazing with a yearning and tearful intensity on the scene, is a beautiful child, eleven years old, and looking as if she were a young cherub which had accidentally and perilously alighted in this home-hell.—It is little Lelia. It is a contrast for a painter. The fallen father, walking with tottering steps and clenched hand, utters a fearful imprecation, but, as he turns, beholds his child; he hastens toward her, and, bending over her, drops burning tears and a kiss upon her brow. He turns away abruptly, and hurries out of the house. Did he see on her pale and trembling face that mysterious look—the very distillation of human sorrow and angel purity?

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Plato erred when he said that beauty always indicates excellence. Often does it, God be thanked, but not always. Characteristic beauty—the subtil, enchanting, indescribable beauty which is an effluence of the soul, an efflorescence of the character, and which often coexists with quite imperfect features—that is the true beauty,—true alike to the highest standard of nature, and true to its own moral indications. O woman! the highest beauty is practicable to thee, whatever distortion pain or disease or sorrow may have given thy features or form—the beauty of a pure soul, the beauty that seraphs see on each other's dazzling brows, and bless with unutterable love.

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The delicate physical charm which insnared this ruined man, was but a physical accident—mere outline and color, as on a canvas. He found the painted image fit only to be an ornament in his drawing-room. What kind of companion was this to share the sentiments, the aims, and the successes of a high-minded man, before whose dominant talents no achievement of manly ambition seemed too hard. Disappointment, chagrin, soon superseded the first and foolish passion. But this was not all: the tinseled beauty was not only incapable of sympathy with his higher nature; she was incapable of the commonest household duties, and her extravagant expenditures were ruinous. Mortified at this great mistake of his life, her husband endeavored to disguise it; he redoubled his exertions to provide for her extravagance, that it might not overwhelm him with visible ruin. He foresaw that poverty, with her incapacity, must be fatal to his family. His exertions, however, could not keep pace with her expenses, though he had sacrificed the higher promotions of his position, that he might confine himself to its merest money-making drudgery. During a few years he struggled like a giant, only to postpone what he saw looming up before him—inevitable bankruptcy—bankruptcy, too, which he knew must involve other, and endeared families, with his own. Among these were the fatherless children of the benefactor of his youth, who, proud of his young promise, had aided him through his education, and introduced him into public life. This was the bitterest drop in his cup of anguish. He could have perished with his own, if it were even in pauperism—his great soul had been subdued by its long sorrow to that deep and sad submission—but whatever of manhood remained within him, revolted with agony from the thought of the sufferings of the helpless children of his departed friend.

Great natures have usually some great weakness. The father of Lelia could have baffled any trial while hope remained; but ambition feeds on hope, and when despair alone confronts it in the strife, it sinks nerveless. He became despondent; the bottle offered a temporary, though deceitful relief, and the mighty man was wrecked—wrecked in property, in morals, and in health. His ruin had become public on the day when the scene we have described occurred in his parlor.

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Crushed though he was, he did not fail, at times, to resume his former energy, and to struggle for self-recovery. Assisted by suitable sympathy on the part of his wife, the endeavor might have been successful; but failing of this, his heart failed within him, and he sunk at last into apparently irrecoverable intemperance. His home was broken up; his wife, deserting him, found shelter, with her child, in the family of her sister in a neighboring State. He himself, heart-broken, hopeless, self-abandoned, lingered about his old resorts a short time, and then, falling into the current which was bearing southwestward its waifs of good and evil, disappeared.

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Three years pass. In front of a log cabin, far remote from the localities already alluded to, sits an emaciated invalid, sustained by pillows in an arm-chair. There are still traces of beauty amidst the decay of her features. There is an unwonted sadness there also. Solemn thoughts of the future cast back a reflected light upon the past, and frequently that aching brow shows the anguish of a broken and repentant heart. At her knees clings a young form which has clung to her through all her years of suffering. It is "little Lelia." That marvelous face looks up with undiminished beauty, tenderness, and sadness upon the dying countenance of her mother, and the sunken eyes of the invalid seem to read at last something of the mystery of its meaning. She talks to her child as to one of riper years, who can comprehend the evil of her lot, and instruct her in the extremity of her last hours. She weeps over the frivolity and heartlessness of her life; bitter words of sympathy for the lost husband and father, accompanied with bitter tears, fall from her, and humble ejaculations for the mercy of that God who is her only remaining refuge.

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Still later, another picture presents itself. The invalid is extended motionless on the bed of death, looking with fixed eyes upward, while tears lie upon her sunken cheeks. Over her bends the child, the inseparable child, reading with a sobbing accent from a book of religious consolation: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;" "Let not your heart be troubled—ye believe in God, believe also in me;" "In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you;" "Whosoever believeth in me shall never die."

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Little Lelia, alone in the world, was timidly conscious of her new and helpless lot, and was penetrated with unutterable sadness, but not with despondence. Her severe discipline of trial had taught her to trust in God, even in extremity. During the last three years the family of her aunt, wherein she and her mother had found a home, had passed, by rapid transitions, to almost the frontier line of settlements on the Red River; but in these movements in the remote wilderness she had met with religious influence of a very humble, but important character, the history of which we cannot now detail. They had given new resources of strength and comfort to her young spirit, and prepared her to minister to her dying mother the consolations of religion.

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Months passed, and as each steamer from New-Orleans stopped "to wood" at the village, the pallid, but still beautiful child, was seen making her timid way through the throng to inquire of the captain for any news of her lost father. Her frequent applications had made the officers of the boats on the route familiar with her story, and the pathos of her young voice had won their rough hearts; they spoke to her with the tenderness of woman. She had told them the name, and described to them the form of her parent, and several of these hardy, but generous men, touched by her beauty and her sorrows, had been at incredible pains to ascertain his fate—but in vain. They dreaded at last the

hour of landing at the village, and the rough hand was seen to wipe away the unwonted tear as they beheld the little sorrow-stricken form approaching through the tumultuous crowd of boatmen, negroes, and foreign immigrants. Her appealing look put the question. "No news of him, my dear," was the usual reply of the strong, but tremulous voice; and the dovelike child vanished with still another arrow in her breast.

More months pass, and she is still repeating the heart-breaking appeal. Clothed humbly, but neatly, her face wearing deeper traces of sadness, which, however, only enhance the peculiar, the mysterious character of her beauty, she is seen urging her way again to the captain, her eyes uttering more strongly than her lips the often repeated and almost hopeless question. She receives the usual answer, but uttered from those harsh lips with unusual tenderness. Tears start to her eyes, which look meekly, but O how sadly, to the ground; she clasps her hands and disappears like an apparition from amidst the crowd, but not unobserved. The rude hearts around instinctively sympathize with her manifest sorrow. "The Holy Virgin bless you; an' you be not long for this world!" exclaims the rough, but warm-hearted Irishwoman, as she passes from the wharf. The boat departs, but a group gathers around the officer inquiring about the message of the child. Among them stands a brawny German emigrant, down whose bronze cheek a tear is stealing, though he understands scarcely a word there spoken. The child's appearance had spoken in a more intelligible language. Had its strange, mystical expression entered his soul, or, perchance, he too had known sorrow, and may have recalled the image of a beloved child sleeping beneath the sod in the "fatherland." The language of sorrow is a common dialect in this poor world. Alas, how many instinctive affinities have the broken hearts of our race, whatever may be their clime or their rudeness! "What is the meaning of this scene?" inquired an intelligent gentleman in the group. The captain responded, giving the name of the lost man. It was an uncommon name. "I know it," replied the passenger; "but it belongs to a poor worthless fellow in Galveston, Texas." As the steamer passed on her way, the conversation proceeded; the identity of the reported man and the father of the child appeared probable; the traveler was taken into the captain's office, and a record made of his statements; and that night the generous officer dreamed of joyous hopes for the child—her little image, glowing with gladness and beauty, hovered incessantly amidst his thoughts.

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One scene more in this life-drama. In an upper chamber of one of those shanties, which then were about the only houses in the new city of Galveston, lies a gigantic figure, unconscious, and burning with fever. By his bedside sits a physician, looking alternately and anxiously at his watch and at the patient. The crisis of the disease is at hand. Life or death hangs upon the hour. The time passes, but how slowly! The patient sleeps, the perspiration drips from his brow. He awakes; a strange expression, as of one waking from the dead, comes over his features. He directs his languid looks around, and perceives at the foot of the bed something that startles him as with a mixture of terror and rapture. "What?" he exclaims with his trembling hand above his eyes; "Who? Who is it? Am I delirious?" "Be calm," replied the physician, "you have just escaped a terrible peril; a slight agitation may yet destroy you." "Lelia! my child! my child! is it you?" The next moment the face of the sobbing child was buried in the bosom of the father. His feeble arms clung to her as if he still feared it was a vision, which might vanish and leave him again and forever desolate.

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Befriended, and conducted by generous strangers and unseen angels, she had pursued her way through hundreds of miles to rescue, if possible, her lost parent. More than a week had she waited at his sick bed without a look of recognition. But the ministry of the beautiful child was of God. It had succeeded—the lost man was not only found, but rescued.

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The restored father now lives in the town of ———. His health regained, and his professional pursuits resumed, life has again become real and hopeful to him; but its old ambition is gone. Yet its duties have now a more sacred import than mammon or fame can give. A calm, but not ungenial, melancholy impresses his soul and his features. At times an almost

annihilating consciousness of his past degradation comes over him, and then, next to his appeal to God, is his appeal to the image of his child. In those desolate hours, her miniature lies upon the table before him wet with his dropping tears.

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Little Lelia still watches over him, but it is from the heaven to which she always belonged. The child sleeps in the sandy waste of the Galveston cemetery, but the angel is amidst the "excellent glory."

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God be praised for little children! "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." How do their young ministries of gladness or affection bless our households, and bind about our hardened hearts the tendernesses of their better nature! How does the robust heart of the strong man melt under the touch of the tiny hand, and the loud-mouthed world, with its clamorous temptations, stand rebuked into silence when the sweet young voice recalls us to virtue and to home! God be praised then for little children! What would this desolate world be without their blessed presence? Press thine to thy heart, manly father; thou knowest not how much of the virtue and self-respect that remains with thee is owing to the spell of protection which God's mercy has permitted their tender ministry to weave about thee. Fear not to love them too much. They err who moralize against the excess of such an affection. It can know no excess. The more thou lovest them the more wilt thou be fitted to love the God who gave them to thee.

FEMALE COSTUME.

THE British female dress, first mentioned in history, is that of Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni. Dion Cassius gives us an account of her appearance, from which we learn that she wore a torque of gold, a tunic of several colors, all in folds, and over it, fastened by a brooch, a robe of coarse stuff. Females in the lower walks of life were not so elegantly clad, but simply arrayed themselves in skins; holding with the poet—"when unadorned adorned the most." The dress was not very picturesque or graceful, but it had one advantage—it did not entail the necessity of wearing stays. Under the Anglo-Saxons, considerable improvements were adopted. The ladies threw aside their bear-skins; but, not having the fear of Mrs. Bloomer before their eyes, we are compelled to state that they adopted that abominable skirt, which strong-minded females denounce as the badge of slavery, and as the result of the wickedness of that hard-hearted monster—man. Mr. Planche tells us: "The Anglo-Saxon females of all ranks wore long, loose garments, reaching to the ground, distinguished, in various documents, by the name of the tunic, the gunna or gown, the cyrtle or kirtle, and the mantle. The first and last articles describe themselves; but the terms gown and kirtle have caused much disputation, from the capricious application of them to different parts of dress. We must presume the gunna or gown, generally means the long, full robe, with loose sleeves, worn over the tunic,—and the kirtle an inner garment, at this period, as we find it mentioned in the will of Wynfloda, 'among other linen webb,' and in one place described as white. The sleeves of the tunic, reaching in close rolls to the wrist, like those of the men, are generally confined there by a bracelet, or terminate with a rich border; and the mantle hangs down before and behind, covering the whole figure, except when looped up by the lifted arms, when it forms a point or festoon in front. The head-dress of all classes is a vail, or long piece of linen or silk, wrapped round the head and neck." Under the Danes, little alteration was made in the costume. The only alteration adopted by the Anglo-Norman ladies, was that of lacing the gown so as to make it sit close to the figure. In the reigns of Rufus and Henry I., the ladies sported outrageous skirts and sleeves. In King John's time, richly-furred pelisses were worn in winter, under the mantle. The wimple also then came into use; it was a handkerchief worn round the head and chin. Under Edward I., we find the satirists attacking the ladies' skirts. The authors of the "Roman de la Rose," advise the ladies, "if their feet be not small and delicate, to wear long robes, trailing on the pavement, to hide them; those, on the contrary, who have pretty feet, are counseled to elevate their robes, as if for convenience, that all who are passing by may see and admire them." Another poet, of the thirteenth century, compares the ladies of his day to peacocks and magpies: "For the pies," says he, "naturally wear feath-

ers of various colors; so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies have long tails that trail in the dust; so the ladies make their tails a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and pies." At the same time, the tight-lacing, to which we have already referred, continued. In a MS. copy of the "Lay of Syr Launful," written about the year 1300, we have a description of two damsels the knight meets. He says,—

> "Their kirtles were of Inde sendel,
> *Ylaced small joly∫ and well.*"

In the same romance the Lady Triamore is described as—

> "Clad in purple pall
> With gentyle body and middle small."

Female fashions progressed amazingly under Edward III. The gown was cut lower in the waist, and was worn so long, not only in the train, but in front, as to be necessarily held up in walking. Another fashion introduced at this time was the wearing of a spencer, or jacket, or waistcoat—for it resembled all three—faced or bordered with furs, according to the rank of the wearer; and some of the fast young ladies of this period are represented in a kind of coat, buttoned down like that of the men, with side pockets, pretty much the same as we have seen in our time. With the exception of stomachers and enormous head-dresses, like frightful towers, or steeples, in length about three-quarters of an ell, we find little novelty in female costume, till we come to the reign of Henry VI., when we meet with bishop-sleeves. The troubled reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, produced few novelties in dress: other things occupied the public mind. The country was passing through a transition state. Men were learning to appeal to the real word of God, instead of the counterfeit article that spoke from Rome; but the vain and imperious Queen Bess gave an impulse to the subject of dress, to the great scandal of the Puritan censors of the time. Our readers all know the dress of "glorious Queen Bess." We can easily call up the features of that royal lady, with her great ruff and jeweled stomacher, and pointed petticoats. Cynical old Stubbs, writing, says: "The women have doublets and jerkins as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder-points, as man's apparel in all respects; and although this is a kind of attire proper only to men, yet they blush not to wear it." "About the middle of this reign," says Mr. Planche, "the great change took place that gave the female costume of the sixteenth century its remarkable character. The lady was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the partelet which covered the neck to the chin was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the nimbus or glory of a saint. From the bosom, now partially discovered, descended an interminable stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally the enormous fardingale, the prototype of that modern antique, the hoop, which was banished the court by King George IV." The ruff was the consequence of the introduction of starch, which Stubbs gravely tells us was the invention of the devil. The ruff continued in fashion till Mrs. Turner, who had a principal hand in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, was hung in one. Under Charles I. and the Commonwealth, female costume once more became elegant, and paved the way for the introduction of the loose and negligent dresses of the Restoration, which but too well corresponded to the character of the gay and graceless dames who wore them. With William and Mary came Dutch fashions—the stomacher was restored—the full sleeve was tightened. Under Anne, and the first Georges, fashions of a most extravagant character appeared—hoops and head-dress completely altered the appearance of the ladies. Addison, in the *Spectator*, speaking of one of the temporary variations of fashion, says: "The whole sex is now dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, and at present want some inches of five." Gradually the more ridiculous features of dress were assuming a more rational form, till the French Revolution came and swept away altogether the old style of dress. Fashion ran into the other extreme. Hooped petticoats, high-peaked stays, figured satins, yard-long waists, were abandoned, and, instead, the lightest products of the loom clung round the form, girdled under the arm-pits—alto-

gether forming a dress as ungraceful and inappropriate as ever disguised female charms. At length the fashions of the day are graceful. Whether the ladies of our day will re-attempt Bloomerism, of course we cannot tell. The advantages are, that it makes the ladies look much younger, and that it does away with the necessity of wearing stays—a matter of importance, as it concerns that future which must be wrought out by healthy hearts beating in healthy frames.

PALM LEAVES.

SELECT ORIENTAL APOLOGUES.

THE DESERT ISLAND.

A RICH charitable man, being desirous to make one of his slaves happy, bestowed upon him freedom, and also a ship freighted with all kinds of costly wares. "Go," said he, "and sail to a foreign country, where you can trade with these goods; and the profit shall be your own."

The slave set off on his voyage; but he had not been long upon the sea, when a violent storm arose, and his ship was cast against a rock and wrecked. His precious wares sank in the deep, and his companions were lost, and he alone escaped with great difficulty, and contrived to reach the shore of an island. Hungry, naked, and helpless, he wandered farther inland, and was weeping over his misfortunes, when he observed in the distance a large town, whence a number of inhabitants came toward him, and with loud shouts of joy hailed him as their king. Then surrounding him with cries of welcome, they placed him in a splendid car, and led him to the town. Arrived at the royal palace, they clothed him in a purple mantle, bound a diadem on his brow, and mounted him upon a golden throne. The nobles approached, knelt before him, and swore allegiance in the name of the whole people. The new king, at first, believed all this splendor to be a wondrous dream; until the continuance of his good fortune no longer left any doubt, that these extraordinary occurrences were in truth realities. I cannot understand, said he to himself, what has bewitched the eyes of this people, and induced them to make a forlorn stranger their king. They know not who I am, they ask not whence I came, but place me at once on their throne. This must be a strange country indeed, since such a custom prevails in it.

Thus he reflected, and became so curious to know the cause of his elevation, that he determined to ask one of the nobles of his court, who appeared a clever man, to solve the riddle for him. "Tell me, vizier," said he, "why you have made me your king. How could you know of my arrival on your island? and what will be the end of all this?"

"Sire," answered the vizier, "this island is called the Island of Probation, and is inhabited by beings of a peculiar order. In times gone by, they asked the Almighty to send them every year a son of Adam to reign over them. The Almighty has accepted their prayer; and every year, at the same time, he causes a man to land upon their island. The inhabitants hasten joyfully to meet him, as you have seen, and acknowledge him for their ruler, but his government lasts only one year. When that period has elapsed, and when the appointed day comes round, he is deprived of all his authority. His royal attire is taken from him, and he again puts on his mean clothing. His servants forcibly carry him to the shore and place him in a ship, built expressly for that purpose, which bears him on to another island. This island is a desert waste: he who was some days before a mighty king, arrives there ragged and alone, and finds neither subjects nor friends. There is no one to participate in his misfortune; and if he has not turned his year to the best account, he will have to pass a sorrowful and melancholy life in this desert land. After the banishment of the old king, the people go forth to meet the new one, whom the providence of the Almighty sends, in the usual manner, every year without exception, and they receive him with the same pleasure as the preceding ones. Such, sire, is the immutable law of this kingdom, which no sovereign can change during his reign."

"And were all my predecessors," pursued the king, "made acquainted with the short duration of their power?"

"To none of them," answered the vizier, "was this law of mutability unknown; but some allowed themselves to be dazzled by the brightness which surrounded their throne; they forgot their sorrowful future in the joyful present, and passed their year without acquiring wisdom. Others, intox-

icated by the sweetness of their fortune, did not dare to reflect upon the end of their reign, and the ensuing abode on the desert island, lest it should have embittered their present enjoyment; and thus they staggered, like drunkards, from one pleasure to another, until their allotted time was fled, and they were cast into the vessel. When that unhappy day arrived they all began to lament and bemoan their blindness; but it was too late; they were relentlessly given over to the misery which awaited them, and from which they had not taken thought to defend themselves."

This narrative of the vizier filled the king with alarm; he trembled at the fate of former monarchs, and earnestly wished to escape their fall. He saw with horror that some weeks of his short year were already gone, and that he must hasten to employ the remaining days better, and endeavor to atone for those already wasted. "Wise vizier," he replied, "you have discovered to me my future lot and the short duration of my royal state. Tell me also, I pray you, what I must do to escape the misery of my predecessors."

"Bear in mind, sire," answered the vizier, "that you came naked to this island; for thus you will depart from it, never more to return. There is, therefore, only one way of preventing the want with which your banishment threatens you; that is, to cultivate the island, and fill it with inhabitants. This our laws allow you to do; and your subjects are so perfectly obedient, that they will go wherever you desire. Send, therefore, a number of laborers over to the desert island, and let the waste grounds be converted into fruitful meadows; erect towns and storehouses, and provide them with all necessary means of existence. In one word—prepare for yourself a new kingdom, whose inhabitants, after your banishment, will receive you joyfully. Be vigilant, let not a moment pass unemployed; for the time is short, and the more you do toward the erection of your new dwelling, the happier will be your abode there. Constantly figure to yourself that to-morrow your year will be already passed, and take advantage of to-day's freedom, like a fugitive, who knows that chains await him on the morrow. If you despise my counsel and give way to procrastination and idleness, you are lost, and eternal misery will be your lot."

The king was a sensible man, and the speech of the minister gave wings to his decision. He at once sent off a number of his subjects, who went willingly and commenced the work with zeal. The island soon began to improve, and before six months had passed, there stood fair cities on its blooming plains. But the king was yet unsatisfied. He sent over other inhabitants, and they were even more willing than the first, because they went to a pleasant land, inhabited by their friends and countrymen. In the mean time the year was drawing to a close. Former kings had trembled at the approach of the moment in which they were to lay aside their transient honors; but this one looked forward to it with eagerness, for he was bound to a land where, by his well-directed exertions, he had prepared an enduring habitation. The appointed day at last arrived. The king was seized in his palace, despoiled of his diadem and royal attire, and placed in the fatal vessel which was to bear him to his place of banishment. But hardly had he landed on the coast of the island when the inhabitants hastened joyfully to meet him, received him with great honor, and, instead of decking his head with a diadem whose splendor lasted but one short year, bound a wreath of unfading flowers around his brow. The Almighty rewarded his wisdom. He gave him the immortality of his subjects, and made him their eternal king.

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The rich, beneficent man represents God; the slave who is sent forth by his master, is man at his birth. The island where he lands, is the world; the inhabitants who receive him gladly, are the parents who provide for the naked, weeping stranger. The vizier, who warns him of the sorrowful fate which awaits him, is wisdom. The year of his reign, is the course of human life; and the desert island for which he is destined, is the future world. The laborers whom he sends there, are the good deeds he does during his life. But the kings who preceded him, and did not consider the misery that awaited them, are the larger portion of mankind, who are occupied only with earthly pleasures and occupations, and do not remember the life which follows after death—they were punished with want and misery, whilst the other appeared with full hands before the throne of the Almighty.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

[Translated from the French, for The National Magazine.]

IV.

WE have analyzed the character and opinions of Margaret, neglecting, in some degree, her life; and this, because her *memoirs* portray not a life, but a character. Circumstantial details are given us only in regard to the commencement and the termination of her career. Her joyless, restrained and sedentary childhood, has already been described. We shall now behold the counterpart of that childhood; a maturity always unhappy, but enfevered and tormented by a need of movement too long repressed. It may be said that Margaret was never happy; she spent her life in the yearning for happiness, and had scarcely seen its shadow when she was swept away by death. That indomitable arrogance, which caused her to reign like a despot over her friends, necessarily trampled under foot the mean and paltry trivialities of daily existence. The first blow given to her pride, was the death of her father, by cholera, in 1835. Margaret was at that time twenty-five years old, and this young and brilliant woman, who had never dreamed of anything except the development of her intellect, and the exercise of her moral power over all who approached her, saw all at once that life contains duties less egotistical and attractive. Mr. Fuller left no fortune to provide for the necessities of a very numerous family, and Margaret became the exclusive stay of her mother, and brothers, and sisters. She did not contemplate without emotion her novel situation, but she, nevertheless, showed herself worthy of herself; she did not abandon her cherished intellectual occupations, but she prayed God that duty might in future be her principal consideration, and that her egotism might be forsaken. "I shall be obliged," she wrote, "to give up selfishness in the end. May God enable me to see the way clear, and not to let down the intellectual, in raising the moral tone of my mind. Difficulties and duties became distinct the very night after my father's death, and a solemn prayer was offered then, that I might combine what is due to others with what is due to myself. The spirit of that prayer I shall endeavor constantly to maintain." It became necessary that she should renounce all her projects, her literary designs, and her long-promised travels. She was on the point of embarking for Europe with Professor Farrar and Miss Martineau, who was then completing her travels in the United States; the voyage was indefinitely postponed, and her destiny was changed. For a moment, however, she hesitated respecting the choice of the means to be employed in assisting the members of her family. Should she make her daily bread by literary labors, or in some occupation less obnoxious to the caprices and tastes of the hour? With great practical good-sense, which she lamented having not developed, but which never failed her entirely, she chose the latter alternative, and went to teach, first in Mr. Allcott's school in Boston, and subsequently at Providence. There we see her resigning herself courageously to the most unpleasant labor, and teaching simultaneously Latin, French, Italian, and German. For a time she found, to all appearance, a certain happiness in her new employments, which gave her tranquillity and imparted a freshness to her life, of which it had been almost always deprived; but at length, after having practiced this calling some considerable time, she abandoned it in order to resume her former habits—to rule, not over children, but over men.

In the following years we behold her leading a hard, fatiguing, and monotonous existence, striving to divide her time between her literary avocations and the duties she was called upon to fulfill. It is at this time, urged partly by her inward activity and the exuberance of her knowledge, partly by necessity, she submitted to the public the greatest part of the writings which bear her name:—her Essay on Goëthe, her translation of Eckermann's *Conversations with Goëthe*, and the *Papers on Literature and Art*, the fruit of her connection with the "*Dial*." Amid these occupations, lassitude gained increasing possession of her mind. From time to time we meet in her notes and journal the plaintive accents of discouragement and despair, contrasting singularly with the transports and hopes of her brighter moods. "I am weary of thinking," she writes one day; "I suffer great fatigue from living. O God, take me! take me wholly! Thou knowest that I love none but thee. All this beautiful poesy of my being lies in thee, thou only Love! In

the depth of my prayer I suffer much. I sink from want of rest; and none will shelter me. Thou knowest it all. Bathe me in the living waters of thy love." In these repeated ejaculations a sincere anguish and veritable depression are painfully evident. In the struggle against nature, upon which she had entered, Margaret could not fail of being ultimately vanquished; she was so in reality. The legitimate instincts of the human heart had been despised, and she believed, in her arrogance, that she had eradicated them forever. Vain expectation! they revisited her with increased power at an age when they are usually pacified and quiescent; they returned, causing her to hear, instead of the murmur and the music by which they are announced in youthful hearts, accents of reproach and tones of melancholy. Vague desires of maternity are here and there perceptible in the language she employs. To be a wife and mother, this is now the secret wish, expressed with unrivaled discretion, and appreciable only by a kind of divination. At New-York, in the house of Horace Greeley, she found her greatest enjoyment in the sports and caresses of "Pickie," the infant son of the principal editor of the *New-York Tribune*. She made herself, says Mr. Greeley, the preceptor and playmate of Pickie, who called her Aunty Margaret. She preferred seclusion, and went but rarely to the "somewhat celebrated soirees of Miss Lynch, where she met the assembled authors, artists, critics, and *dilettante* of New-York." At this epoch, moreover, it would seem that her prestige had begun to decline, either from the influence of age and chagrin, or from the influence of those new sentiments so tardily awakened in her heart. On several occasions she left these re-unions wounded by some contemptuous sarcasm or sneering epigram.

Hitherto she had known only the better minds and more elevated spirits of the American literary world, who sincerely admired and loved her, submitting to her despotic fantasies, and forgiving all the caprices of her pride. Once brought into contact with those subaltern *litterateurs* who search after defects and vices with far keener zest than honest cause for admiration, and who prefer listening to foolish or equivocal statements than to wise and noble thoughts, her life became a constant state of suffering. The epithet "*pedant*" was whispered around on her appearance, and she was sneered at for being destitute of the graces of the woman. One evening after a valentine party, where, with Mrs. Frances Osgood and other literary ladies, she attracted much attention, a friend surprised her in tears in a remote corner of the room, and when he asked her the cause of her grief, she made the significant answer, "I am alone as usual." In this expression may be read her loathing of her life, and her regret that she was not, like the women who surrounded her, a wife and mother. Her journal at this period contains some pathetic and heart-rending passages. She supplicates Almighty God, that she may not be suffered to nourish bitter feelings in her heart; she fears, especially, the danger of becoming cold and scornful to her friends. "Father, let me not injure my fellows during this period of repression. I feel that when we meet, my tones are not so sweet as I would have them. O let me not wound! I who know so well how wounds can burn and ache, should not inflict them. . . I have the consciousness that I have no real hold on life,—no real, permanent connection with any soul. I seem a wandering intelligence, driven from spot to spot, that I may learn all secrets, and fulfill a circle of knowledge. This thought envelops me as a cold atmosphere. I do not see how I shall go through this destiny." . . Margaret has now found her punishment. What a moral lesson is contained in her life!

These sorrows, ever on the increase, required to be forgotten, if that were possible. Margaret thought that she would best drive them from her memory by quitting America, and accordingly embarked for Europe in the spring of 1846, with one of her New-York friends, Mr. M. Spring. The voyage was in truth for some time a derivative to her inward suffering; curiosity, the various spectacles she encountered, and the celebrated persons she met with, made her forget herself, and she found shortly afterward, in Italy, the accomplishment of her secret desire. Her travels in France, England, and Italy, during the years 1846 and 1847, teach us nothing very interesting: here and there the shadowy outlines of celebrated persons, imperfectly seen, pass before our view; some fugitive, hasty,

and partly incorrect observations upon Europe, fill the pages of her narrative of travel. She left France without having seen anything remarkable, except Mme. Sand, Beranger, and Lamenais, whom she had not time to study, and, therefore, confines herself simply to the appropriate dithyrambs. In other respects, she quitted our country without regret, not being able, she says, to trust anything that was told her, "so completely is lying ingrained in *la grande nation.*" She had arrived full of enthusiasm for Europe, but she had scarcely disembarked before her enthusiasm begins to abate. Some of her favorite poets, whose features she beheld at the French Academy, did not reproduce the ideal she had formed of them, while reading their works. It is in England as in France; ennui quickly overtakes her, "in the midst of that mountain of shams and prejudices, which obscures the light and hinders truth from circulating." Nevertheless, from a greater familiarity with England than with France, she sees more clearly and justly, and sketches the portraits of the distinguished men she meets, with more precision and correctness. The aged Wordsworth is vividly portrayed; living in retirement at his hermitage at Rydal-Mount, ignorant of all the facts and celebrities of the day, he is described as employing the remaining hours of life in benign and gentle occupations, walks across the country, gardening, and familiar gossip with the neighboring peasants. "Do the people here," said Margaret to her landlady, "value Mr. Wordsworth most because he is a celebrated writer?" "Truly, Madam," was the answer, "I think it is because he is so kind a neighbor." Thomas Carlyle is most accurately drawn; his gesticulations, conversation, tone of voice, despotic arrogance of manner and oddities, are described with so much vivacity, that the picture may be pronounced at once a likeness. Margaret saw him three times; on each occasion under a different aspect, which involuntarily revealed to her the different phases of his character. At the first interview, he was in "a very sweet humor, and full of eloquence and pathos." Margaret was transported with the rich flow of his discourse, and the prodigality with which he let fall the noble thoughts and witty anecdotes, with which his mind and memory are full. "He let me talk now and then," says Miss Fuller, "enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired." At the second visit, his humor was changed; he was in his more acrid mood, and railed at, and depreciated every name and subject which were brought up in the course of conversation. Poetry seemed to him, that evening, a pitiable thing. Burns ought to have written prose. Shakspeare had not the good sense to see that prose is a much more natural language than poetry. Above all, he was enraged with the memory of Petrarch, and pronounced the name of Laura with an inimitably sarcastic drawl. In her last meeting with him, he unluckily found her in company with Mazzini, so that whenever the conversation took a turn to humanitary progress and idealism, the voice of Carlyle was heard, fluent in invectives against all such *rose-water imbecilities.* "All Carlyle's talk that evening, was a defense of mere force," says Margaret Fuller: "success is the test of right;—if people would not behave well, put collars round their necks;—find a hero, and let them be his slaves. . . It was very Titanic, and ante-celestial." This, too, is the first occasion in which Margaret is beheld in the company of Mazzini; how did their relations become subsequently so intimate? We know not; but from that time she no more loses sight of the tribune and future dictator. She defends him whenever he is attacked, even against her friends. The rose-water imbecilities, to use Carlyle's expression, were quite to her taste; but we are unable to explain her enthusiasm for a man whose fanaticism consists altogether in action.

After rambling over France and England, Margaret abandoned the friends with whom she had arrived in Europe, and leaving them to continue their travels as they pleased, established herself in Italy, with the hope of never quitting it. Here her life was to have its *dénoûment*, and this, it may be said, was with her a kind of presentiment. She made Italy her adopted country. The Italians were her favorite people, one scarcely sees the reason why, perhaps because they possess in excess the *objective* qualities, in which she herself was deficient. According to her own avowal, she alone, among all the Americans of her acquaintance, loved the Italians. "My countrymen," she writes,

"prefer the loyal, slow-moving Germans, even the Russian, with his dog's nose and *gentlemanly* servility, to my dear Italians." She resided successively at Rome, Milan, and Florence, making everywhere new friends, among whom we must particularly mention the Marchioness Visconti of Milan, who seems to have become remarkably attached to her. While at Rome, she was surprised by the revolution of February, 1848. After that occurrence she did not quit the Eternal City except at rare intervals, and was, therefore, in a position to follow in all their details the sudden changes of the Roman revolution. She had amassed materials for writing a history of the later events in Italy, but these were lost in the shipwreck in which she met her death. Of the part which she then played, and her relations with Mazzini, we have no positive and definite information. All that we can gather, is that before the flight of Pius IX., Margaret was conscious, as events rapidly followed each other, of a new desire, the necessity of action, and the impossibility of remaining a simple spectatress of what was going on. After the flight of the Pope, this wish seemed somewhat relieved, and she speaks as a person immediately interested in all that was passing. In her journal and letters from Rome we could have desired more information, anecdotes, and facts. It is only with difficulty that here and there a few may be gleaned. Some occurrences, however, are described with much animation; as, for example, the scene exhibited in Rome on the day when tidings were received of the expulsion of the Austrians from Milan. "I saw the Austrian arms dragged through the streets here, and burned in the Piazza del Popolo. The Italians embraced one another, and cried, Miracolo, Providenza! the Tribune Ciceronachio fed the flame with fagots; Adam Mickiewicz, the great poet of Poland, long exiled from his country, looked on; while Polish women brought little pieces that had been scattered in the streets, and threw them into the flames. When the double-headed eagle was pulled down from the lofty portal of the Palazza di Venezia, the people placed there, in its stead, one of white and gold, inscribed with the name, Alta Italia; and instantly the news followed, that Milan, Venice, Modena, and Parma, were driving out their tyrants. These news were received in Rome with indescribable rapture. Men danced, and women wept with joy along the street. The youths rushed to enroll themselves in regiments to go to the frontier. In the Colosseum, their names were received." What a singular tableau, that of this city, in which representatives of all nations meet to participate in the same passions without sharing the same belief, and to mingle in common admiration without being able to offer in concert one solitary prayer! Margaret gives us in many passages a good idea of the *catholic* character of the Eternal City, which is not the special possession of any people, but the rendezvous of all, and which, after having overthrown the universal rule of the Pope, beheld within its walls the establishment, not of a Roman republic, but of the cosmopolitan government of Mazzini. The medley association of things ancient and modern is also well apprehended and reproduced. It is in the Colosseum that volunteers enroll their names, and, as we are about to show, it is near the tomb of Cecilia Metella that the civic guard perform their military exercises. "This morning," she writes, "I went with half Rome to see the civic guard manœuvring in that great field near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is full of ruins. The effect was noble, as the band played the Bolognese March, and six thousand Romans passed in battle array amid these fragments of the great time."

In the midst of these occurrences, Margaret was unable to preserve the independence of her judgment, and her opinions are as mobile as the ever-shifting scenes of the times. She shares all the passions of the crowd, and gives vent to the same acclamations. She cries "Vive Pio Nono," while the Pope is still popular, and pronounces him a *saint;* but afterward, when she hears the populace reply to his refusal to declare war against Austria, by the appellations of "traitor," and "imbecile," she does not hesitate to join her voice in chorus with theirs. "I did not get your letter," she writes to Emerson, "about having the rosary blessed for ——, before I left Rome, and now, I suppose, she would not wish it, as none can now attach any value to the blessing of Pius IX." Notwithstanding the excitement and hubbub around her, Margaret sometimes essays to recover the

silence and solitude of the Rome of former times. Vain were her efforts!—the drums persist in beating, the people shout their acclamations, she hears under her windows the shrieks of death or of battle. Then involuntarily, and of necessity, she mingles with external matters in alternate sympathy or indignation. If she sympathized with the republican followers of Mazzini, rather than, as we believe, participated in their actions, one reason may excuse her. It is the state of her mind at the epoch of the Roman revolution. Margaret had at this period lost all her former force of will; she dreamed no longer of exercising dominion, but, on the contrary, yearned no more to will, or even to think;—she sought a master and a ruler; she found both in the events of the day, and forgot herself in the spectacle of external things. "Once," she writes from Rieti, "I had resolution to face my difficulties myself, and try to give only what was pleasant to others; but now that my courage has fairly given way, and the fatigue of life is beyond my strength, I do not prize myself, or expect others to prize me." She was, moreover, directly interested in the triumph of the Roman Republic, for her husband was serving in the republican forces.

Her husband!—what a novel word in connection with Margaret! But before speaking of her marriage, we must draw some inductions from her correspondence and the narrative of her friends, which give an explanation of certain disputed historical facts. It will be remembered that in a volume of "Souvenirs," published about a twelvemonth since, the Princess Belgiojoso confirmed the truth of certain statements in a papal circular. The same thing occurs in the "Memoirs" of Margaret in relation to certain other facts. During the siege of Rome by the French army, Margaret was appointed by the Princess Belgiojoso, Directress or *Regolatrice* of the hospital of the *Fate-Bene Fratelli*. In this capacity, she had the opportunity of seeing all the wounded, of becoming acquainted with their language, their country, their origin, and suffers the following avowal to escape her:—"Some are French, some Germans, and many Poles. Indeed, I am afraid it is too true that there were comparatively but few Romans among them." Thus then, from the confession of Margaret herself, it is not at all the Romans who have been vanquished; it is a cosmopolitan array, the army of Mazzini. Here, then, is an incontrovertible statement, which throws singular light upon the question of right, in the destruction of the Roman Republic. It must be recollected that the party opposed to the expedition against Rome, have always denied that the combatants were foreigners; but this can no longer be doubted, after the affirmation of Margaret. Another fact:—On her return one day from a visit to her child, who was out at nurse in Rieti, she rested for an hour or two at a little way-side *osteria*, when suddenly the *padrone* rushed into her room and exclaimed, "We are quite lost! Here is the Legion Garibaldi. These men always pillage, and if we do not give all up to them without pay, they will kill us." Margaret tranquillized the *padrone*, by paying the expenses of the soldiers who had invaded the *osteria*. The soldiers of Garibaldi were, therefore, as has been heretofore asserted, the terror of peaceable Italians; instead of defending the country, they treated it as a conquered territory. This simple tale sets aside all doubt; beyond all question, our radicals have belied the evidence of facts. It is vexatious, indeed, that these particulars are so rare in the memoirs of Margaret; had it been otherwise, we should have obtained some important revelations, if we may judge from these two statements, which are found there accidentally.

The marriage of Margaret is one of the most singular; indeed, it is inexplicable. In what is communicated respecting this union, there is still something which remains exceedingly obscure and difficult of comprehension, without our being able to state precisely in what the mystery consists. The name of her husband was Giovanni Angelo Ossoli. He was the youngest son of the Marquis d'Ossoli, a Roman nobleman, who, after having enjoyed a considerable fortune, was at this period almost ruined. At the time in which the young Marquis made Margaret's acquaintance, his father was still living, and the marriage, in all probability, was not consummated until after his death. His three brothers were in the papal service; one in the administration as Secretary of the Privy Chamber, the other two in the Guard Noble. Of his whole family, he alone held republican

principles. He was about thirty years of age, and consequently much younger than Margaret. "I do not know," says Margaret in a letter to her mother, "whether he will always love me so well, for I am the elder, and the difference will become, in a few years, more perceptible than now. But life is so uncertain, and it is so necessary to take good things with their limitations, that I have not thought it worth while to calculate too curiously." The character of the Marquis d'Ossoli was sweet and submissive; his manners were affectionate and timid, his intellect of no great elevation, and his acquirements limited. That he was fascinated by the charms of Margaret, may be readily supposed; but how could this woman, formerly so imperious, have consented to link her destiny with that of a man whose nature, without being vulgar, was in no respect elevated? Probably that vague yearning which we have known her on several occasions manifest, effected this miracle. Her marriage was, to all appearance, accomplished by the sudden bursting forth of the eternal instincts of humanity, and her heart thus avenged itself on the pride which had so long been its oppressor.

It is not that the young Marquis appears unworthy of the tenderness with which Margaret regarded him; but assuredly at any other period of her history, she would hardly have bestowed a glance, even of indifference, upon him with whom she now united her life. As for the rest, in the expression of her feelings toward her husband, only tenderness, not the least passion, is observable. Another affection, however, burst forth at this time with violence, and, one may say, with remarkable violence;—we mean maternal love. What has become of my child? Shall I find him still living? Will he have escaped the balls of the soldiers? Can his nurse have abandoned him? Such are her greatest disquietudes during the siege of Rome, and the destiny of the Republic occasions her far less alarm than the destiny of her little Angelino. And when Rome was taken, and the Marquis d'Ossoli with herself had sought an asylum at Florence, with how great interest does she watch his infantine amusements; how entirely she forgets her metaphysics in his cries and smiles! "In the morning, as soon as dressed, he signs to come into our room, and then draws our curtain with his little dimpled hand, kisses me rather violently, pats my face, laughs, crows, shows his teeth, blows like the bellows, stretches himself, and says 'bravo.' Then, having shown off all his accomplishments, he expects, as a reward, to be tied in his chair, and have his playthings. These engage him busily; but still he calls to us to sing and drum, to enliven the scene. Sometimes he summons me to kiss his hand, and laughs very much at this. Enchanting is that baby laugh, ..." Where is now transcendentalism? where are now her former triumphs? All is completely forgotten, it would seem. Margaret will be forgiven for having been a woman once, at all events, in her life. At this moment, under the influence of the gentle feelings, so slow in springing up in her heart, the feverish excitement of her life subsides, and all that is withered and unhealthy disappears. She is now restored to a new life, and finds happiness even in the midst of poverty and great anxiety respecting the future. She has learned at length to love something else than her own qualities of intellect. The arts, nature, and all so dear to her tastes, inspire her now with a more measured interest,—becoming, what indeed they ought always to be, brilliant accessories and ornaments to life. Her power of domination is no longer, as before, tyrannic and exclusive. Disuniting herself from vanity and pride, she gives them a practical and useful direction, and brings them into alliance with charity and humanity. Over the violent nature of the Italian, she exerted the same power of attraction as over the delicate and cultivated minds of her friends. Several anecdotes are extant in corroboration of this statement. At one time she prevents a fratricide or a murder, which is on the point of perpetration; at another, by her mere presence, she forces friendly explanations from anger or jealousy. The psychical force she possessed was evidently natural, not factitious, and capable of exerting itself effectually in all countries and latitudes, not merely in a literary gathering or a semi-lettered American *salon*. But her excellent qualities were not exhibited free from all alloy, until a natural feeling came to replace that exaggerated sense of personal consciousness and will, which she had cherished through her life.

Margaret was very happy, but her happiness came too late, and was in too great contradiction with her whole past life to be able to endure. Margaret felt this, and had always a presentiment that the year 1850 would be to her a fatal year. It became necessary to make arrangements for the means of existence. The Marquis d'Ossoli had no fortune; the remains of his father's estate, a share in which was to fall to his lot, could not, in consequence of legal difficulties, be made available for some considerable, and indeed uncertain period. Besides, he was outlawed. His marriage had been secret, from the fear that Margaret's Protestantism, in connection with his own reputation as a republican, would contribute to deprive him of his slender patrimony. It became necessary, therefore, to leave Italy, and to seek an asylum upon the hospitable shores of America. On the seventeenth of May, 1850, Margaret and her husband sailed from Leghorn in the bark *Elizabeth*. Gloomy forebodings were not wanting; the Marquis d'Ossoli remembered that an old gipsy had told him in his boyhood that he must never trust the sea. Death visited the ship during the voyage, and Captain Hasty, swept away by a malignant fever, wrapped in the flag of his nation, was consigned to the waves under the eyes of Margaret. Angelino, who with his sports had diverted the whole ship's company, sickened with the same dreadful malady, and for some time his parents despaired of his life. On Thursday, July fifteenth, the Elizabeth was off the Jersey coast, almost in sight of New-York, when a terrible tempest arose. Soon all the passengers became aware of the frightful destiny which awaited them. Margaret might have been saved, but she peremptorily refused to be separated from her husband and child. The first who perished was the little Angelino, who had been taken by the steward, with a solemn pledge that he would save him or die. Margaret saw him perish, and an instant afterward her husband; she perished last. None of her papers were saved, except her correspondence with the Marquis d'Ossoli; nor was her body ever found. The corpse of the little Angelino alone reached the shore; "a sailor took it reverently in his arms, and bore it to the nearest house. The next day, borne upon the shoulders of the rescued seamen in a chest, which one of them gave for a coffin, it was buried among the sand heaps on that melancholy shore."

Thus terminated, by a horrible catastrophe, the life of this ardent and feverish woman. Margaret Fuller has marked her place in the annals of her country. It is the first time such a character has appeared in the United States. Among all the symptoms indicative of a desire for change in the manners, moral life, and religion of the Americans, there is nothing more curious than this. We are interested in this question, we Europeans; such an existence may serve us for a moral thermometer, by which to measure the amount of influence which European ideas have had, and are still exciting in the development of transatlantic civilization. The whole history of America is the result of the ideas of Europe:—after Luther and Calvin, who may be regarded as the founders of New-England, came Locke and Voltaire, who may be considered in their turn as the founders of the Union and the fathers of the Revolution. Now it is Kant and Hegel who are the apostles of a moral and intellectual renovation. America is thus a vast workshop of experiments. In moral things, as in physical geography, America is not a distinct and separate world; it is but the second hemisphere of our planet. All that Europe thinks, America applies, whether it be an industrial invention or a system of morals. The Americans have not at present, and probably will not have for a long time to come, any ideas which are properly their own; but they know how to live a cosmopolitan life, and they receive all the influences of Europe. Ideas which would disturb our reason, events which would inflict destruction upon us, have no effect upon their robust temperament and vigorous health; all are useful to them, and nothing is capable of injuring them. So, whatever may have been her mistakes or her faults, Margaret Fuller ought not to be judged too severely. Her influence, which might have been hurtful in Europe, has been, on the contrary, salutary in America. After the revolutions it has gone through, and the shocks it has suffered, the European mind requires to be treated with infinite caution. It must be soothed with prudence when governed; and he cannot too carefully weigh his words, who would address it as a

writer or philosopher. But the American mind can be addressed without fear of heating it too violently. There, in that young and vigorous world, words fly more lightly than in our Europe; they are less easily rendered into action, and there is no such need to moderate one's enthusiasm. The influence of Margaret has not died with her; she still lives, she returns to us and will long return to us, under the form of books or essays. She, more than any other individual, has sown the harvest which is beginning to show itself in America and is slowly ripening there. Hence we have spoken of her with minuteness and sympathy, in order that hereafter, when all the facts and ideas which she has scattered in America shall bear their fruit, she also may sustain her share of the responsibility and receive her portion of the praise, for the evil and the good which these ideas and facts may ultimately produce.

DETACHED THOUGHTS FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Of differing themes the veering song was mixed."

THE deep and irrepressible craving, this singular pining of the soul for yet untrodden lands, comes upon us, not as we might expect, in times of suffering, (for then the soul has no power to expand—it only asks removal of present pressure,) but in joy, and that only in joy of a certain kind. The enjoyment of food, of drink, of warmth, and refreshing coolness, of motion, of rest, calls for nothing beyond the highest degree of that enjoyment—it asks no ascending into the infinite; on the contrary, rather a falling back into contraction. But, in the enjoyment of the sun's noon-tide radiance—of the crimson splendors of its setting, and of the moon's silver beams—in the contemplation of the sublime in nature, and the sublime in art—in the giving way to tender sensibility—in the sweet tears of happy emotion—in all, and through all this, is to be traced the yearning after something higher; and the overflowing heart overflows, and yet is not filled. The heart in joy resembles those birds of passage, which, though caged in warm apartments, still, at the season when their fellows migrate, pine for, and pant to wing their flight to the distant land of genial warmth and vernal beauty.

This indefinable feeling in human nature is especially developed by the power of an art, the peculiar properties of which, and superiority to all other arts, we know not rightly yet. I speak not of poetry, or of painting, but of music. Why do we forget, while acknowledging that music heightens joyous and sad emotions—yea, itself produces them—that the soul loses itself in the magic of its sweet sounds, as in a labyrinth—that more mightily, more powerfully, than any other art, it makes us experience, momentarily, rapid transitions from joy to sorrow—why, while conscious of all this, do we forget its still higher property—its power of making us pine for some other land, and of drawing from the soul a sigh, full of pantings for the future, which yet do but seem yearnings for some familiar long-loved home of the spirit?

Why music should thus, above all other arts, thrill upon the inner man, is beyond my power to explain. Singularly do its material movements erect themselves into certain regular forms of sounds, which are carried forward to the finely-fashioned nerves; but from these, to the soul's depths which music stirs so powerfully, we have still a vast interval.

But to what end is it that man, while growing at the root which draws him down, and is fully satisfied in the earth, must also be growing at the stalk, which presses upward to heaven's air and light? To what end serves this double direction in man? Manifestly not merely to his earthly happiness. Would Heaven do that which is forbidden to us—subject the higher to the service of the lower, and plant flowers only to strew them upon the dunghill? Can the instinct which we feel so strongly within after a higher world, a deeper love—can the idea of the divine, of the moral, be implanted within us, only to enhance the pleasures of earthly life, and, like tropic fruits and spices, to give more relish to the joys of sense? But no, it is exactly the contrary. The sharpest and deepest sorrows are the lot of the nobler spirits; and the finely-fashioned nerve that most quickly thrills to the breath of heaven, is most alive to the touch of pain.

But surely these indistinct and undefinable apprehensions of a more noble birthright were not given us in vain; and yet, if disappointed hereafter, they avail us little here below. What instinct of the millions of different animals has been suf-

fered by Infinite Goodness to fall short of its promise, even to the unconscious and unexpectant? and shall the divine instinct of the soul be suffered to be objectless and aimless by Him who shapeth all things to their uses? Then too, what a distinction is there between the mere instinct of the animal, and that plan of a future world that is drawn upon the soul of man! The animal instinct has more feelers, the human more antennæ. Animal instinct utters its prophetic promises, and its requisitions, with a dim vagueness, and draws and impels to the end it has in view in the dark, with an invisible hand: as, for instance, in the secret powerful impulse to build the nest, and lay up a store for the insect brood, for unknown and totally dissimilar offspring. In man, on the contrary, the instinct of immortality has its fulfillment, even here below; for what we call hope of it, and desire after it, is but the development of that immortality. Our pure joys are but the commencement of that happiness for which we pant; and, though the heart lie low upon this earth's horizon, like the mass of cloud that, with its varied coloring, does but portend rain, and gives no presage of fine earthly days, yet is this very cloud the beginning of the rainbow which spreads itself over the dark earth, and the glowing tints of which are the bright beams of that very sun, of whose future undimmed glories it is the promise.

More truths than we look for are to be found in the old comparison between the development of the soul and that of the butterfly; for, in the caterpillar, instinct finds the plan of the future fabric which it has to work out. In the caterpillar lies hid, according to Swammerdam, the chrysalis; and this, again, contains the butterfly, with its folded wings and antennæ. And this pale imprisoned form goes through its successive labors, casting its skin, spinning for itself new bonds, and immuring itself in the cocoon, only that it may, at length, break forth to freedom, and, leaving behind it its slough, and renouncing forever its coarse diet of leaves, sport henceforth amid the flowers, feed upon honey, and live for love. O! how do these similitudes speak the desires of the soul! How gladly would it, in its pupa state, be permitted to burst the chrysalis, and widely, fully expand those soft tender wings, that are bruised in its dungeon-tenement! For is not this the consummation for which it bears a thousand sufferings—for which it undergoes privation and pain? Surely, it were a waste of energies, a harsh contradiction, if the butterfly, after its long imprisonment in the unsightly larva, after all its painful casting off of its skin, its narrow swathing-bands, the dark dungeon of an almost torpid pupa, should come forth—nothing; or come forth in corruption, with its foul slough hanging around it as a shroud.

But men can believe all this—ready to believe all against God, but slow of heart to receive all that would speak of his infinite wisdom and infinite goodness! One cloudy day is sufficient to obscure from our view a whole life full of divine sunshine; and the short, dark hour of death shuts out from us the long, bright future. We do, indeed, live in a wonderful night of existence; and these anticipations, these presentiments are our moonlight. But does not this presuppose a Sun!

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world—of Him who has created, and who provides for the joys even of insects, as carefully as if He were their little father.

No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

Every one has in his youth something of a poetic genius—its folly and its enthusiasm. The poetic genius itself lives in an eternal youth.

I have never had such a peculiar feeling of the narrowness of the human heart, as when, in one afternoon, I have had to write six friendly letters to six different persons.

It does not follow that he who deceives us, considers us, therefore, as fools. He ascribes his success rather to his resistless powers.

There are comforters by profession, to whom nothing worse could happen than that others should be consoled: they could then talk the less.

If self-knowledge be a path to virtue, virtue is a much better one to self-knowledge. The more pure the soul becomes, it will, like certain precious stones that are sensible to the contact of poison, shrink from the fetid vapors of evil impressions.

The pursuit of pleasure makes us as earthly-minded as engrossment in business.

Moral science, no less than the other sciences, is subject to the limitations of our finite capacities; but as no one endeavors to reach the highest point, we are kept in ignorance of where its boundary lies.

To say, "Man may seek truth not so much in order to find it as to exercise his faculties in the search, and to strengthen his mental powers," is to say, "Take food, not that you may be nourished thereby, but that your teeth may be sharpened."

It is a matter of indifference to us what little minds think of our understandings, but not what they think of our dress.

Admiration profits not the object so much as the subject of it. While rejoicing that a man is great, we have also reason to rejoice that we are able to appreciate his worth.

The death of our beloved gives us our first love again. By death we are taught truly to love: the dear one, no longer subject to our caprice or his own, remains a spotless, glorious object of love; and time, instead of taking away from his attractions, gives to him additional charms. Thus the heart is always a gainer, give it but free room and full liberty to love.

WEATHER WISDOM.

NEARLY everybody professes to be weather-wise. Everybody tells everybody what sort of weather may be expected, and in nine cases out of ten everybody is wrong. What is commonly called the power of foretelling the weather, is only the result of repeated observations on the comparative frequency with which certain effects accompany one another. Hence it is that agriculturists, shepherds, gardeners, coachmen—but above all, fishermen and sailors—are so much more weather-wise than the mechanic or citizen; and from the constant necessity they are under of studying the minutest indications, or secondary effects of meteorological changes, they arrive at the power of foretelling future changes, with a certainty far exceeding the landsman's comprehension.

In the absence of that *tact*, that quick prescience of atmospheric changes, possessed by the class of persons we have before mentioned, and which can only be acquired by a similar course of discipline, the common observer must have a barometer to aid him in forming a guess, whether he should take an umbrella or great-coat with him, or whether he may go forth unprepared for anything but warmth and sunshine. But indications of the weather are not only to be found in barometrical changes, the clouds furnish data, and animals evidence every change; and he who sets to work to study these things gains something more than weather wisdom, he acquires the habit of observation.

BAROMETRICAL CHANGES IN THE WEATHER.

After a continuance of dry weather, if the barometer begin to fall slowly and steadily, rain will certainly ensue; if after a great deal of wet weather, the mercury begins to rise steadily and slowly, fine weather will come, though two or three days may first elapse. On either of the two foregoing suppositions, if the change immediately ensues on the motion of the mercury, the change will not be permanent.

The mercury will often rise or fall as has just been mentioned, for some time before the fair or wet weather, which it prognosticates, begins; and it will then fall or rise during the continuance of this; that is, the mercury will often appear at variance with the existing state of the atmosphere. Under such circumstances the principle before alluded to must be borne in mind; that the barometer only indicates some change in the air which has taken place, but the effects of which may not yet be seen.

A sudden fall of the barometer in the spring or autumn, indicates *wind;* in the summer, during very hot weather, a thunder-storm may be expected; in winter, a sudden fall after frost of some continuance, indicates a change of wind, with thaw and rain. But in a continued frost, a rise of the mercury indicates approaching snow.

When a violent gale has followed a sudden fall of the mercury, it begins to rise again very rapidly, especially about the season of the equinoxes; in this case the gale will not last long. No rapid fluctuations of the barometer are to be interpreted as indicating either dry or wet weather; it is only the *slow*, *steady*, and continued rise or fall that is to be attended to in this respect. A rise of mercury, late in the autumn, after a long continuance of wet and windy weather, gen-

erally indicates a change of wind to the northern quarters, and the approach of frost.

INDICATIONS FURNISHED BY CLOUDS, ETC.

Clouds are an old-fashioned index to the weather. In many an old country saying, in many an old doggrel verse its weather-wisdom lessons are conveyed :—

"An evening red and morning gray,
Will set the traveler on his way;
But an evening gray and a morning red,
Will pour down rain on the traveler's head."

If the sky be clear, after the continuance of fair weather, light streaks of cloud (*cirrus*) appearing are the first indications of change. If these clouds accumulate, and descend into lower regions of the atmosphere, rain commences. When the sun appears to be setting in a fog, with dark and crimson streaks, in sharp, well-defined lines, wind, and rain, and stormy weather may be expected. In hot summer weather, the sky, during the finest days, is often loaded with masses of cloud, clear, sharp, rounded, and brilliantly edged with light. With such a sky, no immediate change need be apprehended. If, however, toward evening, these clouds congregate in the horizon, and rise upward with sharp outlines, and an unusual stillness and closeness is felt in the air, it is a sure sign of an approaching thunder-storm. A greenish tinge in the gray evening is a sure precursor of wet; but, whatever may be their form, color, and character, an increase of the clouds, particularly toward evening, may be generally taken as indicating approaching rain, because accumulated moisture in the air must return to the earth in rain. The dappled or mottled sky is at all seasons a sign of fine weather. Haloes around the moon are considered a tolerably certain sign of rain, even when there is no apparent cloud intervening to form them.

GENERAL AND COMMON PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

Among these we may reckon such as are derived from birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and plants, to which may also be added the woodwork of houses, as doors, windows, window-shutters, &c.

Before rain an unusual bustle is observed among ants, bees, and wasps at their nests; spiders quit their recesses, and are seen crawling about at night; flies of all kinds are more active, and sting or bite. When gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun, it indicates fine weather; but if they retire under the shade of trees at evening, rain may be expected. Snails and slugs appear in greater number in damp weather, and therefore both before and after rain; and frogs are more noisy in the ponds and marshes at the same time. Swallows fly low before rain, because the insects which are their prey approach nearer to the earth at that time. It has been observed that fish are eager in bolting at flies, and are more active before rain, for a similar reason.

The uneasiness of pigs before a storm has been a theme of amusement in rural life, quite long enough to attest the truth of the observation. Sailors expect a storm when porpoises and dolphins gambol on the surface of the water.

Peacocks and guinea-fowls, and many other birds, are particularly clamorous before rain; and the domestic cock manifests uneasiness by frequent crowing. Birds in general retain in the quill-part of their feathers a quantity of oil, which, when they feel an extraordinary degree of moisture in the atmosphere, they express by means of their bills, and distribute it over their feathers to secure their bodies against the effects of an approaching shower.

Domestic animals, as cows and sheep, but particularly the latter, on the approach of rain, feed with great avidity in the open field, and retire near the trees and hedges as soon as they are satisfied. In fine weather they graze and lounge about, eating and resting alternately, with apparent indifference.

The closing of the flowers of the *anagallis arvensis* on dull days and in moist weather, has conferred upon it the title of the "poor man's weather-glass;" but the following lines convey most of the popular precepts on the subject, and we therefore venture to present them :—

"The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the grass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky!
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the light-red pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;

Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely send her.
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowls cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws;
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then spreading back to earth it bends;
The wind, unsteady, veers around,
Or setting in the south is found!
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the cautious flies;
The glow-worms, numerous, clear, and bright,
Illumed the dewy hill last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dress'd;
The sky is green, the air is still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill;
The dog, so alter'd in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast.
Behold the rooks, how odd their flight,—
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
The tender colts on back do lie,
Nor heed the trav'ler passing by;
In fiery red the sun did rise,
Then wades through clouds to meet the skies.
'T will surely rain—we see 't with sorrow,
No working in the fields to-morrow."

In the winter, when the thermometer is between 34 and 40 degrees, the air being in a state of condensation, and the running water being warmer than the land, a mist or fog may be seen rising above the rivers, particularly when the air is cold and clear; but this vapor is no longer visible when the river is frozen.

Much anxious inquiry has been made as to the alleged connection of the moon with the weather. The follies of the ancients are identical with the follies of the astrologers. Gardeners and farmers have their favorite moons. M. Arago has admirably exposed all these criminal charges against the innocent moon.

But to the philosophic mind all objects in nature, whether animate or inanimate, may afford both amusement and instruction, particularly in meteorology; for in this science, as well as in everything else, nature opens her vast stores—her library and her laboratory are never closed, and we find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

JELLY-FISHES.

WE inscribe at the head of this paper the popular name of a class of beings, which, though simple in their organization, are full of interest to the zoologist, and attractive to the common observer from the singularity or beauty of their forms, and, in many cases, the brilliancy of their coloring. The ocean, throughout its wide extent, swarms with myriads of gelatinous creatures—some microscopic, some of large dimensions—which deck it with the gayest colors by day, and at night light up its dreary waste with "mimic fires," and make it glow and sparkle as if, like the heavens, it had its galaxies and constellations. These are the jelly-fishes, or sea-nettles, (*Acalephæ*,) as they are often called, from the stinging properties with which some of them are endowed. The commoner forms are well known, for the beach is often strewn with the carcasses of the larger species. On fine days in summer and autumn, whole fleets of these strange voyagers appear off our coasts. Their umbrella-shaped, transparent disks, float gracefully through the calm water, and their long fishing-lines trail after them as they move onward. At times, multitudes, almost invisible to the naked eye, tenant every wave, and give it by night a crest of flame; while other kinds measure as much as a yard in diameter. The *Acalephæ* present the greatest variety of form and color, as well as of size; but they are all of the most delicate structure, frail, gelatinous, transparent. Some are so perfectly colorless, that their presence can with difficulty be detected in the water.

The following description by Professor E. Forbes, applies to a large proportion of the species:—"They are active in their habits, graceful in their motions, gay in their coloring, delicate as the finest membrane, transparent as the purest crystal." The poet Crabbe has characterized them well in the following passage:—

"Those living jellies which the flesh inflame,
Fierce as a nettle, and from that the name;
Some in huge masses, some that you might bring
In the small compass of a lady's ring;
Figured by hand divine—there 's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them:
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,
And make the moonbeam brighter where they flow."

The first thing that arrests our attention

in these creatures is the extreme delicacy and tenuity of their substance. The jelly-fish is chiefly made up of fluid. A quantity of water and a thin membranaceous film, these are its chief component parts. Professor Owen has ascertained that a large individual, weighing two pounds, when removed from the sea, will be represented, when the fluid which it contains is drained off, "by a thin film of membrane not exceeding thirty grains in weight." Naturalists have commonly described the jelly-fish as being little more than "coagulated water," and the description is correct.

And yet these masses of film and fluid, floating at the mercy of wind and wave, possess powers which we should hardly associate with so simple a structure, and can accomplish works of which we should little suspect them. Delicate and defenseless as they appear, they can capture fishes of large size, and digest them with ease and rapidity. Some of them are in truth formidable monsters. Professor E. Forbes gives the following humorous description of the destructive propensities of some medusæ which he had captured in the Zetland seas:—"Being kept," he says, "in a jar of salt-water with small crustacea, they devoured these animals, so much more highly organized than themselves, voraciously; apparently enjoying the destruction of the unfortunate members of the upper classes with a truly democratic relish. One of them even attacked and commenced the swallowing of a *Lizzia octopunctata*, quite as good a medusa as itself. An animal which can pout out its mouth twice the length of its body, and stretch its stomach to corresponding dimensions, must indeed be 'a triton among the minnows,' and a very terrific one too. Yet is this ferocious creature one of the most delicate and graceful of the inhabitants of the ocean —a very model of tenderness and elegance."

The jelly-fishes are all, in their adult state, locomotive beings. They float freely and incessantly through the ocean, either impelled by their own efforts, or driven by storm and billow. They for the most part frequent the open seas, and shun the shore, their delicate frames being endangered by the perennial strife between land and water. Being designed for constant motion, for the navigation of the great waters, their entire organization is adapted to such a mode of life. We find among those ocean-floaters the greatest perfection and variety of locomotive apparatus; and they have been divided into sections, according to the modifications of this portion of structure which they exhibit. We shall endeavor to give a popular account of the leading peculiarities of each, and note the most interesting points in the history of the tribe.

In the first section, the animals are furnished with a disk or umbrella of varying shape, which serves as a float, beneath which hang certain processes connected with the functions of prehension and digestion. In this division are included some of the best-known forms. The creature, in this case, propels itself by the alternate contraction and expansion of its disk, thus striking the water, and driving itself forward. These movements take place at regular intervals, and serve a double purpose. They not only propel, but at the same time drive the water over the lower surface of the disk. Here is situated a complicated net-work of vessels, and the fluids of the body are thus exposed to the influence of oxygen, and receive the needed aëration. The stroke of the disk, therefore, is not only a locomotive, but also a respiratory act. The jelly-fishes of this section move as they breathe, and breathe as they move. Hence the name which has been given them—*Pulmonigrades*. We find the same admirable economy of resources among the lower animalcules. The cilia which propel them secure the aëration of the system.

It is evident that the motive apparatus in this section of the *Acalephæ* is but a feeble one. It only avails in calm weather. When the sea is agitated, the jelly-fish is driven helplessly along. It cannot choose its path. As its food, however, is everywhere abundant around it, and it has no business that should lead it in one direction more than another, there is no great hardship in this.

In this section are included some of the most beautiful, as well as common of the tribe. The forms of the umbrella are often most lovely, and present an astonishing variety. As an example of the beauty which they sometimes display, we may refer to a species which resembles an exquisitely-formed glass-shade, ornamented with a waved and tinted fringe. The most perfect grace of form, the transparency

of the crystal, and color as delicate as that of the flower, combine to render this frail being one of the loveliest of living things.

In another section, locomotion is effected by a modification of ciliary apparatus. We have a familiar example in the *Beroe* of our own seas, a most attractive little being, and a prime favorite with naturalists, who have described its habits and celebrated its beauty with enthusiasm. We shall not soon forget the delight with which we first made acquaintance with this graceful little rover. While rambling along the shore in quest of marine animals, our attention was arrested by a drop of the clearest jelly, as it seemed to be, lying on a mass of rock, from which the tide had but just receded. On transferring it to a phial of sea-water, its true nature was at once revealed to us. A globular body floated gracefully in the vessel, scarcely less transparent than the fluid which filled it. Presently it began to move up and down within its prison-house, and the paddles by means of which the beroe dances along its ocean-path were distinctly visible. These paddles are nothing more nor less than cilia of a peculiar kind, ranged in eight bands upon the surface of the body. They are set in motion at the will of the animal, and their incessant strokes propel it swiftly through the water. By stopping some of its paddles, and keeping others in play, the beroe can change its course at pleasure, and so wander "at its own sweet will," through the trackless waste. Beauty waits upon the course of this little crystal globe. The grace and sprightliness of its movements must strike the commonest observer. As the sunlight falls upon its cilia, they are "tinted with the most lovely iridescent colors;" and at night they flash forth phosphoric light, as though the little creature were giving a saucy challenge to the stars.

The beroe is a most active being, its habits conforming to the organization with which it is endowed. Such an array of paddles prophesies of a mercurial temperament and an energetic character. It can, however, anchor itself and lie by when occasion offers. It is provided with two long cables, prettily set with spiral filaments or tendrils, by means of which it can make fast to any point. When not in use, it can retract them, and stow them away in two *sacs* or pouches within the body, where they may be seen coiled up, through the transparent walls. The mouth is a simple opening at one pole of the globular body. No arms are needed. The beroe is spared the labor and uncertainty of the chase. As it dances gayly along, streams of water, bearing nutritive particles, pass through the orifice into its stomach.

In this creature, as in many of the lower animals, there is a remarkable power of retaining vitality after the most serious injuries; nay, in portions actually severed from the body, it will continue for some time. Mr. Patterson, in his excellent *Introduction to Zoology*, mentions that on one occasion he divided a fragment of the body of a beroe, lately taken from the shore and shattered by a storm, "into portions so minute that one piece of skin had but two cilia attached to it, yet the vibration of these organs continued for nearly a couple of days afterward!" But we must leave the beroe, charmer though it be.

Another member of this section—the *Ciliograde acalephæ*, as they are called—is the Girdle of Venus, which resembles a ribbon in form, and is sometimes five or six feet in length, covered with cilia, and brilliantly phosphorescent. This must be one of the most beautiful of the *fireworks* of the ocean.

The jelly-fishes of another section are furnished with one or more air-bags, which assist them in swimming, and hence bear the name of *hydrostatic acalephæ*. In the Portuguese man-of-war, (*Physalia.*) the bag is large, and floats conspicuously on the surface of the water. From the top of it rises a purple crest, which acts as a sail, and by its aid the little voyager scuds gayly before the wind. But should danger threaten—should some hungry, piratical monster in quest of a dinner heave in sight, or the blast grow furious—the float is at once compressed, through two minute orifices at the extremities a portion of the air escapes, and down goes the little craft to the tranquil depths, leaving the storm or the pirate behind. In one species, (*Cuvieria,*) the floats are numerous and prettily ranged round the margin of the body. Resting on these, the creature casts about its long fishing-lines, and arrests the passing prey.

One more section remains to be noticed. The jelly-fishes which belong to it have a rudimentary skeleton—a plate which supports the soft, circular body. From the

lower part of the body hang numerous tentacles, (*cirri*,) amidst which the mouth is placed. Probably these multitudinous arms assist in locomotion; and hence the name of the family, *Cirrigrades*. Among the creatures of this division we meet with some very interesting locomotive apparatus. There are some of them by no means obliged to trust to their oars alone —they have also sails. The *Velella*, large fleets of which visit our seas at times, has a plate (the mast) rising from its bluish disk or deck, covered with a delicate membrane (the sail) of snowy whiteness, by means of which it traverses the ocean. This sail, it has been noticed, "is set at the same angle as the lateen-sail" of the Malays. We cannot doubt that it is admirably suited to its purpose, and the Malays may be proud of having nature as a voucher for their contrivance.

We find in another species a still more perfect rigging. In it (*Rataria*) the crest is supplied with muscular bands, by means of which the sail can be lowered or raised at pleasure. These adaptations of structure are full of interest. Nothing can be more admirable than the sailing-gear of these little creatures. They have to traverse the surface of the ocean amidst all diversities of weather. Paddles alone would not suffice for them. They must be enabled to take advantage of the winds. Sails, therefore, are added, and the mightiest agents in nature are commissioned to speed the little voyagers on their way.

We have already mentioned that some of the jelly-fishes possess the power of stinging. Only a few of the larger species, however, seem to be thus endowed; and the name sea-nettle is by no means applicable to the class as a whole. The poisonous fluid which produces the irritating effect on the skin, and no doubt paralyzes the creatures upon which the jelly-fish feeds, is secreted by the arms. By means of its poison-bearing tentacles, the soft, gelatinous medusa is more than a match for the armed crustacean and the scale-clad fish. We take from Professor Forbes the following graphic description of one of the stinging species:—"The *Cyanæa capillata* of our seas is a most formidable creature, and the terror of tender-skinned bathers. With its broad, tawny, festooned, and scalloped disk, often a full foot or more across, it flaps its way through the yielding waters, and drags after it a long train of ribbon-like arms, and seemingly interminable tails, marking its course when its body is far away from us. Once tangled in its trailing "hair," the unfortunate who has recklessly ventured across the graceful monster's path too soon writhes in prickly torture. Every struggle but binds the poisonous threads more firmly round his body, and then there is no escape; for when the winder of the fatal net finds his course impeded by the terrified human wrestling in its coils, he, seeking no contest with the mightier biped, casts loose his envenomed arms, and swims away. The amputated weapons severed from their parent body vent vengeance on the cause of their destruction, and sting as fiercely as if their original proprietor itself gave the word of attack."

We now approach the most extraordinary portion of the history of these creatures. Recent investigations have brought to light the most interesting facts respecting their reproduction and development. It is now known that the young jelly-fish passes through a series of transformations before reaching its perfect state.

At certain seasons, eggs are produced within the body of the parent in appropriate ovaries, where they are retained for a time. They are then transferred to a kind of marsupial pouch, analogous to that of the kangaroo, where their development proceeds. After passing through certain changes here, the egg issues from the maternal pouch as an oval body, clothed with cilia—an animalcule in external aspect, and as unlike its parent as can well be imagined. For a while the little creature dances freely through the water, and leads a gay, roving life; but at last it prepares to "settle;" selects a fitting locality; applies one extremity of its body to the surface of stone or weed, and becomes attached. And now another change passes over it. The cilia, no longer needed, disappear. A mouth is developed at the upper extremity of the body, furnished with a number of arms. Gradually this number increases, and the jelly-fish now appears in the disguise of a polype, which feeds voraciously on the members of the class from which it has itself so lately emerged. At this point there is a halt. The medusa remains in its polype state for some months. At the expiration of this term, a strange alteration in its ap-

pearance begins to take place. Rings are formed round its body, from ten to fifteen in number. These gradually deepen, until at length it is literally cut up into a number of segments, which rest one upon the other—their upper margins becoming elevated, and divided into eight lobes. It is, in fact, a pile of cup-shaped pieces, very loosely connected together. A little later, these pieces free themselves successively, and the sedate polype disappears in a company of sprightly young medusæ. These beings, indeed, still differ in some respects from the adult animal; but the differences gradually vanish, and we have the perfect jelly-fish as the final result of this extraordinary series of transformations.

The *Acalephæ* are the principal agents concerned in the production of the beautiful phenomena of phosphorescence. The minute species—mere gelatinous specks—swarm at times by countless myriads in the waters of the ocean, and make its surface glow with "vitalized fire." The waves, as they curl and break, sparkle and flash forth light, and the track of the moving ship is marked by a lustrous line. "In the torrid zones between the tropics," says Humboldt, "the ocean simultaneously develops light over a space of many thousand square miles. Here the magical effect of light is owing to the forces of organic nature. Foaming with light, the eddying waves flash in phosphorescent sparks over the wide expanse of waters, where every scintillation is the vital manifestation of an invisible animal world." Beneath the surface larger forms are seen, brilliantly illuminated, and lighting up the mystic depths of the sea. Fiery balls and flaming ribbons shoot past; and submarine moons shine with a soft and steady light amidst the crowd of meteors. "While sailing a little south of the Plata on one very dark night," says Mr. Darwin, "the sea presented a wonderful and most beautiful spectacle. There was a fresh breeze; and every part of the surface, which during the day is seen as foam, now glowed with a pale light. The vessel drove before her bows two billows of liquid phosphorus, and in her wake she was followed by a milky train. As far as the eye reached, the crest of every wave was bright; and the sky above the horizon, from the reflected glare of these livid flames, was not so utterly obscure as over the vault of the heavens." Even in our own seas very beautiful displays of phosphorescence may be witnessed. On fine summer nights, a soft, tender light plays round the boat as it moves onward, and the oars drop liquid fire. For how much of beauty are we indebted to these living specks of jelly!

Of the extreme minuteness of some of the species, an idea may be formed from the fact, that one hundred and ten thousand might be contained in a cubic foot of water. We can say nothing with certainty as to the cause of the phosphorescence of the medusæ, and shall not trouble our readers with mere speculations.

The jelly-fishes furnish us with a striking illustration of the profusion of life in the ocean. Provision has indeed been made for securing in all the realms of our globe the largest possible amount of sentient being, and consequently of happiness. And to each tribe a definite part is assigned—a special mission is intrusted. None can be spared from the economy of nature. The shoals of microscopic medusæ store up in their own tissues the minute portions of nutritious matter diffused through the waters, and supply food for the support of higher organisms. All the tribes of animated beings are dependent one upon another. That the greatest may enjoy its existence and fulfill its work, the least must hold its place and discharge its function. They co-operate unconsciously to secure the unity and harmony of a system which is designed to promote alike the interests of each and all of them.

Guard against Vulgar Language.—There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words; the latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul and leave the stains of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till by indulgence it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save that from corruption.

MY FIRST BRIEF.

I HAD been at Westminster, and was slowly returning to my "parlor near the sky," in Plowden Buildings, in no very enviable frame of mind. Another added to the long catalogue of unemployed days and sleepless nights. It was now four years since my call to the bar, and notwithstanding a constant attendance in the courts, I had hitherto failed in gaining business. During my pupilage I had read hard, and devoted every energy to the mastery of a difficult profession, and ever since that period I had pursued a rigid course of study. And this was the result, that at the age of thirty I was still wholly dependent for my livelihood on the somewhat slender means of a widowed mother. Ah! reader, if as you ramble through the pleasant Temple Gardens, on some fine summer evening, enjoying the cool river breeze, and looking up at those half-monastic retreats, in which life would seem to glide along so calmly, if you could prevail upon some good-natured Asmodeus to show you the secrets of the place, how your mind would shudder at the long silent suffering endured within its precincts. What blighted hopes and crushed aspirations, what absolute privation and heart-rending sorrow, what genius killed and health utterly broken down! Could the private history of the Temple be written, it would prove one of the most interesting, but, at the same time, one of the most mournful books ever given to the public.

I was returning, as I said, from Westminster, and wearily enough I paced along the busy streets, exhausted by the stifling heat of the Vice-Chancellor's Court, in which I had been patiently sitting since ten o'clock, vainly waiting for that "occasion sudden" of which our old law-writers are so full. Moodily, too, I was revolving in my mind our narrow circumstances, and the poor hopes I had of mending them; so that it was with no hearty relish I turned into the Cock Tavern, in order to partake of my usual frugal dinner. Having listlessly dispatched it, I sauntered into the garden, glad to escape from the noise and confusion of the mighty town; and throwing myself on a seat in one of the summer-houses, watched, almost mechanically, the rapid river boats puffing up and down the Thames, with their gay crowds of holiday-makers covering the decks, the merry children romping over the trim grass-plot, making the old place echo again with their joyous ringing laughter. I must have been in a very desponding humor that evening, for I continued sitting there unaffected by the mirth of the glad little creatures around me, and I scarcely remember another instance of my being proof against the infectious high spirits of children. Time wore on, and the promenaders, one after the other, left the garden, the steamboats became less frequent, and gradually lights began to twinkle from the bridges and the opposite shore. Still I never once thought of removing from my seat, until I was requested to do so by the person in charge of the grounds, who was now going round to lock the gates for the night. Staring at the man for a moment half unconsciously, as if suddenly awaked out of a dream, I muttered a few words about having forgotten the lateness of the hour, and departed. To shake off the depression under which I was laboring, I turned into the brilliantly-lighted streets, thinking that the excitement would distract my thoughts from their gloomy objects; and after walking for some little time, I entered a coffee-house, at that period much frequented by young lawyers. Here I ordered a cup of tea, and took up a newspaper to read; but after vainly endeavoring to interest myself in its pages, and feeling painfully affected by the noisy hilarity of some gay young students in a neighboring box, I drank off my sober beverage, and walked home to my solitary chambers. O, how dreary they appeared that night!—how desolate seemed the uncomfortable, dirty, cold staircase, and that remarkable want of all sorts of conveniences, for which the Temple has acquired so great a notoriety! In fine, I was fairly hipped; and being convinced of the fact, smoked a pipe or two, thought over old days and their vanished joys, and retired to rest. I soon fell into a profound sleep, from which I arose in the morning much refreshed; and sallying forth after breakfast with greater alacrity than usual, took my seat in court, and was beginning to grow interested in a somewhat intricate case which involved some curious legal principles, when my attention was directed to an old man, whom I had frequently seen there before, beckoning to me. I immediately followed him out of court, when he turned round

and said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. ——, for interrupting you, but I fancy you are not very profitably engaged just now?"

I smiled, and told him he had stated a melancholy truth.

"I thought so," answered he with a twinkle of his bright gray eye. "Now"—and he subdued his voice to a whisper—"I can put a little business into your hands. No thanks, sir," said he, hastily checking my expressions of gratitude, "no thanks; you owe me no thanks; and as I am a man of few words, I will at once state my meaning. For many years I have been in the habit of employing Mr. ——," (naming an eminent practitioner,) "and feeling no great love for the profession, intrusted all my business to him, and cared not to extend my acquaintance with the members of the bar. Well, sir, I have an important case coming on next week, and as bad luck will have it, T——'s clerk has just brought me back the brief, with the intelligence that his master is suddenly taken dangerously ill, and cannot possibly attend to any business. Here I was completely flung, not knowing whom to employ in this affair. I at length remembered having noticed a studious-looking young man, who generally sat taking notes of the various trials. I came to court in order to see whether this youth was still at his ungrateful task, when my eyes fell upon you. Yes, young man, I had intended once before rewarding you for your patient industry, and now I have an opportunity of fulfilling those intentions. Do you accept the proposal?"

"With the greatest pleasure!" cried I, pressing his proffered hand with much emotion, quite unable to conceal my joy.

"It is as I thought," muttered he to himself, turning to depart. Then suddenly looking up, he requested my address, and wished me good-morning.

How I watched the receding form of the stranger! how I scanned over his odd little figure! and how I loved him for his great goodness! I could remain no longer in court. The interesting property case had lost all its attractions; so I slipped off my wig and gown, and hastened home to set my house in order for the expected visit. After completing all the necessary arrangements, I took down a law-book and commenced reading, in order to beguile away the time. Two, three o'clock arrived, and still no tidings of my client; I began almost to despair of his coming, when some one knocked at the outer door, and on opening it I found the old man's clerk with a huge packet of papers in his hand, which he gave me, saying his master would call the following morning. I clutched the papers eagerly, and turned them admiringly over and over. I read my name on the back, Mr. ——, six guineas. My eyes, I feel sure, must have sparkled at the golden vision. Six guineas! I could scarcely credit my good-fortune. After the first excitement had slightly calmed down, I drew a chair to the table, and looked at the labor before me. I found that it was a much entangled Chancery suit, and would require all the legal ability I could muster to conquer its details. I therefore set myself vigorously to work, and continued at my task until the first gray streak of dawn warned me to desist. Next day I had an interview with the old solicitor, and rather pleased him by my industry in the matter. Well, the week slipped by, and everything was in readiness for the approaching trial. All had been satisfactorily arranged between myself and leader, a man of considerable acumen, and the eventful morning at length arrived. I had passed a restless night, and felt rather feverish, but was determined to exert myself to the utmost, as, in all probability, my future success hung on the way I should acquit myself that day of my duty. The approaching trial was an important one, and had already drawn some attention. I therefore found the court rather crowded, particularly by an unusual number of "the unemployed bar," who generally throng to hear a maiden-speech. Two or three ordinary cases stood on the cause-list before mine, and I was anxiously waiting their termination, when my client whispered in my ear: "Mr. S—— (the Queen's counsel in the case) has this instant sent down to say, he finds it will be impossible for him to attend to-day, as he is peremptorily engaged before the House of Lords. The common dodge of these gentry," continued he in a disrespectful tone. "They never find that it will be impossible to attend so long as the *honorarium* is unpaid; afterward—— Bah! Mere robbery, sir,—taking the money and shirking the work. However, as we cannot help ourselves, you must do the best you can alone, for I fear the judge will not postpone the trial any

longer. Keep your nerves steady, and all will go well." I need not say it required all his persuasion to enable me to pluck up sufficient courage to fight the battle, deserted as I now found myself by my leader; still, I resolved to make the attempt. Presently the awful moment arrived, and I rose in a state of intense trepidation. The judge seeing a stranger about to conduct the case, put his glass up to his eye, in order the better to make himself acquainted with my features, and at the same time demanded my name. I shall never forget the agitation of that moment. I literally shook as I heard the sound of my own voice answering his question. I felt that a hundred eyes were upon me, ready to ridicule any blunder I might commit, and even now half enjoying my nervousness. For a minute I was so dizzy and confused that I found it utterly impossible to proceed; but, warned by the deep-toned voice of the magistrate that the court was waiting for me, I made a desperate effort at self-control, and commenced. A dead quiet prevailed as I opened the case, and for a few minutes I went on scarcely knowing what I was about, when I was suddenly interrupted by the vice-chancellor asking me a question. This timely little incident in some measure tended to restore my self-possession, and I found I got on afterward much more comfortably; and, gradually warming with the subject, which I thoroughly understood, finally lost all trepidation, and brought my speech to a successful close. It occupied at least two hours, and when I sat down the judge smiled, and paid a compliment to the ability with which he was pleased to say I had conducted the process, whilst at least a dozen hands were held out to congratulate on his success the poor lawyer whom they had passed by in silent contempt a hundred times before. So runs life. Had I failed through nervousness, or any other accident, derisive laughter would have greeted my misfortune. As it was, I began to have troops of friends. To be brief, I won the day, and from that lucky circumstance rose rapidly into practice.

Years rolled on, and I gradually became a marked man in the profession, gaining in due time that summit of a junior's ambition—a silk gown. I now began to live in a style of considerable comfort, and was what the world calls a very rising lawyer, when I one day happened to be retained as counsel in a political case then creating much excitement. I chanced to be on the popular side; and, from the exertions I made, found myself suddenly brought into contact with the leading men of the party in the town where the dispute arose. They were so well satisfied with my endeavors to gain the cause, as to offer to propose me as a candidate for the representation of their borough at the next vacancy. This proposition, after some consideration, I accepted; and, accordingly, when the general election took place, found myself journeying down to D——, canvassing the voters, flattering some, consoling others, using the orthodox electioneering tricks of platform-speaking, treating, &c. Politics ran very high just then, and the two parties were nearly balanced, so that every nerve was strained on each side to win the victory. All business was suspended. Bands of music paraded the streets, party flags waved from the house windows, whilst gay rosettes, fastened to the button-hole, attested their wearer's opinions. All was noise, and excitement, and confusion. At length the important hour drew near for closing the polling-booths. Early in the morning we were still in a slight minority, and almost began to despair of the day. All now depended on a few voters living at some distance, whose views could not be clearly ascertained. Agents from either side had been dispatched during the night to beat up these stragglers, and on their decision rested the final issue. Hour after hour anxiously passed without any intelligence. My opponents rubbed their hands, and looked pleasant, when, about half an hour before the close of the poll, a dusty coach drove rapidly into the town, and eight men, more or less inebriated, rolled out to record their votes. The following morning, amidst the stillness of deep suspense, the mayor read the result of the election, which gave me a majority of three. Such a shout of joy arose from the liberals as quite to drown the hisses of the contending faction; and at length I rose, flushed with excitement, to return thanks. This proved the signal for another burst of applause; and amid the shouting and groaning, screaming and waving of hats, I lost all presence of mind, and fell overcome into the arms of my nearest supporters. * * * *

"Dear me, sir, you've been wandering strangely in your sleep. Here have I been a-knocking at the door this half-hour. The shaving-water is getting cold, and Mr. Thomas is waiting yonder in the other room, to give you some papers he's got this morning."

I rose, rubbed my eyes, wondered what it all meant. Ah, yes; there was no mistaking the room and Mrs. M'Donnell's good-natured Scotch voice. It was all a dream, and my imagination had magnified the thumping at the door into the "sweet music of popular applause." I fell back in bed, hid my face in the pillow, sighed over my short-lived glory, and felt very wretched when my young clerk came smiling into the room. "Here's some business at last, sir!" cried the boy with pleasure.

To his astonishment I looked carelessly at the papers, and found they consisted of "a motion of course," which some tender-hearted attorney had kindly sent me. Heigh-ho! it was all to be done over again! I flung the document on the ground in utter despair; but gradually recovering my temper, I at length took heart, and fell earnestly to work. At all events this was a *real* beginning; so I began to grow reconciled to the ruin of my stately castle of cards. It was a cruel blow, though; and now, reader, you have learned how I came by My First Brief.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE MAGISTRATE SMUGGLER—A LESSON FOR WIVES.

A GENTLEMAN holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure in Belgium. After having traveled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or a dread of some approaching danger. When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning toward her husband, she whispered to him:—

"I have lace in my portmanteau—take it and conceal it, that it may not be seized."

"What! as a smuggler!" exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

"It is beautiful Malines lace, and has cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are now quite near the custom-house; hasten and conceal it."

"It is impossible; I cannot do it," said the gentleman.

"On the contrary, it is very easy," was the reply. "The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat."

"But do you recollect," rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupy?"

"But recollect," said the wife, "that there is not an instant to be lost, and this lace has cost me 1,500 francs."

During the conversation, the train rapidly approached the dreaded station. Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had been always in the habit of considering things with calm and slow deliberation, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace in his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and resigned himself to his fate.

At the station the travelers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom-house agents were assembled. The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference.

When his position as a judge became known, the officials of the custom-house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labeled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important situation in the state.

Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery.

With this comfortable assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of the other passengers, the head of the custom-house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a

person, came to offer him their respects. Nothing could be more gracious than their manner. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But, alas! in this polite obeisance, so rapid and so involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him from head to foot, as with a large marriage-vail.

What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler, the despair of his wife, the amusement of the spectators, or the astonishment of the custom-house officers, at this scene? The offense was too public to be overlooked.

With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter should be investigated. After a short delay, he was allowed to resume his journey to Paris, and we can easily believe that the adventure formed a subject for much gossip and amusement in that gay capital.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN—LOUIS XIV.

WHEN Augustus Cæsar was dying, at the end of a long reign, full of important action and wise moderation, he called to his courtiers who stood by his pillow, and, with a dramatic and well-understood allusion, inquired if he had performed his part well? He was told that he had. "Applaud me then," was the demand of the dying monarch.

The sentiment is capable of translation into a higher and a Christian sense. Every man's life is a performance; the death of each is the close of a real drama; and the approach of the termination suggests the inquiry propounded before all witnessing beings, seen or unseen, whether the actor has performed his part well. It is for One alone, however, who has watched the process through all its most secret movements, to answer the question with the emphasis of a judicial sentence; and the great inquiry which ought to mold the whole aspect and habits of a man's life is—will He applaud in that solemn hour?

There is no scene in which such a question can be more pertinent than one familiar to every inhabitant of Paris, and to every visitor of that capital—the magnificent palace built by Louis XIV. at Versailles. If the external and material—if stone and paint and varnish—can convey the idea of royalty, there it is abundantly realized. The architect has left a building which, though by no means perfect, produces, by its vastness and magnificence, a certain impression of grandeur on the mind. Stately terraces, wide and broad avenues, groups of statuary, and all the varieties possible of glittering fountains, attest the skill of the landscape gardener. The stately and self-loving monarch who planned and commanded this abode, saw his manly and noble form continually reflected in the lines of mirrors at his side, or exhibited among the ranks of immortals above his head. It was nothing that multitudes of lives were wasted in the difficulties of achieving the building and its adornments; the result was a palace worthy of the presence of a mighty king; and, so long as certain exploits of war and heroism went to make up the complement of his falsely named glory, courtiers and monarch were fain to forget the wasted treasures, the hecatombs of human lives, the undermined nations, the desolating wars, denying peace to all Europe, which followed in its train. The monarch who glittered on these walls as Mars, who bore upon his panels the emblem of the rising sun, whom nobles envied and sovereigns praised, had gained, in that hollow name of glory, all for which he lived; and during the greater part of his life, the theatrical pageant passed off with unbounded applause, overpowering the expressions of the detestation of some and the agonized groans of many more.

It is with far different feelings, however, that the spectator of more modern times walks across the deserted and darkened theatre. In vain he asks, as of other dramas, to what purpose, except that which was evil, all these gorgeous means and appliances were tending? Where now are the actors, and what was the worthy part the mass of them performed? The beautiful, the gay, the brave, the proud, the self-convicted magnets of popular attention, the high and mighty heroes, whose laurels were besprinkled with the blood of men—where are they now, and where is the applause for which they struggled and panted? It is as if the spirit of another royal preacher walked through these halls, proclaiming anew,

"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!" Posterity has passed its sentence; it is not that of approval.

Among the scenes exhibited to the stranger in this luxurious palace, are some of special interest. In the midst of a long gallery, lined throughout with mirrors, and exhibiting on its ceiling the most fulsome adulation which a mythological pencil could paint, a side door opens upon the private apartments of the monarch, at whose proud bidding all this fairy structure arose. A jealous care has treasured here many personal memorials of the past. The table on which Le Grand Monarque transacted his business, and around which he assembled his council; the confessional where he unbosomed his heart—miserable compound that it was of vice and superstition—to his favorite confessor, whom yet he could not trust without having within sight a guard with a drawn sword; the private chambers from which issued the cruel edicts which exterminated spiritual religion from the soil of France, are yet to be seen. One room, especially, is remarkable. It is the bedchamber of the monarch, still existing as it did when that long and wearisome train of ceremonial labored to elevate the thing of dust into a deity, and when the proudest humbled themselves to catch a passing glance of favor on each successive day from the king's bedside. Within these walls was enacted the longest performance which the annals of royalty have recorded; the attire was perfect; the step of the leading actor majestic; the decorations of the scene in the highest degree superb; there was no lack of incidents, such as men love to witness and to record; and it was within the room which we are now visiting that the curtain fell.

Death came heavily and unwelcomely upon that infirm old man. As it drew near, it seemed as if he would not die. He met its summons by proclaiming a grand review, at which his painted face and patched form were exhibited to give the lie to the current rumors of his approaching end. In vain. The exertion hastened the crisis; fatigued, exhausted, almost inanimate, he was borne from the parade to the couch on which he died. His moribund state, however, relaxed not a single observance of the usual rigorous ceremonial. The pomp of the court clustered around the chamber which none dared to enter, except at a special summons from the dying sovereign. It was a deeply affecting scene. Age, bereavement, reverses, had borne heavily on the last years of the monarch's life, till the pressure from without, and the severer self-reproach from within, had changed him into a morose old man, from whose presence even his nearest companions shrunk with ennui and disgust. He had long outlived his gaiety, his conquests, his children and himself. Around his last scene were carried on the most violent intrigues. There might be witnessed the efforts of some to induce the dying monarch to remember their claims with his last breath, and to alter his will in their favor; and, on the other hand, the opposition of those interested in preserving intact the arrangements they knew him to have made. There might be seen the heretofore neglected Duke of Orleans receiving a sudden overflow of homage from a parasitical court, because it was known that he had been nominated as the future Regent; to be forsaken again, when a bold empiric declared himself able to cure the royal malady. But a real regret at the monarch's state was scarcely to be discovered, except among the menial servants, to whom he had been usually an indulgent master. Even his wife, Madame de Maintenon, shrunk from him who had elevated her to be his companion, though he had denied her the rights of a queen; and, amidst the scene of death, was busy in gathering together her moveables, and securing her precious property and interests. How was it possible that sentiments of true regard could accompany the death-bed of one, by whose life morals had been outraged, public treasuries exhausted, human life counted as an insignificant bauble, and a great nation brought so low, that the wisest financiers turned with a shudder from the dark future? "That man," said his most trusted female friend, "has never loved any one but himself."

On one day, there were summoned within the walls of that dying room the heads of Louis's splendid court. Uniforms and jewels blazed upon their wearers, and the magnificence of the scene presented an awful contrast to the appearance of the departing old man before whom all this array had been summoned, and to the words which nobles had been called to-

gether to hear. The pomp and glory of the world could conceal from no eye the dreariness of the monarch's spirit. "Gentlemen, I desire your pardon for the bad example I have set you." * * * "Farewell, gentlemen: I feel that this parting has affected not only myself, but you also. Forgive me. I trust that you will sometimes think of me when I am gone." The courtiers rose, and slowly disappeared, and a long pause of ominous silence followed. It was only broken by the king's addressing the child who was to be his future successor. "My child, you are about to become a great king; do not imitate me in my taste for building, or in my love for war. Strive to relieve the burdens of the people, in which I have been unfortunate enough to fail; render to God that which you owe him, and cause his name to be honored by your subjects." Two days after, a somewhat similar scene was repeated, when the most arbitrary and self-willed of despots said before his nobles:—"If I have erred, my guides (referring more especially to his confessors) must answer before God, whom I call to witness this assertion."

As the king's disorder advanced, an amputation of one of his limbs, which had already mortified, was proposed by his physicians. "Will the operation prolong my life?" was the demand. He was told it might for days, or even for weeks. "If that be all, the result will not be equal to the suffering. God's will be done." He now took leave of the members of his family, made his last dispositions, and began to speak of his reign as already past, saying, "When I was king." One incident recorded of his last hours indicated still "the ruling passion strong in death." Observing some of his attendants in tears, he said, "Why do you weep? Did you imagine that I was immortal?"

Nothing marks man's humiliation more than the manner in which certain effects survive their authors. Within that proud palace which his hands had reared, every wall of which contained some memorial of his disastrous exploits, Louis XIV. at length lay, an insignificant mass of unconscious clay. When his remains were borne to the church, and laid down in the midst of those assembled nobles who had once trembled at his lightest word, and paid homage to him whom they designated Louis the Great, what force there was in the opening words of Massillon's oration, as he bent his eyes upon the bier, and then fixed them mournfully upon his electrified audience—"My brethren, God alone is great!"

Such was the fall of the curtain upon one who had filled a proud niche in Europe's temple of fame, but who died amid the shivering ruins of his own structure of heartless vanity, leaving cotemporaries to forget the name of hero in that of an unfortunate and insupportable old man, posterity to adapt

> "The name at which the world turn'd pale
> To point a moral and adorn a tale,"

and the Christian man to shudder at the heights of worldly ambition, and to pity and mourn over the degradation of its inevitable downfall. Who will applaud?

We have referred already to the grandson of Louis XIV., as he stood in this apartment at Versailles to receive the last injunctions of his dying grandfather. It had been well for him, if some part of them had not only been inscribed above his youthful pillow, as they were, but in his practical memory. He had indeed no taste for war, and little for buildings; but the advice which regarded morality, piety, and concern for his people was disastrously repudiated. His life was that of a most debauched and shameless libertine; his death, one of the terrible chapters of modern history.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell upon the disgraceful incidents of this insufferable reign. Its close was in most consistent keeping with its general character, and was superinduced by the vices for which he was disgracefully notorious. The immediate complaint was small-pox, and it is unnecessary to remind the reader that, before the introduction of inoculation and vaccination, that disease was the scourge of Europe in general, and that its effects had been disastrously felt in many royal courts. Within the suite of apartments of which we have spoken, though not precisely in that occupied by Louis XIV., did his debauched and degraded successor lay him down to die. Swollen, disfigured, disgusting in personal appearance, with putrid influences pervading the palace, so that more than fifty of the courtiers became disordered, and many died, the monarch approaches his dreaded end. Only the king's daughters, with one degrading

exception, minister to the sick-bed, and they more from duty than from love. Terror seizes the whole court at the contagious nature of the disease; and if prayers are offered, it is, that the fearful scene may soon terminate. The curtain is falling; let us step behind it before it drops.

On that couch lies all that remains of a once petted and applauded monarch of France; whose life, when in his early reign threatened with assassination, was regarded as so important to the welfare of his subjects, that they prayed for him as "Louis the well-beloved." There are no sighs nor prayers now; the lease of love is long since worn out! Subjects are weary of his extravagant rule; virtue shudders at his name. No man ever more dreaded to die. Though he sometimes, in very morbidness, visited graves and sepulchers, he was ordinarily impatient of the slightest hint on the subject of his own death. It was, however, come at last, and every foul thought which the hot-bed of his own depravity had engendered, gibbered round him like specters, in his dying hour.

The scene was equally remarkable and disgraceful. Two opposite court parties fought almost at his bedside for preëminence—the one contending that the king's danger was imminent, and that the last offices of religion ought to be forthwith performed; the other maintaining that the crisis was not yet alarming, fearing lest the guilty minions of his vices should be dismissed from the court. Accordingly, one party endeavored to re-assure the monarch, and the other to work upon his fears. One speaks of confession and the sacraments; the other threatens personal chastisement if such a word be uttered in the monarch's hearing. But the king becomes himself aware that his case is desperate. He demands his confessor, and utters, at the dictation of the Grand Almoner, that which was called *amende honorable* to his court. "Although the king is bound to answer for himself to God only, he declares that he repents of the scandals he may have caused to his subjects, and that he desires only to live for the sustenance of religion, and the happiness of his people." Poor miserable monarch! Hast thou no ampler repentance for the outrages of an ill-spent life?—no hope better than that which arises from the administration of the sacraments in a dying hour by the Grand Almoner? Nothing more worthy of confidence is at least recorded. Courtiers, booted and spurred, await in awful silence the close of the drama. Favorites have departed amid the execrations of those who remain. The king's ante-chamber is crowded by anxious multitudes, who await in impatient silence the last intelligence. It is over. The noise of a thundering body of courtiers, rushing in haste to pay their respects to the new monarch, proclaim to the Dauphin and Dauphiness that their predecessor had ceased to reign. The lifeless remains are left in the solitude of the palace, unattended, unwept; and so falls the curtain upon almost the last of the kings of France!

Reader, who hast before thee thine own passing away from the stage of life, despise not the admonition that the curtain will close on thee! Neglect not the only means whereby thy last end may become happy and dignified. Thy bark will only ride safely in the storms of a dying hour as it is anchored on the hope furnished by the gospel of Jesus Christ. The renewed heart, the holy life, the active obedience, all based on the promise of salvation by faith, will alone afford thee comfort then. The constant death unto sin is the only pledge of an eternal life to blessedness.

Value of Time.—Lord Brougham, the most indefatigable man in England, often does not quit his study before midnight, and he is always up at four. Dr. Cotton Mather, who knew the value of time in everything, was never willing to lose a moment of it. To effect this purpose, he had written upon the door of his study, in large letters, "Be brief." Ursines, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, wishing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in his hours of study, had written at the entrance into his library: "Friend, whoever you may be, who enter here, be quick with your business, or go away." The learned Scaliger placed the following phrase upon the door of his cabinet: "My time is my estate." The favorite maxim of Shakspeare was:—"Consider time too precious to be spent in gossiping." "Friends are the real robbers of time," said Lord Byron.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From the German Fest-Kalender.

A song, a song, keep singing,
Of heaven-attemper'd strain!
Of Him who balm is bringing
To cleanse our deadly stain!
Of princes, gold, and gifts, O sing,
And shepherds waiting on their King!

A star in east hath risen,
Beheld by sages' eyes;
Long groped they, as in prison,
Until they saw it rise:
When first they mark'd its radiant light,
They wept for joy, and blest the sight.

With thanks to God low bending,
They saw night's horrors fade,
And watch'd the sign ascending,
For which so long they pray'd,—
That light of lights, whose rising ray
Gave promise of eternal day.

Wake up! wake up! they shouted,
And call'd a royal train;
They never fear'd, or doubted,
That hope was but in vain:
The star before them beaming went,
Until before their Lord they bent.

O'er many a hill and valley,
And stream renown'd they pass'd;
Until their train they rally,
By Bethlehem's gates at last:
With hymn and song they cheer'd the way,
Still guided by the orient ray.

O'er many a palace towering,
In pomp it journey'd on;
O'er castles, darkly lowering,
And cities vast, it shone:
Where pride and prosperous sin abound,
The humble babe can ne'er be found.

O Bethlehem, thou lowly,
Yet highly-favor'd place!
As told by prophets holy,
The star now stays its pace,
And rests o'er thee, for to the cry
Of poverty the Lord is nigh.

'T was o'er a manger's dwelling,
Arose a heavenly strain;
From earth and heaven swelling,
All join'd the blest refrain,
To sing the glories of the Child,
Now sleeping with his mother mild.

The sages, lowly bowing
Before their mighty King,
All reverence are showing
For him who deign'd to fling
His royal robes aside, to save
Our race from Satan and the grave.

Their precious gifts outpouring,
They spread them at his feet,
The infant King adoring,
With gold and incense meet,
Homage of hearts that were his own,
Homage with lowly worship shown.

All other gifts transcending,
They brought their best—the heart;
In that one offering blending
Gems rarer far than art:
Their blest example let us feel,
And with like holy homage kneel.

SAMUEL HOPKINS, D.D.

HISTORY, at long intervals, records a period of which it may be truly said "there were giants in the earth in those days." Such periods has the history of literature in the Augustan ages of Rome and England; such in arms were the eras of Cæsar and Napoleon. And while troublous wars rocked New-England's infancy, first assailed by the ruthless savage, then by those who should have been protectors, her mighty men arose. A truly great mind will be felt in whatever direction it may exert its energies. Such an intellect as that of Edwards or Hopkins, if turned to war, would scorn a lesser aim than Alexander's or Napoleon's. Had human glory been its object, it would have been satisfied with nothing short of the loftiest eminence. The genius of the Puritan mind was a religious one, and mind can desire no nobler field for the exertion of its powers than the investigation of God's great truths.

The influence which Dr. Hopkins exerted upon his time, was one of no ordinary extent and power. Whatever differences of opinion may prevail respecting his theological doctrines, his name is historical among us, and his elevated character and greatness of intellect entitle him to a place in a biographical series which, like this, is designed to represent impartially the leading minds of different sects. For a long period prior to his day, lax doctrines and practices had been creeping into the Churches founded by the Puritans. Against these defections, Jonathan Edwards contended; and under his instruction, Samuel Hopkins prepared for the ministry.

He was intellectually a match for any of his cotemporaries, and they were men of might. His mind was naturally adapted to theological pursuits. It delighted to expatiate on the vast and illimitable, and was remarkable, less for acuteness than

for comprehensiveness. His character was colossal in its strength, and he was fearless of opposition. Indeed, he seemed rather to provoke and brave it in the cause of what he considered to be the truth.

Though the number is probably small who adopt his peculiar theory of the divine agency, yet his writings have exerted a wide influence upon the theology of his age and country. His views of man's natural ability and of disinterested benevolence have been extensively received by those who reject other of his tenets. He was a champion for true conversion, as a necessary qualification for Church membership and Christian ordinances; and in advocating it, he encountered a strong tide of opposition from the lax views then prevailing, and which subsequently opened the floodgates of error upon the Churches of New-England. Without receiving his peculiar views of theology, or implying any disrespect for those who reject them, we may admire the boldness and vigor with which he maintained and defended the convictions of his own mind. Moral honesty was a part of his nature, and he never hesitated to avow his convictions and principles, however odious they might be to the multitude.

The inquisitiveness for which Dr. Hopkins is said to have been proverbial, entered into his theological investigations. He took up the word of God with a spirit of hopeful study, confident that new light would be cast upon its sacred pages. And this spirit of inquiry he encouraged in others.

Such a man—so restless in his inquiries after truth, so open in acknowledging his convictions, so firm in upholding and brave in defending them—could not be without great influence. His whole life was a battle, and that with no puny antagonists. Many prominent men of the New-England Churches were arrayed against him, and misrepresentation multiplied enemies. Yet to the last he held his creed unshaken, and after sustaining it against the attacks of half a century, published it in extreme age, "without a single attempt to subdue its offensive features, or to win patronage or renown." Such a life is worthy of history.

At the age of twenty-two, the student left his theological pursuits, and the ennobling society of President Edwards's family, to enter upon an active ministry. An uncommon number of invitations to settlement awaited him. We should, perhaps, expect to find him in a community of educated and meditative men, endeavoring to win them to the system of doctrine then forming in his own mind. But no; he chose a missionary field.

In a region, then wild and uncultivated, on the frontiers of American civilization, exposed to the attacks of the savage, lay the town of Housatonic, now called Great Barrington. It contained but thirty families, and there were but six other settlements in Berkshire County. Often the yeomen went to "meeting" with their guns shouldered, and occasionally the savage hordes came indeed, forcing the inhabitants to leave their houses and fly for protection to small block forts. Here Samuel Hopkins took up his abode, denying himself the comforts of more civilized life, and the intercourse which he might have enjoyed, had he accepted a settlement near his friends.

With a church of five persons, and a salary of $116 55, the pastor commenced his labors, which were faithfully continued, in the midst of many disheartening circumstances, for twenty-five years. There he manifested an extraordinary power of detecting the symptoms of religious decline, and of discerning the human heart—that knowledge of human nature, in fine, which distinguished him always. "He will read you through in fifteen minutes," said an acquaintance of Dr. Hopkins to a young clergyman about visiting him in later years. Doubtful cases of Church discipline were often referred to him, by clergymen from a distance. A person once came to him and described a "great conversion" which he had recently experienced. Mr. Hopkins said to him: "After several seasons of excitement and life, and several of depression, you will probably give up all your hope, and within two years, perhaps one, you will be worse than ever. Go, now, I beg of you, and become truly penitent for your sins." The predicted apostasy took place. But after a few years the same person returned, and mourned over his own sinfulness, and wondered he did not love the divine character which appeared so amiable. "Ah," said the sagacious pastor, "you will not get rid of *this* in six months. Your raising God one minute and depressing yourself the next, seem to indicate that God's Spirit has been with you."

And so it proved. In this respect there was a great resemblance between Mr. Hopkins, and Edwards, his instructor.

Mr. Hopkins felt a deep concern for the spiritual welfare of the Indian tribes, who were settled very near him at Stockbridge. After the death of Mr. Sergeant, the missionary, in July, 1749, he was offered the mission by the Commissioners of Indian Missions at Boston; but not deeming himself qualified for such a post, he secured the appointment for his friend and instructor, Edwards, who had just been dismissed from the Church at Northampton. And among these humble wigwams often moved the giants in theology together, and casting aside for the time the lofty language of polemics, they told in simple words the simple story of that Redeemer, who is alike the Redeemer of every kindred, and tongue, and nation. Hopkins was metaphysical in his tendencies, but he often successfully resisted those tendencies, and aimed to speak such words as fitted his audience.

After twenty-five years' ministry at Great Barrington, he was finally dismissed, amid ecclesiastical and political commotion. He admitted to his Church during his ministry one hundred and sixteen members: seventy-one by conversion, forty-five by letter.

His next settlement was at Newport, R. I. This town was then larger, and far more enterprising, than at the present day. It was the second commercial town of New-England, and contained eleven thousand inhabitants—half the then population of New-York. It had, indeed, in many departments, a more extensive foreign trade; the merchants of New-York sending to Newport, as Newport now sends to them. A London mercantile house is said to have directed a letter to "New-York, near Newport." The town was noted for its fashion and luxury, as well as its refined society. Here Mr. Hopkins, though he could not sympathize with the "fashion and formalism prevalent," found many attractions. He felt more religious freedom, had access to valuable libraries, and found more Christian society. He addressed himself to the care of this Church with fresh zeal, and the results were soon visible in its gradual numerical increase, and other improvements. "This," it has been said, "was the sunniest period of his ministerial life."

"Mr. Hopkins," says his biographer, "was an embodied refutation of the saying of Edmund Burke, that there is no heart so hard as that of a thorough-bred metaphysician." His heart abounded with love to all men, and overflowed with it to his friends. Love must be a ruling principle in every great and noble nature. God is love. Though Hopkins at times appeared stern, and wrapped up in the contemplation of truth, or, as a little child of his congregation expressed it, "lost in divinity," he had an earnest love for individual souls. Toward the end of his life, he had in his study a complete list of the congregation in Newport, for whom he prayed daily by name.

He delighted in using the strongest expressions of love to the Supreme Being. One who was acquainted with his private habits, says:—"He would sometimes come from his study, where he had been engaged in the contemplation of the law made honorable, and magnified by the atonement, and would walk across his parlor floor for the space of two or three hours, pressing his hands together in the most ravishing delight, and seemingly in such an ecstasy as to be unable to contain himself."

The Canadian war had exerted a very discouraging influence upon his ministry in Great Barrington. He was doomed to suffer still more in his Newport labors by the Revolutionary War. Rhode Island was among the first of the colonies to resist British aggression, and flamed with a revolutionary spirit. In December, 1776, the British troops under Clinton and Percy took possession of Newport. Hopkins, with characteristic resolution, had held on till this time, while the Whigs had nearly all fled to the country. Some of his congregation who remained were imprisoned by the enemy; his parsonage was destroyed, and his church turned into a barrack and hospital; the pulpit, pews, and windows demolished, and the bell carried off. The British cut down the shade and fruit-trees for fuel, and destroyed the fences and wharves. When they finally left the town, in October, 1779, it was a complete wreck—sashes and glass almost entirely gone, and about four hundred and eighty buildings destroyed.

Hopkins returned the following spring; but his congregation did not recover from the shock, nor did the town itself. Its public spirit was gone, with the wealthiest

of its inhabitants. Many of his congregation did not return—the rest were impoverished and dejected.

And the influence, not only of poverty, but of infidelity was felt. The French officers, stationed at Newport after its evacuation by the British, had sowed the deadly seed. We can imagine the feelings of this faithful man on beholding the hopeful labors of years scattered and destroyed, and "all his pleasant things laid waste!"

Still indefatigable, he spent no time in mourning, but immediately on his return commenced holding public worship in a private house. Then, at the request of his congregation, he wrote a pathetic appeal to his Christian friends for aid in repairing his church. This was responded to, yet he himself received no regular salary. Although offered during this time another settlement, with good remuneration, he refused to leave the poor remnant of his people, and remained faithful, in deep poverty, to his dying day. Avarice had no place in his soul.

Hopkins, as a reformer, was in advance of his age. The movements which then brought down obloquy upon him, have many of them since become general and permanent reforms, at least in this section of the country. "He had many qualities," said Dr. Channing, "fitting him for a reformer: great singleness of purpose; invincible patience of research; sagacity to detect, and courage to expose, errors; a thirst for consistency of views, and resolution to carry out his principles to their legitimate consequences."

He was early an advocate of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and an opponent of free-masonry and of lotteries, which were then in good repute among Church-members. On removing to Newport, he had come into the very center of the slave interest. New-England merchants, and among them Newport merchants in particular, were extensive dealers in the slave trade; let us of the East forget not to acknowledge our responsibility for slavery in this respect, while we utter so zealously our remonstrances against the South, upon whom we helped to fasten it. Hopkins's congregation were involved in the evil. The most respectable citizens, indeed nearly all, excepting the Quakers, upheld and practiced slavery. Had he chosen to attack slavery from the solitudes of Monument Mountain, the case would have been different. But here—should he do it? He was poor, and such a movement would be almost certain to take away the comfortable support he had just begun to enjoy. He was a preacher of the gospel—would it not be an improper subject for the pulpit? He was the representative of a new school of doctrine, and "should he expose that school to obloquy, by identifying it with an unpopular assault upon an established institution?" These were events worthy of consideration, and they were gravely considered. But he believed in sacrificing the interests of the one to the good of the many, and he offered his own interests for that sacrifice. "He did it deliberately and solemnly. Anticipating the indignation of his people and the anger of the community, he preached a sermon against the kidnapping, purchasing, and retaining of slaves."

Many may reject his doctrine, but none can refuse to admire the heroism of the act. He stood alone, clothed with the authority of truth, calling upon men to sacrifice then what was deemed their indispensable interests. Newport was startled by this movement—the first open and direct assault upon its system which had been attempted in the State. Here is the character of the man most fitly shown. He desired no other support but truth, and with this sturdy confidence in the right of his cause, he would have opposed the world.

Nevertheless, with all his gloomy expectations, he suffered very little by this boldness. A few families left in disgust, but the majority of his hearers were astonished that they had not discovered these views before. After this sermon he issued a pamphlet, a dialogue on slavery, of remarkable terseness and vigor, which had a wide circulation.

The first abolition society in the world was formed by a few Quakers in Philadelphia, in 1775. The third was formed in Rhode Island during this period. Mr. Hopkins's Church was the first in the world (except Quakers) which prohibited its members from purchasing or owning slaves. We introduce the subject here not for the discussion of the ethics or politics involved—that would be irrelevant—but as an historical illustration of the man.

Hopkins had the honor of producing and planting the germ which at last resulted

in an enterprise that bids fair to be attended with most momentous results—the colonization of Africa with Christian negroes. In 1770 he formed a plan of sending the gospel to Africa, by means of Christianized negroes, formerly slaves. Two such were educated and sent out by private contribution. Hopkins took a great interest in the negro population of Newport, which was heartily appreciated by them. These facts are indices of his character of no trivial import.

In his seventy-eighth year, after having performed labor enough to break down a constitution of iron, this old divine was struck with paralysis. He was able to speak only with great difficulty, and unable to ascend the pulpit stairs without support, yet continued faithful to the end. But before his ministry had come to a close, God favored him with an extensive revival in his Church, by which thirty-one were hopefully converted. During the progress of this new interest, he preached his last sermon; and, wearied with the toils of a laborious life, he then gave over the struggle, and departed to the reward of the just. He died Dec. 20th, 1803, in the sixty-second year of his ministry, and the eighty-third of his age. His remains were laid in the burial-ground at Newport, but subsequently removed to Great Barrington, where a suitable monument has been erected.

Dr. Hopkins's person was commanding and dignified, so much so as to inspire a reverence bordering on awe, even among his brethren in the ministry. He was erect in figure, and of gigantic proportions. It is related that when he once walked through the streets of Newport, at the right hand of Washington, with powdered wig, silver knee and shoe buckles, and three-cornered hat, his stature appeared as imposing, though his movements were by no means so pleasing, as those of the Father of his country. He was indeed rather awkward in his manners. He was taciturn in general company; "His thoughts were in solid bullion, and he had but little small change."

In the pulpit his appearance was exceedingly dignified and solemn. A little girl was once found weeping, because she dared not go into the meeting-house, where he was going to preach; for she said, "When I look up I think I see God there."

Every fortnight the barber visited the old patriarch, and shaved his head. Over his head the aged father wore a white linen cap; and covering this, a higher cap of red velvet. A gown of blue worsted, lined with green, or of green plaid or baize, was his favorite *dishabille*, always worn by him in the study, and sometimes out of doors. Ordinarily, however, when he appeared in the street, he was clad in the straight-bodied coat so common among gentlemen of the old school, and his head was covered with powdered wig and "three-cornered hat." While one of the two portraits of Dr. Hopkins was in the public gallery at Hartford, a gentleman evinced his theological dislike for the subject of it by thrusting his cane through the canvas, giving as a reason for this outrage, that Dr. H. believed in the damnation of infants! This was one of the many calumnies with which the old divine was assailed, and from which no one may expect to be free who dares to think and write originally and freely.

Dr. Hopkins was remarkable for his equable temper and self-possession in debate, of which we have a striking instance. Mr. Sanford, a brother-in-law of his, and a parishioner, was very hostile to the religion and preaching of his relative; but it was once necessary for them to have frequent interviews on the division of property between the sisters whom they had married. Mr. S. was determined to obtain a victory over his brother's Christian patience, and, to effect this, proposed such a division of the property as was glaringly unjust, accompanying the proposition with aggravating raillery and sarcasm. He succeeded, and the minister left the house in anger. But he could not sleep in wrath. The night was spent in humiliation and prayer; and, early the next morning, in very cold weather, Mr. S. saw the injured man approaching. On entering, he desired that the family should be called together. He then acknowledged his fault, and asked forgiveness for his resentful words, and assented to any division of the property which should be proposed. Mr. Sanford was overwhelmed. He never forgot the visit, and under its influence became a Christian, and a useful preacher of the gospel. When past the age of sixty years, Dr. H. said that in early life he had found it difficult to preserve an even temper; but added:—"For

more than thirty years (referring to the above interview) I have not felt an angry emotion, nor do I think it probable that I ever shall feel another." Such a character is certainly rare in this querulous world.

Dr. Hopkins's writings were numerous. His style was far from being popular or engaging. He deigned not to trim a single sentence, nor to soften an unpopular doctrine, to gain purchasers. His principal work was his "Theological System." "The genius of Hopkins's theology," says his biographer, "consists in its attempting to show the entire rectitude of the divine government, and then in exalting that government high above all other interests." Many will not sympathize with his teachings, but all will admire the vigor of his arguments, and the firmness of his faith. He received no principle without carrying it out to its final results.

In his old age he was asked whether, if he should rewrite his system, he would not make some alterations. He replied: "I do not arrogate to myself infallibility, and perhaps some things in it might be altered to advantage." "But would you," continued the interrogator, "make any alteration in the sentiments?" Raising his withered arm, and kindling with the glow of youthful energy, he brought it down with a solemn and emphatic "No! I am willing to rest my soul on them forever."

The life of such a man is a moral sublimity. Firmly he stood on what he believed to be the right. A character of such colossal might was Napoleon's; but the blood-red cloud that encircles the warrior's memory is the sign of destroying might, itself destroyed. The halo of milder glory around the Christian champion marks the peaceful setting of a sun that has enlightened, fructified, and blessed.

Well is it that such characters should be resuscitated in our history. Even were their opinions not to be admitted, their examples of greatness and goodness should be embalmed, and often become the more impressive by the contrast between their day and ours.

Dr. Hopkins's works have recently been issued, with a memoir, by Professor Park, to whom we are indebted for our data.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S DEATH.

NEARLY at the hour when our present number goes to press, the startling news of the death of Mr. Webster arrives, covering the community with gloom as with a pall. Before these pages can reach our nearest readers, they will have read with painful interest every particular of the final scene in his mortal history; and the innumerable sketches of his life and character with which the press teems, will render anything we can record of him out of date. It would, however, under even such circumstances, be unpardonable not to refer to the solemn event. Solemn, indeed, has it been, for it was the departure of the mightiest intellect yet known in the New World; and his last hours among men, his prolonged struggles with the king of terrors, were noted with such particularity, and the record spread over the nation with such velocity, that it was as if the whole country were present at the impressive scene—a nation witnessing the dying agony of its greatest citizen. No death, perhaps, in the history of the country, was ever attended with more impressive concomitants.

The strength of both his gigantic constitution and his gigantic mind were manifest in the final struggle. He "suffered terribly" at intervals; yet during the last day he spent on earth, he conversed calmly respecting his public and private affairs, and relieved the sorrow of his friends by consolatory remarks. The description given of his last interview with his family is full of affecting interest; and that supplication, uttered "in his natural voice—strong, full, and clear"—"Heavenly Father, forgive my sins and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus,"—what a feature was it in the scene! The public mind has looked with avidity for every indication of the moral feelings of the dying man;—a fuller record of that prayer would render it to thousands the most interesting fact of the closing day of his life.

Thus have disappeared, within a brief period, the three greatest intellects which have been connected with our national councils during the present generation—Calhoun, Clay, and Webster.

In our next we shall have something further to say on this great national loss—a loss felt and mourned through the length and breadth of the land.

CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D.

WE have already given several sketches and portraits of eminent American divines. Our artists have been preparing engravings for a long series of such articles, and we hope, in time, to present our readers a good "National Portrait Gallery" of distinguished clergymen of the leading denominations—especially such among them as have become noted in the walks of literature. Dr. Charles Elliott takes an unquestionable rank among these. He is a prominent man in his own denomination in this country, and his works have commanded no little attention in Europe.

"Dr. Elliott," says some one, "is a hearty Irishman—looks like one, acts like one, speaks like one—without a particle of dissimulation in his big Hibernian breast." He was born, we believe, in the parish of Killybegs, (which sounds genuinely *Patriotic,*) in the county of Donegal, Ireland, May 16, 1792, so that he is now just about sixty years of age. In his youth he joined the Methodists, and, soon after, believing that it was his duty to preach the gospel, he began a thorough course of preparatory study, and thus laid the foundation of his subsequent and erudite acquisitions. He pursued the collegiate routine of studies till about his twenty-fourth year. He was refused admission to Dublin University, because he could not conscientiously submit to the established "Test."

In 1814 he emigrated to the United States, as a Methodist local preacher, and proceeded to Ohio. In 1818 he was received on trial in the Ohio Conference. He traveled large circuits the first four years. His fifth year (1822) was spent as missionary to the Indians at Upper Sandusky. The next four years he was presiding elder on the Ohio District. In 1827, he was appointed Professor of Languages in Madison College, where he remained four years, associated with Dr. Bascom. The first two of these years he was both professor and stationed preacher. In 1831 he was stationed in Pittsburgh city. The next two years he was again presiding elder. In the winter of 1833–34 he commenced his editorial career in connection with the "Pittsburgh Conference Journal." In 1836 he was appointed editor of the Western Christian Advocate, and continued at that post until

1848. He was then stationed in Springfield and Xenia, Ohio, successively, and last year was placed on the Dayton District.

At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, May, 1852, he was reappointed to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*. He has traveled circuits four years, was one year Indian missionary, eight years "stationed," and about fifteen years editor. During three of the years in which he was stationed, he was either professor or editor; so that in thirty-four years he has performed thirty-seven years of regular work, besides his extra literary labors.

We gather the above facts from a printed sketch of the doctor, now under our eye, the writer of which says:—"We have in our possession several letters from our old friend, and before us now lies a manuscript account of his literary productions and projects. 'I practiced writing,' says he, 'constantly from the time I commenced traveling. My first published work was an Essay on Baptism, in 1834. My work on Romanism was published in 1839–40. The second edition is published. It has gone through three editions in London. In 1849 I published my work on slavery, in two volumes duodecimo. I hope to issue, next winter or fall, a history of the great Separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church. This will embrace the connection of Wesleyan Methodism with slavery, chapters on the slave trade, the West India Emancipation, and the Methodist laws on slavery. It will embrace, next, a full survey of the abolition movements connected with the Church, from 1834 to 1844. The events from 1844 to the present time will be traced out, and all questions connected with them. This work, embracing all important documents, will occupy about eight or nine hundred pages octavo. I have material laid by for a treatise on *Servitude* and *Slavery*. The Roman law will here be drawn out in full, from the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, and the noble Latin edition of Gothafredus. The New Testament will then be considered. To this will be added the laws and regulations of slavery in the primitive Church, taken from the Apostolic Canons, the Canon Law, and the ancient fathers, both Greek and Latin.'"

On "this vexed question," the doctor refuses to be ranked with the extreme parties of either North or South.

He contemplates another great work on Popery, to be entitled "Political Romanism," and has already amassed a great variety of *materiale* for it. The text-books for this will comprise, as infallible standards, Acts of Councils, Bulls, Canon Law; also, Breviarium Romanum, the Ceremoniale, Rituale, Curiale, Pontificale: besides the annals of Baronius, Bellarmine, and writers without number, both historical, dogmatical, moral, &c. Add to these the State papers of the European countries. Over $10,000 worth of books must be consulted. "This," says the laborious veteran, "shall, God willing, be formally commenced, as soon as the present work on the Church shall have been completed. From four to ten years will be necessary to complete it."

The writings of Dr. Elliott, from the nature of their subjects, have necessarily consisted largely of compiled authorities; but they are not merely compilations. Some of them are thoroughly elaborated, and will long remain as standard. This may be said especially of his great Treatise on Popery. As a *résumé* of the whole subject, it supersedes all similar productions extant. It is incomparably superior to M'Gavin's great work. It is more valued in England than here, and has been circulated very extensively there—in numbers as well as in bound volumes—as an antidote to the Papal contagion which has lately prevailed in the Anglican Church.

Dr. Elliott has a heart as capacious as his head — a more generous-souled Irishman cannot be found out of Ireland, nor in it either. His good-nature characterizes all that he does or says; and notwithstanding he is "as bold as a lion," and never disguises his sentiments, he never offends. We doubt that he has an enemy in the world. It is impossible to extend the hostility you may entertain against any of his opinions or measures to the man himself. There is an inherent, an instinctive geniality about him, which carries captive every generous instinct of your own heart. And this native conciliatory power is quite anomalous; it is not the result of remarkable humor—though he has somewhat of that—nor of any artifice of address, any concessive manner in debate. On the contrary, the

doctor is notably direct and peremptory in the expression of his opinions, whether in public or private. He seems himself to take it for granted that he is the honest, well-meaning man that he is, and will not require ceremonious attempts at conciliation. This fact is, we think, the solution of his power over the good-will of all around him. All men like a straightforward, unceremonious, whole-hearted, upright man. Every heart cries out, when such a man appears, "Let him be heard, whether for or against us." Would that polemical or political controversialists would learn this lesson!

The scribbler from whom we have quoted above (and who, by-the-way, waxes quite free with the old author's gray hairs) describes him as he appeared at the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He says:—

"While we write, he is 'on his legs,' making a *set* speech on Dr. Durbin's report, in favor of a more thorough and independent organization of our African Mission. He is stout in person, but not corpulent; his chest and shoulders are remarkably well formed, constituting a bust for a sculptor. Otherwise his person is not without awkwardness, and a lack of sufficient pantaloon length—a custom, or costume, in which he seems doggedly to persist—fails to afford any relieving grace. He appears to fancy exceedingly this latter peculiarity, and often seems to be trying to promote it, by zealously twitching up the abbreviated leggins. The doctor's head is one of the finest in the Conference. It is *posed* well above his fine shoulders; it is perfectly white, and is symmetrically developed. His forehead is high, and quite prominently protuberant in the phrenological region of 'locality.' This indication is, in fine, one of his most marked features. His eyes are blue, and mild in their expression; his nose large, (the usual accompaniment of a very generous heart;) his mouth expressive of gentleness and benevolence. His face is long; but its whole contour is interesting, by its expression of intelligence, sentiment, and hearty vigor. There is, however, one morbid indication incessantly playing over it—but adding, if possible, to its agreeable expression. He is affected by a slight attack of St. Vitus's dance, or some similar nervous disorder, which keeps his features almost continually twitching; it is sometimes quite ludicrous. This morning he has occupied a short time a seat on the platform; and for a few minutes, as he seemed to be surveying the Conference, his head and features were in redoubled motion. He appeared to be nodding most complacently to the whole assembly in detail. We heard once of a rencounter which he had while crossing the Ohio, in a ferry-boat, at Pittsburgh, and which came near being something more than ludicrous. It so happened that a fellow-passenger, sitting opposite to him, was troubled with the same affection. They caught each other's eye, and, as might be expected under such circumstances, twitched away more violently than ever. The stranger took the good doctor's grimaces as a wanton insult of his misfortune, and began to defy him. The doctor's Irish spunk was momentarily roused, and with exasperated twitching, he challenged him to 'come on.' Neither of them, however, got overboard, we believe; the contest was conducted only with words and twitchings. An explanation soon followed, and they twitched away in harmony the rest of the passage. This is a current 'story,' perhaps exaggerated as usual. The doctor is hearty in all his sentiments. He hates heartily as well as loves heartily—but we know of nothing that he hates save the Devil and the Pope. We believe he would shout to see St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Pope, and all his cardinals blown up to heaven, even if St. Peter should shake his keys at them in defiance, and send them in the opposite direction. He ardently pleads for a mission to Rome. We heartily second his motion, provided he shall be sent thither himself. God bless the good old man!"

Apart from the badinage of this description—which fails not, however, to help the illustration of its subject, and is congruous to the *bonhomie* of the doctor—there is, in the generous nature, the long and faithful services in many hard, ministerial fields, the able writings and venerable years of this noble old Methodist preacher, much to secure to him through life the respect and endearment of his Church, and, after death, a permanent place in its memory. He has "fought a good fight," and fights still, bravely, at his post. His youthful energy and usefulness know no abatement; and it is evident that he will enter heaven at last under the impulse of an unslackened activity.

Editor's Table.

The irregularity of the arrival of the "National," complained of by our exchanges, we have endeavored thoroughly to remedy. If it is found by any of our brethren of the press to recur, we solicit from them immediate information. We value too highly their courtesies to fail of any reciprocation of them.

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Our sketches, biographical and critical, of foreign and domestic authors, are designed to be popularly *readable*—not too elaborately written, but at the same time appreciative. The reader will perceive that they consist not of the usual puffatory commonplaces, but aim to be honest and original estimates. The standard of criticism thus far exemplified in these articles, will be faithfully maintained in the future course of the Magazine. If our judgments of men and books are not approved as accurate, they shall, at least, be approved as independent and frank. This literary series has been projected on an extensive scale, and will include most, if not all, the leading American writers, as also many foreign ones, with engraved illustrations.

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Preparations for the edifice of the World's Fair in New-York are rapidly progressing. It is to be a really splendid structure—one of which the nation may well be proud, notwithstanding any comparisons with the London Crystal Palace. Our artist is preparing an illustration of the design, which we hope will soon embellish our pages.

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The appearance of *Mr. Thackeray* among the American lecturers of the season, excites no little interest; not only his subjects—which are unquestionably among the most attractive in our literature—but particularly his character as an original author and humorist, command the warmest expectations. Authors, however, seldom come personally up to their own fine ideals, or the preconceived images of their *personnel* entertained in the fond imaginations of their readers. According to the *Liverpool Courier*, Mr. Thackeray must not be judged too critically in respect either to his *physique* or his oratorical pretensions. Describing one of his recent lectures, it says:—"His outward man must have appeared to his admirers very different from the idea they had previously formed of him. A somewhat clumsy figure, fattish features, and a manner carelessly, if not studiously, abrupt and awkward, were calculated to remind the audience of Yorkshire rather than of London. There was a total absence of that grace and suavity which serves to win the favor of an audience. The lecturer, on entering from the side of the platform, walked hurriedly up to the music-stand in the center, and with the slightest possible inclination of the body before turning round—a movement which might easily have passed unobserved by any one who was not particularly attentive—at once plunged into the heart of his subject. There might be observed a frequent absence of modulation, and a want of proper emphasis, which materially detracted from the effect of what he said. His gestures were the alternate thrusting of one hand and then the other, and then both, into the pockets, with the sole variety of these, being sometimes the coat and sometimes the trowsers pockets—the handkerchief, when employed, being carried equally into one and the other. The abruptness of his manner was illustrated in rather a comical way. Mr. Thackeray, in finishing his portrait of Swift, uttered in his highest key the words: 'More are to come, but none so great or so gloomy as this,' closed his book, and without the slightest token of leave-taking either in word or gesture, stalked off the stage. As the lecture had lasted barely an hour, we left the hall under the impression that we had heard the first part. A few others did the same, taking checks at the door to enable them to return. One gentlemen, feeling dubious as to whether the performance was over or not, put the question to an official at the door, and received a most authoritative assurance in the negative. The great bulk of the audience, such as it was, remained in the hall; and we learn from one of the papers, that after looking at one another for a sufficient length of time, a gentleman went behind the stage, and ascertained from Mr. Thackeray himself that the lecture was concluded!"

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The Boston Congregationalist contained lately a very interesting letter from an American traveler in Europe, sketching his visit to Herrnhut, the world-renowned sanctuary of the Moravians. The letter is full of most entertaining details, which we would like much to transfer to our columns, but we can only give a few glimpses at the interesting *locale*. It is about fifty miles east of Dresden, and is described by this writer as exceedingly neat, resembling a first-class New-England village. It is regularly laid out, and its streets are paved, although they are so little traveled, that the fresh moss and grass spring up between the stones. The houses are plain and the gardens spacious and tasteful; and one cannot walk through the streets and be gladdened by the courteous and quiet greetings of the villagers, without feeling that the stillness around is indeed a symbol of the holy peace that reigns in all the dwellings. The cemetery is in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded by a hedge, and shaded by aged trees, that line the avenues by which it is intersected. Between the avenues are laid, in long rows, the flat, plain grave-stones, recording, with very few exceptions, only the name, with the places and dates of the birth and death of the deceased. One inscription will serve as a specimen of all: "Maria Ebing, born the 8th November, 1742, at Fredrickstown, Transylvania; fell asleep the 17th April, 1811." Instead of the expression "fell asleep," (which is most common,) some other simple phrase—as, "she went home"—is sometimes found. In the center of the cemetery, are the graves of Zinzendorf and his family. Upon the grave-stone of the former is an inscription, of which the following is a translation: "Here

[illegible] on the morning of the [illegible] —the Love Feast. If the [illegible] that the original [illegible] of the Order remain in the [illegible] Those who [illegible] will be gratified to see the latest information received from that [illegible].

We conclude, in the present number, the translation from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* respecting *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*. Those of our readers who have examined attentively the article, will consider themselves repaid by its interest. It narrates enough of her history to elucidate well the progress of her development, moral and intellectual, and its estimate of her characteristics is generally sensible and candid. It is, in fine, the most satisfactory paper that has been occasioned by her memoirs in transatlantic journals; and this is saying much, for we are not aware of any preceding work from this country which has attracted more attention from the critical journals of Europe. The Reviews of England are not yet done with it. Like the "Life of Sterling," it is seized by curious and critical minds as an example of a rare, and comparatively new class of heart-histories—a class whose most complete, if not earliest type, is Rousseau's startling picture of himself; a class which records more the history of the inner than of the outer life, and which, by strongly marked individual types, like these, indicates a tendency of the times.

The problem of Margaret Fuller Ossoli's spiritual history can be solved only by several considerations. The first of these is, doubtless, her early miseducation, the overaction of her faculties, the consequent derangement of the subtile ties which connect the mind with the body, and which so often occasion indescribable misery to men of strong sensibility and of genius. Physiological science is throwing [illegible] light on this subject; not only the [illegible] monomaniacal case of Cowper, but such examples as Dante, Petrarch, Rousseau, [illegible] Poe, and Margaret Fuller, receive [illegible] chief explanation. The whole life of this extraordinary woman is a history [illegible] consequences of this early error. [illegible] evidently no congenital cause [illegible] healthiness. According to [illegible] was naturally robust. [illegible] traits of good masculine [illegible] they were combined with [illegible] morbid peculiarities [illegible] morbidly, but never got beyond [illegible] loving fearlessness and [illegible] and battling as [illegible]

life of Italy. She repeatedly avers the fact, and, when in that country, she found its actual life, with all its detractions, the most congenial she had yet met with anywhere. The physical evils of her education in childhood might, with her vigorous constitution, have been measurably counteracted by more healthful studies in her youth; but she fed her morbid appetite with the very nutriment which a wise regimen would have proscribed. For a long time, even the diseased stimulus of modern French literature could not divert her taste from her favorite Italian authors, except in one or two cases, and the most influential of these was, in fact, more Southern than French—the most morbid, the most infectious, the most inevitably dangerous to youthful minds, of all modern writers — Jean Jacques Rousseau. Of one of his own works Rousseau declared that "he that reads it is lost." Not his infidelity and his licentiousness alone render him perilous, but, to a mind like Margaret Fuller's, his profound but morbid sentimentalism, his agonizing earnestness, is, if possible, still more fatal. The contagion of Rousseau's diseased genius is yet pervading the literature of Europe. No author has left his impress more indelible upon the character of France. Her political writers show the power of his "Contrat Social," his "Discourse on Inequalities," and his revolutionary spirit. His "Nouvelle Heloise" is the model of her novelists. Her poets drink in his morbid sentimentalism. Lamartine himself, with all his better *morale*, worships him, lives in his writings, and has but reproduced his "Emile" and "Nouvelle Heloise" in the "Confidences." Robespierre kept Rousseau's works habitually on his table; La Mennais reads him daily for inspiration with which to begin the labor of his pen. The sophisms of his Savoyard vicar's creed have infected the religious speculations of most of the liberal minds of Europe. This is the writer of whose influence on her own mind Margaret Fuller speaks in the most passionate terms, and whose manuscripts she touched in Paris with more reverence than she ever yielded to the revelations of God; "feeling," she says, as she handled the "yellow and faded" papers, "the fire of youth immortally more and more expansive, with which his soul has pervaded this century." It may be affirmed, without much qualification, that few young minds can habitually read Rousseau without fatal moral effect. No writer is more demoniacally powerful.

A third explanation of the sad history of Margaret Fuller's mind is to be found in her utterly unsettled views of religion. She needed, more than most minds, the repose which the implicit and childlike religious trust of the highest evangelical faith can alone impart. Her mental vision was too keen not to see the solemn moral relations and mysteries of the soul; she felt all their reality and fearfulness, but sought her moral redemption in esthetic culture. For this she labored with a noble earnestness and devotion; but her failure reveals itself most affectingly on almost every page of her strange Memoirs. Such a mind, under right religious direction, would have become saintly in its virtues and in its peace also; as it was, she fed upon the husks of metaphysical transcendentalism and literary sentimentalism, and her inward life was a burden intolerable to be borne. The incessant cry of her spirit was, Who will show me any good? Literature, art—great minds, gave their answer. Her years were spent in studying it, and proved it a failure.

Such, we think, the true, though simple, solution of this interesting case of spiritual history. Margaret Fuller had the elements of a truly great soul; her biographers and critics, we think, do not estimate her true worth. We not only respect her, we love her—and painfully sympathize with her suffering spirit as we read the history of its struggles. From her childhood to her death, she was the victim of untoward influences; she never received the moral guidance which such a mind needed. She was a noble martyr to the intellectual and moral fallacies that surrounded her.

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John Bull, as we have frequently shown, is growing remarkably well disposed toward Brother Jonathan, in matters of literature, politics, &c.; his last self-conquest, however, will be to like Jonathan's character. Marryat says, in one of his works:—"I never knew a Yankee who was a real gentleman—but I never knew one with whom I wanted to fight." Englishmen have not been indisposed to concur with him in this estimate. One of them, however, has given, in a recent work on this country, a really smart eulogium on us. Carey, in his Two Years on Uncle Sam's Farm, utters himself in the following hearty terms:—"Vying with the Parisian in dress—the Englishman in energy—cautious as a Dutchman—impulsive as an Irishman—patriotic as Tell—brave as Wallace—cool as Wellington—and royal as Alexander; there he goes—the American citizen! In answering your questions, or speaking commonly, his style is that of the ancient Spartan; but put him on a stump, with an audience of whigs, democrats, or barn-burners, and he becomes a compound of Tom Cribb and Demosthenes, a fountain of eloquence, passion, sentiment, sarcasm, logic, and drollery, altogether different from anything known or imagined in the Old World states. Say anything of anybody, (as public men,) untied with conventional phraseology, he swings his rhetorical mace with a vigorous arm, crushing the antagonistic principle or person into a most villanous compound. Walking right on, as if it were life against time, with the glass at fever-heat, yet taking it cool in the most serious and pressing matter, a compound of the Red Man, Brummel, and Franklin—statesman and laborer, on he goes—divided and subdivided in politics, and religion—professionally opposed with a keenness of competition in vain looked for even in England; yet, let but the national rights or liberty be threatened, and that vast nation stands a pyramid of resolve, united as one man, with heart, head, hand, and purse, burning with a Roman zeal to defend inviolate the cause of the commonwealth."

That will do for a while.

Book Notices.

Dr. Jesse T. Peck's baccalaureate address at the last commencement of Dickinson College has been published, and is for sale by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. Its title is *God in Education*, and it discusses the elements of right character in their relation to *God*. The theme is a sublime one, and it is illustrated with much skill. This discourse will be considered by the friends of Dr. Peck the most able production yet from his pen.

We are indebted to *Putnam, New-York*, for a copy of the sixth edition of his *Hand-Book of Chronology and History*. It is a capital *expose* of the "world's progress,"—a dictionary of dates, with tabular views of general history and a historical chart. The Addenda, covering some fifty closely-printed pages, and prepared in part by E. G. Langdon, Esq., present a vast amount of recent data. Mr. Langdon is an indefatigable bibliographer, as we have had occasion to learn in his connection with this Magazine. Mr. Putnam's volume is almost indispensable to the literary or professional man; and its convenience as a book for popular reference, should entitle it to a place in every domestic library.

From the same source we have received Mr. Saunders's excellent *Memoirs of the Great Metropolis*: one of the best topographical pictures of London extant. It is not an ordinary guide-book, but a most entertaining volume of local descriptions, including the numerous places consecrated by genius, historical sites, and the most notable memorabilia of the city. The cuts are numerous and good.

Leavitt & Allen, New-York, have favored us with copies of Woodbury's *New Method with the German* and *German Eclectic Reader*. Mr. Woodbury's Text-Books have received general sanction; they are fast displacing others in our academic institutions. His plan includes all the excellences of Ollendorf's, and goes far beyond the latter. We will guarantee for it the preference of any teacher who will test it. And what we thus venture to say of these German Text-Books, we can say equally of *Fasquelle's French Course*, and edition of *Telemaque*, founded upon the same plan, and issued by the same house.

Long & Brothers, New-York, have issued an illustrated edition of Mrs. Hale's *Northwood*, a work which, when published, a quarter of a century ago, attracted much attention, and (a rare compliment then to American literature) was republished in London. Its pictures of American life still have their verisimilitude and freshness. Those which are copied from New-England, are especially good. The relation of the book to the prevalent agitation on slavery, will enhance its value to many, while to others it will render it anything but acceptable. The former will consider it a fair portraiture of the institution; the latter an apology for it.

Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York, have received the *Illustrated Geography* of the London Illustrated Library. It abounds in good engravings, but is too meagre in its text. They have also for sale, from the same publishers, *Miller's Picturesque Sketches of London*: an exceedingly entertaining volume of outlines of London life and London localities. Mr. Miller is well known by his "Pictures of Country Life," "History of the Anglo-Saxons," &c. He has diligently collected the most interesting features of his subject, both antique and modern. The reader will find at Bangs, Brother & Co., the choicest examples of foreign English works, both illustrated and unillustrated.

Muston's *Israel of the Alps*, or History of the Persecution of the Waldenses, translated by Mr. Hazlitt, has been added to the list of the "London Illustrated Library," and is one of the best works of that popular series. The plates are numerous, and superior to the usual work of the company. Bangs, Brother & Co., are the American agents for these publications.

The students of the "Biblical Institute," Concord, N. H., have issued, in neat style, a discourse delivered before them by *Professor Dempster*, on Christ's Mediation. It is in the marked style of Dr. Dempster, and full of suggestive and original thought.

MacFarlane's *Japan*, published by *Putnam, New-York*, comprehends most of what is known respecting that terra incognita. Of course it is an interesting book; but it is more: it is intrinsically able and valuable. The reader will be surprised at the amount of information, geographical, historical, archæological, &c., which it affords. Its cuts are numerous, but only tolerably done.

A memoir of three of the early bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *Whatcoat, M'Kendree, and George*, from the pen of Rev. B. St. James Fry, has been issued by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. The resources at the command of Mr. Fry were quite limited, but he has availed himself of them with skill and success. We can commend his little volume, not only to Methodists, but all readers, as an interesting illustration of the early ecclesiastical history of the country. We should remark that it is adorned by a very fine likeness of M'Kendree.

Mr. Shepard (Fulton-street) has on hand "Wilson's *Treatise on Punctuation*, designed for Authors, Printers, and Proof-Readers;" a little work which, for its valuable information, should find a place in the office and composing-rooms of every literary establishment in the United States.

Sicily—A Pilgrimage, by H. T. Tuckerman, has been issued by *Putnam, New-York*, as one of his Semi-monthly Library series. It appeared some twelve years since, but is as readable as ever, and derives even additional interest from the late revolutionary events of Sicily. It is a series of local pictures and sketches, in the graceful style which distinguishes all Mr. Tuckerman's productions.

Literary Record.

Rev. W. C. Hoyt is preparing a work for family devotion, to be issued from the press of Carlton and Phillips, containing a large collection of choice hymns, the whole accompanied with standard tunes from the best composers, arranged and adapted to this work by Emil C. Goebler.

The statement, in one of our late numbers, that Rev. John Newman had been appointed one of the instructors of the New-York Free Academy, was incorrect. Mr. Newman has been appointed to the chair of Latin, &c., in Union College. We copied the blunder from an exchange paper.

The *Pennington Seminary*, (N. J.,) under the care of Rev. J. T. Crane, is in a prosperous condition. Funds are being successfully raised for a female department, a suitable edifice for which is now going up. The institution has an effective faculty, and is under an excellent religious regimen.

A professorship of Hebrew has recently been attached to Centenary College, Louisiana.

M. Hefner, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, has issued his illustrative work, the "Christian Costume of the Middle Ages."

In an article on the English Language, in a late *Tribune*, we read: "Perhaps the most surprising philological fact of the present time, is the wonderful spread of the English speech, not merely by the extension of the power of Great Britain and the United States, by which the English is carried to every quarter of the globe, and made the legal, scholastic, and polite language of vast territories, but by the impulse which the labors of a few eminent scholars in France, Germany, and the northern European nations, have given to the study of English classical authors in their own tongue. Throughout Germany, an immense impulse has also been given to this study by the emigration to the United States." The writer further adds, in reference to the increased use of the language on the European continent:—"In every well-educated family, too, it is beginning to be as necessary to possess such a knowledge of the English, at least, as our boarding-school misses acquire of the French; and the number who can read Shakspeare, Byron, Scott, and Cooper with pleasure, in the original, is far greater than the number with us who can read Moliere, Gil Blas, and Paul and Virginia. Perhaps the three men who, in Germany, have produced the greatest influence in rendering our speech popular and necessary to a complete education, are A. W. Schegel, (deceased,) Gervinus, and Jacob Grimm,—the two former as admirers, translators, and critics of Shakspeare; the latter as a philologist."

A singular feature has been observed within the last few years, with respect to the *Mounds in Wisconsin*, which appears to have escaped all notice hitherto. It is that the outlines of these mounds bear a rude resemblance on a gigantic scale to different animal figures—bears, lizards, buffaloes, &c. Mr. Lapham's survey of these mounds, in which these curious features are especially referred to, is expected soon to appear among the issues of the "Smithsonian Contributions," and under the direction of the American Antiquarian Society, at whose expense these investigations have been prosecuted.

The Newbury (Vt.) Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, under the care of Rev. J. E. King, presents an extensive catalogue of students. The collegiate department, of recent origin, has succeeded remarkably: it includes some eighty-one young ladies: the seminary comprises about four hundred and fifty students of both sexes: five hundred and thirty-eight different students have been in attendance during the year. The institution is beautifully located among the hills of Vermont, and its terms are among the cheapest in the country.

Judge Talfourd has published, with a prefatory memoir, the posthumous work by the late Mr. Deacon of the English journals, entitled, "Annette."

The Committee of Languages, History, and Arts, attached to the Ministry of Public Instruction, in France, have received orders to make and publish a general collection of the popular poetry of that country.

Mr. Bogue has published Marvy's "Sketches after English Landscape Painters," with short notices by Thackeray.

A statue in honor of Descartes has been placed on its pedestal at Blois, from the *atelier* of Count de Nieuwerkerke.

Humboldt, now in his eighty-third year, is employed, at Berlin, in finishing his fourth volume of Kosmos.

The publication of the autobiography of the great Swedish chemist, Berzelius, which has been long ready for the press, is again postponed,—the allusions to living or recently-deceased scientific men being so numerous that his executors are afraid to make them public.

Among the books comprising the library of the ex-Queen of the French, announced for sale in November last, was the "*Sac de Rome*," written by J. Bonaparte, in 1827, with a translation of the work by Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic.

The *London Athenæum* of a recent date commends "Sargent's Standard Speaker" to aspirants in elocution for its "great variety of excellent examples in prose and poetry for declamation," and praises the introductory treatise as "free from the pedantry that besets most elocutionary treatises." It eulogizes the collection as "remarkable for its originality, the recent date of its citations, and the abundance of the latter from American authors." A fourth edition of the "Standard Speaker" has lately appeared from the press of Thomas Cowperthwaite & Co., Philadelphia. The work has been widely adopted in the schools and colleges of the United States.

The *Kolnische Zeitung* cautions travelers to the Austrian States to be careful what works they bring with them, the possession of certain works subjecting the owners to delay if not fine. The *Athenæum* thinks the present system of censorship in that country "would be much simplified, and made scarcely any worse, by prohibiting books altogether!"

The palace and vicinity of Prince Joseph of Salm Reifferschied Dyck, Prussia, well known to the learned, and especially to the botanical world, were lately the scene of unusual festivity,—the whole neighborhood celebrating his seventy-ninth birthday. "Although so advanced in years," writes the *Illustrated News*, "he is still full of mental and bodily vigor, and gives every promise of living to complete his valuable and richly-illuminated botanical work, the *Hortus Salmiensis*, the commencement of which is now in press at Cologne.

Mrs. Caroline Southey, widow of the late Laureate, has been placed on the pension-list, for £200 yearly, and Miss Louisa Costello for £75.

A report from Mr. Panizzi gives an account of the present condition of the department of printed books in the British Museum. At the end of the year 1846, the library of printed works consisted of 230,000 volumes; at this moment it consists of 465,000, and by the end of the present year it will amount to 470,000 volumes. During the last fifteen years the library has therefore increased at the rate of sixteen thousand volumes a year on the average.

John L. Stephens, Esq., the celebrated traveler in the East, and in Central America, died recently in this city.

In Lamartine's sixth volume of the *Histoire de la Restauration*, the narrative is full yet rapid; and the volume contains, among other things, a curious and interesting paper hitherto unpublished, written by Louis XVIII., giving a private history of the agitations of a change of Ministry. The work embraces the period from the execution of Labedoyere to the death of Napoleon at St. Helena, and though not the most interesting in matter, is considered to be by far the best of the series in composition.

The *Earl of Derby* has ordered the translation and publication of those ancient laws and institutes of Ireland known as the *Brehon laws*, the task of translating and editing having been confided to Drs. Todd and Groves. The whole, when completed, will be published at the expense of the British Government.

The Franklin Institute of Syracuse (N. Y.) numbers four hundred and fifty members, and one thousand seven hundred and nineteen volumes.

Father Lorignet's History of France for the Young has been forbidden by the French Minister of Public Instruction in the public and free schools of that nation. The preamble of the decree declares that in this book cotemporary history is maliciously distorted by party spirit, &c., &c. The concealed cause, however, would seem to be, that the writer has given utterance to his private antagonism as a *non-Bonapartist*, in having gone so far in his book as to speak of "Monsieur the Marquis de Bonaparte, General Commanding the Armies of His Majesty Louis XVIII.!"

The prize for eloquence at the *French Academy* this year, has been awarded to M. Prevost Paradal; another, value $1040, has been presented to the "barber-poet," M. Jasmin, whose works are highly valued by those persons initiated in the southern *patois*, the dialect in which they are written.

The collections of four distinguished bibliopolists have been added to the *Royal Library of Berlin*. One of the collections contains four hundred and four works, solely relating to the *game of chess;* the second — Count Mejan's library—numbers fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy volumes, particularly rich in classical philosophy, French and Italian literature, history, theology, and jurisprudence, with a costly collection of the earliest printed works; the third contains nine hundred and twenty-one works, mostly on theological subjects and Spanish literature; and the fourth, nearly twenty-one thousand works, (thirty-six thousand volumes,) acknowledged to be the richest existing collection of German literature from the end of the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the literary treasures in this Royal Library of Berlin, when it is stated that the *scientific catalogue*, presenting a systematic review of the entire collection, numbers two hundred and fifty volumes, while the great alphabetical register of the books extends to six hundred and fifty volumes. The access to every portion of this literary paradise is of the most liberal character.

The historian *Ranke* is now in Brussels, consulting the archives of the State for facts relative to French history in the seventeenth century.

The *Buenos Ayrean Government* has recently decreed, that in the course of instruction pursued in the public schools in that country, the *Bible* shall be included. This is a very interesting fact. If the children and youth of the South American Republics can be educated with the Bible in their hands, the liberties of those Republics may be regarded as permanent.

Victor Hugo's pamphlet against the President, though it cannot be printed, is circulated in thousands of manuscript copies. Girardin says, in *La Presse*, "Art has gone back to the state preceding the invention of printing." A bale of V. Hugo's *brochure*, intended for clandestine distribution, was lately seized at Paris by the detective police.

A family in Canton has engaged to have a set of blocks cut for a new edition of the national historians of China, a series of classical works called the *Twenty-four Histories*, which will involve an outlay of one hundred thousand dollars. It is done to show their regard for letters, rather than with the hope of gain.

Dr. J. Wycklyffe's work, on "The Church and Antichrist," has been published in Dublin.

Archbishop Whateley's "Cautions for the Times" handles Dr. Newman severely.

Religious Summary.

The General Assembly of the *Presbyterian Church* in the United States embraces twenty-five synods, one hundred and forty presbyteries, and about two thousand seven hundred churches. Two of the presbyteries are in the New-England States, three in California, and three in Northern India. During the past year many new churches have been organized, and the greatest harmony exists among all. Biblical and catechetical instruction is imparted to children in large numbers, and in many cases to the parents along with them; the Sabbath schools are sustained; the monthly concert for prayer is generally observed; weekly prayer meetings are regularly maintained, and the funds of the Church have in many places largely increased. The Board of Education have at present three hundred and seventy students in various stages of preparation for the ministry.

Bishop Paine has designated the Rev. C. Goldberg, of Texas, as a missionary to the foreigners in California, especially to the Germans and French, and forwarded his appointment.

In Austria, floating churches are fast coming into use; the Greek and Russian missionaries have also built one in Siberia, on the river Don, in which fifteen hundred heathen had been baptized in the space of eight months.

The American Bible Union.—A reconciliation meeting of this society was held on Saturday afternoon, to devise measures for effecting a union among the opponents and friends of the proposed revision of the Bible; but no satisfactory or definite result was arrived at. The committee appointed on the subject at a former meeting, reported that they found "insuperable difficulties in the way of consolidating the two societies at the present time." The report was referred back to the committee after a long debate, to report again at the next anniversary.

Rev. George W. Wood, late of the mission to the Armenians, in Turkey, is appointed the Fourth Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, to reside at New-York.

Father Mathew, and five associate priests, sailed from Portsmouth (England) lately, for India. Their object, it is reported, is the foundation of a Roman see at Hyderabad.

Sheridan Knowles, the dramatic author, who was baptized by immersion by the Rev. Dr. Innes, of Edinburgh, has since connected himself with the Baptist Church in Bloomsbury, London.

It is computed that there are in England and Wales 28,290 churches and chapels, distributed among the various sects; of which the Protestants maintain 97.89 per cent. and the Roman Catholics 2.11 per cent. Of the Protestant division a fraction more than one-half—namely, 50.55—belong to the Established Church, the rest to Protestant Dissenters.

The postscript of the French correspondent of the *New-York Independent*, dating from Paris, September 23, says: "I have just heard from the *Madiai*. The Grand Duke of Tuscany says that he will not grant them their pardon, because their sufferings are necessary to the salvation of his own soul, (the Duke's.)

Rev. Dr. Hawkes has declined the bishopric of Rhode Island. His salary here is said to be about $7,000,—there the bishop's salary is $1,500, with $2,000 additional as pastor of Grace Church.

The Jewish synagogue in Sacramento was dedicated September 4th. An eloquent address was delivered by Joseph Shannon, Esq.

From an article in the *Watchman and Reflector*, we learn that the Congregationalists have two hundred and twenty-seven churches in Maine. In these churches there are sixteen thousand seven hundred and nine members, and one hundred and fifty-two regular ministerial laborers. During the past year these churches received four hundred and fifty-two additions, and lost by death, dismission, and expulsion, five hundred and seventy-two, making a decrease for the year of one hundred and twenty members.

The Protestant population in Ireland has been ascertained to amount to at least 2,500,000. This number is daily increasing, while the Roman Catholic population is still more rapidly diminishing.

The decision of Judge Leavitt, in the United States Court, Cincinnati, in the matter of the great Methodist Church case, in October last, was adverse to the claims of the Southern Church. An appeal has been taken.

The missionaries of the Moravians, or United Brethren, laboring in Greenland, are subjected to many grievous and harassing restrictions through the intolerance of the Danish Government.

The increase in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, since the division in 1844, is stated to have been about ninety thousand, or about twelve thousand a year. The total membership in the Church, north and south, is now 1,260,000.

During the late pastoral visit of the Bishop of Toronto to Kingston, he baptized fifty convicts at the Provincial Penitentiary, and confirmed one hundred and ten others.

Rev. I. I. Springer, formerly of the New-England Conference, died lately in Medford, Mass.

The population of Algiers, now under the rule of the French, is estimated at three millions, among which there are 125,000 Europeans, chiefly French and Spaniards. Of these, about six thousand are Protestants, who are scattered over the whole country. Protestant worship is held in the city of Algiers, and in six other places. Protestant preachers and colporteurs have free access to Europeans. By thus preaching to Spaniards, they are virtually giving the gospel to Spain, while Spain is shutting it out. A door of access is open also to the Jews and to the Mohammedans; and one of the missionaries has preached the gospel in a mosque, to a

mingled assembly of Arabs, Protestants, and Papists.

The Rev. George Thurlow Dole, late of the Beverly Church, (Mass.,) was recently installed over the Congregational Church and Society in North Woburn.

An editorial in the *New-York Observer*, in a call for preachers for one of the new States, designates those who can preach acceptably—not those who can read sermons.

The Presbyterian Church at Buffalo, under charge of Rev. Dr. Lord, is considered the largest church of that denomination in the country. It will seat from two thousand to two thousand five hundred persons. The pews are nearly all taken, and the building itself is entirely free from debt.

The editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, in speaking on the subject of "rappers," sensibly remarks:—"As religious men, we have a short way with the rappers. If they are real spirits, we have no business with them. We are especially forbidden to go after them that have 'familiar' spirits. If they are not real spirits, they are humbugs, and, of course, we should let them alone."

The increase of the Romish population in Upper Canada, during the last ten years, appears, by the census, to have been eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-five. When, however, we take into consideration the additions made by immigration, it is evident that there must have been large defections from the Romish Church, when compared with the influx of that class in the United States.

Churches, &c., in Massachusetts.—The number of Baptist churches in Massachusetts is two hundred and forty-eight; there are also two hundred and fifty-one ordained ministers, thirty-five of whom were without charge, about a year ago; and thirty-one thousand four hundred and fourteen members. The denomination is now second to no other in the State, except the *Congregationalists*, who number thirty-six thousand; the *Methodists* numbering sixteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three. During the twenty years from 1830 to 1850, the Congregationalists increased seventy-six per cent., and the Methodists about the same.

The Netherland Missionary Society.—The number of stations now occupied by this society is seventeen, employing nineteen missionaries and one teacher. Income, $37,000.

New Version of the Bible.—Of the twenty-four or five newspapers sustained by the Baptist denomination, the St. Louis Western Watchman (Baptist) states there are but three which advocate the proposed emendations. According to the *Southern Baptist*, the connection of the Campbellites with the revision movement is regarded with suspicion by those who have not fully committed themselves. In support of this opinion, that paper states that it is generally understood that the Gospel of Luke and the Acts have been committed to Mr. Campbell and President Shannon.

In the Methodist Church, North, there are 5,716 ministers, and 723,664 members. The increase the past year amounted to 24,791. In the Church, South, there are 3,955 ministers, 514,601 members. Making an aggregate of 9,671 ministers, and 1,238,265 members.

The *Mennonites* in Prussia, a religious sect resembling the Quakers, are leaving the country in great numbers for the United States and Russia, in consequence of a law promulgated, holding them to the performance of military duty.

The *United Brethren in Christ* have been in the United States since 1750; they number about forty thousand communicants. This denomination sprang from the Reformed Church, principally through the labors of William Otterbein, a young German minister in that Church. In 1752 he labored in Pennsylvania, and was cotemporary with Whitefield. He was joined by evangelical preachers of different sects; and in the year 1800 they adopted their present title: the Church at that period embraced twenty-one itinerant preachers.

We learn from the *Chinese Repository*, published at Canton, that there are one hundred and fifty missionaries at present laboring within the bounds of the Celestial Empire. They belong to eighteen different societies or missionary organizations.

The Mormons now publish, in London, a paper called the *Millenial Star*, in which they state that Mormonism is making great progress in the island of Malta. The same paper adds,—"Many thousands of saints will leave England for Utah ere long."

The Calcutta Missionary Conference.—This body, composed of missionaries of all Protestant denominations in the Bengal Presidency, have adopted petitions to Parliament, praying for a final discontinuance of Governmental connection with the idolatrous rites of Hindooism, and the superstitions of Mohammedanism in India. After thankfully acknowledging what has been done in the right direction in this matter, the petition recites a number of instances in which the connection still subsists, especially the fact that more than £160,000 is annually paid by the English Government for the support of temples and mosques. It then adverts to an order of the Court of Directors prohibiting their public servants from taking any part in missionary undertakings. The bearing of this restriction on efforts in behalf of Christianity is also contrasted with the direct support given to idolatry. The petition concludes with praying for a rigid inquiry into the whole matter, and especially for the abrogation of the prohibition above referred to.

According to the Minutes of the last *Canada Conference*, there are twenty-seven thousand five hundred and eighty-five members connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of whom one thousand one hundred and eleven are Indians. Number of preachers, two hundred and five: of these thirty-three are on trial, twelve supernumeraries, and twelve superannuated. The next Conference is appointed to be holden on the first Wednesday in June, 1853.

Five bishops and thirty priests are supported in China, by the Roman Catholic Church.

Art Intelligence.

THE celebrated painter, *Beyer*, has just finished the picture which was ordered by the King of Prussia, "The Betrayal by Judas." It is stated to be the finest work ever produced by this artist.

A very spirited panorama of the *Australian Gold Fields* is now on exhibition in London, from sketches taken on the spot, by Mr. Prout and other artists. The view commences with Plymouth Sound (England) and Eddystone Light House, then takes in Madeira, Rio Janeiro, and the Cape of Good Hope, the "Diggings," views of Sydney, the Parametta river, a kangaroo hunt, and the whole concludes with a highly dramatic grouping and encampment of the gold-diggers by moonlight. The paintings, says the *Illustrated News*, are admirably executed, and are visited by crowded audiences.

The statue of *Bernardin de Saint Pierre*, by M. David (d'Angers,) was inaugurated lately at Havre, the birthplace of the illustrious writer, who is represented sitting in the attitude of thought. A pen and manuscript in either hand indicate the hour of inspiration; and at his feet two young beings, asleep on a couch of leaves, and locked in each other's arms, personate its result—*Paul and Virginia*. M. Casimir Delavigne's statue received similar honors at the same time and place.

At the late sale of the various articles of *virtu* left by the French artist, *Pradier*, the marble *Sappho* was purchased by the government for 13,000 francs; the Venus and Cupid, bronze, and life size, sold for 2,000 francs; the Pandora, another bronze, three feet high, 1,000 francs; Psyche and Cupid, plaster, 1,200 francs; Homer and his Guide, plaster, three feet high, was purchased for Geneva at 3,070 francs. The *French papers*, in noticing the transference of the honorary prize of 4,000 francs from M. Cavalier to Pradier's family, while acknowledging the tribute to departed merit, nevertheless regard the *Sappho* as far inferior to many of Pradier's works, "and certainly far below the *Penelope* of Cavalier."

Pugin, the architect, whose unfortunate case we noticed in our last, we find by the English papers, has since deceased. He was such an enthusiast in his profession, and so devoted to the pleasures of sailing, that he frequently declared all that was worth living for was *Christian architecture* and a *boat*.

The inauguration of the equestrian statue of Napoleon, was celebrated at Lyons on the 20th September. The entire population, estimated at 300,000 souls, were in attendance in honor of the President, Louis Napoleon, who was present at this imposing ceremony. The statue is from the chisel of the celebrated sculptor, Count de Nieuwerkerke, the Director General of the National Museums.

Welch's steel engraving of Stewart's portrait of Washington is one of the most magnificent specimens of the art ever produced in this country; "worthy," as Washington Irving has said, "to be hung up in every American dwelling." It is a very exact copy of Stewart, and its artistic finish is complete. It is for sale by Williams, Stevens, and Williams, Broadway. Terry, 113 Nassau-street, is sole general agent. For a remittance of $5, a copy is sent free of postage.

The *Academy of Fine Arts*, at Paris, is, we learn from the *Literary Gazette*, preparing a dictionary of the idiomatic and technical terms employed in music, sculpture, painting and architecture.

Mr. Ducanso, the colored artist of Cincinnati, who has lately painted the "Garden of Eden," has been offered $880 for it. Rev. Jas. Freeman Clark says that he is the best landscape painter in Cincinnati.

At the late *Exhibition of Modern Art*, in Antwerp, there were 605 paintings, sculpture, drawings, medals, &c., the great majority being, as usual, pictures in oil. Among the artist exhibitors, 133 were of Antwerp; Brussels, and other parts of Belgium, 131; Holland, 19; Germany, 37; France, 18; Italian, 1; and English, 26; this being the first time the British artists have appeared in any foreign exhibition to such an extent. A private view was held two days after for the accommodation of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, King Leopold, &c., who were then on a visiting tour.

Mr. Noble's bronze statue of *Sir R. Peel*, was inaugurated in the market-place of Tamworth recently. The figure is upwards of eight feet high, and is regarded as a generous and most artistic testimonial to the memory of the departed statesman.

The *Association* for the promotion of the *Fine Arts in Scotland*, at their late session, determined on issuing an illustrated edition of their national poet, *Burns*.

John Vanderlyn, one of the earliest, and, as he long continued to be, one of the most eminent of American artists, died at his residence, at Kingston, New-York, in September last. In 1832, Mr. Vanderlyn was commissioned by the Federal Government to paint a full-length portrait of Washington, for the Hall of Representatives; for which, as soon as it was completed, he was voted an additional recompense of $1,500. He was also chosen, in 1839, to fill one of the vacant panels in the rotunda of the Capitol, with a great national picture. He removed to Paris to paint it, and brought back his "Landing of Columbus" as the result of his labors. His last exhibited work was a full-length of the late General Taylor, which some of our readers may remember to have seen at the Academy of Design last year.

The *Bryan collection* of paintings, comprising some of the old and modern masters, were lately displayed on the walls of the Society Library exhibition rooms in this city. The collection embraces pictures from Italy, Venice, France, and Germany; many of them very masterly in subject and execution.

Scientific Items.

At the late meeting of the *British Association*, Belfast, M. Claudet described a new *Manifold Binocular Camera*, by which the photographer was enabled to take *four pictures* in the course of a *few seconds*.

The question, "Is it possible to connect the New World with the Old by means of a magnetic wire?" is, says the *Athenæum*, now occupying the savans of Paris, London, and New-York. The difficulties to be encountered by the submarine process are great, if not insurmountable; while the number of stations by the inland route would require the passage of the wire through the territories of a third power —Denmark—and over immense tracts of uninhabited and unexplored country.

From the *Gardener's Chronicle* (Eng.) we learn that M. Esprit Fabre, well known to botanists as an acute observer and experimentalist, has succeeded, after twelve years labor, in procuring *wheat* from the continued cultivation of the *Egilops*, a species of wild grass, three varieties of which are found growing in Sicily and the south of France. This discovery is particularly interesting, from the fact that wheat has never yet been found growing indigenously.

Dr. Lepsius, in his *Letters from Egypt*, relates the remarkable discovery, in the court of the great temple of Isis, of two bilingual edicts in hieroglyphic and demotic characters, one of which contains "the same text as that of the decree on the Rosetta Stone, partially, if not entirely, verbatim."

Dr. Lattimore, of New-York, has published in the "*American Journal of Medical Science*," a paper in favor of the use of *common salt* as a substitute for *quinine*, in cases of intermittent fever.

Artificial Production of Fish.—A discovery has been recently made in France in regard to the increase of fish, by which it is possible to augment their numbers to any required extent. The government, by giving encouragement to this discovery, has caused the charge of fish, in some parts of France, to be reduced to one-fourth the former price. Experiments are to be made to apply to salt-water fish, at the mouth of rivers, and off the coast, and especially to lobsters and oysters.

The general impression of the members of the *British Association*, at their late meeting in Belfast, was, that from the abundant resources for animal food in the Arctic regions, starvation was improbable in the case of Sir J. Franklin and his voyagers.

In some important studies on *the cranial development of different nations* by the Abbe Frére, canon of the cathedral at Paris, that writer asserts that the more ancient and primitive nations are, the more the back part of the skull is developed, and the front part flattened. This would go to show that civilization improves the physiology, or rather the phrenology, of the human race.

The *Royal Geographical Society* has recently made known the feasibility of opening a communication with the center of Africa, by way of Zambezi; and the time is near when not the Niger alone, but all the navigable rivers, both of the east and west coast of Africa, will be open to trade.

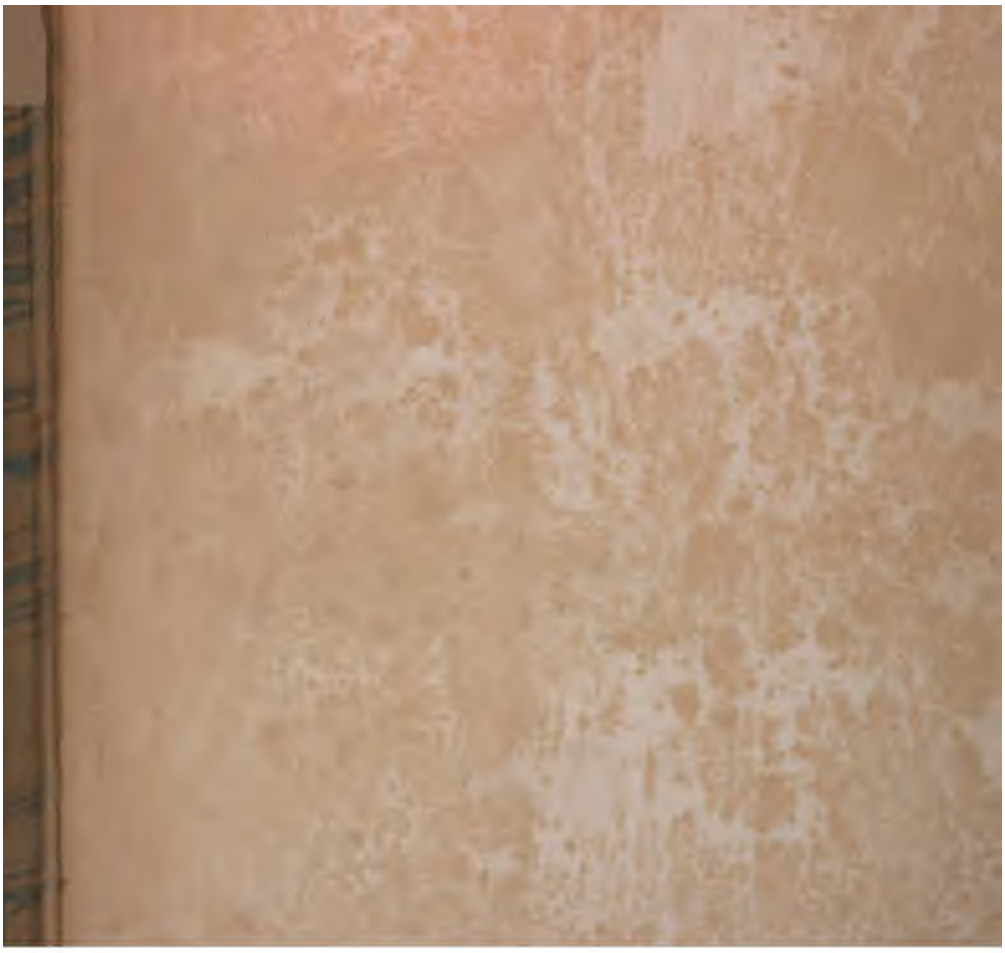
House's Printing Telegraph is now in full operation at Baltimore. It is worked by keys similar to those of a piano; each key, answering to a letter of the alphabet, produces with great rapidity a bold and legible print, thus doing away with all trouble and delay of transcribing. This superior telegraph, it is expected, will supersede all others.

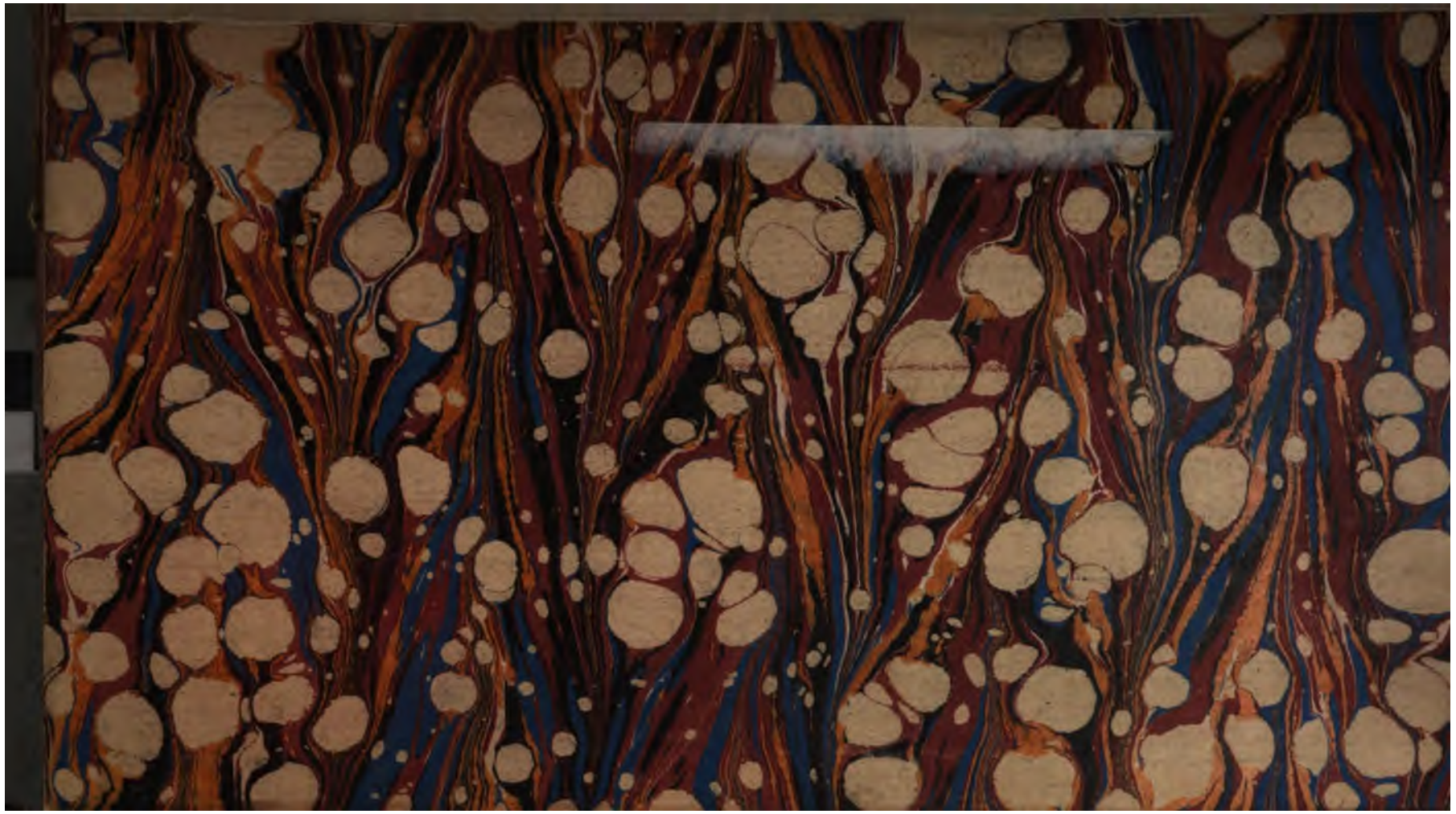
Sir J. Clark, *Dr. Burgess*, and others, of the British Medical Faculty, are vigorously opposing the opinion which has so long prevailed that a change of climate is beneficial to persons suffering with consumption. Dr. Burgess contends that climate has little or nothing to do with the cure of this disorder; and that if it had, the curative effects would be produced through the skin, and not the lungs. That a warm climate is not in itself beneficial, he shows from the fact that the disease exists in all latitudes. Change of air, in the *same climate*, is the sanative theory of Dr. Burgess, deduced from the most expansive observations and industrious experiments in "climatology."

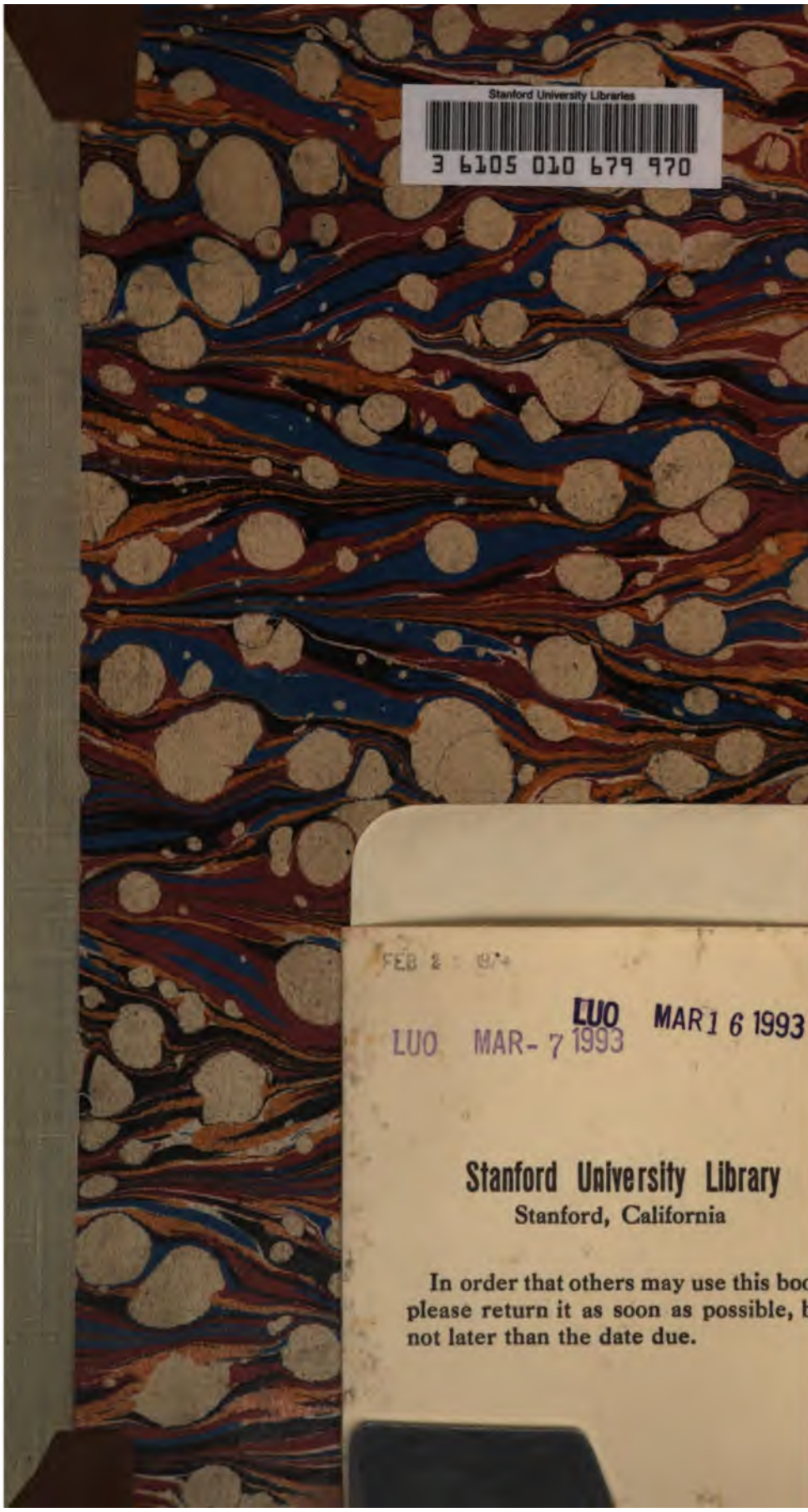
The efforts made for the establishment of an *International Congress of Science and Statistics*, by *Mr. Kennedy*, chief of the Census Bureau, at Washington, have, as we learn from the National Intelligencer, interested a number of the distinguished literary men of Europe in their furtherance, and are likely to prove altogether successful. Acting upon the suggestion of Mr. Kennedy, the officers of the Belgian Government, after corresponding with the savans of other European nations, have taken the initiative by calling a meeting at Brussels, for the purpose of organizing an International Scientific Congress. Baron Quetelet, Director of the Royal Observatory at Brussels, has addressed Mr. Kennedy on the subject, explaining the steps that have been taken and the programme that will be hereafter pursued. It is proposed to divide the Congress into sections, of which the first will be devoted to "general statistics, territory, and population;" the second, to "production and consumption;" the third, to the "state of education and morals." The Intelligencer suggests that as the formation of the Congress was an American idea, it is important that this country should be suitably represented in it.

M. Brinsden, of Mont St. Hilaire, Canada East, it is stated, has perfected a mode for using the artificial horizon at sea, so that it is perfectly uninfluenced by the motion of the ship, and the altitude may be taken at all times when the sun is visible.

Mr. Hinde, the astronomer, has named the planet newly discovered between Mars and Jupiter, *Melpomene*.



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